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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

A Monthly Journal.

CONTAINING

TALES, THE DRAMA, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MUSIC, MISCELLANY, ETC.

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VOLUME.

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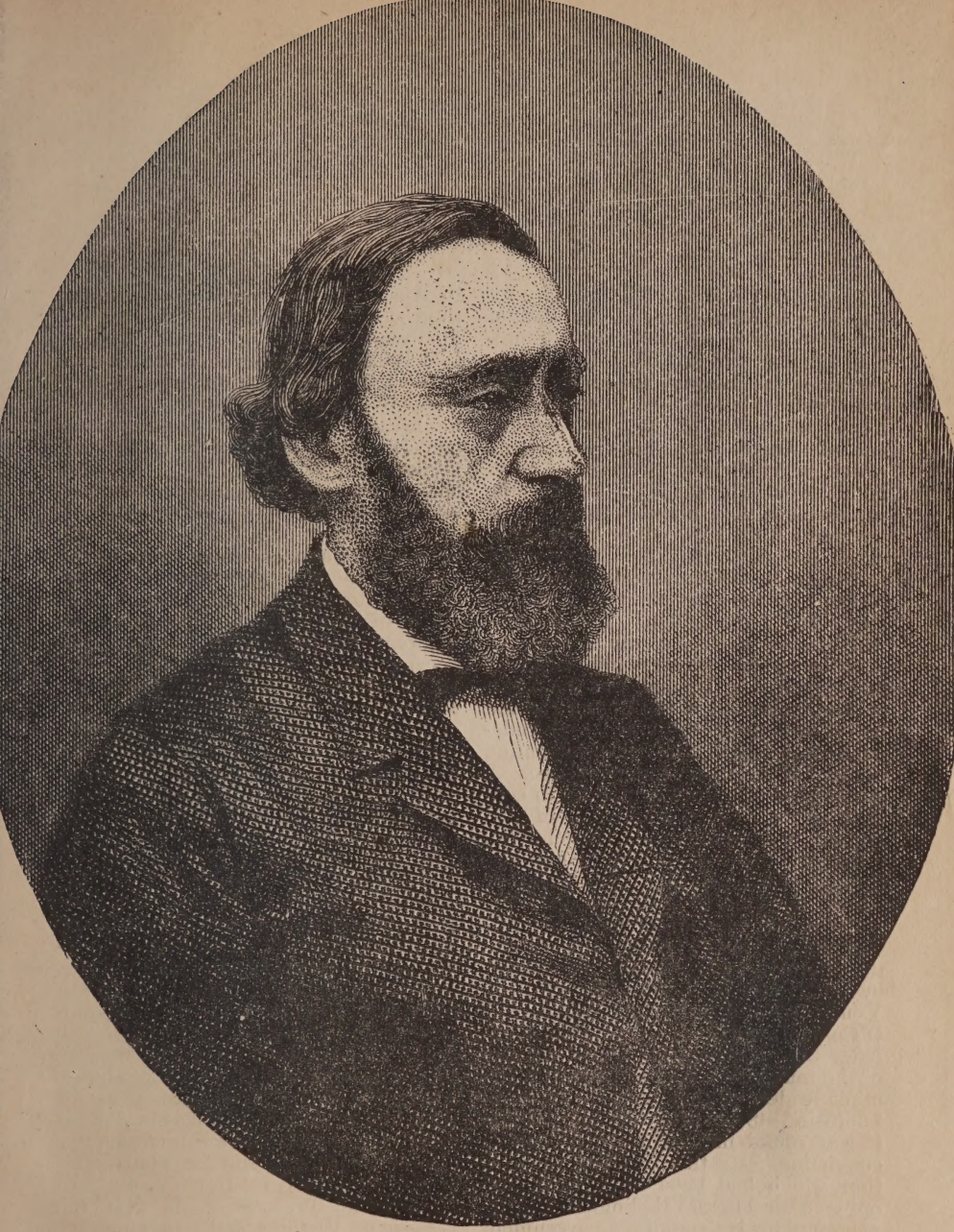

Always Yours
L. Swan Burch

HON. SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

HON. SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY was born in Monaghan, in 1816, one of a native family which produced eminent scholars and ecclesiastics. At the period of the English invasion (1172), the Irish chiefs sent an embassy to Rome, consisting of two archbishops, one of whom bore the Celtic name which is Anglicized as Charles Duffy. In his twentieth year Mr. Duffy became sub-editor of the Dublin Morning Register, and a little later editor of an influential journal in Belfast. He returned to Dublin in 1842, and established the Nation in conjunction with Thomas Davis and John Dillon. The Nation, which was a journal of the largest circulation and the greatest influence that had appeared in Ireland, was the organ of what is known as the Young Ireland party, the most cultivated and independent section of the Irish organization in favor of legislative independence. A remarkable literature sprang up in connection with the Nation, one of Mr. Duffy's contributions to which, the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," has run through forty editions, the latest of which appeared in 1870. In 1844 Mr. Duffy was tried and convicted of sedition along with O'Connell; the conviction, however, was set aside on appeal, by the House of Lords. In 1846 the Young Ireland party quarrelled with O'Connell, and formed the Irish Confederation, of which Mr. Duffy was one of the founders. He was tried with the other leaders of that body for treason-felony in 1848, but after four indictments it was found impossible to procure a conviction. He then revived the Nation, which had been suppressed, and opposed Sir Thomas Redington, Under-Secretary for Ireland in the government which had prosecuted him, and defeated that gentleman in New Ross, for which borough Mr. Duffy was elected member in July, 1852. He was one of the founders of the Tenant League, and in connection with Frederick Lucas and George Henry Moore, of the Independent Irish party in the House of Commons, which sprang out of the League. The defection of a large section of that party induced him to resign his seat in Parliament in 1856, when he emigrated to Australia. He practised for some time at the bar in Melbourne, but was finally drawn back to politics, and in 1857 became Minister of Public Works in the first administration under responsible government in Victoria. In 1858 he became Minister of Lands, which office he again accepted in a third administration in 1862. Mr. Duffy was chairman of a parliamentary committee, and subsequently of a royal commission on the subject of a federation of the Australian Colonies, which obtained the assent of the leading statesmen of Australia to the ultimate federation. After a visit of two years to Europe, he re-entered Parliament in Victoria, and became Prime Minister in 1871. Mr. Duffy, having in June, 1872, suffered a parliamentary defeat, claimed the right of dissolution, but Viscount Canterbury, the governor of Victoria, did not think fit to comply with his request. Accordingly, Mr. Duffy resigned office. Subsequently, he was asked, through Viscount Canterbury, whether a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George would be acceptable to him; this he respectfully declined, but soon afterwards Viscount Canterbury wrote again, offering him knighthood, whereupon he overcame his scruples and was gazetted a knight, May 31, 1873. On his return to the colony at the commencement of the year 1876, after two years' absence in Europe, he was returned a member of the Legislative Assembly on the first vacancy occurring; and on the meeting of a new Parliament in May, 1877, he was unanimously elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. Sir Gavan Duffy was Chairman of the Trustees of the National Gallery of Victoria, and took an active share in projects for encouraging art, literature, and industrial enterprise in that new country. He was twice married, and was called to the bar in 1846, but only practised for a short period. Mr. Duffy has been in England and Ireland for the past year or two, where he prepared and published a very valuable book entitled "YOUNG IRELAND: A Fragment of Irish History, 1846–1850," —a chapter from which we will commence in our next Magazine.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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Do not parade your religion like the Pharisees, but do not hide it like a coward. — *Cardinal Manning.*

THE hatred of the Temporal Power proceeds from the fact that they perceive that it is a powerful aid to the religion they have sworn to destroy. — *Cardinal Pecci (Leo XIII.).*

M. CHARLES LOYSON.

Rev Joseph V. O'Conor.

THE Protestant bishop Doane in the April Scribner's undertakes to defend the secession of M. Loyson (Père Hyacinthe) from the Catholic Church. It is clear that the amiable bishop finds considerable difficulty in explaining the very erratic course of the ex-friar; and the quotations which he makes from the Hyacinthine sermons deepen the perplexity of the reader. It is difficult enough to grasp clearly the doctrinal system of any church; but who can hope to understand the system of Loyson, who declares that *his* church is the sublimated essence of all that is good in every creed and in every philosophy? It is said that there was only one man in Europe who thoroughly understood the Schleswig-Holstein question, and that he went mad in attempting to enlighten a stupid public on the subject. The German philosopher Hegel boasted that there was not one person in the whole world who comprehended his theory, or who could ever fully master it. It is possible that the Schleswig-Holstein man, had his wits been spared, might have succeeded in understanding the Père; but it is perfectly evident that Bishop Doane does not, and we would charitably advise him not to make the attempt. The present writer, in a spirit which he humbly trusts was penitential, has read the greater part of Père Hyacinthe's wonderful sermons, and, were he a betting man, would lay odds that he is the only man in the United States who has perused *all* of the published letters which M. Loyson is so fond of writing to distinguished personages. Most people capitulate before one or two of the Père's letters. It may be said that the man who can read them can read anything, and he deserves the plaudits received by the heroic gentleman who every now and then appears in print with the valuable information that there are 20,627 "ands" in Shakespeare, 15,304 "buts" in Milton, and 6,432 "ifs" in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Bishop Doane is apparently unaware of the widely credited belief in France that M. Loyson is mentally affected. This opinion is based upon the internal evidence which his strange writings afford, and on the external evidence of

his remarkable changes of judgment, residence, and conduct. He certainly has what Dr. Maudsley calls the insane temperament, which may remain latent for years, and in fact may never be developed, if the conditions of life are tranquil. M. Loyson has an unbridled imagination, a most fervid fancy which delights in the most extravagant excesses. He is weakly emotional, — a man who has no control over his feelings, who dissolves in tears, flashes into furious wrath, passes rapidly from the most exalted states of joy to a profound melancholy, alternately flatters and insults his auditors, and in a word acts and speaks like a man of very unbalanced intellect. It is the knowledge of his partial mental alienation that has deprived him of any influence in France, has exposed him to the ridicule of free-thinkers, and what is harder to bear, the pity of his friends; for it is a peculiarity of even slight forms of insanity, that its victims are outrageously proud and conceited.

The first marked evidence of the aberration of the Père's intellect was detected by close observers in the series of conferences entitled "Sur la Famille," delivered in Nôtre Dame long before his secession. There is a wildness and incoherence in these discourses which should have prevented their publication. An expert in insanity places more reliance upon the productions of an intellectual man whose mind is in decay, than upon almost any other evidence. The earlier sermons of Hyacinthe show a mind of unchecked imaginative power, a fondness for all kinds of tropes and figures, and a remarkable absence of that cold, practical common-sense, which after all must be the basis of even the most impassioned oratory; for oratory in the highest sense is only "logic set on fire." The imagination of Loyson, furious, untrained, and always on the stretch, rapidly deteriorated, until his sermons became only rant, fustian, and hyperbole.

It was at the opening of the Vatican Council that he began writing those remarkable letters to which allusion has been made. He indited long, rambling epistles to the Pope, to the Council, to France, to the world, to Napoleon III., and a score of other prominent people. These letters have little or no connection of thought or argument He now began to look upon himself as the bulwark of the old French Church, though there is no evidence in his writings that he clearly understood what Gallicanism really meant. But even the most fervent admirers of Hyacinthe never claimed for him a profound theological or historical genius, but only a certain oratorical witchery of manner and expression which is peculiar to all very imaginative men, and which finds its culmination in poetry.

Making allowances for any individual eccentricity, which may be perfectly compatible with sound mental health, it certainly seems strange that Père Hyacinthe was in the habit of making speeches everywhere, to everybody, and upon every subject. He would make the round of the Parisian cafés and clubs and spout by the hour. He pretended to a power of intuition which enabled him to see the future of nations, arrange the horoscope of the Church, and in any dire event lead the fortunes of France. All this shows intellectual hebetude, and when taken in conjunction with his curious sermons, leaves no doubt of his mental decay, in the minds of sensible men.

For instance, among the strange expressions in the conferences *Sur la Famille*, he longs "to dance on the top of Chimborazo"; "to live for six months in an American tree in order to get the sap of liberty"; "to ordain women to the priesthood provided they would go heavily veiled"; and he utters innumerable other queer ideas which no sane man could harbor. When the world, France, the Council, and Napoleon III. did not answer his letters, he rushed over to America in a huff, and found himself used as an advertisement by Beecher and Prime. If the poor man had got into the American tree he longed for, it would have done him good, as all physicians are agreed that there is nothing like life in the woods to cure the diseased mind. But Loyson rushed back to Europe, joined the Old Catholics, who did n't want him, insulted Germany by recalling the victories of Napoleon, insulted Protestants, changed his theological views every morning, and finally married an American widow, after writing another letter which reads like a filthy advertisement. Not to speak here of the *moral* guilt of Hyacinthe, every one knows that when once the reason begins to give way, the will loses all control over the sexual appetite, especially when, as in the Père's case, there seems to have been growing upon him a ridiculous idea of the absolute impossibility of anybody's leading a continent life. This is one of the very worst signs of insanity. He became a monomaniac on the subject of love, of the cruelty of celibacy, and the barbarity of the Church in this regard. Of course, a man who lets his mind run on *any* subject, to an unhealthy exclusiveness of others, is sure to wind up in partial madness; and yet a doctor would have told Hyacinthe that he was just the kind of man who should *not* get married, if only because of his peculiar mental habits of unlicensed imagination without the directing control of judgment or common-sense.

After falling out with the Old Catholics, and fulminating an excommunication against them, our poor Père and his widow set to work to construct the Hyacinthe Church. The difficulty which would have staggered a sane man, namely, that the Père had already fervently embraced Old-Catholicism, which he now abandoned with an anathema, was no difficulty at all to a man who does not know his own mind for two consecutive days. Another man would have made *some* attempt to explain this fundamental change of opinion. The Père had shed copious tears during an address at the Old-Catholic convention. He had hugged all the representatives, notwithstanding the rather unpleasant odor of beer, tobacco, and Schweizer cheese of which the representatives were redolent; he had written several new letters to the Pope, explaining Old-Catholicism, and he had apostrophized the peculiar mitre of the Jansenist bishop of Utrecht. *Tout à coup*, he renounced Old-Catholicism, ridiculed the Jansenist bishops, insulted Döllinger, who perhaps objected to the Hyacinthe hug (the Père is a three-hundred-pounder), and started off for Paris. Now he declares that he never left the Church, but that the Church left him. He has changed his manner of celebrating mass a dozen of times, and is in search of some authentic description or picture of the kind of vestments used by the bishops of Jerusalem. He does not believe in the Church

of England, although nominally under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Edinburgh. He is now playing the rôle of martyr, pretending that he had great difficulty in getting permission to preach in Paris, when the fact is that he is angry with the government for not attempting to prevent him. Very recently all Paris had a laugh over a glimpse of the Père's domestic arrangements, when the discovery was made that Mrs. Loyson is the better horse. It appears from the court proceedings that another ex-friar, of a more practical turn of mind than the Père, brought suit to recover back pay for services rendered to the Père's church. Mrs. Loyson keeps a sharp eye on the collection plates, the only channels of revenue, for nobody gets baptized or married or buried from the church. The *vicaire* consequently depends upon Mrs. Loyson for his salary, which was not forthcoming. He also made a shameful *exposé* of the table kept by the Loysons, — at least the *vicaire's* table, for the Père himself needs a generous fare to support the activity of his brain. Like the valiant editor Potts in "Pickwick," the Père is as bold as a lion in the pulpit, but in the domestic circle he is as meek as a lamb.

Bishop Doane looks upon the Père as a representative man of the old Gallican Church. This idea of the bishop's shows that he does not clearly understand what the old Gallican Church was. If he refers to the Gallican articles drawn up by Bossuet, these had reference only to the nature of papal definitions of faith, which were held to be not definitive unless with the concurrent or subsequent approbation of a council. The idea of identifying such a theologaster as Hyacinthe with the Eagle of Meaux is preposterous. Hyacinthe is not a Gallican. He is not a Jansenist. He is not a Lamennaisian. He is not a Riccian. In fact, he does not know what he is, and nobody else knows. He does not know enough theology to construct the simplest formula. He is only a blatant, half-crazy ranter, with a forty-pound preaching power. He has wearied and disgusted every church organization with which he has become affiliated, and there is not the slightest doubt that he looks upon the Anglican Church as a humbug. He is not a Protestant, for he believes in the Real Presence, in absolution, and a dozen other distinctive Catholic doctrines. He is not a free-thinker, nor a philosopher; and we should not be surprised if one day he would desert his wife, make his way into the Vatican, attempt to hug the Pope, blubber for a year in a monastery, fight with the prior, write a letter to President Garfield, and if he gets wind of Bishop Doane, pay him a visit.

There does not appear to be any malice in Hyacinthe. He is too weak, vain, and emotional to do any serious harm to the Church. He is perfectly innocuous in France, where he has made himself ridiculous. If a man gets laughed at in France, there is an end of him. What makes the Père's eccentricities the more remarkable is the fact that he was treated with extraordinary kindness and consideration by his ecclesiastical superiors, until, of course, his attempted marriage put him outside the priestly pale. It is probable that his superiors knew him well. The letter which his superior wrote him in reference to his peculiar style of sermons is a very sensible one, and one abundantly justified by the absurdity of the sermons themselves. There was an earnest

wish on all sides that Hyacinthe should retire from the pulpit, at least for a season of study and reflection. His blunders in history and philosophy were made game of by the infidel press, for he had not the consummate scholarship of Lacordaire, Félix, Ravignan, or Montsabre. Hyacinthe was grand in the pocket-handkerchief business, and he should have stuck to it. He was mortally offended when his superior advised him to confine himself to the simple themes of the catechism and the gospel. It was like asking a Congressman if he had ever read the Constitution. There was no "suspension," no harsh treatment, no "jealousy," — nothing but friendly and simple advice, which, had Hyacinthe a particle of common-sense, he would have been thankful for receiving.

It must be admitted that some of the reformers were rather roughly handled, and it is a question whether this treatment did not harden men of a naturally proud and stubborn disposition. Luther was hunted and harried pretty badly, and this served to embitter him more and more. Calvin was branded by the common hangman, — not on account of his religious opinions, it is true, but for an infamous crime; but when he turned reformer this disgrace was incessantly cast up to him by the Catholics, and helped to make him fiercely obdurate. The burning of Huss and Jerome of Prague was unfortunate policy. So were the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Spanish Inquisition. Human nature is so sensitive that it resents the forcible suppression of its opinions. St. Francis of Sales converted thousands of Calvinists by his patience, his gentleness, and his preaching, where a thousand Inquisitions could not prevent the spread of the error. When Achilles sulks in his tent, the best plan is to let him alone to come to his better humor. The mind of De la Mennais was tortured by the now admitted false charges made against his morality. He had not sufficient humilty to accept his trials from the hands of God. Still De la Mennais, Passaglia, and Gioberti did good, which no subsequent action of theirs could undo. It is the nature of good to be permanent. The example of Hyacinthe has had no effect upon the good which he *did* accomplish, when he voiced the truth and morality of the Catholic Church.

Hyacinthe was not treated as a martyr. There was no elaborate refutation of his theories made. The Vatican Council did not notice him. His bishop wrote him an affectionate letter of remonstrance. His writings contain no subtle system of philosophy such as La Mennais's. He invented no new doctrine, — for after all, it takes *some* brains to be a heresiarch. He has alienated all his true as well as his false friends, and he has received from France that awful *coup de grace*, which every Frenchman dreads, — the laugh of Paris. Better be persecuted, be reviled, be arrested in France, than be laughed at. Voltaire got the laugh on the Bourbons, and it destroyed them. The laugh is on Plon-Plon, the head of the Bonapartes, and it has ended the dynasty. Paris laughs at Hyacinthe, and as La Bruyère remarked, "All is said," — *tout est dit*.

CHARLEMAGNE.

William Dennehy.

II.

EARLY in the year 772, Charles, who had spent Lent and Easter at Heristal, held the annual national assembly of ecclesiastics, nobility, and selected plebeians, at Worms. Making certain, no doubt, at this meeting, of the unanimous support of his diverse peoples, Charles set out, almost immediately upon its dispersal, to lead his army across the Rhine, to invade Westphalia, the territory of the Saxons. He carried on the war as war was wont to be made then, — laid waste and devastated the country. The great stronghold of the Saxons was at Ehresburg. Here seems to have been the seat of such central government as they possessed; here had been accumulated the spoils of their conquests, the gold and treasures garnered in their forays: and here, too, surrounded by wellnigh impregnable fortifications, embowered in the shades of a sacred wood, on the summit of a lofty height stood "the idol that the Saxons called Irminsul." Eginhard, the devoted follower and posthumous chronicler of the deeds of Charlemagne, thus describes the column for which the Saxons had so much veneration, and there seems little real reason for doubting the substantial correctness of the designation given it by him; but M. Gustave Masson, in his brilliant booklet on the Frankish hero,* seems to rather discredit the secretary's statement, and to regard the monument overthrown by the orders of Charlemagne as a mere historical memorial commemorative of the prowess of Arminius (Hermann). M. Masson, however, forgets that even proof of the correctness of his own supposition would hardly warrant disbelief in Eginhard's statement, because the annals of too many of the ancient peoples show us their most successful warriors raised to Olympus, and become their best adored deities. The honoring of Arminius as a great soldier would not have been, in any Pagan society, a barrier to his deification and veneration. We may have misinterpreted M. Masson's object in placing his own views in juxtaposition with those of Eginhard, and we certainly do not mean to contest their plausibility, while nevertheless regarding them as quite compatible with the words of the older writer.

Three days were spent by the followers of Charles in destroying the idol and burning the sacred wood; but as soon as the last vestiges had been eradicated, he moved forward as rapidly as possible to the banks of the Weser, where the Westphalians had again assembled to oppose his progress. As usual, however, when the unexpected has occurred, those who were the sufferers by his success were now so disconcerted in all their plans that, despite religious and national antipathies, they felt constrained to make terms, to seek to win release from their dilemma by submission to the Frankish king. Charles knew well that the best guaranty for the continuance of amity between his people and the Saxons would be in the extension to the idol-haunted land of the Christian religion; and therefore, animated, we may perhaps believe, by even higher motives than such statecraft would amount to, he insisted that the treaty of peace should covenant for the admission into and protection within Saxon territory of Christian missionaries, and that that people should deliver into his hands, as surety for the fulfilment of their contract, some twelve hostages His victory thus emphasized, Charles withdrew his army, and returning to Heristal,

* Charlemagne and the Carlovingians. By Gustave Masson, B. A. Univ. Gallic. Officier d'Académie, Assistant Master and Librarian, Harrow School, and Member of the "Societé de l'Histoire de France." London, 1880.

rewarded and dismissed his followers. This expedition was the first which Charlemagne undertook against exterior foes, but it may be regarded as a typical one: it was the forerunner and foreshadowing of all those future ones, of those outmarchings of his peoples which were to spread the fame of Frankish prowess from the banks of the Danube to the heart of Spain, which were to extend his rule from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, and to alternately teach all the motley barbarians that their master lived. It is no part of our task to follow in these pages each of the wars of the great monarch; for, fraught even though they were with momentous benefits to humanity, the precise recital of them is fittest in those pages which are strictly historical. Suffice it to recall that of all his fifty foreign wars, of all his invasions of the territories of the Saxons, Bavarians, Slavonians, Lombards, Arabs, Saracens, Avars, Frisians, and Danes, not one ended in defeat, not one terminated in aught but triumph, nor tended to aught but the moral and material improvement of his defeated foes. Charles was no Omar, no barbarian monarch, conquering merely for the sake of conquest, to satisfy his greed for bowed heads, — conquering the light of truth and learning, that the darkness of error and ignorance might overshadow all men. Wherever his banners rustled, wherever the spears and bucklers of his soldiers glistened, religion, learning, arts, and all the material sciences of prosperous and prospering peace were so far as possible extended and protected. He never sought — as so many even in these later days of ours have sought — to separate, to divide Christianity and civilization. He did not give the Pagans schools, and then tell them that their children were to know no laws but their masters' ferules; he did not give them roads and means of communication, and tell them to go then from life's beginning to life's ending without thought of a God above; he did not encourage men to learn, merely that they might seek to confute those who taught: in a word, he never separated the greatest benefit God has conferred upon mankind, the knowledge of religion, from his attempts to improve the material position of his peoples. He made roads and built bridges and opened canals; but the spire of the Christian church cast its shadow on the highway, the holy sound of episcopal prayer hallowed the bridge and blessed the first flowing of the waters. No doubt in some ways the great emperor hardly fulfilled the ideal of a perfect Christian king: but that his faults and his failings were both exaggerated in later days, we have no doubt whatever; nor can we question but that those who were frail, with perhaps less excuse than he had, sought to extenuate their own errors by inventing mythical regal sanction. The composers of the *chansons* were seldom over-scrupulous, and their notions of slander were generally curiously perverted by their ideas of morality.

Perhaps the event which, in reviewing the life of Charlemagne, most catches the attention of the scanner of his history is that culminating and almost final one which cast the glory of the highest sanction on his career, and which placed on his brows a nobly earned crown. Throughout the life of Charlemagne, we see him at all times stanchly and truly Christian; there is never a year of the many during which he ruled the Franks in which any act or acts of his prove him aught but a son of Holy Mother Church, a believer in her doctrines, obedient to her dogmas. He might, did we suppose must be admitted, err in his private life; but when one recollects that in those communings with those almost fellow spirits whom he called to his councils, — that when he sat with Alcuin and Angilbert and Theodulf, when each had chosen the ancient name which he thought most fitting for himself, — that then the great king was known by the name of the monarch of Judea, of the regal psalmist who had sinned and wept in the olden days, can they doubt that the

adoption of the name of "David" by Charlemagne was at once a confession and a prayer, and spoke as much of sorrow and of entreaty as of boasting or of pride? For even though history, veracious or the reverse, seems to have discerned in his private life and relations no light improprieties, yet as we fail to see in the ancient chroniclers those severe and just demarcations of dates and periods which would be necessary to judge the morality of Charlemagne fairly, we are content to deal with the story of his life as we find it written in his public actions and told in his imperial deeds. It is therefore that we think he may be regarded, as we have said, as being a stanch and true son of the Church. Some there are who have argued that certain of the so-called Capitularies of Charlemagne go to prove a usurpation of the right of interference in ecclesiastical concerns; and as arguments of this kind come chiefly from those who would rather incline to justify such interference, there can be no harm in seeing what little foundation their theories possess. The best account which has been handed down to us of Charlemagne's method of legislating is probably that of the celebrated prelate Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims. He states: —

"It was the custom at this time to hold two assemblies every year. . . . In both, that they might not seem to have been convoked without motive, there were submitted to the examination and deliberation of the grandees, . . . and by virtue of orders from the king, the fragments of law called *capitula*, which the king himself had drawn up under the inspiration of God, *or the necessity for which had been made manifest to him* in the intervals between the meetings."

Now, when we read this paragraph of Hincmar's, in conjunction with those others of his which describe in detail the housing and gathering of the various component parts of the national assemblies, the distinction which he makes in that quoted above, and which we have sought to emphasize by italics, becomes more clear. It becomes apparent that the archbishop dissevered those laws which the emperor entirely devised himself from those others "for which the necessity had been made manifest to him." It is of course self-evident that in the then existing state of society, it may have been expedient that proposals should seem to emanate rather from the monarch than from a section of the national assembly, and it may have been even that certain amongst those who still held ecclesiastical place in Gaul owned acquiescence all the sooner because they so seemed to issue; but that Hincmar had before his mind the monarch's counsellors — those who, like Alcuin, would not hesitate to make necessities manifest to him — we see no reason to doubt, while we do see every reason to question the interpretation put upon the archbishop's words by those who would depict Charlemagne as an intermeddling autocrat. If his real character had been such, the event upon which we are about to touch had never occurred.

In the year 799, Pope Leo III. had to encounter conspiracies and disaffection within the very walls of that city which had already come to be the patrimony of the Church. The conspirators and disaffected dared to proceed to personal insult and assault, even to the seeking of the life of the sovereign pontiff. Rescued by his followers from the hands of his would-be assassins, the pope left Rome and repaired to Spoleto, from whence he intended to travel to the court of Charlemagne to ask the aid of the monarch against those who had been alike unfaithful to their loyalty and to their vows. When Charlemagne, then at Paderborn, heard that the successor of Saint Peter was coming to seek the fulfilment of that voluntary guaranty which he had given, no cautious doubts as to expediency, no hesitations as to his procedure, were visible in his actions. His mind was not free from weighty cares of state; embarrassments of no trifling kind engaged his considerations,

— for those irrepressible rebels, the Saxons, were again disorderly, and he was completing the arrangements for the holding of one of the annual assemblies: but cares and embarrassments were no barriers in the way of Charlemagne in doing honor to the wearer of the Tiara, the bearer of the Keys; and therefore he sent forward his eldest and warlike son, Pepin, with a mighty array of knights and men-at-arms, and accompanied by the Archbishop of Cologne and many another prelate and priest, to greet the pontiff. Escorted by prince and ecclesiastic, noble and soldier, surrounded by kneeling multitudes, the pope was conducted to where the monarch stood to receive him, there where the master of the western world, with his hosts of mail-clad warriors, marshalled in serried ranks, awaited his coming. When the approaching banners and the sound of many voices told of the pontiff's drawing near, with a clash of arms the mighty crowd of warriors, covering all the vasty plain, knelt for the blessing of Christ's vicar, while the monarch, springing from his horse, bowed to the earth to receive the papal benediction. From the meeting place the pope and king proceeded to the church, and from thence to the royal palace. Fully regal were the honors paid the pontiff; while the best and bravest, noblest and fairest, the mitred and holy bishops, the tonsured and sandalled workers for faith, the steel-clad and bearded warriors of a hundred fights, the highest born and daintiest ladies, came from the confines of his dominions to pay homage to the great king's guest. After a lengthened visit, the pope returned to Rome, accompanied by the Archbishops of Cologne and Salisbury, Bishops Bernard, Atzone, Jesse, and Cunibert, and escorted by a considerable force. When he reached the Eternal City, he found all disaffection at an end, and his people united once again by the bonds of loyalty and fidelity. He was met by the clergy, the senate, and the citizens, without the city walls, and conducted with loud "*Te Deums*" and popular applause to the Lateran.

In the year following — that is to say, in 800 — Charlemagne passed the Alps at the head of an immense and brilliant military array. His first halt of importance was at Ravenna, where he spent some seven days, and whence, by Ancona across the Apennines, he marched to Rome. The pontiff sent forth the senate and the leading citizens some thirty miles to greet the king, while the clergy, in procession, with crosses and with banners, the children of the various schools with branches and with boughs of palm and olive, the soldiery in martial panoply, met him at the distance of a mile from the city walls. When the king came in sight of the first uplifted crucifix he left his saddle, and surrounded by his peers and courtiers, proceeded on foot to the Vatican basilica, where the pope, the cardinals, and assembled prelates, with a mighty gathering of the Roman people, awaited his coming. Ascending the steps leading to the vestibule of St. Peter's upon his knees, and bending in devout humbleness to kiss each successive attitude, the king reached the feet of the earthly ruler of the Church, to be embraced and to receive the pontifical benediction. From the entrance the pope and king proceeded to the church to return thanks to God for all his bounties. On Christmas day Charles attended the divine sacrifice in the same church, and as he knelt, with bowed head, in prayer before the high altar, the Pontiff placed upon his brow an imperial diadem, and sanctified his coronation with hallowed chrism. Then, while the acclamations of the populace filled the sacred fane, the new-crowned emperor called God to witness that in the name of Christ, he vowed himself, to the utmost of his power, soldier and defender of the Church. Rich and costly were the offerings which Charles made to the papal see. Gold and jewels of inestimable value, treasures gathered in foreign campaigns and the produce of the graceful arts of peace, alike were laid by the pious emperor at the feet of the successor of the apostles.

What Charlemagne did for learning, and for what may be called the mental or natural improvement of the human race, was commensurate with all that he accomplished for religion, and the material benefit of his peoples. Calling to his aid Alcuin of England, Clement of Ireland, and Theodulf of Germany, he hoped to see in France a modern Athens, a Christian one, and he prayed for "a dozen clerics learned in all the sciences, as were Jerome and Augustine." He established schools and endowed them; schools which he wished to be free alike to child of patrician and plebeian, serf and freeman. He had the ancient and semi-barbaric but historic poetry telling of the olden deeds of his nation collected. He found time in the midst of his multitudinous anxieties to acquire a good knowledge of Latin, and to arrive at a rudimentary proficiency in Greek. With an intense and ceaseless energy he perpetually labored for the ends he had set before him, not with the mere ebullient and spasmodic determination of an aimless revolutionist, but with the steady, persistent, and progressive resolve of a reformer. The entire scheme of his life tended in the one direction; and that direction, while no doubt somewhat dictated by personal ambition, seems to have been wondrously well calculated to elevate and improve the condition of a large portion of the human race. Had he been able to leave his throne and sceptre to successors of similar mind to himself, feudalism, with all the abuses which followed in its track, had never become the overweening, numbing influence it did in the after years. It is perfectly clear that Charlemagne gave his people a voice in the making of the laws which were to bind them. He was not afraid to hear their voices, to learn himself their wants and grievances. He knew well — none can have known it better — that every educational step brings new and progressive ambitions, yet he showed no desire to keep his peoples quiescent in the darkness of ignorance; on the contrary, his dearest wish was to spread the light of knowledge, to render his people more and more capable of self-government. If successive Charlemagnes had held sway at Aix-la-Chapelle, the domineering rule of the few over many, which extended its evil influence over Europe, had never grown to be the pernicious thing it did. Feudalism carried with it, no doubt, some benefits, for it is idle to say that hardly anything human is entirely devoid of good or legitimacy; but that it retarded progress in self-government, and was productive of manifold wrongs, and multiplied national and class hatreds, it were quite as absurd to deny.

Charlemagne was a ruler in deed as well as name, but he would never have placed a few within keep and donjon, on saddle proudly mounted, while the many lived in squalor, and laboriously eked out a precarious existence. Gradations of rank he would rightly have preserved, but his policy would have been to reward merit rather than what some style "luck." When the national assemblies met, the ecclesiastics, the nobility, and the laity had their separate places of meeting for the consideration of matters of class moment, while questions of common interest were discussed in union. When the *capitula* were communicated by the king, lengthened deliberations took place, and messengers, always in waiting, bore to the palace the questions or suggestions of those assembled. Often the monarch himself went amongst the representatives, and explained the intent of his laws; and seldom was an assembly held whereat he did not mingle with the members, personally inquire into the wants and necessities of his peoples, and hear from the lips of men from the extremes of his dominions the desires of their fellows. Somewhat of the paternal type was no doubt the government of Charlemagne, but at all events it staved off from the people that multiplication of step-fathers which feudalism produced. That the emperor found the Church a ready help-mate in, if it was not the adviser of, his policy need hardly be said here. Its designs

were the same as his own, which were the amelioration and advancement of the condition of mankind. Charlemagne well knew this, and his laws as well as his actions tell us how clearly he recognized it. When the success of his campaigns had secured peace to his dominions, and the great monarch was enabled to give his mind freely to those other subjects which he doubtless esteemed at least equally with warlike ones, the far-reaching activity of his intellect was even more clearly apparent than before. Remarkable churches, palaces, and public buildings arose at his bidding, mighty canals were planned, broad rivers like the Rhine were bridged, lighthouses were erected or restored, and the formation of a navy was commenced. In every department of government the many-sided intellect of Charlemagne was equally at home, while it seems to have been able to meet with marvellous facility the manifold exigencies and necessities arising in a newly reorganized human society. Charlemagne did not possess the class of mind of which modern times have shown us so many examples in high places, that peculiar and evasive form of intellect which rather seeks to shun a difficulty than to overcome it, and which avoids an obstacle in preference to removing it. Aught that interfered with the progress or well-being of humanity was dealt with radically and effectively, and not once during the reign of the Frankish king could it be said that he ever preferred peace to principle.

In December, 811, the dearly loved and first-born son of the great king died; and — probably most strongly reminded by this event of the passage of time and the closing around of eternity — Charlemagne, by certain steps, began to sever the bonds between him and the world, to clear away those encumbrances, those decrees as to division and inheritance, which hamper the closing scenes of so many lives, and bring the grief of distracting cares to the aggravation of regrets and sorrows. He made his will, and in the autumn of 813 had his son Louis crowned as his successor. Within a very few months Charlemagne was stricken by mortal illness, which caused his death on the 28th of January, 814. Well may it have seemed to his peoples and their neighbors that, as the olden chronicles tell us, the very end of the world was approaching, when he, whose name was in the mouth of every man, whose fame was so much of the world's history, whose hands had shaped so many destinies, had paid the last debt of nature himself. Fitting surely was it that a place of no mean kind in the pantheon of the greatest of humanity should be assigned him who was the first and chiefest amongst a nation of soldiers, and the wisest and kingliest on the roll of their monarchs. Blessed with a far-seeing intellect which pierced the veils of primitive ignorance, and with energy and determination of a truly ennobling kind, endowed with courage almost marvellous, little wonder that his people regarded him with an affection bordering on veneration, and that his deeds, haloed with the light of romance, were chanted in the castle hall, and lived in the lore of the peasant's cot for centuries.

A Hint for John Bull. — A large portion of the Papal states was, after the downfall of Napoleon, handed over by the allied powers for the support of the Beauharnais family, and the agents sent to collect the rents appear to have been as bad a lot as those which oppress some of the Irish tenantry. The natural results followed. Rioting and murder broke out in the country, and the then Pope, Leo XII., in order to tranquillize the district, got some rich men in Rome to form a company for the purpose of buying up the lands and selling them back to the tenants at fair rents. This was at length done, and then all the disturbance ceased.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE

CHAPTER XXVI.

And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part
From this loved home with lightsome heart,
Leaving to wild neglect whate'er,
Even from my infancy, was dear?
For in this calm, domestic bound
Were all Matilda's pleasures found.

Scott.

When Sir Henry Damer returned to his native county to assume his duties as high sheriff, he found it everywhere the scene of disorder, bloodshed, and disturbance. The Yeomen and militia, true to the orders from high quarters, were carrying out the programme of half-hanging, picketing, and the rest. The people, maddened by these countless tortures and outrages, were in many instances making reprisals, and all were burning for the signal to rise in rebellion.

The baronet at once proceeded to check the excesses of the soldiery, and to remove grievances. He issued a proclamation forbidding all burning and torturing within his jurisdiction, and this he followed up by a few exemplary punishments upon Yeomen and militiamen who disregarded it. He compelled one sergeant to wear a pitch-cap he had prepared for the head of a suspected rebel, and sentenced some who had brought prisoners to the triangle to receive the same number of lashes as they had inflicted on their victims. He soon established throughout his county such a state of military order and discipline as caused him to be blessed and idolized by its people, and its happy condition to be the envy of all the surrounding districts.

His old friend, Mr. De Vere, who had been sorely distressed to witness the miseries which were beyond his own power to remedy or alleviate, now hastened to congratulate and thank him for the beneficial changes he had effected; but Damer, who knew well that the present calm was but the prelude of the storm, told him they had little reason to rejoice, as their county along with the rest would soon be plunged in all the horrors of a civil war, and concluded by earnestly requesting him to avail himself of the shelter and protection of Damer Hall until the terrible season should have passed away.

"My good Henry," said the old man gently, "I see for myself no cause of alarm. I ought to have nothing to dread from government, seeing I belong to the privileged class. As for the people, beyond the prejudice which — with too much justice, unhappily — they entertain against my cloth, I know of nothing that should make me fear violence from them."

"Ah, Mr. De Vere, were all of your order like you, we should not see our country in the condition she is to-day; but regrets are useless. Have you lately seen Father O'Connor?"

"Some time since, I was able to prevail on the good gentleman to take up his residence in my house. I assure you we enjoy each other's society beyond anything you could imagine. It is such a change from our former lonely evenings. We go over together all our early readings, and compare the respective college courses of Trinity and St. Omer's. In the morning we generally start on our visits to the sick. I am sure the people will soon begin to take me for his curate."

Damer smiled. He hesitated and slightly reddened as the next question rose to his lips. "Where is Mr. Mayville?"

"His case, Henry, is the source of my chief anxiety. I would wish for himself and daughter at the present time a security better than his own house affords. Innocence and beauty like hers should be kept far removed from the neighborhood of a brutal soldiery."

"There would be profanation in their slightest glance," cried Sir Henry with warmth. "She and her father shall come to the Hall, and then your mind and mine will be at rest."

"You can ask Mr. Mayville, though I fear you may find him reluctant to accept your invitation; but I will sup-

port it with whatever influence I have."

"Will you come with me then to-day to the cottage, Mr. De Vere, and bring Father O'Connor too?"

"Most certainly; and I think I can promise his advocacy also in support of your cause. I shall now return to inform him of your wish; we shall both be ready in an hour."

"Very good; I shall call for you in that time."

At the time appointed the three drove up to Hawthorn Hill in Sir Henry's carriage. They were shown into the same room in which Sir Henry was first introduced to Miss Mayville. He had often been in it since that memorable morning, and on each occasion his old nervousness and fluttering of the heart had returned.

Agnes soon appeared to greet her guests. The period that had elapsed since we last beheld her might possibly have added to the grace and dignity of her form, but could hardly have increased the beauty of her face; its features were perhaps more refined and delicately marked, but the calm spirituality of its expression remained unchanged.

"It is such a long time since your last visit, Sir Henry!" said Agnes.

"It is a melancholy condition of things that has at present brought me to the country," said the baronet smiling sadly. "But I hope I can effect in it some little good, however short a time it may last."

"It is incalculable, all you have done up to this, Sir Henry," remarked Father O'Connor.

"God grant the country may be spared the terrible scenes which are predicted for her," said Agnes. "But how happy are we compared with the people of other counties!"

Mr. Mayville here entered the room, and Agnes withdrew.

Mr. De Vere stated to him Sir Henry's anxiety for his and his daughter's safety during the coming war, and his anxious desire that they should take up their residence as visitors in his house till peace should be restored. At the mention of Sir Henry's proposal the face of Charles Mayville grew deadly white, and his lips became firmly compressed, but mastering his emotion he answered: —

"Sir Henry Damer, I thank you most sincerely for your consideration, and your generous offer of the protection of your house for my daughter and myself; but both my worthy friends here will tell you that since I first became a tenant of this house I have never for a single night quitted its roof. I feel more deeply than I can express this evidence of your anxiety for our safety; but as I have never done anything that should render me obnoxious to any one, I venture to hope we may be permitted to continue here undisturbed, whichever party may acquire the ascendancy."

"Mr. Mayville," said Father O'Connor with earnestness, "I implore of you, for your own sake and that of Agnes, to think well before you decline Sir Henry's invitation. Alas, do not the excesses we have lately seen indiscriminately committed all around us warn us how little inoffensiveness and neutrality are to be relied on as a shield against lawless aggression and brutal violence? In Wexford alone how many of the aged, the young, and the helpless have been massacred in cold blood; how many cabins burnt down, and their innocent inmates shot or hanged! Think of your daughter, if you care not for yourself. Would you subject her to all the dangers that threaten?"

"Are there any visitors at the Hall, Sir Henry?" Mr. Mayville asked after a pause.

"No; my mother and I are alone. Miss Northcoate went last week to Dublin, and in the present state of the country is not likely to return."

Mr. Mayville appeared considerably relieved; he remained for some time silent. The violent conflict was still agitating his breast, but it at length subsided, and with a smile he addressed the baronet.

"I am unable to thank you for this most kind and considerate purpose of your visit. Further resistance on my part to your proposal might be criminal in the extreme. With pleasure and gratitude I shall avail myself of your invitation to become your guest at the Hall."

"You have decided wisely, my good friend," said Mr. De Vere apart. "In times like these, pride and sensibility should yield to the dictates of prudence."

At this moment Agnes returned.

"Miss Mayville," said the baronet, "your father has most graciously been pleased to consent that you and he shall honor Damer Hall with a short visit. I hope I may have the pleasure of receiving you this evening, or to-morrow morning at the latest."

The young lady smiled, colored slightly, and looked towards her father.

"Yes, my love," said Mr. Mayville, "I have accepted for you and myself Sir Henry Damer's kind offer of an asylum in his house during the time when little protection could be assured us in our own."

"Sir Henry's thoughtful consideration in our regard has never been wanting," said Agnes. "How shall we ever sufficiently thank him?"

"By not making him feel too sensible of the honor you are about to confer on him," replied Damer laughing. After a little further conversation, the baronet with his two friends returned home in the highest spirits at the success of his mission.

When Mr. Mayville and Agnes were together alone the latter said: —

"I was somewhat surprised, father, when told by Sir Henry you had accepted an invitation to his house. I, of course, was aware of the high esteem in which you ever held him, but I thought you could never consent to become his guest, as your sensitive spirit could ill brook the haughtiness and arrogance of his mother."

"My dear Agnes, his mother's overbearing manner I can well bring myself to endure in times like these; but there is *one*, who, were she at the Hall, I would, I think, prefer — God pardon me for saying it — that you and I should remain here and brave the coming storm with all its consequences, than that we should live beneath the same roof that covered her head. But she is not there, and all the circumstances considered, I deem it my duty to accept this kind offer."

"And I think you have decided wisely, father. This is a time when private feelings must be suppressed; I suppose we are to leave here immediately."

"Yes; Sir Henry's carriage is to come for us to-morrow evening, so have everything you wish to take packed up as early in the day as possible. The house and furniture must take care of themselves till our return. I will take those few books I value most; a cart is to be sent for the luggage. Bridget will of course accompany us; so the house must be left secured, though I fear its bars and bolts will avail little against those who will probably attempt an entrance."

"Fear of Sir Henry Damer will surely restrain them."

"Yes, the Yeomen and militia; but the regulars will surely come soon, — those whom their late commander, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, has described as being formidable to all save the enemy. Over those he will have no control, and God help the country when they shall hold it under martial law."

"I wonder what can delay the French so long. Were Edward and his regiment of dragoons here, how these cowardly bands would fly before them! I hope he is coming with the invading army. We have not heard from him since he sent the letter from Hoche's ship in Bantry Bay. How I should wish to see him in full uniform leading on his soldiers to the fight! And now that I think of him and of times long ago, this house that we are about to leave seems dearer to me than ever I thought it before. When I look upon the many spots to

which are attached so many childish recollections, — the summer-house in the garden where my mother first taught me to pray, the grass plots which Edward and I used when little children to run around, my own room, with its window surrounded with the sweet-brier, — a hundred such memories now crowd upon my thoughts, and make the parting harder than I ever could have imagined."

"My dear Agnes," said her father laughing, and anxious to change the current of her thoughts, "at this moment we really have no leisure to devote to sentiment. Come, my love," he added as he fondly kissed her forehead, "this evening attend to your preparations for the removal. When at Damer Hall you will have ample leisure for pondering over the past, and for building future fortunes. For the latter trust in God, and all will turn out well. We cannot tell when we may hear of the French having landed. If Edward be with them, you may be sure it will not be long before he brings them here."

Agnes left the room, and at once set about preparing for their departure. Sir Henry Damer meanwhile, having set down his companions at Mr. De Vere's house, returned to the Hall to inform his mother of the guests he had invited. Lady Damer heard him without evincing the least interest or surprise, and when he had ceased speaking replied with dignity: —

"Of course, sir, you are master of your own house, to which you are free to invite any person you please. If you choose to turn it into a beggar's refuge it is your indisputable right to do so. I am sure I ought to be very sensible of the high honor you have done me in giving me due notice of the intended arrival of your distinguished guests. The only remark I have to make concerning it is that I trust it will not be made a matter of comment if I happen to keep to my own rooms, and not appear below stairs during their stay."

"Of course, mother, you can act entirely according to your own wishes. Your slightest fancy has never here, I hope, been questioned."

"Most certainly not, no more than my slightest advice has ever been heeded, or the darling wish of my life attended to. I have always been regarded as a being whose oddities were to be humored, but whose counsels were to be laughed at. There is that poor girl, Louise Northcoate, gone to Dublin, her feelings having been played upon and trifled with for three years, and there are coming in her place some low-born Papist and his daughter. I really would not be surprised if you some day took it into your head to exalt this unknown young person to the rank of Lady Damer."

"If you refer to Miss Mayville, mother, she is one whose education and natural endowments render her worthy of any station, were it that of Queen of England. I could confer no honor upon her by making her my wife, but she could confer a great honor indeed upon me by accepting me for her husband."

"Merciful heaven! has it really come to this?" screamed Lady Damer; "what I long ago prophesied. Oh, all is lost! all is lost! What it is to have a disobedient and undutiful son! I obeyed my own father when a girl, and married the man whom he selected for me. I expected my marriage would be blessed with affectionate and dutiful children; but alas, how have my hopes been disappointed! Had you obeyed me, your own mother, you would now be married to Louise, in possession of her great fortune, and a few years would see you a peer of the realm; for Lord Castlereagh told me he would create you one if you supported his measure for the Union. But you take your own course; not alone do you refuse to marry your cousin, but you actually hint at contracting a *mésalliance* that would dishonor alike your religion and your blood. Instead of supporting government, you put yourself under the leadership of that mad Grattan. I won-

der you have not taken up with that more mad Fitzgerald, and let your head and your property go together. I think that man De Vere must have instilled into your mind all these wicked and pernicious principles. What sort of a minister of God is he? Why, I have known clergymen, — upright, exemplary, Christian men, — and they have preached, all of them, that it was our duty to starve, crush, in fact exterminate all the Papists in the land, for that their religion was idolatrous, damnable, and superstitious; that they should be hunted down as the wolves had been; that it was sinful to give them shelter, covering, or bread; that like the tribe of Benjamin they should be all put to the sword, at all events that they should be crushed by tithes and rack-rents. Now this man not only preaches toleration to the Catholics, but actually maintains that they are entitled to the same liberties as Protestants enjoy. He collects no tithes; the Papists are growing fat alike on his parish and your estate. I am informed he has one of their priests in his house. Oh, but what matter for all this if he had spared you! but he has poisoned your mind and corrupted all the noble qualities of your high-born nature with his hateful and abominable doctrines. I can say no more."

Sir Henry, used as he was to frequent outbursts of passion on the part of his mother, was hardly prepared for such a violent paroxysm as this; however, as was his usual custom, he made no reply to her charges, but merely stating that he expected his visitors next day, he rose and went out, so that having no one with whom to contend, her anger might cool down.

On the following evening his carriage brought Mr. Mayville and Agnes. They were warmly received by him at the door, and conducted through the principal parts of the mansion, and lastly to the drawing-room, where supper was to be served. Agnes, who now visited the Hall for the first time, was charmed with the landscape it commanded. She gazed long from the window, Sir Henry standing by her side, upon the beauty of the scene beneath; the surrounding demesne with its verdant lawns, and the trees just bursting into leaf, the green undulating plains in the distance, the fields all fresh and smiling under the rays of a May sunset. Far away she recognized with a sigh the white walls of Hawthorn Hill.

The evening repast passed off not the less agreeably because it was not graced by the presence of Lady Damer. In pleasant conversation, music, and other amusements the early hours of night were passed. When Agnes was conducted by the housekeeper to the room she was to occupy, she was surprised to see the suite that had been prepared for her. As she was admiring the elegance and taste with which the boudoir had been fitted up, the latter addressed her.

"I hope you will be comfortable in these rooms, miss. I could not show them to you earlier, as they were not settled until a while ago. Sir Henry's instructions were very strict for us to leave nothing undone; it was he who ordered these hangings of pink and white. I hope you like them, miss?"

"Very much indeed."

"And this paper of white and gold he himself selected when he was in Dublin."

"What exquisite taste Sir Henry must possess!"

"Oh, there is not one at all to come near him in that. I will now leave you, as you must be tired. Good night, miss, and happy dreams."

The housekeeper was a short time gone when Bridget came to the door.

"Oh, Miss Agnes, such a house as this never was seen in all Ireland. Why, I declare, all the room downstairs are filled with ladies and gentlemen who would n't let one do anything at all. When I came first I went into a room where there were a lot of them sitting at a table. One

of them at the top was dressed like a minister with a white cravat, an' he says when he sees me: —

"'Sit down here, miss,' he says, 'an' take a cup of tea.'

"'No offence, sir,' says I, 'but I could n't make so bold.'

"'T is we make bold in askin' you,' says he, 'it 's an honor you 'll be after conferring on all of us.'

"So with that I sat down on a chair he pointed to beside him, an' then he filled out tea for me, and afterwards coffee, and put on my plate such a lot of things I could not remember the half of them, or their names; so we soon became very great friends entirely, an' after a while he asked me to call him William, but I would n't, seein' him so like a gentleman. He told me all sorts of stories about Dublin and about all the grand ladies and gentlemen up there that are friends of the young master. I think he would have gone on talking till morning but that Mrs. Durgan, the housekeeper, called me away, and told me you might want me."

Agnes laughed at Bridget's history of her adventures. "And where is your room, Bridget?" she asked.

"Just outside of yours, miss; a door opens from one to the other."

"Very good; I shall require nothing to-night, but before you go let us say the rosary together: we should not forget our old practice although we are in a strange house."

In the morning Agnes was awakened by the voices of birds in the grounds and woods without. The fragrance of the meadows, garden-flowers, and fruit blossom was wafted by the light breeze through the open casement as she dressed. But as she glanced over the distant scene her eyes again fell upon Hawthorn Hill, and with a feeling of sadness she turned away.

For Sir Henry Damer the few succeeding weeks passed, as he ever afterwards thought, like a beautiful dream. It was to him a pleasure indescribable to devote the short intervals of leisure which his many duties allowed him, to walking through the gardens and pleasure grounds with Agnes, going out for carriage drives with her father and herself, or in the evenings rambling with her through the demesne and by the flowing river's bank, whilst they conversed on their readings in the poets of Italy and France. The evenings in the Hall were passed in a succession of refined enjoyments. His happiness was now almost the highest he could have desired, but like all things earthly, it was not to last forever; its smooth current was destined erelong to be disturbed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

May heaven scorch and parch the tongue by which
his life was sold.
And shrivel up the hand that clutched the proffered
meed of gold;
May treachery forever be his lot on earth.
A '98 Ballad.

On the morning of the memorable 20th of May, Lord Castlereagh and his council were seated in their meeting-room at the castle.

"Mr. Cooke," said the chairman, "you may now introduce in their order those in waiting."

Armstrong was the first brought in. He gave the particulars of his latest conversations with the Sheares. All heard him in silence, and when he had concluded his account, Castlereagh, turning round, addressed Clare: —

"Does your Lordship think that enough?"

"Yes. By the law, more than enough," replied the Chancellor. "They have committed themselves; they are doubly damned. Let them be arrested. Toler will manage the rest."

"Capt. Armstrong," said the chairman, "you have rendered important services to government; they shall not be forgotten. If you wish, you can call upon these gentlemen again to-day; but they shall both be arrested to-morrow. When they are imprisoned you are to visit them; you will be provided with a jail-pass.

Pretend to them you are still of their party, and hold out to them what hopes of ultimate success you may deem fit, but draw out of them everything you can which may be turned against them afterwards on their trial, and find out if they have arms or documents anywhere concealed."

The informer bowed. "Your Lordships may rely on my prudence, caution, and unceasing exertions," he said as he withdrew.

Reynolds was next admitted and addressed by Lord Castlereagh as he came to the table.

"Well, have you kept your word with us and hunted down the noble prize?"

"I was on his track two days ago, my lord," replied the human bloodhound, "but just as I thought I had him safe he slipped through our fingers. Your Lordships will recollect Town Majors Sir and Swan had him surrounded a few nights ago, but his armed escort broke through their ranks, and so he escaped. That day I had found out his lodgings; I had called on a visit of condolence to Lady Pamela: it was not from her I learned it, but while at her house a young fellow came in, — a namesake, and I think a cousin of Lord Edward; he is one who is deep in the plot, and I think it was owing to him we were balked in our game."

"Do you speak of young George Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, my lord, that is his name. But, my lords and gentlemen, not to keep back from you any longer important information, I have outside a man who undertakes within one hour to conduct your officers to the house where Lord Edward lies hid, but he insists on first being guaranteed the reward."

"A most reasonable condition: bring him in at once."

There was a moment of eager expectancy after Reynolds left the room; all eyes were fixed on the door awaiting his return. He presently came back leading in a man, excessively corpulent, but feeble and tottering, who, with every step he took, leaned heavily for support on a gold-headed cane. His head was bent towards the ground, but many present recognized his form as he approached the table. When he came to the foot he stood still, and placing his staff before him, lifted up his face and looked round him. His countenance was large and flabby, and of a muddy and unhealthy hue. From between his lips two yellow teeth protruded like a weasel's, but his toothless jaws seemed ever eating and catching with their gums the cheeks that fell between them. His eyes, small and cunning, were dull and leaden in their gaze. Steadily he fixed them on Castlereagh, and patiently waited to be interrogated.

"Would you be kind enough, sir," began the chairman, "to give us your name?"

The stranger chuckled a while to himself, and answered: —

"Francis Higgins."

"Ah," interrupted Clare, "Higgins the 'Sham Squire'?"

"So some call me, my lord. Ha! ha! ha!"

"You are the editor of the Freeman's Journal?" said Cooke.

"I am, sir. I see you know me, — ha, ha!"

"To come at once to the purport of your visit, Mr. Higgins," said Castlereagh, "Mr. Reynolds has informed us that you are possessed of such information as can lead to the arrest of the chief of the Insurrectionary Directory. Is such the case?"

Higgins again chuckled, and fixed his eyes upon the questioner with a cunning look. "Is there not a reward promised, my lord?" he asked in return.

"Most certainly. On Lord Edward Fitzgerald being arrested, £1,000 will be paid him through whose means it has been accomplished."

"My lord," said Higgins after a pause, and another chuckle, "would n't the money be paid first?"

"Surely our plain promise and word of honor are sufficient assurance?" said Lord Clare. "Before he is half an hour in prison the £1,000 shall be yours."

"My lord," said Higgins with a hideous leer and knowing shake of the head, "great are the delays of office. The best men are often unable to redeem their words of honor in these present troublesome times. My lords, the risk I am about to run is very great. When Lord Edward is once captured the rebellion is at an end. What if you should then forget to pay me? Ha, ha! ha! You know I should never go to law with you, so I might be tossed overboard. Now I will make your lordships a fair proposal. Pay me the money down and I will tell you the name of the man who will take your soldiers to where they can catch Lord Edward. I'll wait here till all's done; then — you'll have your prisoner, and I'll have my money, ha! ha! ha! ha! he! he! he!"

"We accept your offer, Mr. Higgins," said Castlereagh, after a short consultation with Clare. "A draft for the amount will at once be made out by Mr. Cooke."

"Notes or gold, if your lordship please. My name must not be known at the bank, ha! ha! ha!"

"Your request is an inconvenient one. However, we'll comply with it," said the chairman, rising and counting out in large notes the stipulated reward. With a greedy clutch the informer seized the money; his eyes twinkled as his palsied fingers counted over the sum note by note. When he had satisfied himself as to the correctness of the amount, he drew from his pocket a leather purse, into which he placed it, and then tied with a strap and buried it in a capacious breast pocket, from which at the same moment he drew a slip of paper which he handed to Lord Castlereagh. "There, my lord," he said, "is the name and address of Counsellor Morgan; he will tell you where to find Lord Edward."

Thus was bargained, bought, and sold the life of the noblest of the long and illustrious line of Geraldine.

Lord Castlereagh took and read the scroll, then handed it round the council board, and Higgins was told he might withdraw. After a short consultation Cooke was despatched with secret orders to Swan and Sir, and the council resumed its sitting.

The next introduced was Winn, of whom the chairman inquired concerning affairs in college.

"My lords," cried Winn exultingly, "I have him at last. He whom my corporal swore blew up the statue has ben traced with his comrade Fitzgerald to Bond's, the house where the rebel leaders hold their meetings. Reynolds saw them there and will swear to them. My lords, let me have a warrant against Harcourt, and I will arrest him to-day."

"Fortune smiles upon us at last," said the chairman. "Our nets will have taken a large haul ere night. These young gentlemen are becoming rather troublesome of late; it is time to try and curb them. Yes, you shall have what you desire, Mr. Winn. If you wait a few minutes in the anteroom, a warrant will be made out for you against both."

"Now," said Lord Clare when the Yeoman captain had retired, "no time to lose about the Sheares."

"And Bryne, McCann, O'Connor, and McNeven," added Beresford; "they can all be taken together at Bond's. Reynolds can tell at what hour they will be assembled there."

"I promise," said Mr. Cooke, "that within twenty minutes all the warrants will be ready."

"Remember," said Clare, "when once they are in jail the barrister Leonard McNally is to be allowed free access to them. They will have him assigned as one of the counsel to defend them at their trials, and he will inform us what line of defence their counsel shall adopt."

With an impatience that made every minute seem an hour, Winn

waited in the passage leading to the Castle yard while the warrant was being prepared. With eagerness he listened to every footstep that approached him from above, and with oaths and curses he greeted it when he found it a false one. At length the coveted document was really brought; but ere it was consigned to him his patience was again put to the rack, for he was obliged to quietly listen to its being read through from first to last. At length, the tedious formalities being ended, he was handed the terrible parchment, which he folded and placed in his breast; and so at last, armed by the law with all powers against the foe he hated most, he rushed off to join his lieutenant, who was awaiting him at the outer gate.

"Hurrah! hurrah, Lunham!" he cried, as panting with haste and excitement he came up. "We have him at last, old boy, we have him at last. The fiend, the tiger, the devil, the dog, the rebel, the Popish champion, he shall swing, he shall swing, ho, ho! All his insults to us shall be repaid, and with glorious interest too. Come along, come along; we know where to find him."

"Have you really the warrant, Winn?" asked Lunham, hardly venturing to credit the good news.

"To be sure I have, you numskull; do you think otherwise I would be prating so? Look, I will show you the outside of it; here it is in my pocket, safe and close. When I open it, it will be to show it to Mr. Robert Harcourt. Ho! ho! the hell-hound! he shall swing, he shall swing! He 'll dance the high hornpipe while the devil plays the tune. But listen till I tell you of my plan. He is sure to be in the college now when we go over, so we will at once collect a guard of Yeomanry and militia and place them at the outer gate. We 'll then take half a dozen chosen men and proceed to the Historical rooms. We 'll station them at the door below, and you and I will ascend the stairs alone and beard the lion in his den. Start not; there will be no danger. Our friends will be within call. We 'll keep all about the warrant a profound secret, even from our own party, until the proper time comes. I want to prepare for them a glorious surprise. Poor fellows, they badly want a little fun after three months, lying by. But mark me, when I go into the room how I shall toy with him first as a cat does with a mouse; for a long time he won't suspect what I have, and when I shall bring him by my teasing to the brink of distraction, then on a sudden I shall produce my *billet doux*. Then we 'll call our company up, and won't they stare when, holding my authority full in front of them, I shall say, 'I arrest Robert Harcourt. Remove the prisoner to the jail'! Then won't they pounce on him like the hounds on the stag! Oh, glorious, glorious, glorious! He shall hang, he shall hang!"

To be continued.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS? — Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to make bread. Teach them to make shirts. Teach them to add up bills. Teach them not to paint or powder. Teach them to wear a cheerful smile. Teach them to wear thick, warm clothes. Teach them to wash and iron clothes. Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them that a dollar is one hundred cents. Teach them how to cook a good meal. Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it. Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of beaux. Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like a queen. Teach them to wear their own hair, and to dress it neatly. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlor. Teach them that the more one lives beyond his income, the nearer he gets to the poorhouse. Teach them to live here so as to get ready for the life lived by the blessed in heaven.

THE LAST FRUIT OF REVOLUTION.

The Tablet, London.

The blow has at last fallen, and the Czar of all the Russias is the victim of the indefatigable conspirators who have so long sought his life to take it away. "A special Providence or a vigilant police," our contemporary the Standard observes, in apparent dubiety, long protected him. That protection ceased to shield him last Sunday morning. It was the sixth attempt made to murder him, and in some respects the boldest. If ever there was a voluntary sacrifice of life, it was that made by the assassins. They must have counted the cost, for it was obvious that they had not the least chance of escape. And the calmness with which they devoted themselves to certain death is not the least appalling part of the tragedy. If any fresh proof were wanting — which can hardly be indeed — of the indomitable fanaticism which animates the Nihilists, this might supply it. And we may be quite sure that their success in the present instance will but encourage them to other and more daring deeds of violence. Enveloped in mystery as their association is to a great extent, this much about it is certain, that its ramifications extend throughout Russia and throughout every class of Russian society: that its members are united by the strictest and most unqualified ties of obedience; and that they have the sympathies, more or less openly pronounced, of the party of revolution throughout Europe. The new Czar has ascended the throne of his father with the "districtus ensis" hanging over him. Whether it is possible for him to appease the occult and terrible power to whose daring deed of wickedness he owes his premature crown may well be doubted. The aim of the Nihilists, who merely carry out to the logical end the doctrines of German Socialists, of French Communists, of a certain class of advanced Radicals among ourselves, is the subversion of the existing social order. And in Russia the throne is the keystone of that order; not, as with us, as in Holland, and as in Belgium, its ornamental finish. That the mad schemes of atheistic democrats can ever permanently succeed we know to be impossible, for they are fighting against the eternal laws of nature, or rather of God. But that they may achieve the entire destruction of the public order in Russia seems probable enough. The Muscovite throne is without any sort of equipoise, and the ground upon which it rests is mined. Socially, morally, and politically, Russia is a mass of rottenness. The prospects before the new Czar are not then reassuring. As regards the unhappy sovereign who has gone to his account, fewest words are best. It is needless that we should express the horror which fills all Catholics at the atrocious deed that has cut short a life which for years has been one long agony of distrust and dread. And in presence of his awful end we would gladly dwell on what there was of good about him; on what of good he tried, however ineffectually, to accomplish, as in the so-called "emancipation" of the serfs. Such undoubtedly has been the prevailing feeling in this country. We English, indeed, can afford to be pitiful. In other lands it is different. The Polish members of the Austrian Parliament, we read, declare their intention of withdrawing if any address of sympathy upon the part of the Reichsrath should be proposed. Nor can we wonder at it. Terrible as is the crime of which the late Czar was the victim, it sinks into insignificance by the side of the crimes perpetrated in that country in his name and by his authority. What is a murdered man — even though that man wore a crown — by the side of a murdered nation?

Unhappy Poland! Her religion, her laws, her very language proscribed! her bravest sons massacred or condemned to waste their lives in Siberian mines! her daughters outraged and tortured, even their tears a crime! her little children wantonly slain! "her plains bathed in blood! her cities turned into smoking ruins!" Terribly and by strange hands has she been avenged. Well may she take up the stern words of the Hebrew prophet: "How is the oppressor come to naught that struck the people in wrath with an incurable wound, that brought nations under in fury, that persecuted in a cruel manner. Thou art wounded as well as we: thou art become like unto one of us. Thy pride is brought down to hell. Is this the man that troubled the earth, that shook kingdoms, that made the world a wilderness and destroyed the cities thereof, that opened not the gates of his prisoners?"

But the tragedy of that Sunday may well convey a warning to another tyrannical power. In his worst deeds the late Czar had the support of the present German Emperor. The help of Prussia strengthened his hands for his murderous work in Poland eighteen years ago. The alliance between Romanoff and Hohenzollern despots has ever been close. And the dangers which menace them and the unhappy countries over which they rule are of a similar kind. Nihilism, strictly speaking, indeed, is confined to the Muscovite Empire. But as M. Caro has shown in his admirable book on Pessimism, it is, to a great extent, the product of Teutonic thought. The secret societies of Germany are laboring for ends not materially different from those of the Nihilists. Nor, as the German Emperor has the best reason to know, do they shrink from employing similar means. How far any actual connection exists between the vile occult associations which infest every country on the Continent is a matter upon which no one but their supreme directors can pronounce authoritatively. But this much is certain: that Germany is the brain of Europe; and that the second act of the great tragedy of these latter days which opened with the French Revolution will be German in its main characteristics, and therefore indefinitely more dangerous. Let us hear on the subject the words of one who by the prescient power of genius divined the future, with a singular exactness that has already been marvellously verified. Thus does Heine write of the prospect which, as he discerned, lay before the world, nor are his utterances the less terrible for the mocking Mephistophelean tone in which they are delivered: —

"German philosophy is a weighty matter, and one which interests the whole human race, and our latest descendants only will be able to form an opinion whether we are to be blamed or to be praised for the fact that we first prepared our philosophy before commencing our revolution. It appears to me that a methodical people like ourselves must needs begin with the Reformation, then occupy itself with philosophy, and then only after its completion pass over to a political revolution. This order I find quite reasonable. The heads which philosophy had need of for thinking, the revolution might cut off afterwards for revolutionary purposes. Philosophy would never have been able to make use of the heads which had been cut off by the revolution, if the latter had gone first. Let yourselves, however, not be frightened, you German republicans; the German revolution will not turn out milder or softer because the Kantian Critique, the Fichtian Transcendental Idealism, and also the Philosophy of Nature preceded it. Through these doctrines have revolutionary forces developed themselves, weich only wait for the day when they can break forth, and fill the world with wonder and astonishment. Kantians will come to the foreground, who also in the world of appearance will know of no pity, and will, without mercy, slash deep with sword and axe in the soil of our European life. Armed Fichtians will then tread in the arena, who, in the fanaticism of their will, are not to be enchained either by fear or self-love, for they live in the spirit; they defy matter like the early Christians, who were neither to be tamed by bodily pain nor

by bodily enjoyment; yea, such Transcendental Idealists would, in a social catastrophe, be yet more inflexible than the early Christians: for these endured earthly martyrdom, in order thereby to arrive at heavenly happiness; but the Transcendentalist treats martyrdom as a pure farce, and is inaccessible in the intrenchment of his own thought.

"But yet more terrible than all would be the Philosophers of Nature, when they began to be active in the German Revolution and identified themselves with the work of destruction. For if the hand of the Kantian strikes strongly and surely, since his heart is stirred by no traditional awe; if the Fichtian, full of courage, defies every danger, since it does not in reality exist for him, — so is the Philosopher of Nature to be dreaded on that account, that he stands in alliance with the original forces of nature, that he can conjure up the demoniac forces of old German Pantheism, and with them that lust for battle which we find among the old Germans, and which does not fight either for the love of destruction or victory, but for the love of fighting. Christianity — and that is its finest service — has in some way nullified that brutal Germanic lust for battle, but it could not root it out; and when once the talisman which subdued them — the Cross — is broken up, then the barbaric rage of the old fighters, the mad Berserker-wrath, of which Northern poets have sung and said so much, will storm forth again. This talisman is now become worm-eaten, and the day will come when it will break up. The old stone gods will then arise out of the old forgotten rubbish and rub the thousand years' dust out of their eyes, and Thor, with his giant's hammer, will leap up again and destroy the Gothic cathedrals."

WHERE BANGING ORIGINATED.

The editor of the Columbia (S. C.) Register has made a discovery, — the place whence originated the barbarous fashion of banging the hair. He says: "It has often been a subject of wonderment to us where our pretty girls got the notion from, of combing their front hair down over their foreheads and cutting off the ends, so as to make the inch and a half of hair which they keep hanging down nearly to their eyebrows, and which is irresistibly associated in our minds with an imperfectly sheared mule's tail. The mystery we solved to our satisfaction last night as we dropped into Dr. Jackson's. The doctor received from New Zealand yesterday, among quite a variety of ferns and mosses and other curiosities from that semi-barbarous land, the picture of two Maoris, natives of that country, a boy and a girl; and the latter had her back hair all looped up on the top of her head and stuck through with white-tipped turkey feathers, and the front hair was hauled down in front, the ends mingling with the eyebrows. So it is from the New Zealand savages, and not from the North American fashionable ladies that we copy the present absurd style of wearing the hair."

A Terrific Dog. — "You must stay away from my house," said Susie's papa to John Henry Augustus, whose attentions to Susie displeased him. "I am going to borrow a bulldog," he continued, "and put him in my yard. I 'll bet you 'll stay from here then!" John Henry Augustus meandered slowly away in a homeward direction. Arrived there, he penned a letter to Susie, telling her what had occurred, and despatched it to her by the house-boy. That individual soon replied, "Will you let such a trifle separate two loving hearts? Just come round by the back way." John Henry Augustus pranced wildly round the room, exclaiming, "What do I care for his bulldog — for fifty — ay, for a thousand bulldogs? I 'll see her this night if I have to wade through bulldogs, climb over bulldogs, — yea, if I have to ride on a bulldog to get there!" But when John Henry Augustus went round that night, mounted the back fence, peered through the gloom, and saw the cow standing under the porch, he slid hastily back to *terra firma* on the street side of the fence, and walked away exclaiming, "Gee whilikins, what a bulldog! Why, he 's as big as our cow!" And Susie sits and wonders why her lover comes not.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Rev. F. Mahony ("Father Prout").

THERE 's a legend that 's told of a gypsy, who dwelt
In the lands where the pyramids be;
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt
With devices right wondrous to see.
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child
On his mother's immaculate breast;
When he fled from his foes; when, to Egypt exiled,
He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,
And the future was given to her gaze,
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx
On her threshold kept vigil always;
She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd;
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I ween,
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,
With a maid on a mule, by that road,
And a child on her bosom reclined, and the way
Led them straight to the gypsy's abode.
And they seem to have travelled a wearisome path
From their home many, many a league;
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,
Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile;
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,
Who had come many, many a mile;
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,
And she begged the old man would repose;
Here the stranger, she said, ever finds free access,
And the wanderer balm for his woes.

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led
To a seat in her grotto so cool,
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits, — and a shed,
With a manger, was found for the mule;
With the wine of the palm-tree, with dates newly culled,
All the toil of the road she beguiled;
And with song in a language mysterious she lulled
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gypsy anon, in her Ethiop hand
Placed the infant's diminutive palm,
Oh, 't was fearful to see how the features she scanned
Of the babe in his slumbers so calm!
Well she noted each mark and each furrow that crossed
O'er the tracings of destiny's line:
"Whence came ye?" she cried, in astonishment lost,
"For this child is of lineage divine."

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew;
We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed
In the gore of the children he slew.
We were told to remain till an angel's command
Should appoint us the hour to return;
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles) would come."
And she kissed both the feet of the infant, and knelt
And adored him at once; then a smile
Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

OUTLINES OF GEOLOGY AND GEOLOGICAL NOTES OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

CLIMATIC CHANGES OF THE EARTH.

The Glacial and Interglacial Periods.

MODERN scientific discoveries have satisfactorily proved that in past ages the climate of all Northern Europe, Northern America, and Asia has been subjected to repeated change. Trees once flourished where glaciers have now invaded parts of Greenland, coal is found in quantity in Melville Island, and fossil elephants' tusks (preserved in frozen soil for innumerable ages) form a marketable product in Siberia. In Europe at one time a sea of ice of such magnitude existed, that the glaciers of Scandinavia were in connection with those of Scotland, England, and Ireland, and this mighty "*mer de glace*" actually obliterated the Hebrides and all the smaller northern islands. Such a scene of Arctic panorama is now only witnessed in the polar regions; but gradually it changed until the temperature became milder, and yet more mild, and at length a southern, almost tropical summer prevailed perennially and for ages throughout these islands. The lion, the tiger, the hyena, the elephant, and the hippopotamus became acclimatized in Britain, which was at this period united to the Continent (and by this means they migrated thither), where the Straits of Dover now separate them. Long, long periods then elapsed; the summer sun declined in its warmth, the winters grew more severe; the existing mammalia either emigrated southward or died out from the increasing cold, and in lapse of time, as glacial temperature prevailed, were succeeded by the polar bear, the reindeer, and other arctic animals. Once more these islands were formed into a sea of ice and snow. How many of these climatic changes occurred is not within present geological knowledge; but at least one more mild interglacial period supervened, when the sea slowly gained upon the land, until the greater portion of Great Britain and Ireland was submerged under its influences. Gradually the land was partially re-elevated, and after another period clothed as before with a hoar mantle of ice, until it was once more united by a frozen sea with the Arctic regions. Again, the temperature becoming more mild, the glaciers diminish, and their places are occupied by the sea, until they exist only in mountain hollows and glens. The land at this period is slowly being re-elevated, and the moving masses of floating ice are kept continuously grinding, rubbing, and polishing the giant masses of rock over which they are kept in motion by the process of thaw, thus producing the *roches moutonnées*, and the grooves and striations, which are observable in mountain regions, these enormous rafts of ice holding within themselves innumerable blocks of bowlder rock, carrying with them, their own graving tools, striating and polishing as they slowly move along. And how are all these climatic changes proven to be true? may well be asked. Simply by the existing animal remains discovered in bone caves, and by fossils in numerous places throughout the British Islands. The elephant, the lion, and the tiger could not exist in an arctic climate, no more than the polar bear, the reindeer, and the moose deer could in a tropical. Yet these all occur in different deposits. The seams of coal which pervade these islands could not have been produced unless under a tropical sun, and millions of tons of arctic shells could only have been deposited near the summits of the highest mountains by natural agencies. Therefore all these tell their own tale, and explain away what otherwise would be unintelligible.

The glacial and interglacial periods — which must have lasted for unknown

ages, of which no computation of time can possibly be made — form the most interesting epochs in the history of this earth. The evidences regarding them must, as a matter of course, be altogether circumstantial; but modern discovery in cave deposits, etc., has unveiled what would otherwise appear deeply mysterious, almost incredible, and has tended to dispel all doubt with regard to these eventful ages. We have endeavored, perhaps too summarily, to relate them, and in doing so we acknowledge ourselves indebted to Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," Geikie's "Great Ice Age," Croll's "Climate and Time," and Lyell's "Geology," for the information conveyed in this chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUPPOSED ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

The Glacial and Interglacial Periods — Barbaric Man — Flint and Stone Implements — The Palæolithic and Neolithic Ages — Modern Authors' Opinions of the Antiquity of Man — The Skeleton of Mentone — Desultory Thoughts.

A RECAPITULATION of some of the remarks we have made in the last chapter may not prove uninteresting, because they have a direct bearing upon the antiquity of our race. In it we have endeavored to describe the vast, almost incredible physical changes which have taken place during far-off ages in the geological condition of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as parts of Continental Europe; and how these islands were more than once united to the north polar regions by one vast sheet of ice, presenting a treeless scene of arctic sterility; at another period joined to and forming a portion of the Continent, — the whole enjoying a genial, temperate, and perpetual summer,

Flint Hatchets.

and again a nearly tropical clime; then submerged beneath the ocean wave, and converted into clusters of small islands, formed by the principal mountain-tops, where the waters of the Atlantic and the German Ocean dashed wildly against their summits, or placidly laved elevated table-lands at the height of considerably over 1,000 feet above the present sea level. Again, the scene changing, arctic temperature once more prevailed, and again they are enveloped in one continuous frozen mantle; then gradually the climate ameliorated, and at length the temperate region they now exist in was called into being. What induced these changes is not our purpose now to enter upon, further than that astronomy reveals that the position of our hemisphere was in these ages so placed by Almighty power with regard to the sun as to confer upon it a most intensely severe climate, and *vice versa*.

Records innumerable exist to prove that when man first became a denizen European countries, he existed in the depths of barbarism; he fashioned

his tools and implements of flint in the rudest possible manner, and he knew no other material which he could convert to his use, either to supply his daily wants or utilize as weapons of defence. This period is called the Palæolithic, or old stone age, in contradistinction to the Neolithic, or new stone age, when man, although he still remained in a state of barbarism, had learned to apply a higher finish to, and even to polish his stone implements. Hatchets, chisels, and knives, made of flint and stone, belonging to these primitive races, occur numerously in river and cave deposits all over England, Scotland, and Ireland, more particularly in the latter; and it is singular that many of these are found embedded beneath, and often in close contiguity with, the fossil bones of both arctic and tropical carnivora and herbivora. In a few instances human bones have been discovered in England and in Wales with these remains, and flint and stone implements very generally, tending to show that man was contemporary with the former animal inhabitants of these islands. Geologists therefore assume that the antiquity of the human race is greater than is generally supposed. We will not enter upon this question, but only remark that unless these animals, denizens of such widely different zones, lived and died in the land, their remains, and those of others now extinct, could not be entombed in the situations they are found in. Where the bones of man and his works occur in conjunction with them, it does not appear unreasonable to think he lived and flourished amongst them. Mr. James Geikie, in his "Great Ice Age," goes so far as to state that man has witnessed all the great geological changes we have described as occurring in these islands.

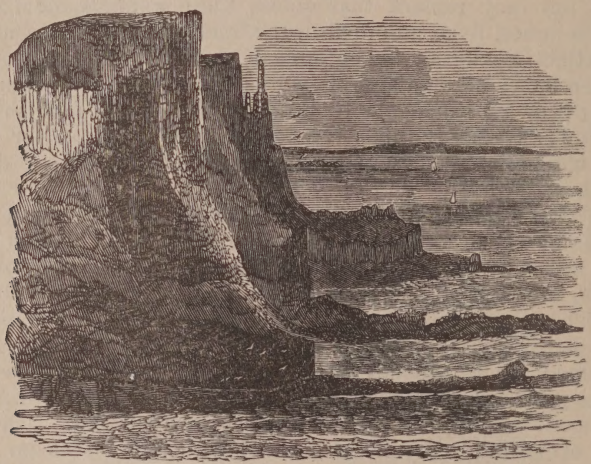
The Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, contains perhaps the most interesting memorial of humanity in existence. It is the skeleton of a man, nearly perfect, and in a fair state of preservation, which was discovered in March, 1872, by Dr. Rivière, in a cave at Mentone, in the South of France. It is that of an ordinary-sized human being; the skull is covered with a number of perforated marine shells, and twenty-two of the smaller teeth of the stag, which, you are informed, once probably was a chaplet round his head. A bone instrument lies across the forehead, and the teeth are greatly worn, as if from chewing hard food, — as is observed in modern savage races. The attitude he was found in, according to Lyell, indicates he died in his sleep. Numerous unpolished flint instruments were found with him, and in the soil above lay numerous remains of animals of cold, tropical, and temperate climates; but we will give the late Sir Charles Lyell's description, from Dr. Rivière's own account: "One of the most interesting discoveries of late years of the remains of man, together with flint implements and the bones of extinct animals, was made in March, 1872, by Dr. Rivière, in a cave at Mentone, in the South of France. While Dr. Rivière was engaged in a scientific mission, for the exploration of the well-known quarries and caverns near Nice and Mentone, he found *in situ*, in a cave called La Barma du Cavillon, on the Italian frontier, the bones of a human foot. He immediately began a careful excavation around the remains, and after eight days' labor disclosed an entire human skeleton, at a depth of twenty feet. The cavern is a triangular slit in the rock, about thirty feet wide at the base, and from sixty to eighty feet in height, and extending from south to north, without any marked curvature, forty-five feet into the cliff; from its form and dimensions the full daylight reaches to the inner end, and thus enabled Dr. Rivière to have an excellent photograph taken *in situ*. The body lay in the longitudinal direction of the cavern, about twenty-four feet from the entrance. Surrounding and above it were fifty unpolished flint flakes and scrapers, and a fragment of a skewer about six inches long.* Mr. Pengelly, whose opinion, from his long experi-

* Comptes Rendus de l'Acad. des Sciences, Avril 29, 1872.

ence in Brixham and Kent caverns, is of great value, visited Mentone a few weeks after the skeleton was removed. The exploration was still going on, and he saw three hundred flint implements, all unpolished, which had lately been exhumed. 'There was no metal,' he says, 'found in the cavern, nor was there any pottery nor any polished flint implements.'" *

Sir Charles Lyell goes on to enumerate by their scientific appellations the different fossil remains superincumbent in the soil over this skeleton; and as we translate them, they are the ox, the bear, the tiger, the hyena, the rhinoceros, the wolf, the stag, and a multitude of other smaller animals.

It is in former river-beds, and banks of rivers whose courses have been changed, and in caves, that these remains are more frequently found though sometimes discovered in gravel, under an enormous depth of peat. The caves are known to be part of the courses of subterraneous rivers, and to have been originally formed by the continuous action of water holding carbonic acid in solution; rivers rushed through them, and may it not have been that devastating floods have gathered together and enveloped in one heterogeneous mass



The Chimney Tops, Coast of Antrim.

the memorials of man and of animal life of widely different and differing races and periods? The man of Mentone may have died upon the spot where he was found by Dr. Rivière, and his remains might have been afterwards entombed in alluvium, which carried with it the records of life which preceded him, and which possibly existed thousands and thousands of years before his time.

We know such opinions as these differ widely from those of many who have made this subject their study; therefore we must leave our readers to draw their own conclusions from the evidences we have laid before them.

Were we to place implicit reliance upon the theories so ably advanced by modern authors, we must believe that man's period here on earth dates back very many thousands of years farther than the date we have of his existence. It is sometimes difficult, but never impossible, to reconcile the discoveries of science with revealed religion. In our writing it has always been our endeavor to do so; and we have no doubt that all who study this subject dispassionately will agree with us in thinking it is far better to attribute to natural causes, and causes within easy interpretation, the supposed great antiquity of the human race, which, after all, no one has ever yet proven.

* Journal of London Institution, Vol. III. No. 18.

CHAPTER V.

CENTRAL FIRES OF THE EARTH.

Volcanoes — Geysers — Temperature of Mines — Artesian Wells — Heat of Lava — Fusing of Basalt and Granite — Metals fused at Pompeii.

In an earlier chapter we have given the modern geological theory, "that the earth was once a fluid mass in a state of igneous fusion." Lyell does not exactly agree with this hypothesis, but after all gives no valid reason for disputing it. It is certainly a simple and most probable explanation of the original formation of rock, which teaches us how, from the basis of plutonic or igneous material all our deposited strata have been produced; and it is now generally accepted by all authorities in geology. No doubt differences of opinion must occasionally arise in the teachings of a science whose evidences are altogether circumstantial; however, it is now admitted by all that a fluid mass in the highest state of incandescence occupies the entire centre of our earth. Abandoning all theory on the subject, we will endeavor to arrive at the domain of fact. Among the wondrous works of our Creator, no exhibition of his power is more manifest, or is calculated to inspire us with more reverence and awe, than an active volcano. The first of these burning mountains of which we have tradition or history exists in one of the Lipari Islands, in the Mediterranean, and derives its name from the heathen god Vulcan, the Tubal Cain of Scripture, of which the cognomen Vulcan is but a corruption, and who, it was supposed, after deification, set up his forges in the heart of the mountain. It is to this island and to this mountain Dryden's translation of a passage in the Æneid of Virgil refers: —

> "Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay,
> Betwixt Sicilia's shores and Lipare;
> Raised high on smoking rocks and deep below,
> In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
> The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
> Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel
> Are heard around, — the boiling waters roar,
> And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar."

Now, all volcanoes, when in a state of activity, pour forth apparent smoke, which is in reality but clouds of infinitesimal dust; and apparent flame, which is only the glare of the seething masses boiling in their craters. It is no wonder, then, that the first burning mountain of which we have records should be ascribed to a sort of supernatural agent. It would be unnecessary for our purpose to enter into the history of volcanoes generally; but whence come their forces but from central fire contained in the interior of the earth?

Geysers, or boiling springs, are too well known to need description here: from the arctic regions, north and south, to the milder climates of the world, they occur with greater or less degrees of intensity of heat, from boiling water ejected in steam to the milder thermal spring. In all mining operations it is certain that according to the amount of descent the temperature increases upon an average about one degree in every 100 feet, being greater or less according to the conducting or non-conducting powers of the material bored through; but we have in artesian wells, now so numerous, fair data to judge by. The waters of the wells of Grenelle and Passy, rising through borings of about 1,800 feet in depth, are, when reaching the surface, some thirty degrees warmer than the climate of Paris; therefore, whence does this difference of temperature arise? There is but one answer, — the great central heat of the earth. But more convincing proofs are to be had from modern

observations of the lavas ejected by Vesuvius, as given in the following extract from Mr. Davis's "Underground World," Nelson & Sons, Edinburgh, 1878:—

"But another and still more important geological phenomenon proves beyond the possibility of confutation the existence in the interior of the globe of a temperature which cannot be less than 2732° F. Numerous observations made during the eruptions of Vesuvius have shown that the lavas ejected from its crater, and distributed over its declivities, possess an almost incredible intensity of heat. Cast into the slowly flowing lava some pieces of glass, or even of harder substances, such as basalt, or even granite, and you will find that they fuse immediately on coming in contact with it. Frequently, in the interesting excavations which have been conducted at Pompeii, bars and fragments of iron, curtain rings and the like, as well as gold and silver coins, have been discovered in a semi-molten condition, having been liquefied by the action of the volcanic ashes. As the fusing point of iron is about 2032° F., this single fact demonstrates that the temperature of the interior of our globe cannot be less. We repeat these details in reply to an objection sometimes put forward, that no direct experiments made in the terrestrial strata have shown a higher temperature than 86° to 104° F."

After these unquestionable proofs, it would be but a work of supererogation for us to follow the argument further. It may reasonably be inferred that the centre of the earth is one mass of liquid fire, continuously in a state of incandescence, for as we bore downward from its surface, there is a regular and gradual augmentation, which is assumed by analogy to increase in proportion to the depths arrived at; therefore it is plain that at a given depth, as shown by the lavas, the temperature must be such as to reduce to fusion the most refractory constituents of the earth. But the question naturally arises, what is it that burns? Sir Humphrey Davy ascribed it to the chemical action of oxidizable metals, as potassium, sodium, calcium, etc., which are supposed to exist in its centre; for it is familiar to all who have studied the elements of chemistry that water admitted to these metals in their simple state produces combustion. However, this theory is now all but abandoned, and it becomes us to assume this is one of the many things our Creator has not yet permitted us to learn; conjecture, therefore, is all that can be offered in the absence of data, upon which alone solid reasoning can be based.

THE AUTHOR'S CONCLUDING NOTE.

In arriving at the last pages of this book, it will be enough to remark that I have essayed in several of its chapters to conduct the reader through the various phases which have built up our earth, and I have throughout them endeavored to decipher the great book, the author of which is our Creator, the unfolding of the leaves of which, necessarily thicknessed though they be, as they have lain for unnumbered ages over each other in deposited strata, teach the wonderful history of the little speck in space which is the habitat of man. Let us try and return for a moment to the period we imagine it was first launched into being, — although it may be it existed from all eternity. According to geological notions, as already given, this earth of ours was first an igneous mass, and then it became resolved into a cooled and irregular surface of surroundings, composed of elevated masses and cracked-up, yawning chasms, until little by little the magnificent scheme of creation evolved itself. An atmosphere was formed; the waters were gathered together; rain, snow, and ice followed, and the humble lichen, the first progenitor of vegetable life, appeared in incipient parasitic green upon the fire-moulded rocks. Disintegration in its primary stages set in. The great sculptor, water, then commenced its work, shaping

down and mellowing heterogeneous masses into pleasing outline and picturesque form: countless tiny rills, glittering like silver threads in the ebullition of their young day-life, coursed down the acclivities; uniting their pigmy forces, they formed into foaming, effervescing cataracts, which hurled away every obstruction in their paths, excavating deep chasms and abysses through which still glide or rush onward to their ocean home the undulating stream and the impetuous river, but to be again restored by evaporation to their pristine work as rain, continuing on and on thus forever. Soon the various forms of fucoid life, the earlier mosses barely distinguishable in their verdant hue, and ferns, appeared: first as infinitesimal things like their congeners, the lichens; at length these last attained enormous proportions and arborescent development, encompassed on all sides by giant reeds and gramineal plants, seas of vegetation far surpassing their present representatives in tropical regions. Next came the hardy, the ornamental, and the useful trees, such as would adorn a sylvan scene, accompanied by all the contributaries to the support of animal life; the petrified remains of these once living created things, and the fossilized imprint of their most minute leaves, still exist, and will throughout all time, in the strata which compose the leaves of our book, — sedimentary rock. Animal life was then called into existence, little by little, until it attained the enormous proportions of the *Elephas primigenus;* the woolly rhinoceros, the Irish elk, and the cave lion roaming in herds or solitary through primeval forests; and last of all appeared man, imaged to the likeness of his Maker and commanded to lord it over creation.

I have said above, "the petrified remains of these once living created things exist"; but nothing of the kind is really proved with regard to him who is the most perfect work of all. Fossils of fish, mammals, and carnivora are numerous; but where is the fossil man who existed contemporaneous with the far-off removed forms of animal life? It is true, human bones are discovered in contiguity with extinct mammals; but grave doubts exist whether or not they were contemporaries, therefore proof does not follow from this. Waters have frequently inundated the caverns in which they are found, violently disturbing their contents and mixing together the débris of widely different periods in one heterogeneous mass. A few geologists insist upon fossil man, and I have already described the man of Mentone as one of the arguments in favor of their theory.

In the earlier part of the present century they used to adduce as an example a skeleton discovered in red sandstone rock, and exhibited over Europe as fossil, which in reality it was, and looking like an approach to human remains; but when shown at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, the great French naturalist, Cuvier, upset the doctrine it was intended to promulgate, by proving it to a certainty to be none other than a batrachian or gigantic frog. Prof. Nicholson, in his "Manual of Palæontology," while admitting that the remains of man are found in proximity to and associated with extinct mammals, does not recognize them as of older date than is given in the history of the creation. He says: "We have no means of calculating the lapse of time that must necessarily have taken place, except by analogies and comparisons which are not infallible."

The skulls and bones of the larger apes have also been shown as the remains of man. A negro skeleton found embedded in a coral reef, West India Islands, was triumphantly put forward as a fossil; but the rapid growth of coral, known to every one, at once disproved this theory.

To those whose minds are not warped, there can be no doubt whatever but that man's appearance upon this terrestial scene is as we have been all taught to believe it, and as Holy Writ gives it in the simple narrative of the creation.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XIV. (*continued*).

SIDE by side with Grattan and Plunket in resisting the Union was the honorable member for Callan, Charles Kendal Bushe. He was connected with Grattan by marriage, Mr. Garvase Parker Bushe, M. P., having married Grattan's sister.

The Rev. Thomas Bushe, father of Charles, was a clergyman of the Established Church, who resided at Kilmurry, county Kilkenny, and married Miss Doyle, sister of Major-General Doyle, colonel of the gallant 87th Regiment. Charles was born in 1767, and received an excellent education. His first school was the celebrated one of Ballytore, conducted by Mr. Sheckleton. Thence he went to Mr. Craig's seminary in Dublin. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1782, when but fifteen years of age; and soon a scholarship, with eight best marks and several premiums, attested his industry and ability. He was almost equally distinguished in science and classics.

A very competent authority* has borne testimony to the society in which Bushe moved: "For the last thirty years of the eighteenth century there was not a more brilliant, gay, or witty school in Europe than the University of Dublin. It could not, it is true, boast many men of great scientific acquirements or extraordinary philosophical proficiency; but it had the higher honor of claiming for its children some of the wisest statesmen, the greatest orators, and the truest patriots in the world at that time. It constantly possessed a crowd of gifted spirits vying in its halls in the energy of glorious youth, and leaving them only to make the press and the court, the senate and the island, illustrious by the rivalry of their mature years."

* The late venerable Archdeacon O'Shea, of Cork.

Among those who shared the intellectual conflicts and the social amusements of the period, none entered with keener zest than Charles Kendal Bushe. Like Lord Mansfield on reaching London, young Bushe drank champagne with the wits. Early introduced into the best society, he thoroughly enjoyed it. Tall in stature, graceful in person, accomplished and insinuating, he was a general favorite, and a star of the first magnitude in ball-rooms or at dinner-tables. Even while yet young, the sprightliness of his wit and the charm of his conversation made him sought at the social *réunions* which then kept up the fame of the Irish capital. Lord Brougham has described with great accuracy the wonderful lucidity of statement employed by Bushe. His power of narration has not, perhaps, been equalled. Perfect simplicity but united with eloquence, a lucid arrangement and unbroken connection of all the facts, a constant introduction of the most picturesque expressions, but never as ornaments, — these, the great qualities of narration, accomplish its great end and purpose; they place the story or the scene before the hearer or the reader, as if he witnessed the reality. It is unnecessary to add that the temperate and chaste and even subdued tone of the whole is unvaried and unbroken; but such praise belongs to every part of this great speaker's oratory. The utmost that partial criticism could do to find a fault was to praise the suavity of the orator at the expense of his force. John Kemble described him as "the greatest actor off the stage."

This reference to the stage reminds me of the happy way in which Bushe got out of a delicate inquiry. His native county of Kilkenny was celebrated for its private theatricals, and Bushe was a favorite actor and critical spectator. While remaining on a visit at a house in which a dramatic representation had taken place, the performers solicited Bushe to declare who, in his judgment, had acted best.

"My friends," he replied, "you know comparisons are odious."

"Oh! no offence will be taken," was the encouraging response.

"Well, that is assuring," said Bushe, "and if I say who acted his or her part best, do you all promise not to be offended?"

"We do indeed," was the universal cry.

"Then, ladies and gentlemen," gravely declared Bushe, "I give as my unbiassed opinion, — the greatest praise is due to the PROMPTER, for during the performance *I heard the most and saw the least of him.*"

Much laughter rewarded this very imp rtial judgment.

Bushe was called to the Irish bar in 1790. He quickly obtained practice, and soon commenced, with commendable probity, to apply his gains to paying the debts left by his father.* Despite his slender means, Bushe married Miss Crampton, a lady to whom he was devotedly attached.

Bushe was soon placed in the front rank of Irish advocates. He could state clearly, reason, calmly, argue logically; and on the other hand, when transported by the vehemence of his feelings and roused by his subject into splendid imagery, soar above all the speakers of his time. But his flights of eloquence never caused him to forget his duties as an advocate. It was remarked of him that his fancy, like Grattan's, was sometimes on the stretch, but never, like Curran's, on the rack. His manner at the outset of his speeches was somewhat awkward, but as he proceeded his thoughts and words assumed a lucid and orderly disposition. This increased as he warmed with his subject, and indulged in glowing description or vehement denunciation; but he never allowed his feelings to overpower his reason. Bushe was considered the orator of manner: eye, hand, every gesture aided the voice and spoke. He was said to resemble the Roman advocate Hortensius in his attention to dress and deportment; and though Bushe never brought a lawsuit for disarranging the plaits of his bar-gown, he was not far behind Hortensius in studying the most graceful action and the most striking attitudes. In addition to his fine person and winning countenance, there was the great charm of a full, clear, and well-modulated voice. This was carefully attuned to the subject; now soft and low when expressing some pathetic passage, now loud and resonant when denouncing wrong or asserting right. He studied his profession, but thus complains of the difficulty he experienced of mastering the sense of the old law-writers: —

"I was working for two hours before I could discover the meaning of a judgment of Lord Coke, reported in Bulstrode. I would rather have sat down to so much Greek. The moment I discovered the meaning I could have condensed the whole into a dozen lines. The great object of the early law-writers seems to have been to make their works as incomprehensible as possible. Sir William Blackstone was the first great reformer in this respect; he simplified the study of law, as Bacon did that of natural philosophy."

In 1797 Bushe entered the Irish House of Commons. He represented the borough of Callan, in the county of Kilkenny, and soon was one of the most formidable members of the Opposition. The minister was not long in laying the bait of patronage before the eyes of the young barrister; and when the Union was impending, Bushe was visited at his house in Baggot Street, Dublin, by two officials from the Castle. They expressed the high sense the Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, entertained of his ability, and stated that the office of Master of the Rolls or one of the law offices of the Crown awaited his acceptance.

"The mind of Mr. Bushe," says Sheil, "was of too noble a cast to lend itself to purposes so uncongenial

* I believe this praiseworthy act has also been performed by another distinguished member of the Irish bench.

to a free and lofty spirit; and he preferred the freedom of his country and the retributive consciousness of the approbation of his own heart to the ignominious distinctions with which the administration would have been glad to reward the dereliction of what he owed to Ireland and to himself Accordingly, we find that Mr. Bushe threw all the energy of his youth into opposition to a measure which he considered fatal to that greatness which nature appeared to have intended that his country should attain; and to the last he stood among the band of patriots who offered a generous but unavailing resistance to the legislative union with Great Britain."

Bushe, as well as Plunket, wrote against the Union. Bushe's pamphlet, styled "Cease your Funning," reminded Lord Brougham of the satires of Swift. The respective merits of Plunket and Bushe were often compared, but a judicious friend of mine well said, "The points of difference were much more numerous than those of resemblance." The severe and rigid intellectual structure of Plunket was far removed from the Attic elegance of Bushe. As a speaker, the former was remarkable for the clearness and closeness of his reasoning, — the unadorned simplicity of his style and manner, — earnest, calm, and deliberate. Plunket never soared into regions too elevated for ordinary comprehension, or sank into dulness. He showed seldom either richness of imagery or flowers of fancy; but his speeches were solid, massive, and effective, — clear in statement and perfect in argument. Bushe, on the other hand, was full of imagery, copious and captivating. His voice, carefully modulated to his graceful delivery, won the heart while it captivated the ear. He charmed the mind of the auditor. Bushe appealed most to the passions, Plunket to the reasoning faculties.

A poem, published anonymously in Dublin, about the year 1800, and called the Metropolis, thus accurately described Bushe's appearance and oratorical power: —

"Sedate at first, at length his passion warms,
And every word and every gesture charms;
Sunk to no meanness, by no flourish swelled,
The copious stream its course majestic held.
The Graces to his polished wit gave birth,
Which makes the smile, but not the roar of mirth.
His legal tenets stand on stable ground,
His moral precepts novel and profound.
Well has he traced the laws' unbounded chart,
Well searched each corner of the human heart;
In triumph his resistless march proceeds, —
Reason and passion follow where he leads.
Is justice his inalienable trust?
Or does he deem each cause he battles just?
Suffice it every energy or zeal
Makes that conviction he makes others feel."

Bushe was speedily selected for promotion when the passing of the Act of Union made him no longer an opponent to the government. When Mr. Saurin became Attorney-General, Bushe continued as Solicitor-General, and both were guests of the Marquas Conyngham, at Slane Castle, in 1821, when the then monarch George IV. was a guest at that noble seat.

Bushe thus relates what occurred at this visit: —

"Saurin and I went down together, and arrived barely in time to dress for dinner. I had never been seen by the king but once, at the levee. On going down stairs I met him coming up; the rencontre was most embarrassing, for I imagined that he would not recognize me, but I was at once relieved. He said, 'Bushe, I believe you don't know the ways of the house,' and taking me under the arm, conducted me to the drawing-room. In one moment I was as much at my ease as if I had been his daily companion. I sat opposite to him at dinner. The first words he addressed to me were these (Lady Conyngham, who sat next him, had been whispering something in his ear): 'Bushe, you never would guess what Lady Conyngham has been saying to me: she has been repeating passages from one of your speeches against the Union.'

"He saw that I started, and was rather at a loss for what to say, and instantly changed the subject by recommending me to try a particular French dish from which he had been

just helped. 'This,' said he, 'I can recommend as the perfection of cookery. My cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, often produces it for his guests, but always fails in it. It is the same with all his dishes. He has a remarkable talent for giving bad dinners.'"

The king soon after returned to the Union. "My early opinion was," said he, addressing Saurin, "that your and the Solicitor-General's (Bushe's) opposition to the measure was well founded, and since I have seen this glorious people, and the effects produced by it, that opinion is confirmed; but," he added, as if correcting himself, "I am sure you will agree with me in considering that now the measure is carried, you would both feel it your duty to resist any attempt to repeal it with as much zeal as you originally opposed it. But you all committed a great mistake; instead of direct opposition you should have made terms, as the Scotch did, and you could have got good terms." He then summed up some of the principal stipulations of the Scotch Union (for he had history at his fingers' ends).

Saurin said (a very odd remark, as it struck me, to come from *him*), "And the Scotch further stipulated for the establishment of their national religion." "You are quite right," said the king. "They secured that point also; but no, no," he added, hastily checking himself, "you must pay no attention to what I have just said. It would not be right to have it supposed that I entertain an opinion from which inferences might be drawn that would afterwards lead to disappointment." This is a very important narrative, in my opinion.

Plunket felt dissatisfied that Bushe retained the office of Solicitor-General after he himself resigned his post of Attorney-General in the breaking up of the Grenville Cabinet. Plunket being absent from court when a cause in which he was counsel was called on, the judge inquired of Mr. Bushe "if he knew what detained Mr. Plunket." Bushe jocosely replied, "I suppose, my Lord, he is cabinet-making." When Mr. Plunket appeared, some good-natured friend told him of Bushe's joke, on which Plunket proudly said, "I assure your lordship I am not so well qualified for cabinet-making as my learned friend. I never was either a *turner* or a *joiner*."

Some of the *bon-mots* of these illustrious members of the Irish bar may pleasantly be introduced here.

An acquaintance of Plunket's, who was not remarkable for his brilliancy, was said to have foretold an event. "I always knew he was a *bore*," replied Plunket, "but I did not know he was an *augur*." On applying the common expression to accommodation bills of exchange, that they were *mere kites*, the judge (an English Chancellor) said "he never heard that expression applied before to any but the kites of boys." "Oh!" replied Plunket, "that's the difference between kites in England and in Ireland. In England the wind raises the kite, but in Ireland the kite *raises the wind*."

At a dinner party given by the Archbishop of Dublin, a young fellow of Trinity College narrated the difference of opinion between Dr. Bruckley, the great astronomer, and another eminent star-gazer, Dr. Pond. He said, "Bruckley maintains that the parallax of Alpha Lyræ is three seconds, and Pond insists it is only two. Each upholds his own opinion with the utmost pertinacity; and I don't know how it will ever end."

"Upon my word, sir," said Plunket, with great seriousness, "it must be a very bad quarrel *when even the seconds cannot agree*."

A Chancery officer named Moore was noted for what he called his *calligraphy*, while one of the greatest dandies among the solicitors was named Morris. One day, while the Chancellor was absent at luncheon, and the bar was waiting his return, Bushe asked Plunket, "Why should this court remind one of Chester?"

"I can't guess," replied Plunket.

"Because," answered Bushe, "we are near Penman Moore" (Penmanmaur).

Plunket was not to be outdone. "I ask you now," he said, "why it reminds us of North Wales?"

Bushe gave it up. Pointing to the dandy solicitor, Plunket said, "Why, there 's Beau-Morris."

When the late estimable Judge Ball, who was not remarkable for early rising, was appointed a judge of the Common Pleas, then having so little business as merely to sit about an hour or two, Plunket said, "It 's the very court for him. It will be *up* every day before himself."

Bushe's talent for repartee was very quick. I subjoin some instances. One day, while Plunket was speaking, a friend said to Bushe, "Well, if it was not for the eloquence I 'd as soon listen to Sir Henry Meredyth," a very prosy speaker.

"No doubt," replied Bushe, "just as the Connaught man said, 'Pon my conscience, if it was not for the malt and the hops, I 'd as soon drink ditch-water as porter.'"

A large party, intending to cross the Ferry at Ballinlaw, were prevented by a tremendous storm. One, alone, Mr. Cæsar Colclough, started with the ferryman. Bushe instantly composed the following epigram: —

"While meaner souls the tempest keeps in awe,
Intrepid Colclough crosses Ballinlaw,
And tells the boatman shivering in his rags,
'You carry Cæsar and his saddle-bags.'"

An acquaintance of Bushe's, not very clean in his person, once asked "if he could give any remedy for a sore throat."

"Yes," replied Bushe, "that I certainly can."

The friend begged to hear it.

"Take," said Bushe, "a pail of hot water, hot as you can bear it, put therein a pint of bran, and rub your leg well for a quarter of an hour."

"Why, Bushe," replied the invalid, "that is nothing more than washing my feet!"

"I admit," returned Bushe, "it certainly is open *to that objection*."

It is related that when the late Sir Robert Peel was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he met an Irish country squire, remarkable for his vulgarity. Bushe was a neighbor, and the country squire was loud in his praises of the Irish orator, so Peel inquired, "what was Mr. Bushe's *forte?*"

This was quite a puzzle to the squire, so Mr. Peel had to put the inquiry in more intelligible shape. "What was Mr. Bushe most remarkable for?"

"Ah, I understand: the jury."

"And how does he manage the jury?"

"Troth, this way: he blarneys them. He first *butthers* them up, and then he *slithers* them down."

CHAPTER XV.

PETER BURROWES, K. C., THE GOLDSMITH OF THE BAR.

A native of the Queen's County. — Born in 1752. — Educated in Portarlington. — Career in college. — Auditor of the College Historical Society in 1779. — Advocates the rights of Catholics in 1784. — Called to the bar in 1785. — Joins the Leinster Circuit. — First successful speech. — Letter from the Hon. S. Butler. — Mr. Burrowes's reply. — A duel, and providential escape of Mr. Burrowes. — A subsequent friendly meeting — Suspected of disloyalty. — Application to the Lord Chancellor to be made King's Counsel. — Obtains his position. — Hostility to the Union. — Member for Enniscorthy. — Defence of Grattan. — The bar meeting. — Mr. Burrowes's project. — Supports Sir L. Parsons. — Notice of Mr. Burrowes in "Irish Political Characters"; also in Barrington's "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation." — His clumsy appearance. — His voice. — Effect of his eloquence. — Defends the Catholic delegates in 1811. — Speech on the prosecution of Robinson for bigamy. — The ungrateful client. — A brief tenure of office. — In 1821 appointed Commissioner of the Court for Relief of Insolvent Debtors. — Compliment from the Leinster bar. — Retired with a pension in 1835. — Conduct on the bench. — Anecdotes. — Last public speech. — Death in 1841.

THOMAS GOOLD, MASTER IN CHANCERY.

Born about 1770. — Personal graces. — Expensive career. — Studies law. — Defence of Mr. Burke. — His visit to Beaconsfield. — Recall of Earl Fitzwilliam — His success as a speaker. — Great circuit practice. — Mode of annoyance. — A sergeant in 1823. — Anecdotes. — Appointed Master in Chancery in 1832. — Anecdotes of the Master and Major Spread. — The Master and Burke. — Bethel. — Daughters and sons. — Death in 1846.

No member of the Irish bar is held in more affectionate remembrance than Peter Burrowes. He did not achieve high rank, he did not acquire

a fortune; but his amiable disposition, unbending patriotism, and the excellent and humane manner in which he discharged his professional and official duties, have embalmed his name in the Irish heart.

This worthy ornament of the Irish bar was descended from a very respectable family of the Queen's County, and was born in Portarlington in 1752. He seems to have been early imbued with strong national feelings, and these were carefully nourished, and grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Portarlington was the refuge of many of the French Huguenots, and boasted excellent schools. In his native town the mind of Peter Burrowes was well informed, and proud must his preceptors have been, when, on entering Trinity College, Dublin, in 1774, the Queen's County student eminently distinguished himself. He gained a first scholarship. He was the personal friend of fellow-students whose names are famous, — Plunket and Bushe. He was the auditor of the College Historical Society for the session of 1779, and when the efforts of the Vice-Chancellor of the University and others to crush the national spirit of the students compelled the members of the Historical Society to hold their debates *extra muros*. the closing speech was delivered by Mr. Burrowes. His large and loving heart yearned to give his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen equal rights with those of the Protestants, and he published a pamphlet in 1784 in which he advocated the rights of Catholics to the elective franchise. This production won for the author the friendship and regard of some of the leading men of the Irish Parliament, and especially of the Right Hon. Henry Flood. After careful preparation, Mr. Burrowes was called to the bar in Easter Term, 1785, and joined the Leinster Circuit. In those days acting as counsel in cases of election petitions was a great source of revenue to the Irish bar, and Mr. Burrowes had a considerable share. It was when addressing the Election Committee in support of the petition against the return of the Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson that he made a speech which established his fame as one of the most able lawyers at the bar.

These were the days when duels were the mode of deciding personal quarrels, and they were very frequent, especially among the gentlemen of the bar. Mr. Burrowes was counsel in 1794 in a case in which Lord Mountgarrett was a party, and Mr. Burrowes had occasion to denounce his Lordship in terms much stronger than suited the taste of his lordship's son, the Hon. S. Butler. This gentleman addressed the following note to Mr. Burrowes: —

"GREEN'S HOTEL.

"SIR, — I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that your conduct in bringing my father's name into a public court, when you must have known that I was present, was treating me ill, and behaving unlike a gentleman.

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"S. BUTLER."

Mr. Burrowes replied to this very significant note that any allusion he made to Lord Mountgarrett was in obedience to his instructions; nor was he conscious of having spoken disrespectfully of his lordship. He, Mr. Burrowes, therefore requested the Hon. S. Butler to change his expression, and to certify to Mr. Burrowes that he did so. This Mr. Butler refused, and Mr. Burrowes sent him a challenge, which was promptly accepted. They met, and owing to the circumstance of Mr. Burrowes relieving a beggar on his way to the ground, his life was providentially spared. He was asked for alms, and on receiving change at a shop, gave relief to the beggar, and put some penny pieces in his waistcoat-pocket. Mr. Butler's ball was intercepted by these coins, and the duel then ended harmlessly.

Years afterward the duellists met

again. They had forgotten each other, and while walking home after a pleasant evening with a mutual friend, to Leeson Street, the conversation was upon the then nearly obsolete practice of what were called affairs of honor. Mr. Butler spoke in very strong terms, denouncing it as a wicked custom. Mr. Burrowes, to the amusement of his companion, related the circumstance of his having sent a hostile message in former years, and very narrowly escaped being shot by his antagonist. They now reached Mr. Burrowes's house, 160 Leeson Street, where, to the great surprise of the simple-minded Peter, Mr. Butler told him he was the son of Lord Mountgarrett, who was his antagonist upon that memorable occasion. They were thenceforward steadfast friends.

Although not of the United Irishmen, who fomented the rebellion in 1798, Mr. Burrowes was much among them, and his intimacy with Theobald Wolfe Tone caused his loyalty to be suspected by John Toler, then Attorney-General, and the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Clare. Mr. Burrowes was supposed to have settled the Declaration of the United Irishmen in Belfast; but a letter from Wolfe Tone to the Editor of "Failkner's Journal," of July 17, 1793, exonerates him from this accusation. Convinced he never would receive that station at the bar to which his practice entitled him — that of King's Counsel — while the Chancellor withheld the silk gown, he wrote a letter containing the following extract: —

"I fear I shall swell this letter to a most unreasonable length by stating to your Lordship why I am desirous of obtaining a silk gown. I cannot, however, close this subject without removing the possibility of your Lordship's imputing it to vanity, or some vain or frivolous motive. I have gone circuit ten years; my principal professional emolument is derived from circuit, and its consequences in town. Since I went circuit, but one barrister in business has left it; almost every man who is employed in a single record is my senior in standing, or put over my head by a silk gown.* Barrington and Smyth, almost the only persons junior to me who have business, have obtained silk gowns. I thought my business rendered precarious, and consulted my friends, and, amongst others, some of the judges; they all concurred in my opinion that a sik gown would serve me. Judge Downes, in particular, urged me by all possible means to endeavor to obtain it. His perfect knowledge of my situation and of the circuit which I go rendered his opinion decisive. He was so kind as to add that, if he were referred to by your Lordship on the subject, he would, in the strongest manner, express his opinion of my fitness for the situation. I entreat your Lordship's excuse for this tedious letter, with which nothing but the extreme anxiety I felt to vindicate myself from a very heavy imputation would have induced me to trouble your Lordship.

"I am, etc.,

"PETER BURROWES."

To that letter the haughty Chancellor vouchsafed no reply; but the importunity of friends succeeded, and worthy Peter signed himself K. C. Perhaps his gravest offence in the eyes of Lord Clare was his inveterate hostility to the Legislative Union. He represented the borough of Enniscorthy in the Irish Parliament, and as a specimen of his oratory I give his spirited defence of Grattan, who, in his absence, was attacked by the Irish Secretary, Lord Castlereagh: —

"I feel but little any portion of the noble lord's obloquy which may attach to me or my humble efforts; but I own I cannot repress my indignation at the audacious boldness of the calumny which would asperse one of the most exalted characters which any nation ever produced, and that in a country which owes its liberties and its greatness to the energy of his exertions, and in the very house which has so often been the theatre of his glorious labors and splendid achievements. I remember the man, the theme of universal panegyric, the wonder and the boast of Ireland for his genius and his virtue. His name

* It may be right to inform the non-professional reader that barristers take precedence by standing or priority of date of call, and Queen's Counsel over the outer bar, who wear stuff gowns; Q. C., silk.

silenced the sceptic upon the reality of genuine patriotism. To doubt the purity of his motives was a heresy which no tongue dared to utter. Envy was lost in admiration, and even they whose crimes he scourged blended extorted praises with the murmurs of resentment. He covered over the unfledged Constitution with the ample wings of his talents as the eagle covers her young; like her, he soared, and like her, he could behold the rays, whether of royal favor or of royal anger, with undazzled, unintimidated eye. If, according to Demosthenes, to grow with the growth and to decay with the decline of our country be the true criterion of a good citizen, how infinitely did this man, even in the moment of his lowest depression, surpass those upstart patriots who only become visible as their country vanishes!"

At the famous bar meeting to resist the Union, Mr. Burrowes took a very active part, and entertained a project which would certainly either have prevented the Union or caused civil war. His project was an appeal to the various Yeomanry corps throughout Ireland, who, he urged, by their oath, were sworn to uphold the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland; which necessarily and in terms pledged them to oppose the Union. With great difficulty his friends, Mr. Saurin and Mr. Foster, induced Mr Burrowes to abstain from pressing this, which he afterwards lamented as a fatal concession.

To the last he fought for the Constitution of Ireland. During the final session Sir Laurence Parsons moved an amendment declaring "that Parliament was bound to maintain the Constitution established in 1782." Mr. Burrowes made a powerful speech in support of Sir L. Parsons.

I have seen several contemporary publications, all bearing unvarying testimony to his honesty and ability. The anonymous author of Irish Political Characters gives the following notice of him: "This gentleman has been for some years a king's counsel, the reward of his distinguished merits at the bar. When in college he was alike remarkable for the possession of great genius and application. At the time he was keeping his commons at the Temple, he was very punctual in his attendance at the debating societies, and he was a constant and very superior speaker. Garrow was often his opponent, but Mr. Burrowes was infinitely his superior, both in eloquence and information."

Sir Jonah Barrington, who for years went the same circuit with Mr. Burrowes, bears equal testimony to his sincerity and ability. In his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," Sir Jonah thus refers to him: "Mr. Peter Burrowes, a veteran advocate of the rights of Ireland, wherever and whenever he had the power of declaring himself, made a most able effort to uphold his principles against the Union. He was a gentleman of the bar who had many friends, and justly. Nothing could be more ungracious than his manner, nothing much better than the matter of his orations. His mind had ever been too independent to cringe, and his opinions too intractable for an arbitrary minister. On this night he formed a noble and distinguished contrast to those of his own profession who had sold themselves and their representations for a mess of pottage."

Sir Jonah's account of his friend's ungracious manner was in reference solely to Mr. Burrowes's personal appearance and very husky, unpleasant voice.

I remember him well. His figure was of very clumsy shape, and he moved with ungraceful gesture. There was no natural elegance in his exterior, — it was all inside. His features were short, but pleasing. His voice was the worst, and seemed to come *ab imo pectore*, — from the bottom of his throat. It was not unlike the puffs of an asthmatic bellows, but his

heart was in his words, and it was impossible to listen to his earnest and impressive pleading without responding to the conviction of the inspired speaker. He induced others to believe what he believed in himself; whatever of prejudice his manner or his voice excited in the hearer was soon swept away in the stream of fervent eloquence, that produced flowers as it flowed. His zeal on behalf of the Catholics was ardent and enduring, and when the Catholic delegates were prosecuted for a breach of the Convention Act, Mr. Burrowes was the leading counsel for the traversers. His speech on that occasion may be read with interest; but instead of inserting it here, I prefer giving his speech for the prosecution of Robinson for bigamy. He was one of the most heartless scoundrels that ever betrayed youth and innocence. The story of this man's villany is told in Mr. Burrowes's address to the jury, and presents all the features of a romance. I therefore give it here under the title of

THE UNGRATEFUL CLIENT.

"On a luckless morning in the month of July, 1810, the prisoner at the bar rapped at the door of Mr. Charles Berry, an eminent attorney, residing on Arran Quay, in the city of Dublin. He was admitted to a conference, — a long and full conference. Mr. Berry never had known him, never had seen him, never heard that such a man was in existence. His appearance was wretched and squalid to a degree of extremity, — carrying the marks, the legible marks of misfortune and affliction. His appearance excited Mr. Berry's compassion, and he bestowed upon him his sympathy. His tale of folly and misfortune was corroborated by letters from persons in whom Mr. Berry could confide.

"From these it appeared this man was the nephew of General Robinson, who left him a legacy amounting to the great sum of £100,000. Thinking this sum inexhaustible, he became extravagant and profligate; purchased a commission in a cavalry regiment, and when quartered at Clonmel, became acquainted with the family of Mr. Stoney, of Arran Hill. He paid his addresses to the eldest daughter of Mr. Stoney while yet a minor; a Scotch marriage was decided on. On their way to Scotland they stopped in Dublin, at the house of a professional gentleman who had married another daughter of Mr. Stoney. Here he made a settlement vesting £20,000 for the wife and issue of the marriage, and £4,000 for purposes not defined. At this time the prisoner got acquainted with a Mr. Vigne, a jeweller in Nassau Street. They then set off for Scotland, where they were married. They then went to London, where they indulged in the greatest expenses: hired a furnished house in the most fashionable part of the city; he also hired a country villa, purchased four carriages and seven race-horses, with an enormous establishment of grooms, postillions, and outriders. He flourished at Newmarket and Epsom. He shot like a meteor across public observation. He dazzled for a week, — he was recollected for a month. He became a candidate for Parliamentary honors, and though he did not succeed, his contest cost him £18,000. At the end of two years he was without money and without credit. Bailiffs were his principal visitors. He ultimately became a prisoner in his own house. He told Mr. Berry he had allowed a receiver of the Court of Chancery, under a decree in an amicable suit, to be put over lands bought with his money, and that Mr. Stoney received the rents, and would not allow him a penny; that he lent Mr. Stoney at various times from £8,000 to £10,000, and that his wife and four children had deserted him, and went to live in his father-in-law's house. He attempted to follow them, but he was repulsed: the doors of his father-in-law's house were shut against him;

he was left a stranger in a strange land, bereft of his fortune, abandoned by his wife, shunned by his offspring, and left a prey to want and the impending horrors of arrest and imprisonment.

"Mr. Berry took him under his protection, procured him a lodging, giving security for the rent, and supplied him with means of support. He also provided him a physician, medicine, and wine. Finally he became an inmate of Mr. Berry's house, and the kind-hearted solicitor undertook the necessary proceedings to recover such of the property as was recoverable. Mr. Berry had a delicate wife and two daughters, one a child, the other about sixteen years of age. She it is who has become the hapless heroine of this sad story.

"She was in her person lovely, in her manners interesting, in female accomplishments eminently cultivated, in domestic virtues and filial duty pre-eminent. She had an ardent and elevated mind, a warm and affectionate heart. She was the delight of her parents at home, their pride abroad, the solace of their labors and their cares, and the anticipated hope and joy of their declining years. The love of offspring, the most forcible of all our instincts, is ever stronger towards the female than the male child. It is wise that it should be so, — it is more required; it is just that it should be so, — it is more wanted. There is no pillow on which the head of a parent, anguished by sickness or by sorrow, can so sweetly repose as on the bosom of an affectionate daughter. Her attentions are necessary. The boy may afford occasional comfort and pride to his family, they may catch glory from his celebrity, and derive support from his acquisition; but he can never communicate the solid and unceasing comforts of life which are derived from the care and tender solicitude of the female child: she seems destined by Providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parents. Even after marriage her filial attentions are unimpaired. She may give her hand and heart to her husband, but still she may share her care and attention with her parents without a pang of jealousy or distrust from him. He only looks on them as the assured pledges of fidelity, and the unerring evidences of a good disposition.

"Mr. Berry never suspected that a married man with four children, paralyzed and forlorn, received under his hospitable roof, covered with benefits, could be guilty of meditating the infliction of a fatal wound upon his benefactor But it turned out he had means of acquiring an ascendancy over a young female mind which were, unfortunately, too persuading; and on the 18th of November, when he was so worn down by illness that his life was in danger, when he had to be carried to a carriage in the arms of a servant, he induced Miss Berry to accompany him to the house of Mr Vigne, in Nassau Street. Here he had provided a clergyman named Harris, who married him and Miss Berry. He then was carried back to his carriage, and in Mr. Berry's arms to his own bed, but did not complete his crime. Miss Berry returned to her father's house. After some time the secret marriage transpired, and Robinson claimed her as his wife. This circumstance affected Mr. Berry with horror, and caused his wife nearly the loss of her reason. Her aunt, whose fortune she was to inherit, was seized with apoplexy."

The first and second marriage being proved, the wicked and ungrateful client was found guilty of bigamy, and transported.

Mr. Burrowes held a lucrative appointment for a brief period, while the Ministry of "All the Talents" held position of the treasury benches. Charles James Fox appointed him first counsel to the revenue; but as it depended upon the duration of the government, he only held it from 1806 to 1807. He got a hint that if he was of the opinion of the new

ministry on the Catholic question, he might retain his office; but this was not the character of Peter Burrowes, so he said "his views on the question of Catholics being entitled to equal rights with Protestants were unaltered," he was removed from his office.

Until 1821 he practised at the bar, and in that year the court for relief of insolvent debtors was established in Ireland. Peter Burrowes and Mr. Parsons were the joint commissioners. On his retirement from circuit the members of the Leinster bar presented the veteran with a handsome testimonial and a suitable address. That he well deserved this compliment may be inferred from the words of his friend, Lord Plunket, in proposing his health: —

"I know no man who has more to answer for. He has spent his life in doing acts of kindness to every human being but himself. He has been prodigal of his time, his trouble, and his fortune, to a degree that is quite inexcusable. In short, I know no way to account for such an anomaly but by supposing him utterly deficient of the instinct of selfishness."

For a period of about fifteen years Mr. Burrowes presided as Commissioner of the Insolvent Debtors' Court. He retired in 1835 upon a pension of £1,600 a year. Fifteen years later I became officially connected with that Court, and several of the old officials and practitioners remembered the late judge, and gave me several instances of his kind heart and simple nature, which I introduce into this sketch.

Mr. Macnally, one of the principal attorneys practising in the court, informed me that the commissioner was one of the most kindly disposed men towards the debtors who ever sat upon the bench. He was accustomed to sit until a very late hour on the eve of such festivals as Christmas and Easter, in order, if possible, to allow the insolvents to pass these solemn days in the society of their families. He was often known to send a person, in whom he could confide, to make terms with an obdurate detaining creditor, and would pay out of his own pocket sums of money to allow a struggling, honest, but unfortunate insolvent to get the benefit of the act. This was frequently done on circuit, of course unknown save to the friend intrusted with the errand of mercy.

Mr. Burrowes was very absent at times, and, I was told, was so accustomed to shave before a looking-glass, placed in a particular spot in his dressing-room, that when the glass was broken and removed, he still repaired to his accustomed corner, and performed his shaving unaware he had no looking-glass.

Donnelly, his old valet, told me that when dressing for a dinner party he missed one of his black silk stockings. Donnelly assured him they had been placed together on a chair.

"I have tried everywhere, Donnelly, and I can't find it high or low," said the judge.

"Did you try your foot, sir? for I 'm thinking you put the pair on the one leg."

The commissioner did. "'Pon my word you are right, Donnelly," said he, as he descried what he had done.

His brother commissioner, Parsons, once wrote to him an urgent note for a loan of £20. Peter knew Parsons was always in want of money, and wrote back: —

"DEAR PARSONS, — I enclose you all the money in my possession, — a £10 note.

"Yours truly,

"PETER BURROWES"

Instead of being a note for only £10, it was for £50, and was thus acknowledged: —

"MY DEAR PETER, — I am greatly obliged to you, and when I am able, I 'll repay you the £50.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. PARSONS."

Near the close of his long life, his voice once more was heard in public. When in his eighty-seventh year he

attended a meeting held to congratulate Earl Fortescue on being appointed Lord-Lieutenant. The Earl of Charlemont was in the chair. The patriarchal appearance and the unvaried patriotism of his life gained Mr. Burrowes, as he deserved, a most enthusiastic reception. He was asked to address the meeting, and thus complied: —

"My Lords and Gentlemen, — I came here by accident, and did not expect I should be called upon to take part in your proceedings. I did not think I should raise my voice in public again; but having been requested to second the address just read, I cannot show my gratitude for the compliment conferred upon me better than by responding to what I consider an honor. It is not within my reach, either physically or intellectually, now to do justice to the subject of that address. All I can say is, that through the course of a long life the very term 'ascendancy' afflicted my feelings, and I never could hear it without regret, in consequence of the abuses to which it led. I feel now the term receives a correction by applying it to the whole community; and shall conclude with this sentiment, and the expression of the hope, that I might live still further to see the whole country ascendant, and every individual belonging to that country certain of justice."

For some years before Mr. Burrowes's death I was his next-door neighbor in Leeson Street, and often met the patriarch and his beloved daughter walking in St. Stephen's Green. He lived on intimate terms with Lord Plunket, and when dying in 1841, in his eighty-ninth year, bequeathed to Lord Plunket his gold snuff-box, with the inscription, "To my friend Lord Plunket, whom nature hath ennobled." Though the peerage did not enroll Peter Burrowes, nature wrote legibly upon his open brow the grand, true name of gentleman, — *clarum et venerabile nomen.**

*A memoir, which has supplied materials for my sketch, was published by W. Burrowes, Esq.

THOMAS GOOLD, MASTER IN CHANCERY.

The name of Goold is of considerable antiquity in the legal history of Ireland. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, James Goold was second justice of the court of the Lord President of Munster, and long anterior the chief magistrate of the city of Cork was usually selected from this family. In 1801, Francis Goold was created a baronet, and the family was still further distinguished by the splendid talents and virtues of the gentleman whose career I now sketch.

Thomas Goold, one of the most eminent members of the Irish bar, was born about the year 1770. In youth he had all the advantages of wealth and position, and by nature was qualified to do credit to his ancient house. He was compact in person, with handsome, intelligent features, a pleasing voice, and great oratorical talents. Having cultivated his intellectual and physical powers, he resolved to display his accomplishments, and, possessed of ample means, indulged in lavish expenditure. He drove handsome carriages, rode thoroughbred horses, took part in private theatricals, and gave bachelor parties. These outgoings soon made serious alterations in the state of his finances, and he discovered that in order to maintain his independence, he must do something besides spend. As he was ambitious, and liked to excel, he resolved to study the law. With one so mentally constituted as Thomas Goold, a good beginning was all that was needed. Having made up his mind to work, he did work, and soon made considerable progress in mastering the great leading principle of the laws and constitution of England.

A very good proof of his intellectual powers was given by him at an early age, when the Right Honorable Edmund Burke published his "Reflections on the French Revolution." It was violently assailed. Mr. Goold had but a very short time returned from Paris, where he witnessed so

many cases of atrocity as enabled him to bear out many of the positions laid down by Mr. Burke. He boldly and vigorously defended the "Reflections" in a pamphlet, and encountered Mr. Burke's critics. "I never," he stated in his work, "saw Mr. Burke but once. I was then in the gallery of the House of Commons. I know no man that knows him. I probably shall know no man that knows him. In a few weeks I leave this country, perhaps never to return. I expect but little from any man. I shall never ask anything. In whatever country I live, in whatever situation I may be placed, I shall look down on grandeur, I shall look up to greatness. Nor wealth, nor rank, nor power, nor influence shall bend my stubborn neck. I am prostrate before talent, I am prostrate before worth; my admiration for Mr Burke amounts almost to enthusiasm" So much earnestness, so much independence, were balm to the spirit of the illustrious Irishman, who could hardly have failed to observe the Celtic fervor in which Mr. Goold's work was written. Mr. Burke was then in need of such consolation. He had been ill-treated by the party for whom he had done so much, and therefore was most grateful for these words from one to whom he was personally unknown. He resolved this should not long remain the case; he discovered the name of his unknown ally, and sought to repay his zeal.

An opportunity soon presented itself. Earl Fitzwilliam — a personal friend of Mr. Burke's — was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1796. While *en route* for his viceroyalty, he promised to pay a visit to Beaconsfield, Mr. Burke's country seat. A letter was handed to Mr. Goold, who read it with surprise and delight. It contained a most friendly invitation from Mr. Burke, asking Mr. Goold to hasten to Beaconsfield for a few days, to meet Earl Fitzwilliam. You can picture the visions of Castle festivities, not to speak of official distinction, which passed before the imagination of Mr. Goold when he perused this most friendly letter. We may be sure he was not slow in accepting it, but still he arrived too late. His Excellency was unable to remain as long as he intended, and left for Dublin before Mr. Goold arrived. Mr. Burke proved himself a warm and grateful friend. He kept Mr. Goold for several days his guest, and when departing gave him a strong recommendation to the Viceroy. This, I make no doubt, would have secured a good appointment, had not the liberal measures of Lord Fitzwilliam's administration created so much alarm in the minds of the Protestant Ascendancy party in Ireland and in England, they forced the government to recall the popular Viceroy. Thus terminated Mr. Goold's official prospects for the time.

How little can we foresee our lot in life, or by what accidents our career is appointed! Denied the chance of Castle patronage, Mr. Goold found he must look to his practice at the bar for his livelihood; and urged by the sharp spur of necessity, he worked steadily and perseveringly. Shortly after being called, some successful speeches in Nisi Prius cases established his fame as a powerful advocate, and he was soon in great practice. His eloquence, as has been seen in his speech at the celebrated bar meeting, was of the boldest and most energetic cast. He spoke strongly because he felt deeply, and no one surpassed him in the power to stir hearts. He evinced great tact and discernment. He knew every avenue to the reason, and when he failed in argument he had recourse to the passions. His brilliant flights of fancy dazzled if they did not convince, and if they were sometimes overstrained, they usually bore him to a triumphant victory.

He went the Munster Circuit, and in Cork, where his family held high position, and in Limerick, where many of his kindred dwelt, he was

always well received, and briefs showered upon him. He was not devoid of vanity; and Harry Deane Grady, who was quite his opposite in many respects, as we shall find later on, took great delight in covering Goold's polished and refined manner with irresistible ridicule. Grady was a vulgar wag, a male virago, with ludicrous powers of mimicry; and his contortions of countenance, while Goold was in his pathetic moods, very often set the court in a roar, to the utter discomfiture of the eloquent speaker. In 1823, a vacancy having occurred among the three Irish sergeants-at-law, the *coif* was conferred on Mr. Goold, and while sergeant he delivered many of his most eloquent bar speeches.

An amusing anecdote, related to me, is the following: While on circuit in Limerick the sergeant was invited to dine with a friend outside the city, and when returning late at night, after passing a very convivial evening, met a patrol of military, under the command of a Highland sergeant.

"Who goes there?" asked the Scotchman.

"Sergeant Goold," was the reply.

"Well, mon, if you be Sergeant Goold, produce your furlough."

This unexpected and perhaps unintelligible demand was not promptly met, so the Highland sergeant was convinced the rank of the civilian was assumed, and was about taking the honored sergeant into custody, when luckily an officer of the garrison came up, and, recognizing his Majesty's sergeant-at-law, rescued him from the guard-house. It took some time to reconcile the Scotch sergeant to the loss of his prisoner, for he could not understand how any one could be a sergeant who had not *sarved.*

The lucrative office of Master in Chancery was given to Sergeant Goold in 1832, and he disposed of his duties very efficiently.

He resided in Mirrion Square with his amiable and accomplished family, but was much disturbed by a neighbor who lived next door, and whose brain was somewhat deranged. He was a Major Spread. One of his freaks was keeping his house in such a state of unrepair as to cause Master Goold to apprehend the chimney would tumble and do mischief. He remonstrated often with the major, but without effect. At length the Master's worst anticipations were realized. The chimney of the major's house crushed through the Master's roof, and landed at the top of the bedroom stairs.

Furious and indignant, the Master next morning was thinking what damages he could recover, when his footman said "the major's servant wished to see him." "Show him in," replied the Master, expecting a very humble apology for the trouble and inconvenience, not to speak of the expense, occasioned to the Master and his family by this occurrence. When the servant appeared before the Master, he said, "Master, the major sent me with his compliments to say he'll be greatly obliged to you if you *send him home his bricks.*" Having delivered his message, the man beat a hasty retreat; for, from the Master's quick temper, he did not care to await his reply.

A friend told me the following anecdotes of the Master and Isaac Burke Bethel, an old member of the bar, who was ever ready to accept any meals he could get, or take any fee that was offered: —

On one occasion when engaged in a prosecution, he said very pompously, "I appear for the Crown, my Lord." "Oftener for the *half-crown*," whispered a wit, who knew Burke Bethel's line of practice.

When Master Goold had taken the house in Mirrion Square, Bethel called and expressed his wish to see it. The Master had no desire to encourage his visits, but could not refuse to show him the house. As he did not offer him luncheon, which was what Bethel sought, when going down a back stairs,

the light being dim, Bethel said, "A man might easier break his neck than break his fast in this house."

Even this broad hint was untaken, so when parting Bethel said, "I declare, Master, it is more than six years since you gave me a dinner."

"Then you are barred by the statute of limitations, sir," said the Master, as he bowed his importunate visitor out.

The Master had a numerous family of worthy and gifted sons and lovely daughters. One of his daughters married a very estimable and talented nobleman of high descent, the late Earl of Dunraven, and left several children. Another was the wife of Sir Gore Booth, baronet. The eldest son of the Master was accidentally drowned; his second son is a most respected clergyman, archdeacon of Raphoe; and the youngest, who was my circuit companion for several years, — loved when living, and lamented when death snatched him from all that could attach him to the fleeting world, — was Wyndham Goold, M. P. for the county of Limerick. We had travelled together shortly before his death, and we parted in order that he might go on the Continent. I little thought he was so near his death, and it was the last I should see on earth of one of the most accomplished and agreeable companions I possessed.

The Master died at an advanced age in 1846. His appointment was conferred upon one of the most competent members of the Irish bar, Henry Baldwin, Q. C.; but a voice potential in Irish affairs at that time, to wit, Daniel O'Connell, finding the letter to Mr. Baldwin was not posted, caused the appointment to be revoked, and the vacant mastership given to another. It was worthily bestowed upon an excellent lawyer and patriotic Irishman, Jeremiah J. Murphy, Q. C. This excellent lawyer most satisfactorily discharged his judicial duties, and died June, 1878, deeply and deservedly regretted.

To be continued.

OUR OWN AGAIN.

Thomas Davis.

LET the coward shrink aside,
We 'll have our own again;
Let the brawling slave deride,
Here 's for our own again;
Let the tyrant bribe and lie,
March, threaten. fortify,
Loose his lawyer and his spy, —
Yet we 'll have our own again!
Let him soothe in silken tone,
Scold from a foreign throne,
Let him come with bugles blown, —
We shall have our own again.
Let us to our purpose bide,
We 'll have our own again;
Let the game be fairly tried,
We 'll have our own again.

Send the cry throughout the land,
"Who 's for our own again?"
Summon all men to our band, —
Why not our own again?
Rich and poor, and old and young,
Sharp sword, and fiery tongue,
Soul and sinew firmly strung, —
All to get our own again.
Brothers thrive by brotherhood,
Trees in a stormy wood,
Riches come from Nationhood, —
Sha'n't we have our own again?
Munster's woe is Ulster's bane!
Join for our own again;
Tyrants rob as well as reign, —
We 'll have our own again.

Oft our fathers' hearts it stirred,
"Rise for our own again!"
Often passed the signal word,
"Strike for our own again!"
Rudely, rashly, and untaught,
Uprose they, ere they ought,
Failing, though they nobly fought,
Dying for their own again.
Mind will rule and muscle yield,
In senate, ship, and field:
When we 've skill our strength to wield,
Let us take our own again;
By the slave his chain is wrought, —
Strive for our own again;
Thunder is less strong than thought, —
We 'll have our own again.

Calm as granite to our foes,
Stand for our own again;
Till his wrath to madness grows,
Firm for our own again.
Bravely hope, and wisely wait,
Toil, join, and educate;
Man is master of his fate, —
We 'll enjoy our own again.
With a keen constrained thirst, —
Powder 's calm ere it burst, —
Making ready for the worst,
So we 'll get our own again,
Let us to our purpose bide, —
We 'll have our own again;
God is on the righteous side, —
We 'll have our own again.

FAG-A-BEALAC. — These words (of which we here give the proper spelling), which mean "clear the way!" were addressed to the Eighty-seventh Royal Irish Fusileers by Major Hugh (Lord) Gough, in 1811, at the battle of Barossa. The French were making a glorious onset, when the Major uttered the rallying cry, and the Fusileers, reversing their muskets, dashed in among their enemies, literally clearing the way with the but-ends of their guns.

ENGLISH RULE IN IRELAND.

EXTRACT FROM "PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD CLONCURRY."

THE conflict of parties was now (1797) rapidly drawing near; and of the spirit in which it was to be conducted, sufficient indications were not wanting. The people, disappointed, as I have shown, in their protracted efforts to obtain parliamentary reform and a full relaxation of the penal laws, had become impatient, and exhibited their impatience in the usual mode, by local tumults and violence. These were met in the equally usual mode, by coercive laws. An Insurrection Act was passed; portions of the country were proclaimed as being in a state of disturbance, and declared to be under martial law; flying camps were established, and a curfew regulation was enforced in the proclaimed districts. How these measures worked will be illustrated by the facts of the following little tragedy: —

It happened that the barony of Carberry, in the county of Kildare, was proclaimed under the Insurrection Act, and a camp established in it, which was occupied by the Fraser Fencibles. One evening the commanding officer, a Capt. Fraser, returning to camp from Maynooth, where he had dined and drunk freely, passed through a district belonging to my father (Lord Cloncurry), which was very peaceable, and had not been included in the proclamation. As Capt. Fraser rode through the village of Cloncurry, attended by an orderly dragoon, just as the summer sun was setting, he saw an old man named Christopher Dixon upon the roadside, engaged in mending his cart. The captain challenged him for being out after sunset, in contravention of the terms of the proclamation. Dixon replied that he was not in a proclaimed district, and that he was engaged in his lawful business, preparing his cart to take a load to Dublin the following day. The captain immediately made him prisoner, and placed him on horseback behind his orderly. The party proceeded about half a mile in this manner to a turnpike, where the officer got into a quarrel with the gatekeeper, and some delay took place, of which Dixon took advantage to beg of the turnpike man to explain that the district in which he was taken was not proclaimed, and that therefore there was no just ground for his arrest.

While the altercation was proceeding, the poor old man (he was about eighty years of age) slipped off from the dragoon's horse and was proceeding homeward, when the officer and soldier followed him, *and having despatched him with sixteen dirk and sabre wounds, of which nine were declared to be mortal*, they rode off to the camp. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of wilful murder returned; whereupon Mr. Thomas Ryan, a magistrate, and the immediate landlord of Dixon under my father, proceeded to the camp with a warrant for the apprehension of Capt. Fraser, who, however, was protected by his men, and Mr. Ryan was driven off. Mr. Ryan applied to my father, who sent me with him to Lord Carhampton, then commander-in-chief of Ireland. We were accompanied by Col. (afterwards Gen. Sir George) Cockburn; and Mr. Ryan having produced the warrant, and Col. Cockburn having pointed out the provision of the Mutiny Act bearing upon the case, we formally demanded the body of Fraser, which his Lordship refused to surrender. At the next assizes, Capt. Fraser marched into Athy *with a band playing before him*, and gave himself up for trial. The facts were clearly proved: but the sitting judge, Mr. Toler (afterwards Lord Norbury, who tried and condemned Robert Emmet), instructed the jury that "Fraser was a gallant officer, who had only made a mistake"; that "if Dixon was

as good a man as he was represented to be, it was well for him to be out of this wicked world"; but "if he was as bad as many others in the neighborhood [looking at me, who sat beside him on the bench], it was well for the country to be quit of him." The captain and his orderly were acquitted accordingly. Such was the training of both peasant and soldier for the bloody civil war of the ensuing year. — *Life and Times of Lord Cloncurry*, pp. 48–51.

NOTE. — The murder of Dixon by the half-drunken captain was bad enough, but the boldness of that act was surpassed by the insolent defiance of the officer's march to the court of *justice*(?); but what shall be said of a judge who could give such an instruction to a jury in a case involving the unlawful murder of an unoffending man? Yet this is an instance of the English mode of administering justice to Ireland; and there are people who venture to say that Irishmen are not justified in rebelling against English rule!

THE MONTH OF BATTLES.

JUNE has been pre-eminently a month of battles, and many days in it seem to have been specially set apart for hard fighting, two and even three great battles frequently occurring upon the same day. On the 1st, Lord Howe defeated and almost destroyed the French fleet in 1794, and Napoleon left Paris to begin the fatal campaign of 1815. One of Admiral Blake's hardest sea fights with Van Tromp commenced on the 3d, and was prolonged during the whole of the 4th, ending at length in the complete triumph of the British flag. The French capture of the Mamelon earthworks at Sebastopol, one of the most gallant exploits of the great siege, was achieved on the 7th. The 10th gives to Russia the double honor of Napoleon's defeat at Heilsberg in 1807, and the capture of Khiva in 1873. The 14th has the twofold renown of Cromwell's final defeat of Charles I. at Naseby, and Napoleon's equally decisive overthrow of the Russians at Friedland. On the same day occurred the less important though hard-fought battle of Raab, where Napoleon defeated the Austrians in 1809. On the 16th (which subsequently witnessed the outbreak of the war of 1866), Napoleon gained the battle of Ligny over Blucher, and Marshal Ney indecisively attacked the English at Quatre Bras. The 17th has the far higher glory of Bunker Hill. Waterloo, Frederick the Great's defeat by the Austrians at Kolin, and the British repulse before the Redan, at Sebastopol, have immortalized the 19th. On the 19th Italy joined the coalition of 1866 against Austria. The great victory of Plassey, by which Lord Clive, defeating with 3,000 men a force of more than 60,000, made England the mistress of India, was gained on the 23d. The 24th marks the passage of the Niemen by Napoleon in 1812; the 25th, the Italian defeat at Custozza in 1866; the 26th, the commencement of the famous "seven days before Richmond," in 1862, and the invasion of Denmark by Prussians in 1864; the 28th, the capture of Silistria by the Russians, after a gallant resistance, in 1829. To this long list must still be added the earlier tragedies of the Indian mutiny, several of the hardest battles of the Crimean War, and more than one of those which decided the fate of Northern Bulgaria in 1876.

CLARA. — Mr. Parnell advised tenants under notice of eviction to invite their neighbors to plough up their fields in order to prevent landlords putting cattle thereon to graze.

After a question in Parliament, referring to this advice as criminal, and a mysterious ministerial reply, saying that the law officers are pondering it, Mr. Parnell writes to withdraw the advice, because the tenants might be severely punished by imprisonment.

This, we take leave to say, is very doubtful law. The tenant may suffer in his claims for improvement, but what law can punish him for ploughing his farm while he holds it? — *Dublin Irishman.*

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THE DARK CONTINENT.

The Monitor, Dublin.

From time immemorial the Dark Continent has possessed a strange fascination. Ever since the paternal anathema was uttered against Chanaan, the effects of the mysterious malediction upon him and his dusky descendants have awakened the wonder and curiosity of mankind. Never was a prophecy more literally fulfilled. For over four thousand years the sons of Cham have been "the servants of servants" and their country the classic land of slavery and negro treaties; while the ineffaceable black mark * that distinguishes them from all other peoples eternally attests that they are a race apart, and confirms, by an irrefutable ethnological and historical fact, the divine chastisement decreed against them. For centuries the descendants of Sem and Japhet — "dealers in ebony," as, by a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, they called themselves — plied their nefarious traffic, until the number of negroes annually deported rose to over 120,000, while the African deserts were strewn with corpses, and the wretched natives debased below the level of brutes. Most of the maritime nations engaged by treaty in a commerce which Gregory XVI., in accordance with the humanizing traditions of the Roman Court, whose peculiar pride and privilege it was to have abolished slavery in mediæval Europe, stigmatized as "the opprobrium of the Christian name," in an encyclical conceived in the same spirit that dictated the anathemas launched by Alexander III., Leo III., Paul III., and their successors, and the energetic protestations of our Catholic missionaries. "This prolonged and corrupting contact of the European slavers," says a recent writer, "could not have failed to exercise the most disastrous influence upon the character of the coast tribes. The white man had taught the most terrible contempt for the life and liberty of his kind; the white race had taught the black race self-immolation, — to buy and sell each other. The faithful had brought the idolaters barbarism and darkness in place of civilization and light. What an immense moral debt contracted by the nations! Christianity alone could have and can extinguish it. Already the Gospel has raised its cry of liberty upon those coasts where slavery reigned, and one can foresee the emancipation of the negro in those vast regions. The day will soon dawn when the west coast of Africa, Christianized, shall contain no more captives. Japhet will end by rending the chains with which he has long loaded his unfortunate brother."

Most of these raids were made upon the shores of Dahomey and the littoral known as the Slave Coast: an extensive district, the evangelization of which has been lately confided by the Propaganda to the French Society of African Missions.

"Providence," says a distinguished prelate,† "seems to have specially reserved the approaching evangelization of all Africa to the generous efforts of France." Every historical student knows the striking analogies between the evangelization of Gaul and that of the northern portion of the Dark Continent: a vast section of the globe, little short of 5,000 miles long, and comprising nearly as large

* The black color in the negroes is inexplicable to science, and it will never be proved that Noah had two sons white and one black. The Maknos in the Mozambique have a tradition that in the beginning the Africans were as white and as intelligent as the Europeans, but that one day the god Malucka got drunk and fell down upon the road, his garments being disarranged. The Africans who passed by rallied him on his nudity, but the Europeans, more discreet and compassionate, plucked some flowers and strewed them over him. The Hottentots relate that their fathers, having offended Gounya-Ticquoa (the good genius), were condemned by him along with all their posterity.

† Mgr. Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers.

a stretch of country at its greatest breadth, with a superficial area of 12,000,000 square miles, equal to more than three times the extent of Europe and two thirds that of Asia, and with a population of from 90,000,000 to 100,000,000. From the dawn of the Christian era down through the Middle Ages, to our days, the African races have had many traits of resemblance, many points of contact with the Gaulish races. Africa, like Gaul, was destined to early receive the gospel from the immediate disciples of the Redeemer. Queen Candace's eunuch, baptized by St. Philip, the Arabs and Libyans, converted after Pentecost, went to form the first Christian communities of Ethiopia, Egypt, and Cyrene. Their first apostle was St. Mark. After organizing those churches he repaired to Rome, to St. Peter, who sent him, in the year 60, to Alexandria in quality of patriarch. It is, then, very probable that the Catholic faith penetrated into the interior of Africa in the beginning of our era; for although traces of Christianity in the first ages are rather obscure, in the middle of the second century a considerable number of disciples constituted the nascent church, whose principal see, extending from the desert of Barca to the Atlantic, took its name from the magnificent and populous city of Carthage, long risen from its ruins, and then in commercial relations with the whole world. It is only in the beginning of the third century that the African martyrs are cited for the first time in the ecclesiastical annals. There, as elsewhere, the blood of martyrs became the seed of confessors, as Tertullian, one of the glories of the African Church, despite his subsequent fall, declared; and in the succeeding century illustrious doctors of the faith, like St. Augustin, preserved and perpetuated the teaching and traditions handed down by the martyred Cyprian, who had sealed his fidelity with his blood in the midst of a people who implored the proconsul to let them die with their bishop, so much were they of one mind and one heart in those days. So, while martyrs and neophytes and doctors daily multiplied in populous Alexandria and all the great cities, the Egyptian deserts, the mysterious antres of the Thebaïd, and numerous other solitudes, were peopled with holy anchorites, — pagan philosophers, who had exchanged the dust of the schools for the sands of the desert; soldiers, who had sought the bubble reputation, and saw it vanish into an airy nothing; confessors of the faith, "martyrs by the pang without the palm," still scarred with the wounds and smeared with the blood of the arena; while Roman matrons, with more than the courage of the mother of the Gracchi, and troops of young virgins of angelic purity, rivalled those austere fathers of the desert, whose names have become synonymous with all that is most heroic in Christian asceticism, in the holy ardor with which they devoted themselves to lives of uninterrupted prayer and penitence, despite a climate almost as enervating as the paganism they had quitted forever. Truly, the beautiful places of the wilderness had grown fat, and the hills were girded about with joy. The number of these anchorites was prodigious. Upon the mountain of Nitria alone there 5,000, while there were nearly 10,000 under the conduct of St. Serapion, St. Maurice, St. Pachomius, etc. These patriarchs of the African deserts — these fervent souls who breathed the gentle accents of prayer in caverns that had hitherto resounded to the howlings of wild beasts — became the first masters of the contemplative life for all the monastic orders that were one day to inhabit the great abbeys of Western and Northern Europe. Religion had struck deep root in the soil of Africa. The native tribes realized the advantages of civilized life without quitting the desert, and the charms of society

without losing those of solitude. Under the mild influence of religion, hospitality, friendship, justice, and the tenderest virtues were scattered over the land, as plants in certain regions drop their ripe fruit when stirred by a gentle breeze. The priest was equally received as a true prophet in the rustic palace of the tribal chief and the rude hut of one who had but just emerged from barbarism; and when the night came, when he could work no longer, after he had borne his share of the burden of the day and the heats, he passed peacefully away, surrounded by his tearful little flock, and his grave was in the midst of the tall plantations.

But all this radiant scene of apostolic zeal, heroic courage, ascetical fervor, and pastoral simplicity, which it refreshes the mind to dwell upon, even at this distance of time, soon underwent that change which reveals the transient phases of youth, maturity, and decay that make up the lives of nations as of individuals, and shows the mutability of all things human. Africa, which had long held in check the arms of Cæsar, and was "the soul of the Republic," was to fall under the dominion of an enemy far more powerful and more pitiless than the Roman soldiery. In the perpetual combat between the flesh and the spirit, which is the *fond* of all history, but chiefly the history of the evangelization of peoples, it was the flesh that inflicted the most shameful defeat upon the Africans, and extinguished all the manhood of the nation. Like the Israelites, they "forgot the God who had saved them, who had done great things in Egypt, wondrous works in the land of Cham," and the Almighty "lifted up his hand over them to overthrow them in the desert, to cast them down among the nations, and scatter them in the countries." "The land," to use the language of the inspired writings, "was polluted with blood and was defiled with their works; they went aside after their own inventions, and were brought low by their own iniquities," until their country became, as Salvian describes it, "a *foyer* of vices, an Etna of impure flames," and Carthage, the proud rival of imperial Rome, "the sink of Africa." In the middle of the fifth century the whole guilty nation had fallen into the hands of the living God. "One will perhaps be astonished," says a well-known historian."* "to see Providence punish so severely a country where there were so many churches, canons, and discipline. The Christian authors of that time tell us the reason why. They all regard this desolation as a merited chastisement. The barbarians themselves said that it was not of their own motion that they used such rigor, but that they felt an interior force that drove them to it despite themselves. In effect, the barbarians never appeared more sensibly the ministers of the Divine vengeance. Except a small number of servants of God, all Africa was a common sink of every vice Among foreign nations each one had its particular vice. The Africans surpassed each of those nations. But as to impurity, they surpassed themselves. It needed the barbarians to reduce them to slavery to reform their morals. Those barbarians were chaste when they arrived in Africa. They were horrified at the crimes that assailed modesty." This shocking depravity drew down upon the people the anger of God, who "delivered them into the hands of the nations, and they who hated them had dominion over them." In 430 Genseric had conquered and pillaged Africa. The sole recital of the excesses committed by the barbarians appalls the imagination. Priests, virgins, and monks were led into captivity or immolated. The devastation assumed a special character of horror in the monasteries, cemeteries, and churches. The Vandals took an infernal joy in effacing them from the earth; they kindled larger fires to

* Rohrbacher, Hist. Univers. de l' Eglise Catholique, p. 584.

burn the sacred places than to burn the cities. But the luxury of cruelty was reserved for the bishops, of whom 700 were banished from their sees. Desolation reigned from Tangiers to Tripoli. In place of fanes that echoed the liturgical chants, and where the Sacred Mysteries were accomplished, — in place of peaceful asylums where the silent prayer ascended to heaven, — were ruined piles blackened by incendiary fires, and birds of prey feeding upon human remains. Still, when one thinks of the thousands of martyrs who offered up their lives as a holocaust during the 100 years' occupation of Africa by the Vandals, one is inclined to think, with Tillemont, that this terrible invasion of the barbarians was permitted to give the African Church its last crown.

After the barbarians came the Saracens. The Roman Church, it is true, recovered a portion of its freedom towards the middle of the sixth century, when Belisarus broke up the kingdom founded by Genseric, and planted the banner of Gelimer upon the ruined ramparts of Carthage. But the Roman domination soon disappeared, and forever. The Catholics, who had survived the barbarian invasion and had breathed a little under the imperial authority, were again dispersed by the victorious Moslems, who left them no alternative between apostasy and death, and reduced to a handful the Christians who would not bow the knee to Baal, — sad remnant of the once famous African church. How low it had fallen from its high estate, may be gathered from the fact that in 1076, under the pontificate of Gregory VII., the whole country did not contain three bishops for an episcopal consecration. Ever since, it has groaned under despotism and slavery. The bishops disappeared after the twelfth century; the priesthood gradually declined; and corruption, ignorance, and persecution, commercial abuses, and the exactions of Christian navigators, all but extinguished what remained of Catholicism in a country that had given to the Church so many saints and doctors. Still there were those who would not willingly let the memory of the Christian heroes that once peopled the land — and the blood of the martyrs continued to flow long after the Arabian conquest — become extinct.

"Even in their ashes lived their wonted fires!"

So, from time to time, illustrious personages made courageous efforts to destroy this repair of piratical barbarism, and restore to Africa some semblance of Christian civilization and Christian freedom; while the immolation of the pure and innocent victims who fell under the stroke of the executioner was like a continual protest against the expulsion of the true religion. In the beginning of the thirteenth century two French saints, John of Matha and Felix of Valois, founded the Order of the Holy Trinity, for the redemption of Christians who had fallen into the hands of the Algerine pirates; and almost at the same time another French saint, St. Peter Nolasco, established at Barcelona the Congregation of Our Lady of Mercy, — generous apostles, who consented to remain in irons or shed their blood to redeem their captive brethren. A short time after St. Louis, that realized ideal of a Christian monarch, conceived and endeavored to execute the noble design of rescuing the country from the Moslems and barbarians, but, failing, bequeathed its conquest to his descendants, one of whom, years after, accomplished the undertaking which the great crusader-king had so chivalrously begun. "It was a great day," says Louis Veuillot, "a very great day in the world's history, when Mussein Bey, the last chief of the Algerine militia, reaching the climax of outrage, struck the French consul with his fan. This brutality caused some of that generous blood, that was nearly exhausted upon the throne of St. Louis, to mount to the brow of old Charles X." * Every one knows the

*Les Francais en Algerie.

stirring details of the conquest of Algiers by the French; how Turks and Arabs fought foot to foot; how the city of Algiers held out to the last, and only surrendered a few days before that on which the church of Africa commemorated its early martyrs. "This grand enterprise," says the Comte de Chambord, "so gloriously inaugurated in 1830 by the fall of Algiers, and not less gloriously ended, after seventeen years of struggles, by the definitive fall of the Mussulman power in that country, is the last military page of the annals of the monarchy; a noble conquest, which, in giving France a new kingdom upon that African land where St. Louis died, opens up a new field for national activity and new pathways for Christian civilization." *

The result of French intervention has been to penetrate into the interior of this immense continent, still plunged in barbarism, and its ultimate aim to unite Northern and Central Africa to the great Christian family of nations. This mission has already been partly accomplished. Close upon the footsteps of the French soldiers followed the French priests, then, as ever, in the van of every great religious movement. The ecclesiastical hierarchy was formed, Algiers being constituted into an archbishopric, with Oran and Constantine for suffragan sees. Three eminent prelates have already laid broad and deep the foundations of this new ecclesiastical province by their apostolic labors, — Mgrs. Dupuch, Pavy, and Lavigerie. "'For long centuries," wrote the latter on taking possession of his diocese, "Northern Africa has ceased to exist as a church. Crushed, dispersed, martyred, it disappeared under the Mussulman invasion which overspread it like a deluge. Its bishops, priests, temples, flocks, its very language became mute in a single day. What remained, thus stricken motionless by death, has ever since been buried beneath the dust of time or the soil we tread, which still covers the ruins of its seven hundred basilicas, the records of its faith or its grief, the tombs of its children. And here we are returning after so many centuries of silence, we Catholics, pastors of the same Church, having received our mission from the successor of that very fisherman of Galilee who sent its first bishops to Africa; and, pausing before giving to our action its definitive impulse, we wish to make profession of faith, — the same faith that twelve, fifteen, seventeen hundred years ago this vanished Church professed." After enriching his province with a numerous clergy, teaching communities, agricultural congregations, Arab orphanages, and every organization capable of forming new generations of Christians, Mgr. Lavigerie, as apostolic delegate of a portion of the Sahara and the Soudan, created and directed at Algiers a society of missionaries for Central Africa, who, adopting the costume, language, usages, and mode of life of the Arabs and Kabyles, set out in parties of three, to found stations among these tribes. During the ten years it has been in existence, it has created nineteen missions: ten among the infidels in the grand Kabyle, and nearly as many among the Arabs of the Sahara and Tunis.

Independent of the province of Algiers, which held its first council on May 4, 1873, under the auspices of Our Lady of Africa, the whole coast is environed with bands of missionaries, who are drawing closer and closer together, and penetrating farther inland, until, in process of time, the entire continent will be overspread with a network of churches, a veritable miraculous draught. Following the west coast down towards the Cape, and ascending the east coast up to Tunis, we encounter at Morocco, where the Seraphic Order first gathered the martyr's palm, the sons of St. Francis; at Senegal, the two Guineas, Gaboon, and Congo, the Fathers of the Holy Ghost and of the Holy

* Letter to M. Alfred Nettement, March 31, 1856.

Heart of Mary; at Dahomey, Porto Novo, and along the Slave Coast, the French Society of African missions; at Annobon, Corisco, and Fernando Po, the Jesuits; at the Cape and Port Natal, the Oblates of Mary and the missionaries of the Lyons Society; at Madagascar and the islands Nossi-be, St. Mary, Mayotte, and Bourbon, as well as inland up the Zambesi, the Jesuits again; at Zanzibar, the Fathers of the Holy Ghost; in the Seychelles Islands and among the Gallas, the Capuchins; in Abyssinia, the Lazarists; in Egypt, the Friars Minors of the Observance; in Tripoli and Tunis, the Franciscans and Vincentians; and in the Fezzan, which leads directly from the north to the centre, the Society of African Missions above mentioned. Of the latter missionaries, destined to the Cape, some have been charged with evangelizing the country of the Namaquois, others that of the Hottentots, including the two districts of Georgetown upon the coast and Beaufort in the interior. To these fields of missionary labor, situated at the southern extremity of Africa, should be added part of the deserts extending to the north of the Orange River. But the last post of honor assigned to the Lyons missionaries is the Fezzan, a vast oasis formed of fertile valleys and environed with arid solitudes, the most important point of a grand highway, leading directly from North Africa to the interior, and where vestiges of the primitive church are still found. The pashalic of the Fezzan is divided into ten districts, so many magnificent gardens carefully cultivated and inhabited by 30,000 souls of different races, of whom 3,000 form the population of Mourzouk, the capital, picturesquely situated at the junction of the two eastern routes of the Soudan. It is subject to Turkey, and as the Porte has recently shown itself wll disposed towards Catholics, there s every reason to hope that the missionaries will not be impeded in their efforts to re-Christianize this country, one of the centres first peopled by the fugitives who sought to place a wide reach between them and the Arian Vandals, and who for centuries have preserved their national language, their civil traditions, and their ancient religion, of which the tribes known by the generic appellation of Berbers still retain some vague recollection.

The Jesuit mission in the Zambesi, one of the most recently established, extends from the northern boundary of the Transvaal to the 10th parallel of south latitude, and from the 22d parallel of east longitude to the borders of the Portuguese territory on the east coast, about two thirds of the entire width of the neck of South Africa. The re-establishment of this great mission centre, founded as far back as the seventeenth century by the martyred Jesuit, Father Gonzales Silviera, has been undertaken by Father Depelchin, S. J., with the approval of the Holy See and of the general of his order.*

Such has been the success achieved by these valiant pioneers of the evangelization of Africa, in laying down the grand line of circumvallation all round the continent, that the Holy See has been enabled to establish upon the coast and in the adjacent islands thirteen vicariates, nine prefectures, and twelve dioceses. Gregory XVI., who gave the first impulse to the evangelization of the interior, created the vicariate of Central Africa on March 30, 1846. On the 1st of August, 1868, Pius IX. divided into two divisions this vast mission, which comprehended the entire space between the Barbary States, Nubia, Abyssinia, Dahomey, and Senegambia; a stretch of country twice as large as France, a sea of sand about 500 leagues long by 120 leagues broad, and dotted with oases. The eastern division was confided to the Abbé Comboni, of Verona, Pro-Vicar-Apostolic of Cairo and Alexandria; and the western, comprising the western

*See the pamphlet recently published by Fr. Weld, S. J.: Burns & Oates.

Sahara, the Soudan, and a large portion of Central Africa, to the Archbishop of Algiers. The inhabitants of this prefecture are the descendants of the early Christians, driven backward by the conquering Arabs, by whom they are called to this day Touaregs, or "abandoned" of God, because they never heartily accepted, and often abjured the Mussulman creed. Unfortunately, experience has shown that Europeans cannot long endure this murderous climate. The forty missionaries sent thither in 1848 perished in the desert, the station at Karthoum alone subsisting to attest the fruits of their zeal. But the apostolic delegate proposes to establish two new missions upon the limits of the French or Algerian colony, in the hope of creating others in close proximity. It is in this vast desolate country are met numerous black tribes, greedy and ferocious, and of brutalized visage, still victims of the abominable traffic in human flesh. Under such moral and material conditions Central Africa remains the least known, most wretched, and most abandoned portion of the globe. True, since the mission opened in 1860 by the Abbé Fava, the Vicar-General of Bourdon, the island of Zanzibar, the coasts of Zanguebar, and a portion of the eastern regions of Central Africa have been successfully explored by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and the Trinitarians, and priests of the seminary of Verona; and on the 21st of May, 1872, the Holy See circumscribed, in the prefecture confided to the Abbé Comboni, all the eastern portion not comprised in the delegation of the Archbishop of Algiers.

The west coast, as we have seen, gets no inconsiderable portion of its most active evangelizers from the Society of African Missions, established about twenty years ago at Lyons, by Mgr. Marion-Brésillac, who, after an apostolate of twelve years in British India, conceived the idea of devoting himself to the most abandoned of the African races. It was a generous, a courageous thought. Mohammedanism was rapidly gaining ground in those benighted regions. Already it enveloped the greater portion of the native population, and threatened to invade the rest, and render them more inconvertible than if they adhered to the worst absurdities of their diabolical fetishism; while Protestant England, with all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind at its back, and with one eye to the Bible and another to business, was expending enormous sums on her multitudinous missions, particularly in Africa, where its ministers distributed books, formed schools, and directed orphanages and workshops in places where a single Catholic priest had not yet appeared. Besides being plundered of their souls, the poor people were being robbed of their richest products in exchange for trumpery trifles, of the value of which they were totally ignorant; even men, women, and children were bartered, body and soul, for the commonest commodities, fraud being resorted to where violence could not be safely employed. Livingstone saw parents sell their children for a handful of shellfish, and they sometimes parted with them for glass trinkets, bracelets or powder. "How heart-rending for a missionary, and what a sad thought for a Christian," says Father Horner, Superior of the Zanzibar mission, "to think that for £2 one could redeem from slavery a child of from six to seven, and that larger sums are often spent in society upon frivolous and dangerous things!"

Mgr. Brésillac's design was to offer the Church a society of missionaries specially destined, not to such or such an idolatrous tribe, but to the most abandoned parts of Africa; a society always ready to respond to the needs of the moment, striving by every possible means to penetrate wherever and whenever occasions presented themselves of opening up this vast continent, and occupying the gaps between missions already existing;

for Africa is so extensive and so densely peopled, despite its immense deserts, that when the day of its deliverance shall have dawned, it will require all the self-sacrifice and self-devotion of the zealous youth and courageous manhood of Catholic countries to complete and maintain this grand conquest of the faith, handed down by the successors of those who were divinely commissioned to preach the gospel so every creature. Quitting Rome on April 10, 1856, with the benediction of the Pope and the approval of the Propaganda, the indefatigable prelate visited the principal cities of France, where his fervid appeals in behalf of the poor neglected negroes, so long "seated in darkness and the shadow of death," made such a profound impression, that a well-known preacher exclaimed from one of the Paris pulpits, "I never saw an apostle with a greater love of souls than Mgr. de Marion Brésillac!" It was at Clermont Ferrand, the city of St. Austremoine, in that antique cradle of the Crusades where Pope Urban appealed to the faith and chivalry of the Middle Ages, and attached to the breasts and shoulders of "the champions of Christ" the blood-red cross as a pledge of their sacred and irrevocable engagement, that Mgr. Brésillac first publicly announced his glorious enterprise. His moving tones reached some sympathetic hearts, and the diocese of Clermont extended the first helping hand to these new crusaders as it had done to the old. Lyons, ever memorable as the birthplace of the originator of the Propagation of the Faith, was next visited, and soon upon the hill of the martyrs, near the tomb of St. Irenæus, arose a modest seminary, the first gage of God's protection. Alms flowed in abundantly, the rich merchant's munificent donation and the poor *ouvrier's* weekly *sou* swelling the common fund. Then several priests and some laymen rallied round the good bishop, and during a halt at the Grande Chartreuse — where, like the disciples, they had retired into solitude to gather fresh forces in rest and recollection — a valuable accession was gained in the Abbé Planque, of the diocese of Cambray, then a young professor of philosophy, and now the head of the society. On the 8th of December, of the same year, the zealous prelate had the happiness of consecrating to Nôtre Dame de Fourvières the first-fruits of his labors. Although the Lyons society was still in its infancy, the Holy See, in April, 1858, offered Mgr. Brésillac the vicariate of Sierra Leone, extending from the river Numez to the Republic of Liberia inclusively; that is, as far as Cape Palmas. Accordingly, on Nov. 3, two priests and a lay brother were sent to explore this territory, and were followed, on March 11 the year following, by Mgr. Brésillac himself, in company with another priest and lay brother. On May 11th they sighted the mountains of Sierra Leone, but only to learn with dismay that Freetown was being ravaged by a virulent epidemic, which ultimately decimated half the European population. To the remonstrances of the captain, who urged that to disembark was certain death, the noble and courageous bishop simply replied: "I am in my diocese." In his diocese he certainly was, and in his diocese he will remain until the trump of doom shall summon him and his little band of missionaries from the grave in which they soon consummated their martyrdom of charity. When the bishop and his vicar-general were stricken down, they had interred almost all the Catholics, and the nascent Christian community of Sierra Leone had apparently perished in its cradle.*

*Marshall (Christian Missions) relates that, fifteen years before, a similar calamity happened to the nascent congregation of the venerated Père Libermann. Twelve missionaries had followed Mgr. Barron to the vicariate of the Two Guineas, and in a short time the bishop had the misfortune to see his new mission destroyed or dispersed by fever. A survivor of this band wrote to his superior: "God forbid, reverend father, that you should abandon Africa! If we are designed for abandoned peoples, this is our place. To withdraw after a first unsuccessful attempt would be to be wanting to God, to these unfortunate blacks, and to our vocation; it would be to recoil before the degradation of these peoples we have

The position was critical. Influential personages counselled the abandonment of the enterprise. But Father Planque, to whom Mgr. Brésillac had confided all his plans for the future, remembered that he had said to him, "My work will survive me, provided there is a will to maintain it, and you will be that will," and felt it a sacred duty to carry out his testamentary injunctions. "I fear," Libermann used to say, — "I fear for a mission where everything seems to prosper from the beginning, and whose origin is not marked with the sign of the Cross, — sufferings and martyrdom!" Such, too, was the conviction of Father Planque and his community, who drew courage and consolation from the prophetical promise of the Redeemer: "Unless the grain of wheat, falling into the ground, die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The young aspirants to the missionary career remained firm in their vocation. The Pope, rejoicing to hear it, sent them his blessing, and the Propaganda, better informed as to the real state of Dahomey, acceded to the early expressed wishes of Mgr. Brésillac, and erected the Slave Coast into a vicariate under the charge of the society. Vocations multiplied; subjects came from all parts of France; two distinguished men joined them, — M. Papetard, formerly a captain in the Foreign Legion, who, wounded at the siege of Constantine, subsequently entered the priesthood, and the Abbé Arnald, who had acquired a reputation as a brilliant seminary professor: and the Lyons community, thus re-enforced was enabled to send three young priests to Dahomey, on Jan. 3, 1861, to continue the mission opened the year previous at Sierra Leone.

If the climate of Dahomey is less deadly than that of Sierra Leone, the barbarity of its government surpasses in monstrosity anything heard of, even in Africa. Macaulay speaks of the time when the smoke of sacrifice arose from the Pantheon as a dark and distant period. If he were permitted to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon in the region of the torrid zone, in the latter half of this much-extolled nineteenth century, with all its fine evolution theories of indefinite progress, he would find that the world, in some places at least, and those not far removed from civilized Europe, has retrograded rather than advanced, and that the smoke of sacrifice still ascends to heaven in a dark, dense cloud, affronting the pure eyes of a God "who will have mercy and not sacrifice," and invoking his avenging justice for man's inhumanity to man. It has been said that there is no depth but there is a deeper still; and if fallen man has reached that deeper depth, it is in Dahomey. In pagan Rome it was generally plants or animals they offered in sacrifice; in Dahomey it is into human beings the sacrificial knife is plunged, and around their quivering limbs the sacrificial fires burn. The cry of the victims must have long ascended to heaven before it resounded in Europe; and even now it is the scattered missionaries of a Church proscribed by the modern political world as behind the age, and no longer in the van of civilization, who are risking their lives to put a stop to these sanguinary customs, and not the so-called Christian powers. It is not long since people shuddered to read that the enormous number of 3,000 victims had been immolated by order of King Gréré. Every year witnesses a repetition of these human hecatombs; heads continue to fall by hundreds and thousands; blood and brandy flow in streams at their savage funeral orgies, amid the bizarre mummeries of the fetishers, the hideous music of the tam-tam, and lugubrious chants that are the prelude to revolting immolations: all that is most perverse in the morals and cruel in the character of the negroes reaching the climax of ferocity at the obsequies of their chiefs; the number or victims buried alive

adopted as our friends." In those vast territories there were then more than 50,000,000 who never heard the word of God.

with the late king, or slaughtered at the edge of his grave to appease his manes, depending entirely on the will of the grand fetisher and the new sovereign. King Ghezo, who reigned over his people for forty years, and conquered the greater portion of what forms the present kingdom, strove to mitigate these horrible customs; but it cost him his life at the hands of the sanguinary fetishers, those veritable ministers of him who was a homicide from the beginning, and who are the real authors and perpetrators of these atrocities. His son, Badou or Gréré, succeeded in 1858, and to please the fetishers and consolidate his power, put all the old laws in rigorous force. Human sacrifices are now *en permanence* in Dahomey; and Canna, the sacred city, and Agbomé, the capital, are the theatre of horrors surpassing those of Nero and Domitian.

What with Protestantism and Mohammedanism on the coast, and fetishism in the interior, the Spirit of Darkness reigns *en maître* over these wretched negroes. It needs the presence of a real priesthood, divinely and not humanly commissioned, and armed with the supernatural power of the sacraments, to Christianize and civilize this fallen race. It needs a revival of Christian heroism of the austere, antique type of the early ages, born of the strong, supernaturalized faith and fervent charity that nerved men to martyrdom, to form such a priesthood and fit them for such a mission. It needs, in fine, that a new crusade should be preached throughout Europe, and that the evangelization of Africa should become to our age what the conquest of the Holy Land was to the ages of Christian chivalry. If we have not a Godefroi de Bouillon, a Tancred, or a Raymond of Toulouse, to lead an army of mail-clad knights to measure swords with the Moslem cimeters, we have a Peter the Hermit in the founder of the Society of African Missions, who sounded the charge in a still nobler, because a purely spiritual combat, and phalanx after phalanx of brave young soldiers of the Cross preparing, in obedience to the divine mandate, "*Euntes, docete omnes gentes,*" — grander than even the primeval "*Crescite et multiple,*" — to leave home and kindred, and face death and disease, in order that some poor, untaught, unclad savages may be rescued from barbarism It would be ignoring all that is noblest in our traditions and in the character of our people, pre-eminently a missionary race, if Ireland's place in this glorious campaign were not in the van; and it is cheering to learn that a number of courageous and zealous young Irishmen, moved by that generous spirit of self-sacrifice, without which nothing great has ever been done for the Church or humanity, have already joined the ranks, and that a suitable seminary has been built in Cork for the Society of African Missions.* Let us hope that the hour of Africa's regeneration has at length struck, and that the words of the royal Psalmist will be verified in these new apostles: "*Ponit in eis verba signorum suorum et prodigiorum in terrâ Cham.*"

WHAT is that which has three feet, but no legs, is all body, but no limbs, has no toes on its feet, no head, moves a great deal and never uses its feet for that purpose, has one foot at each end and the other in the centre of its body? This is a queer creature in some respects, and is very popular among the ladies and some men. It never walks out, but goes with one foot where its head might be, dragging the other foot behind. These feet have nails, but no toes, no heels and no bones in the feet. A yard measure.

WHAT is that we wish for, and when obtained we never know we have it? Sleep.

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* The Society, represented by Père Devoucoux, local superior, has been for some time temporarily located on the Ballyhooly road, where eleven students are reading the Humanities under Père Pagnon, recently ordained for the African mission by the Most Rev. Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork. When ready for their philosophy course, these students will be sent to the house of study in France.

THE ORDER OF PREACHERS.

Father Tom Burke preached an eloquent sermon in Liverpool, lately, after which an address was presented to him, to which the eloquent Dominican replied: —

The address opens by telling me that you are flattered and honored by my presence among you. No, my friends, it is I whom am flattered and honored: flattered, pleased, delighted, to see around me a number of my countrymen and countrywomen, banded together by religious and social bonds, which will insure for them the elements of progress and advancement in this world, whilst they insure and realize for them all those advantages and blessings which their fathers won for them by keeping the faith. I feel honored to be in the midst of you; for next to the approbation of my superiors in the church, and their blessing, next to the approval of a conscience telling me that my line of action is good and priestly, — next to this, I say, the very highest honor that could be conferred upon me in this world is the approval and applause of my fellow-countrymen. If I have, however humbly and inadequately, labored for you and spoken for you at home and abroad, if I have endeavored to hold up before the eyes of the world, admiring, though reluctantly, the chain of Ireland's sorrows and of Ireland's glories, — if I have done this, next to the reward that, as a priest and a Catholic, I look forward to from God, I have already received in most abundant measure the highest reward that even God could give me: the hearts and the love and the approving affection of my Irish fellow-countrymen in every land. And this I esteem the more, not from any personal feeling or motive, — not, I hope, from any foolish vanity tickled or pleased by it, — but because, whenever an Irish eye brightens or whenever an Irish heart throbs at the sound of my voice, whenever an Irish hand is lifted in acclamation of the conclusions I draw, deep in my heart I feel that it is a new link added to that golden chain which for centuries has bound the priests and the people of Ireland together. It is a golden bond that has withstood the strain of persecution, and broken not. It is a golden bond that has not rusted even under the insidious smiles of enemies claiming to be friends. It is a bond that has remained insoluble, and though the very flames of hell were laid upon it, it has never been broken and never shall. Its first link was wrought on the day the Ard-Righ of Tara put his hand into the hand of Patrick, and that bond shall remain till the last Irishman bends his knee to receive a blessing for the last time.

Your address goes on to compliment me most kindly on a point on which I am most sensitive; namely, as a member of the Order of Preachers, the children of St. Dominic. Yes; it is six hundred years since this good "habit" of mine was first seen, and since the Dominican tonsure was first revealed in Ireland. Three hundred of these have been spent in peaceful study in our magnificent cloisters, surrounded by a faithful and loyal people, cultivating all those sciences and arts in which they were in advance of their age, though perhaps far behind the progress of our wonderful nineteenth century, of which there is no deeper admirer than I. For three hundred years the Dominicans in Ireland represented all that their Order represented abroad. Dominican hands built those wonderful and venerable cloisters, whose crumbling ruins, leaning upon the ivy that once climbed parasitically around them, are still there, the admiration of travellers from the ends of the earth. Then came a change; and for three hundred years St. Dominic had to bleed in his Irish children, under the

last of the persecutors. Well, what is the record of these years we are told by one of Ireland's greatest historians, Thomas de Burgo, — Tom Burke, that was his name, — Bishop of Ossory, a Dominican, and the author of the celebrated *Hibernia Dominicana*. He was placed standing, attired in his habit, on the rock of Cashel; a pile of wood was placed beside him, and he was told that if he only threw off the habit his life would be spared. "No," he answered, "never; I am an Irish Dominican." They set fire to the wood, and there he remained in the midst of the flames, which, blessed be God, played around him without even singeing a hair of his head. Then an English soldier came with his bayonet and ran it through his heart. The martyr took his scapular and reddened it in his blood, and cried out, "Oh God, if this blood can speak, save Ireland and her faith."

Need I remind you of O'Brien, the Bishop of Emly, who, at the siege of Limerick by Ireton, was on the ramparts when even the bravest men lost courage? He was tried for his life and condemned to death, and as he was being led out to execution, the venerable man turned to the commander and said, "I call upon you, in the name of God, to meet me before the Judgment Seat of God within sixty days"; and ere that time had passed away, Ireton was no more. Wherefore, as a friar, a begging friar from Ireland, a Dominican, I say that I have a nobler pedigree in Ireland than the Duke of Leinster or any other nobleman. When the Emancipation Act was passed, the friars were persecuted. They were the only body in Catholic Ireland whose existence the emancipating law refused to acknowledge, and I stand before you as a felon in the land, because of the habit that I wear; but my title-deeds to stand upon Irish soil are written in martyrs' blood, the best that ever flowed in Irish veins.

The address goes on to allude to the affair in America: —

Well, as to that I have nothing to say. I was in America, and I was frightened out of my life. A celebrated English historian, a very learned man, up to his eyes in the knowledge of history, comes out and attacks me in a rough-and-tumble kind of style. Who got the better in the encounter I leave to others to say. The Americans thought that I had the best of it. If it was so, it was because Mr. Froude had nothing to put forward but a bundle of lies, and I had nothing to do but to prove them. My friends, I am most happy to receive this beautiful gift from the hands of your most respected pastor. I am all the more happy to receive it at your hands, because I believe that you are banded together, my fellow-countrymen, resolved by sobriety, industry, and the exercise of your holy religion and the virtues that it teaches, to raise the Irish name in this land, as in every other land, and to put the average Irishman in that position in which the Lord God intended him to be when He gave him an Irish breast and an Irish heart.

Cats, babies, and barmaids have all been the subject of exhibitions and prizes; and now there is to be a tournament among cooks. At least, it is gravely reported that the head cook of the Duke of Norfolk — Samuel Taylor by name — has arrived in Paris with the intention of challenging his French brethren to a culinary contest. Should the Englishman turn out victor of the fight, things will have altered since a celebrated Gaul left the service of George the Fourth because he considered the English palate unworthy of his talents. Let not the serious and reverend reader smile! If the battle of Leipsic was lost to Napoleon by his mutton chops being badly cooked, we may congratulate ourselves that the lender of the Catholic laity has in his kitchen an "artist" who aspires to be the champion cook of the civilized world! — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

JUSTICE SHALL TAKE ITS COURSE.

In the year 1526, James Lynch Fitzstephen, a merchant who was at that time mayor of Galway, in Ireland, sent his only son, as commander of one of his ships, to Bilboa, in Spain, for a cargo of wine. The credit which he possessed was taken advantage of by his son, who secreted the money with which he was intrusted for the purchase of the cargo; and the Spaniard who supplied him on this occasion sent his nephew with him to Ireland, to receive the debt and establish a further correspondence. The young men, who were nearly of the same age, sailed together with that apparent confidence and satisfaction which congenial pursuits generally create among mankind. The ship proceeded on her voyage, and as every day brought them nearer the place of destination and the discovery of the fraud of young Fitzstephen, he conceived the diabolical resolution of murdering his friend; a project in which, by promises of reward and fear, he brought the greatest part of the ship crew to join. On the night of the fifth day the unfortunate Spaniard was violently seized in his bed and thrown overboard. A few days more brought the ship to port. The father and friends of young Fitzstephen received him with joy, and in a short time bestowed a sufficient capital to enable him to commence business.

Security had now lulled every sense of danger; he sought the hand of a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of his neighbors. His proposals were accepted, and the day appointed which was to crown his yet successful villany, when one of the sailors who had been with him on the voyage to Spain was taken ill, and finding himself on the point of death, sent for the father, and communicated a full account of the horrid deed his son had committed. The father, though struck speechless with astonishment and horror, at length shook off the feelings of the parent, and exclaimed, "Justice shall take its course." He immediately caused his son to be seized with the rest of the crew, and thrown into prison. They all confessed their crime. A criminal prosecution was commenced, and in a few days a small town in the West of Ireland beheld a sight scarcely paralleled in the history of mankind: a father, like another Brutus, sitting in judgment on his son, and like him, too, condemning him to die as a sacrifice to public justice; a father consigning his only son to an ignominious death, and tearing away all the bonds of paternal affection, where the laws of nature were violated, and justice demanded the blow; a father with his own lips pronouncing that sentence which left him childless, and at once blasted forever the honor of an ancient and noble family! "Were any other but your wretched father your judge," said the virtuous magistrate, "I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortunes, and solicited his life, though stained with murder; but you must die. These are the last drops which shall quench the spark of nature, and if you dare hope, implore that heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow-creature." Amazement sat on the countenance of every one. The fellow-citizens of the inflexible magistrate, who revered his virtues and pitied his misfortunes, saw with astonishment the fortitude with which he yielded to the cruel necessity, and heard him doom his son to a public and ignominious death.

The relatives of the unhappy culprit surrounded the father; they conjured him by all the ties of affection, of nature, and of compassion, to spare his son. His wretched mother flew in distraction to the heads of her own family, and conjured them, for the honor of her own house, to rescue her from the ignominy the death of her

son must bring upon their name. The citizens felt compassion for the father, affection for the man; every noble feeling was roused, and they privately determined to rescue the young man from prison during the night, under the conviction that Fitzstephen, having already paid the tribute to his honor, would rejoice at the preservation of the life of his son. But they little knew the heart of this noble magistrate. By some accident their determination reached his ear; he instantly removed his son from the prison to his own house, which he surrounded with the officers of justice.

In the morning he partook with his son the office of the holy communion. After giving and receiving a mutual forgiveness, the father said: —

"You have a little time to live, my son: let the care of your soul employ the few moments; take the last embrace of your unhappy father."

The son was then hung at the door of his father: a dreadful monument of the vengeance of heaven, and an instance of the exercise of justice that leaves everything of the kind in modern times at an immeasurable distance.

The father immediately resigned his office; and after his death, which speedily followed that of his son, the citizens fixed over the door of the house a death's head and cross-bones carved in black marble, to perpetuate the remembrance of this signal act of justice.

TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE AT CHIO.

The terrible earthquake at Chio, in the island of that name, in the Ægean Sea, destroyed nearly the whole city, besides causing the loss of over 3,000 lives. The survivors were forced to seek refuge on board the steamers in the harbor, and the wildest consternation prevailed among the inhabitants.

Chio or Scio is the ancient Chios, one of the numerous cities that claimed to be the birthplace of Homer. The island belongs to Turkey, and lies on the west coast of Asia Minor. It is 32 miles long, 18 wide, and has an area of 400 square miles. The inhabitants are mostly Turks, and number about 50,000. Chio, the chief city, is on the east coast. It has a fine harbor defended by a castle, and manufactures silk, velvet, and cotton. The population of the city is about 15,000. The island has been visited by many misfortunes. It was invaded and devastated by the Persians in 494 B. C, and became a member of the Athenian league. In 358 it became independent, and one hundred and fifty years later became subject to Rome. In the fourteenth century the Turks captured the town of Chios and killed the inhabitants. Then for two hundred years the Genoese held possession until the Turks again seized it. In 1822, during the Greek Revolution, the island rose against the Turks. The Turks invaded the country in great force, massacred 23,000 Sciotes, and sold 43,000 into slavery. Thousands of others fled from the country, and in a few months only 2,000 of the 104,000 Sciotes that had inhabited the island remained on it. No previous earthquakes are recorded in the history of the island. The surface of the country is rocky and uneven. Only a small part of the land is arable. The soil is irrigated chiefly by means of wells. Gum mastic is the staple product, though fine wines are produced, and fruit and wool are articles of export.

The population is mostly Mohammedan. A despatch to Cardinal Simeoni says: The bishop of the city related that a series of excessively strong shocks had occurred; that the city, the fort, and several villages were destroyed. He and his flock were saved; but they are left without a church, without a house, without food, and without clothing. They, thus deprived of their all, invoke the benediction of the Holy Father. The Pontiff, on hearing the disastrous news contained in that telegram, ordered the Propaganda to place at the disposition of the Bishop of Chio the sum of five thousand francs.

JOHN MITCHEL: A SKETCH.

William J. Onahan.

PART IV.

IMMEDIATELY prior to the exciting political campaign of 1859–60 the publication of the Southern Citizen was transferred from Knoxville to Washington, and in its columns Mitchel continued to pour out his brilliant and erratic vaticinations up to the eve of the outbreak of hostilities between the sections, when the further publication of the paper was finally abandoned.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Mitchel allied himself with the Southern Confederacy, advocated its cause, and shared its fortunes. Two of his sons entered the Confederate army, and served with distinction; both sealed their devotion to the "lost cause" with their lives, on the battle-field.

It is not necessary to follow in close detail Mitchel's career during the war. He was most of the time employed as a leading editorial writer on the Richmond press, — principally in connection with the Richmond Examiner. This paper was especially noted during the war for the ferocious spirit of its leaders, and many of these were singled out and republished in the papers of the North. Of course the effect was to inflame and irritate still more the feelings and temper of the Northern people. An impression was created in the country at the time that these extreme views and utterances came from Mitchel's pen, in particular certain articles advising *retaliation* and the harsh treatment of Federal prisoners, as an offset and in revenge for reported "savageries" by the armies of the North. As a matter of fact, Mitchel never penned a line of these or similar editorials which appeared in the Examiner, and which had served to strongly exasperate public opinion. He never held the post of "responsible" or "managing" editor; nor did he at any time control the matter published in its editorial columns. In fact, Mitchel himself afterward disclaimed these writings in the most emphatic manner.

It has been publicly stated that the unfriendliness of Jeff. Davis alone prevented Mitchel from taking a position in the Southern army.

When Gen. Lee surrendered the remnant of the Southern forces at Appomattox, followed by Johnston's surrender to Sherman, Mitchel accepted the situation, took the oath of allegiance, and came North.

He was then in precarious health, and, as may be conjectured, wholly without means and resources. It was his hope and aim to find literary work and employment in New York City; and on his arrival there he succeeeded in effecting an engagement with the Daily News, then owned and controlled by Ben. Wood, brother of the late congressman, Fernando Wood.

Scarcely had he again taken possession of the editorial tripod when he was arrested under an arbitrary edict of Secretary-of-War Stanton, and conveyed under a strong guard of Federal soldiers to Fortress Monroe, and incarcerated there under circumstances of exceptional rigor. His friends in the North made repeated but unavailing efforts to secure for the prisoner a trial, or at least a hearing; but the dictator Stanton was inexorable.

This and similar high-handed acts were of course condoned or justified in the then inflamed condition of public sentiment, aroused and infuriated by the recent assassination of President Lincoln. The North was in no mood to halt at or censure proceedings, howsoever arbitrary, which looked to the punishment of "rebels"; and though Mitchel was no longer a rebel in law, having complied with the required forms and purged himself from treason and disloyalty, it was enough for the "powers that be" that he had been in their eyes

a bitter and truculent foe, and he was therefore a convenient subject to single out for exemplary punishment.

Mitchel languished in prison many weary months, and undoubtedly would have died there, but for the humanity of the United States medical officer in attendance at the fort. The earnest remonstrances of this humane official finally moved the authorities to relax in some degree the severe and even brutal treatment to which Mitchel had been subjected; in fact, the physician warned the authorities that fatal consequences would surely ensue to his patient, the prisoner, unless speedy relief were afforded. The intercession of the Irish officers in the Union armies, added to that of other influential friends in the North, had its effect. A less rigorous method of treatment was ordered, and after a time his release was finally assented to.

A quotation may here be given from a letter addressed by Mitchel to the Daily News, New York, which presents in brief his defence of and the vindication of his position and attitude during the war between the sections. It is characteristically bold and defiant: —

"So long as the Southern Confederacy existed I was a Confederate, a Secessionist, or what some persons choose to term a rebel From the moment of General Johnston's surrender to General Sherman at Greensboro', I perceived that the cause of the Confederacy was utterly lost. There was no longer a Confederate government: it had disappeared from human eyes; and inasmuch as a country cannot be without a government, and the only government then in fact subsisting being the Federal government of the United States, I owed to it from that instant full obedience: which obedience I at once yielded in good faith, as I think my fellow-citizens at the South very generally did at the same time and for the same reason. I am, therefore, no longer a Secessionist nor a rebel, but a Unionist, and a lawful citizen. . . .

"Some newspapers taunt me with inconsistency in that I stood for liberty in my native country, and then came and advocated slavery here. I cannot perceive the inconsistency. The liberty which I sought for Ireland was national independence — independence *only:* and that *only* was what I sought for the South. I wished that Ireland should have the power to regulate her institutions in her own way; and I wished the Southern States to have the same power. I wished to repeal an enforced 'union' of Ireland with England; and I wished to resist the enforcement of a union between Virginia and New York. Where is the inconsistency?"

After his release from prison Mitchel resumed his connection with the New York press, and employed his pen in the various literary employments that offered — notably in articles on "Ireland," written for Appleton's "American Cyclopædia."

After a time he again essayed a venture in journalism on his own account, and the Irish Citizen was the result. The undertaking could scarcely be called a success. There hung over its editor the cloud of failure, and the stigma of a defeated cause. Moreover, the Irish national element and party in the United States were wofully split into fighting "Fenian" factions, — one pretending to organize a "rising" in Ireland, the other bent on striking a blow at English power in some other more convenient quarter; but both were united and resolute in pressing a campaign for "material aid," and laying under contribution the Irish-American sympathizers. It need not now be told how the money lavishly poured into the hands of schemers and adventurers, by an honest though too easily deceived people, was wasted and squandered in riotings and splendid debauchery in New York, and flung to the winds in mad and hopeless raids elsewhere.

Mitchel held himself aloof from these factions; both feared him, and neither could use him. He thoroughly understood the hollowness of the *ci-devant* leaders of the popular movement; and he realized how altogether futile and hopeless were their means and methods, even if pushed with sincerity and earnestness. Naturally then the course of the Irish Citizen was not received

with favor by "patriotic" Irish readers; and the paper was ultimately discontinued for lack of support. The taste of the average Irish-American in the matter of public journals is often anomalous, sometimes inexplicable, and not always creditable.

Failing health, combined with family reasons, induced Mitchel to cross the Atlantic, and take up his abode in Paris. In the French capital he naturally fell in with many of the exiles whose banishment from Ireland antedated his own; among these being a few of the survivors of '98 and 1802. Of the former Mitchell left on record a striking pen picture of the historic Miles Byrne, who, having bravely fought in the rebellion, fled from Ireland in '98, joined the French army, and shared in the successive campaigns of Napoleon in Spain, the Low Countries, and in Germany. He continued in the army after the Restoration, and in 1830 was appointed *chef de bataillon*. The commanding figure and presence of Col. or Gen. Miles Byrne was always a familiar and welcome feature of the reunions of the Irish exiles in Paris down to his death.

Mitchel had a *rencontre* at Galignani's on one occasion with the celebrated Frank Mahony, "Father Prout." All that need be said of it is, there was "no love lost between them."

When Mitchel returned to the United States, Froude had just entered on his loudly heralded crusade. Needless to relate how this branded falsifier and convicted literary fraud was met on his own ground by the great Dominican, Father Tom Burke, who, happily for the honor of his race, was blessed with the power and gifted with the talents to foil and completely overwhelm the English popular envoy. The renowned lectures of Father Burke in reply to Froude present perhaps the best and most accurate synopsis of Irish history now accessible, and are certainly the most comprehensive vindication of the Irish race and character which had up to that time been given in a popular form.

But the services and brilliant aid given by Mitchel in this celebrated public controversy should not be overlooked. What Father Burke accomplished by his magnificent eloquence on the rostrum, John Mitchel admirably supplemented in the press. He took for review Froude's so-called "History of Ireland," then just issued, exposed its falsehoods and misrepresentations, demolished the sophistry, and tore to shreds and tatters the theories which were so ingeniously and fancifully presented in that literary imposture. Whoever reads Mitchel's "Crusade of the Period" will be forced to acknowledge that for closeness of reasoning, compact, forcible argument, and searching and exhaustive analysis, its equal had not appeared since the publication of the "Drapier Letters," by the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's.

This work, it may be said, was Mitchel's last literary effort. That it failed to command at the time the attention and the favor due to its merit and importance, may be attributed to causes already pointed out; but chiefly to the unpopular position he had taken in American public affairs. Thenceforward he confined his efforts to the delivery of occasional public lectures, and his last public address in the United States was delivered in Chicago, on the occasion referred to at the commencement of these sketches. The subject chosen was "Daniel O'Connell"; and the lecture in the main was a repetition of one given by Mitchel a few evenings previous in St. Louis, under the auspices and for the benefit of the "O'Connell Monument Association" of that city.

It is not a little significant and suggestive that Mitchel's last public address in America should have been in tribute to O'Connell, whom he had so bitterly antagonized in former days, to whose memory in this lecture he paid an honor-

able tribute, and in whose honor he aided to have a monument erected in a Western city.*

While actually on his way to fill another lecture engagement in the West, the subject of which was already chosen, at the suggestion of the writer, "Ireland as It Is," Mitchel was turned back by an accident which befell him at Buffalo, where, in stepping out of the railroad car, he suffered a severe sprain, and so was unable to proceed. When he reached his home in Brooklyn, the news came of his nomination to Parliament by the "men of Tipperary," and of course this put an end to all lecture business.

Mitchel was always possessed with a strong and even a passionate desire to return to Ireland. He never was more than a sojourner here. As he declared himself in the mobile Monologue, he was "like a tree uprooted, torn away from its native earth, and incapable of taking root and flourishing elsewhere." Other exiles, who had found in this hospitable land a refuge and a home, loved Ireland as truly, but they loved it as do those who have gone out from it never to return. There were men who had taken root here, and in acquiring a new home and forming new ties, looked to this country, and to this country alone, for "the fame, the fortune, and the future," to which they aspired. They would, if need be, perhaps, die for Ireland, but they certainly would not live in it again for good and aye. Mitchel was not one of this class. In his heart there was no yearning so strong — of course I do not speak of or include the domestic affections — as that which possessed him to "see Ireland once again." The flight of years seemed only to strengthen, the trials of fortune to render more intense, the desire which was in his heart to "tread once more the soil that gave him birth." I remember how his eyes glistened and his lips quivered with emotion, on an occasion when the prospect was suggested. "What will you do in the event of your return for Tipperary?" was the interrogatory once put to him in the writer's presence. "I will serve Ireland in Ireland," was his prompt rejoinder.

Mr. Sexton, M. P., has left London and returned to Dublin, to assume the duties of organizer of the Land League in the room of Mr. John Dillon. The selection of Mr. Sexton for the office is regarded as a wise one. It is unnecessary for us to remind our readers of the marked ability which he has displayed during his brief Parliamentary career; but it may perhaps be interesting to add that in Ireland, Mr. Sexton is as highly esteemed for his prudence and foresight as he is for his versatile ability. From the date of his entering upon the duties of his new office, the public may look for a marked improvement in the Land League tactics. There will be less noise and bustle, and more real effort and work. Quietly, and in comparative silence, the labor of organization will be vigorously pushed forward; the weak points of the gigantic tenants' union will be strengthened; and we look with confidence for a further display of that genuine tact and rare ability which have already done good service in the cause of Ireland, and has sustained its possessor through the turmoil of two stormy sessions in Parliament without once subjecting him to the censures of the Speaker for breach of Parliamentary rule. Mr. Sexton will do his work well.

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*The "O'Connell monument" in St. Louis remains, I regret to say, only a "project." I have not heard that any progress has been made by the association since the lecture given by John Mitchel in its aid. The more is the pity — and the shame! W. J. O.

NEW APPOINTMENTS OF BISHOPS.

A CABLE despatch from Rome, special to the New York Freeman's Journal, announces that on Sunday, May 8, Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, it pleased Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., —

I. To ratify the erection of a diocese in Davenport, Iowa, cut from the Diocese of Dubuque, hitherto comprising the whole State of Iowa. This see will be suffragan of the metropolitan see of St. Louis.

II. To name Very Rev. John McMullen, vicar-general of Chicago, to be first bishop of Davenport.

III. To name the Very Rev. Killian C. Flasch, secretary of the archdiocese of Milwaukee, to be bishop of the diocese of LaCrosse, Wisconsin, vacant more than a year by the promotion of Bishop Heiss to be archbishop and coadjutor of Milwaukee.

Rev. Dr. John McMullen, the newly appointed bishop of Davenport, Iowa, is a native of Ballinahinch, county Down, Ireland. When four years old he came with his father from Ireland to a farm in Lower Canada, in the year 1837. With his family he subsequently lived at Ogdensburg and Lockport, Ill., and about 1843 went to Chicago. Soon after Dr. McMullen entered the old university on the north side, — St. Mary's of the Lake, — and graduated in his twenty-first year, and left his Alma Mater only to still further prosecute his studies, going for that purpose to Rome, where he became a student at the Propaganda. In 1858 he was ordained a priest, and received the title of D. D. He then returned to Chicago and was appointed pastor of the Church of St. Louis, on Sherman Street, subsequently destroyed by the great fire. In 1861 he was made president of his Alma Mater and rector of the new seminary. From that time till 1869 he was closely connected with these institutions, in the mean time building St. Paul's Church, on the west side. In 1869 he went to Wilmington, Ill., where he remained as rector of the church there for a year, when he returned at Bishop Foley's request, and became rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Name. He remained with Bishop Foley during the time the old cathedral fell a victim of the great fire and the new one was built. In 1877 he was appointed vicar-general of the diocese, and at Bishop Foley's death was made administrator of the diocese, and at the same time the priests of the city named him as their almost unanimous choice to succeed Bishop Foley. He is forty-eight years of age.

THE NEW BISHOP OF NATCHEZ.

Rev. Francis Janssens was born Oct. 17, 1843, at Tilberg, Holland, and at the age of thirteen began his studies at the seminary of the diocese, called Bois-le-Duc. He remained there ten years, passing through the departments of the seminary known as the Small and the Great. He then, in 1866, entered the American College at Louvain, Belgium, with the view, when he should be ordained, of devoting his life to pastoral duty in the United States. After two years' study at this college he was ordained priest on the twenty-first day of December, 1867. He came to Richmond, Va., in September, 1868, where he has remained ever since, each year becoming more and more beloved by the Catholic community there. He has been occasionally sent off on mission work to Warrentown and elsewhere in Virginia. He was administrator of the diocese from 1877 to 1878, and has been senior priest under the three successive administrations of Bishops McGill, Gibbons, and Keane. By the last-named he was appointed vicar-general of the diocese. His usefulness here cannot be overestimated, and to his energies and ability is due the flourishing condition of this see.

The following is a statistical recapitulation of the diocese for the past year: Secular priests on duty, 19; religious, 6; churches, 41; religious orders of men, 6; of women, 5; clerical students, 6; orphan asylums, 2; religious house of priests, 1; religious houses (brothers), 2; academies (male), 1; academies (female), 4; parochial schools for boys and girls in twelve congregations; colored schools, 3; religious houses of women, 12; Catholic population, about 12,500 souls.

THE FINGER OF GOD.

Translated for the Sentinel, Portland, Or.

THE Lord is forbearing and extremely merciful. He does not wish the death, but the conversion and spiritual regeneration of the sinner. But his very mercifulness requires at times the temporal and exemplary chastisement especially of sacrilegious and scandalous offenders, in order to bring back many an erring one to the path of duty and conscience.

We borrow from the Roman journal Aurora the following particulars concerning the fearful consequences of some irreligious proceedings at Casamicciola. The whole world knows by this time how, on the 4th of March, that place was utterly destroyed by a dire earthquake, and how almost half its inhabitants were either smothered or crushed by the ruins of their own dwellings. But what is not generally known is, that a few days before, on the occasion of the Carnival, a lot of fanatics had organized an insolent mimicking of a religious procession. It was in vain that the priest of the parish made his utmost exertions to prevent that sacrilege. Neither his entreaties nor his tears could move the obdurate hearts of those wretches. A large doll made of straw and nailed to a cross was dragged through the streets of the town, masked persons sang in mockery religious songs, and God and his servants were the objects of derision and ridicule. Evil example is contagious; youths in great numbers congregated to witness that scene; parents were too cowardly to interfere, and the devil's triumph was complete. Three days afterward the earth was torn asunder under the blighting curse of Heaven; dismay, despair, and death succeeded those abominable orgies; and when the storm of divine wrath was over, and when the Finger of God had left its mark on the ruined houses and crushed corpses of the sacrilegious criminals, an aged man was found among the ruins, unhurt and devoutly embracing a large crucifix. Verily, the Lord is both just and merciful!

A PLUCKY MONK.

THE superior of the monastery of St. Francis, at Loretto, Pa., on the summit of the Alleghany Mountains, says that two tramps, accompanied by a young lad of tender years, came to the monastery in quest of their dinner. The appearance of the boy aroused the suspicions of Brother Francis. He interrogated the tramps, and their shifting answers left no doubt that there was foul play of some sort. The brother announced his intention of having them arrested, whereupon they decamped, but were soon pursued by the doughty monk, divested of his habit and mounted on horseback. The tramps fled into the grounds of the Mercy Convent near by, but the boy, almost beside himself with fear, was easily captured. Brother Francis procured the aid of constables, and, coming up with the tramps, seized them and placed them in quod at Loretto. Unfortunately the term of office of one justice of the peace there had just expired, and his successor was not yet sworn in, and the lock-up being frail, it was decided to release the captives. The boy proved to be Charlie Greene, the son of a gentleman in Brooklyn, in which city he had been kidnapped while on his way home from school. His parents have been communicated with, and meanwhile the lad enjoys good cheer in his quarters with the monks.

THE MARCH OF THE FRENCH ARMY UPON TUNIS.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

That triumphant military promenade, the march of the French army upon Tunis, has had some most remarkable results. The action of France has fluttered public opinion at the Italian and at the English capital. The darling dream of the Italian people has long been to some day rule over the fair province of Tunis, rich as it is in a fine climate, a fertile soil, and deep harbors, on the edge of one of which once stood Carthage, the proud rival of Rome. Apart from such dreams it must be remembered that a great amount of Italian capital is invested in Tunis, and many Italians reside in that regency. It is natural then that sensible Italians should desire that Tunis should remain a free state, in which all foreigners would have a fair and equal chance. The sum of the matter is that the triumphant march of the French on Tunis, the humiliating treaty exacted from the Bey at the very gates of his capital, the reduction by that treaty of Tunis to a mere vassal dependency, — all these things have combined to produce a furious feeling of rage and humiliation in Italy. There can be no doubt that such a state of feeling is disastrous to France, as, in the great struggle which must some day settle whether Europe shall be ruled from Berlin or London, the aid or the abstention of Italy may decide the doubtful issue. We can well understand the benevolent neutrality with which Prince Bismarck has smiled on the French march on Tunis.

Quite as important as the situation at Rome is the situation in London. It is a truism of history to say that from the day that William landed at Pevensey to the day of that "first and last of fields, king-making Waterloo," there raged between France and England one long war, with a few intervals of doubtful peace. Both sides had their glorious victories; but the most astute historian could not tell us what England really gained by Crecy and Poitiers, by Ramillies and Blenheim, by Vittoria and Waterloo; or what the fruits to France have been of the victories of Dunois and Du Guesclin, of Fontenoy and Almanza, of Fleurus and Steinkirk.

Since Waterloo the relations of the two countries have entirely changed. During the reign of the last Bourbons the fierce old feud cooled down. In the time of Louis Phillipe the greater part of his reign was marked by the *entente cordiale*, the warm alliance between England and France. Under the Second Empire the Tricolor and the Cross of St. George fluttered side by side before the walls of the great Russian fortress.

Take up the English papers of yesterday morning, and we find from the London journals a chorus of abuse directed against France. The pious English nation, which never committed any act of force or fraud, which never trampled on a nationality, which never coveted its neighbors' goods, by its leading organs of opinion raises up its voice to denounce the government of Paris. The Daily News gloomily predicts that some day or the other France will reap the fruit of her conduct in Tunis, by having on her hands at the same time an African rising extending from the Atlantic to the Syrtis. The Daily Telegraph charges France with having disregarded candor and treaty rights. The Times rings the changes on the want of candor and straightforwardness alleged to have been shown by France, and the Standard declares that Europe has been scandalized by an act of high-handed and flagrant deception. The anger of England and the anger of Italy arise from the same cause. Both see in the Tunis adventure evidence of a French determination to seize upon all the lands south of the

Mediterranean, and to thus convert that great inland sea into a French lake

But England has a more tangible ground for fear than Italy. A month ago Tunis was an independent state. To-day she is, in truth and fact, a French province. English statesmen know well the meaning of such a treaty as that signed between France and Tunis. British India is studded with states enjoying nominal independence. In these states the native prince is in name the sovereign. In fact he is only supreme within his own palace; he is only lord over his own zenana; no one really obeys him save the obese beauties his wives, and their dusky attendants. The real ruler of the state is some Scotch civil servant, some gray old colonel, who bears the modest title of Resident, but who rules millions of men with an absolute sway. For the future the Bey of Tunis will be supreme in the Palace of the Baido, but outside it the French Resident will be the real master. To him all classes will bow; round him will centre all the intrigues of an Oriental state; he will be the fountain of honor; his word will make or mar the fortunes of suitors, his behests will rule the state.

Tunis, then, is a French province, and it is only necessary to look at the map of Africa to see how narrow is the territory which intervenes between Tunis and Egypt; and through Egypt runs the canal of Suez, and the Canal of Suez is the key to India. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* The English imagination is disturbed by the vision of a mighty French province extending from the Pillars of Hercules to the Arabian Desert, with the Tricolor confronting England within sight of Gibraltar, and the hand of France on the road to Hindostan. One thing at least is certain, — France is herself again. She has, with a rapidity unparalleled in modern history, recovered from disasters equally unparalleled. Ten years of industry and abnegation have brought her back to her own condition as foremost among the great powers of Europe. Blessed as she is with a soil the most fertile, a sun the brightest, a people the happiest in all the world, one would imagine that for the future France may well devote herself to the arts of peace; but nations cannot escape from their own past, and, Kingdom and Empire or Republic, — under the Lilies, the Bees, or the Tricolor, — Glory and Adventure will be the gods of France.

THE PEOPLES ARE COMING. — The chief of the Bureau of Statistics furnishes the following information in regard to immigration into the United States: There arrived in the ports of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Eastport, New Bedford, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Port Huron, and San Francisco, during the month ended Feb. 28, 1881, 17,166 passengers, of whom 15,075 were immigrants, 1,482 citizens of the United States returned from abroad, and 609 aliens not intending to remain in the United States. Of this total number of immigrants there arrived from England and Wales, 1,984; Scotland, 492; Ireland, 896; Germany, 5,292; Austria, 334; Sweden, 169; Norway, 39; Denmark, 99; France, 214; Switzerland, 422; Netherlands, 1; Italy, 971; Russia, 94; Poland, 98; Hungary, 855; Dominion of Canada, 2,379; China, 304; Australia, 105; and from all other countries, 326. The number of immigrants arrived at the above-named ports during the eight months ended Feb. 28, 1881, was as follows: From Germany, 82,699; Dominion of Canada, 77,218; England and Wales, 36.276; Ireland, 30,-161; Scotland, 8,078; China, 3,517; all other countries, 67,073.

IT should be a fixed rule that floors particularly those of sleeping-rooms, are to be scrubbed only on dry days, and where the health of the inmates is delicate the drying should be quickened by lighting a fire in the room.

IRISH CATHOLIC COLONIZATION.

THE annual convention of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association of the United States held its sessions at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on May 11 and 12; its deliberations were presided over by the Rt. Rev. President, Bishop John L. Spalding, of Peoria, Ill. There were present Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo; the Rev. J. B. Bodfish, of Boston; Rev. J. McGoldrick, of Minneapolis; Rev. D. J. Riordan, of Chicago; Rev. J. M. Smyth, of Nebraska; Gen. John Lawlor, of Wisconsin; P. J. Towle, W. J. Quan, and W. J. Onahan, of Chicago. Letters and telegrams expressing sympathy and interest in the work were read from Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, and Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, of Boston.

The secretary made a full exhibit of the affairs of the association. In his report Mr. Onahan also called attention to the aims and purposes of the association, which were to aid and encourage Irish emigrants to come to the United States and locate on the fertile lands of the West. Its purpose was avowed in its character. There was more than money at stake in this association, and greater results were looked for and expected for it. The association, whose success had been doubtful, had now reached a position where it commanded the attention of the whole country. The work of the association commended itself to every well-wisher of the race it was especially founded to serve.

The financial exhibit showed that $80,000 had been paid and much more subscribed. The money paid into the association had been invested in two colonies, the lands of which had been fully paid for and the title vested in the association. The cost of the land, the houses, and other improvements in the Adrian Colony in Minnesota aggregated $40,466.94, and the amount due the association from the colonists was $54,472.30. In the Greeley Colony, Nebraska, there had been an outlay for land and improvements of the sum of $43,244.43. About three fourths of the land in this colony had been sold, and a sufficient sum realized to make good more than the organization's indebtedness, leaving a considerable residue of land as assets for the association. Reports received by the secretary from the colonies in Minnesota and Nebraska showed that they had done well, notwithstanding the severe winter and the great floods this spring.

Bishop Ireland presented reports from the Adrian Colony, and Father Smith reported from the Nebraska Colony. The condition of both was shown to be most satisfactory and encouraging. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were referred to a special committee for approval. The president reported upon the result of a visit to Arkansas, looking to the introduction of colonies into that State. A divident of six per cent on capital stock was declared, payable in sixty days.

An election was held for six directors, to take the place of those whose terms expired. The persons elected were the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, the Rt. Rev. Bishops Ireland, Spalding, and Ryan, the Rev. D. J. Riordan, and James A. Dormer, of Detroit.

The new board organized by the election of the following officers: President, Bishop Spalding; vice-president, Anthony Kelly; treasurer, W. J. Quan; secretary, W. J. Onahan.

The latter gentleman, in a pamphlet edition of the report, says: —

"The importance of putting before the public the necessary information for the guidance of the emigrant and colonist cannot be overestimated. The emigrant from Ireland especially stands in need of

this light and aid to direct him aright in determining where and under what conditions he shall select his future home. This association was not founded for the purpose of encouraging emigration from Ireland. It was rather to improve the condition and prospects of the Irish people already settled in the principal cities and manufacturing towns of the United States, and to move, or make it possible to move, a moiety of them to the land in Catholic colonies and neighborhoods. But the great flood of emigration from Ireland cannot be ignored, and it would be criminal to neglect it. However much we may deplore the existence of the causes that have occasioned this new *exodus*, the fact remains and confronts us. While so much patriotic zeal and oratory and money is employed and expended in the cause of multiplied Irish national and benevolent organizations, it does seem as if the attention and efforts of the friends of the race might be rationally directed toward aiding and befriending the Irish emigrant on his arrival in America. Surely the Irish peasant farmer, when he lands in America, perhaps friendless and helpless, is no less an object of our sympathy, and appeals no less strongly to our friendly aid, than his struggling countrymen at home. This recalls the suggestion I made at the outset, and again a year ago, in my first annual report, as to the importance of establishing "Immigrant Aid Societies" in the chief cities. Individual effort may do much, is doing a great deal undoubtedly in New York, Boston, and elsewhere; but organization and effective co-operation are indispensable in a work of this magnitude."

VIOLENT DEATHS OF RULERS.

THE violent deaths of rulers during the last thirty years form a startling list. They begin with the Duke of Parma, Ferdinand Charles III., who was mortally stabbed by an unknown man in March, 1854, dying a day later. In April, 1865, President Lincoln was murdered by John W. Booth. In June, 1868, Prince Michael of Servia was assassinated. In 1870, Gen. Prim, who occupied so controlling an influence in Spain that he may well be included in the list, was killed in Madrid. In 1782, the Governor-General of India, Lord Mayo, was assassinated. In 1871, Gen. Melgarijo, Dictator of Bolivia, and in 1872, President Balta of Peru, were murdered; while the same fate, in August, 1875, befell President Moreno of Ecuador, at Quito. Shortly after, in 1877, President Gill of Paraguay perished. Prince Krapotkine, governor of Kharkoff, was assassinated in 1879, and now the Czar of Russia is added to the catalogue. Many more names, including those of rulers of England, France, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Germany, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Japan, would have to be added, were the unsuccessful attempts at assassination in the last thirty years to be also enumerated.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

WHEN our parents die, it is as if the roof over our heads were suddenly uncovered for the winds of heaven to blow down on us; as if the strong arm on which we have leaned were snapped asunder, and we were roughly told to walk alone. Then (if our parents have loved us as some parents can love) the mind that most thoroughly understood us, the heart that was most entirely wrapped up in us, the lips that most entirely spoke of us, the soul that so often prayed for us, the face that we first learned to recognize, the voice we first learned to obey, the hand we first learned to grasp, the knee we first learned to climb, the cheek we first learned to kiss, are gone, and will never come back. We may be in our prime, and for years past may have been bearing the burden of our lives; yet the thought that our father and mother are really gone, and that we no longer can consult them in our difficulties, nor confide to them our secrets, nor share with them our joys, nor lavish on them our love, makes the heart sad with a deep and abiding sadness, unless it has grown old in a premature decay. — *Sunday Magazine.*

A YOUNG man sent a shilling to a firm that advertised a recipe to prevent dreams. He received a slip of paper on which was written, "Don't go to sleep"!

THE GREAT ARCHBISHOP ON THE SITUATION.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE delivered the following address at Thurles: —

"I appeal to that great statesman [Gladstone] solemnly as an Irish patriot, as an Irish bishop, in the name of Tipperary and in the name of Ireland, to let his fiat go out that there are to be no more evictions during this present time. (Great cheering.) It is a curious fact that the word 'eviction,' in the sense in which it is used here, is scarcely known in any other country in the world. There is no such word and no such thing elsewhere. It is a word of evil omen. It is a word that imports the depopulation of our country, that imports the degradation of our people, that imports the flying of them beyond the waters to foreign lands in quest of the means of livelihood, carrying with them the spirit of vengeance against what is certainly the greatest empire in the world, but which is no less certainly the empire which has treated Ireland worse than ever empire treated dependency. (Loud cheers.) Therefore I would say to that great statesman: 'If you value the friendship of Ireland, if you value the good name of England, if you value the lives of our people, if you do not wish to perpetuate the national feud and the sanguinary traditions that have ruled in this country for ages, blot out from the statute book the name of eviction, and let no man henceforth be turned out of his land unless it is quite clear that the money which should have met his engagements was wastefully and foolishly dissipated. (Loud cheers.) It was only the other day that the venerable parish priest of Moycarrey told me that when he became the priest of that parish it contained 1,200 families. There are at present only four hundred. Let me ask Mr. Gladstone what has become of the eight hundred families, once so happy in their humble homes, who have disappeared from the parish. Many of them have gone into the grave, many into the workhouse, and many to the great republic of the West, bearing with them undying hatred to the country that banished them from their native land. (Great cheering.) At the same time, if evictions are to go on, I would advise you how to act. Do not bring yourselves into collision with the authorities. They are too strong for you. If not even for conscience' sake, for our own preservation, for the sake of expediency, if not of principle, we must act on the defensive. We must offer passive resistance to those opposed to us, and in that way they will get tired of the contest, because a whole united people have never yet been defeated."

His Grace concluded with the following remarkable declaration: —

"I have to say that this movement is not a revolutionary movement, in the strict sense of the word. It is a constitutional movement; it is a lawful movement. It is a movement which we intend to push forward by moral force alone. (Cheers.) We do not intend to violate any law; we intend to exhaust all constitutional remedies. We are perfectly certain that the elasticity of the constitution will allow us the means of working energetically to the last, and finally achieving the result we aim at. We wish to produce the effect upon England, not by physical force or by any manifestations of physical force, but by moral means. We want to make our grievances known before the entire world, to tell France, Spain, Italy, and the United States, and the great colonies that acknowledge the sway of Great Britain, that as in this country we have been kept down by bayonets to the present time, and as by bayonets we are kept down at present, please God we are now fully determined, bayonets or no bayonets (great cheering), to proclaim at all events our wants, and to proclaim that we will not be satisfied until we get our rights, and that we will enlist on our behalf, not the swords nor the guns nor the cannon of France or of Spain or of Italy or of the United States, but the intelligent opinion of all the intelligent nations of the world. Therefore, this is not a revolutionary movement, nor is it an irreligious movement, because it is conducted by the most religious people in the world, and backed up by the best, the most holy, the most self-sacrificing, the most faithful, and the most uncompromising priesthood in the world. (Great cheering.) It is not an unjust movement, calculated or designed to do injury to anybody. We repudiate that charge. We say that we do not intend to do injury to any mortal man. We recognize the rights of the owner of the soil, and we recognize our own rights at the same time; and while we give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, we will assert for ourselves the things that are ours. (Loud cheers.) What we want is a chance for our lives in our own country, and we will forget the past; we will forget the numberless tyrannies of England; we will forget all the tears we have been obliged to shed; we will forget the massacres that have been committed, the extermination of our race, and the downfall, so far as it was possible for them to accomplish it, of our dear country, and we will begin a new score with the dominant country. We will let them see that we are not only able to flourish abroad, but that in our own land we cannot be suppressed. (Cheers.) I hear of disagreement among the leaders of the people, but these things are exaggerated. Our phalanx is unbroken, our spirit is unsubdued, and the result is, therefore, clear as day. We must succeed."

CATHOLIC HERALD. — The "New England" has been dropped from our Lawrence contemporary, and its name is now CATHOLIC HERALD. The Herald has been considerably enlarged and improved, and is now one of the largest Catholic papers in the country. A Boston office has been opened at 630 Washington St. We wish the Catholic Herald continued success.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

JUNO AND HER FRIEND KIT.

Some people said Juno was too small for a watch-dog and too large for a pet. But we found she could be both of these, and she lived with us a true friend for many years; and of all the dogs I ever knew, Juno had the most sense. We brought her up from the time she was three months old, and she soon learned not only what we meant by our words, but to know by the tone of our voices and the look in our eyes if we were pleased with her. We used to say Juno was a lady-like dog, for she had such nice tidy ways, and was very gentle in her manners. When she had been out of doors, Juno was not like some little boys and girls who forget to rub their shoes, for she would not come off the mat in the hall, if her feet were dirty, until she had tried to get the mud off. If Juno could not do this, she would stand still and whine till we came and gave her feet a rub for her. Juno would not take ever such a tidbit from our left hand, and would not eat anything from a plate in the dining-room unless we spread a paper on the floor and said, "There, Juno, is your cloth."

Juno had a rug of her own laid every night at my door, and if this were not given to her, she would not lie upon the door-mat. No doubt she knew that if she made her bed on a sheep-skin it would soon be unfit to be seen. When the maid came to call me in the morning, Juno used to walk to the side of the bed, put up her paw to shake hands, then go and wait patiently outside my door till I was ready to go down-stairs. Once I was so ill and weak I could not put my hand out of bed to shake Juno's paw, so the nurse had to lift her up, for she would not leave my room until I had done so. Then she lay all day on the mat at my door, and did not ask to be let in till bedtime, when she was again lifted up to say "good night." When I was able once more to go down-stairs, Juno seemed to know I could not bear any noise or play, and she crept about the room and looked at every one as they came in, as if to tell them I must not be disturbed.

Now I will tell you a story which will show you how anxious Juno was to serve me. One day we were out walking, when a sharp shower of rain came on, and Mrs. Bense, a kind farmer's wife, lent us an umbrella. A week went by before we could walk so far as Mrs. Bense's house; then Juno and I set out to return the umbrella. It was an ugly, large, though useful old umbrella; and when Juno sat up on her hind legs and asked with her eyes if she should carry it for me, I said, "No, thank you, for it is too heavy for you" Mrs. Bense had a great deal to tell us about the umbrella. It had been her father's, she said, and not the best silk one to be bought in all London would be so good to her as this was. When she had told us all this, Mrs. Bense put the umbrella in a corner of the room, and having once more thanked her for the loan of it, Juno and I said "Good by."

As we went along, I thought Juno did not seem happy. She looked often at my hands, and jumped up as if to put me in mind of something. When we got home it was Juno's dinner-time, but she would not eat anything, seemed ill at ease, watched the door, and the first time it was opened out she ran. In an hour's time she came back with Mrs. Bense's big umbrella in her mouth. The good dog no doubt thought I had left it at the farm by mistake, and so lost no time in fetching it for me. Mrs. Bense told me the next day that when she saw Juno running down the road with the umbrella, she cried, "Stop thief," but that the dog ran all the faster. Juno, I am sure, must have felt much hurt to have been called a thief when she thought

she was doing her duty by her mistress.

Juno, I am sorry to say, had one great fault. She was jealous of any other dog, or of a cat, of which we took any notice.

Once my maid had put the dressing-glass on the floor of my room, and Juno was so silly as to bark at her own shadow in it for half an hour. She thought, no doubt, we had brought home another dog, and she grew so angry that she could not see she was wasting strength on her own shadow.

The cook had a cat, whose name was Kit, and Juno seemed to live in great dread lest she should come into my rooms.

One day Kit came up stairs with cook to take orders, and crept slyly under the sofa, so that cook left the room without seeing her. Soon after, Juno and Kit were left alone there together, and the dog then took on herself to give the cat a piece of her mind. She first told her to come out from under the sofa, and then drove her round and round the table till she was ready to drop. At last Juno grew tired of teasing Kit, and then made her jump on to the top of the book-case. There we found her, standing with her tail spread out like a great brush, and Juno mounting guard, with a low growl, as much as to say, "You had better keep your own place in future, ma'am; you see what will happen if you come into mine."

Juno, we knew, used to have dreams, for when fast asleep on her mat she would make an odd noise, as if she were in some sort of trouble. As soon as she awoke she would come up to me, and sniff to see if I had any other dog or a cat in my lap. Then she would go and smell in every corner of the room, and at last, when her nose could find nothing out, would look up to the ceiling as though she had dreamed some rival had gone away through it. So you see that even when asleep, Juno was jealous, and dreamed that her mistress had given her love to some other dog.

Now I have one more story to tell you of Juno and Kit, to show you how they grew to be friends when both were in trouble.

Cook and I were obliged to leave home at the same time for a short stay at the seaside, and we were sorry we could not take Juno and Kit with us. I bade Juno good by, and told her to be good, and mind the house till my return; and when the poor dog found I was going to leave her behind, she lay down on her mat and could not stir for grief. Kit was also very sad, and when we had gone, went to the basket under the table, and did not leave it until Juno marched into the kitchen and asked her to come and lie on her mat. All the rest of the day the dog and cat kept together, and were great friends, and Juno invited Kit to sleep on the mat beside her.

The next morning Juno went all over the house to make sure I was not hid away anywhere, and then she and Kit put their heads together and agreed to start in search of their friends.

My sister lived about five miles from my home, and Juno had often taken a drive over there, and knew her way very well. Now, she told Kit that it was very likely their friends had gone to Southlands, and that they had better go and fetch them back. You can think how surprised my sister was to see Juno and Kit at her door, both of them looking tired and dusty.

"Why, Juno, old dog, what brings you here?" said she.

For answer, Juno put her nose in my sister's hand, and her great eyes looked up, as if asking, "Where is my dear mistress?"

"You had better go over the house, Juno, and see if you can find her," said my sister, "for I think that must be what you have come for."

Kit kept close to her friend; but as soon as Juno had put her nose to the drawing-room mat, she seemed sure I was not in that house, and giving my sister a look of thanks, she rubbed against Kit, and they both ran off together.

It was late at night when Juno and Kit got home, and they were very tired and in want of food, for they would not stay to take anything at Southlands.

After this the dog and cat gave up trying to find us, and kept together, like friends in trouble, till the day both cook and myself returned. As soon as we had all said, "How do you do?" to each other, Kit ran into the kitchen, and never thought of coming up to see Juno, or sleep on her mat again. Juno after this was kind to Kit, and never drove her out of the room if she came in with cook to see me.

Once Kit had a dear little kitten, and Juno took a fancy to it. It was such fun to see Juno with the pretty little thing in her mouth, and Kit walking after her with as much pride as a mother whose baby is in her nurse's arms. Then Juno would lay the kitten on her own mat, lick her, and leave her to her mother; but if I took Kitty up, she was cross and shook herself, as much as to say, "Kitty is my pet: do leave her to me." We never knew what was the cause, but Kitty fell ill and died, and we could not tell whether her mother or Juno was the most sorry for her loss. The night after she died, Juno had Kit to sleep on her mat at my door, and she made much of her, as though trying to comfort her for the loss of her little one.

For many years Juno lived to be our faithful friend and companion, and you will be glad to know her end was without pain. One night, she, being very old, lay down on her mat as usual, and the next morning they told me Juno lay quite still, as if asleep. Then I knew she would never again come in to shake hands with me, and how could I help crying?

MAN OF THE HOUSE.

QUICKLY the boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant complacently, — he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner, — "what will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please, sir, may n't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the blue eyes that did it, for he was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy was not seven yet, and small of his age at that. There were a few wisps of hair on the edge of the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done tweaking them, he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hands travelled down to his vest-pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why, you can't look over the counter."

"Oh, yes, and I'm growing please, growing very fast — there! see if I can't look over the counter."

"Yes, by standing on your toes. Are they coppered?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your shoes. Your mother could n't keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took the pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him; he could not see the little toes. Then he went all the way round.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said very gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the neat rejoinder. "Folks say I'm very small of my age."

"And what might your age be, sir?" responded the man.

"I'm almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see my mother has n't anybody but me; and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket-book, and she thinks the boy that took the ashes stole it, — and — I — have n't had — any — any breakfast, sir."

The voice again hesitated; and the tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest-pocket. "There, will that quarter do?"

The boy shook his head. "Mother would n't let me beg, sir," was the simple reply.

"Humph! Where 's your father?"

"He was lost, sir, in the steamer 'City of Boston.'"

"That 's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. — Saunders," he asked, "is Cash No. 4 sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Well, here is a boy that can take his place. What did he get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. — Come back on Monday, and I will tell you what to do. Here is a dollar in advance."

If ever a boy ran, Tommy did. He ran straight home, and told his mother of his good luck. "I've got it, mother! I 'm taken! I 'm a cash-boy! Four dollars a week, and here is a dollar for breakfast; and don't you never cry again, for I 'm the man of the house now."

At first the mother looked confounded, then she caught the boy in her arms, and kissed him, with tears of happiness, and thanked God with an overflowing heart.

LUCY'S LESSON.

"Lucy, will you play and sing me a little song to night before you go to bed?" asked a little child about four years old, of his sister.

"No, I won't," was the answer, "it is bedtime now, and besides, I 'm sleepy."

"Oh, Lucy, please do: just this one little song. Sing 'Dear Angel ever at my Side.'"

"No, I won't, I tell you; go to mamma."

"Come here, Franky," said his mother, "I will play it for you"; and taking the child in her arms, she seated herself at the piano, and sung in sweet pure strains, "Dear Angel ever at my Side."

When she had finished she glanced down at the child in her lap, thinking that he had fallen asleep, he lay so still.

But he was not asleep. The sweet blue eyes were wide open, looking up at her. At length he said, "Thank you, mamma, that was so sweet," and putting his arms around her neck, he kissed her thin, pale cheek, — pale from care and anxiety about her child, for he had been sick and even at the point of death for many weeks.

"Mamma, I am sorry that I was so much trouble to you while I was sick; did I do wrong in asking Lucy to sing for me when she was so sleepy?"

"No, my dear, you did no harm at all."

"Will she kiss me now if I ask her?"

"Go and see, my dear: she will if she 's not asleep."

He went to her bedroom, and then winding his arms round her neck, he said, "Lucy, will you kiss me just this one time? and then I will go to bed, and won't bother you any more."

She kissed him, saying sleepily, "There, go to bed now, and don't bother me any more," and in a few moments more she was fast asleep, without giving another thought to the little child that had plead so hard for a kiss.

Yes, he did go to bed, nevermore to bother any one but the blessed angels, who were then coming to take him to his home on high.

The next morning no little soft hand awoke Lucy, and going to her mother's room, she said: —

"Where is Franky?"

"I will show you, my dear," and taking her by the hand she led her to the parlor, where, on the very sofa on which she had lain when she had spoken so harshly to her little brother on

the night before, rested a little shrouded form. It was Franky.

There was a long time during which neither spoke, but at last Lucy said in a hoarse whisper: —

"Mamma, is that Franky?"

"Yes, my dear, it is Franky. He was taken very suddenly in the night with the croup, and his weakened constitution would not suffer him to bear up under it, and before the doctor could get here he choked to death."

"Then, mamma, why did n't you come and tell me; oh! why did n't you?" said Lucy, bursting into tears.

"Because he died so happy and so peaceful that I thought it a sin to disturb him; and I thought if you could be so cross to him after he had been sick so long, you would not care to see him."

"But I wanted to ask him to forgive me."

"He did forgive you, and the last words he said were that he hoped you would forgive him for being so bothersome last night, but he will never bother you any more."

They buried him on a sunny slope in sight of the house, and every day Lucy carried fresh flowers and put them on his grave, and we trust that it taught her a lesson; for before long God blessed her with another little brother, and no matter how sleepy she was, or what he wished her to do, she always did it.

GOOD FRIENDS AND BAD.

Do not go into the occasions of sin. You know the difference between occasions and temptations. Temptations are when evil is presented to you and suggested to you by the tempter, and you are directly solicited and attracted to it. But an occasion may be the most innocent and lawful thing in the world, which in itself is perfectly sinless, and can only become an occasion of sin through your fault. For instance, friendship is an innocent, a holy, and a blessed thing; and a good friend is an unspeakable blessing of God. But a bad friend is a worse evil than a bad book, and a bad book is a pestilence from the bottomless pit. A bad book will suggest all manner of evil; but a bad friend is worse than a bad book, because there is a power and an influence, and an attraction and an assimilation going on continually between those that are friends. They grow like one another; and if you think that because you are good you can change a bad man or woman, give your goodness to them without receiving their badness, you will only deceive yourself: for be sure of this, that in this world, and in the state in which we are, where goodness is communicated by a good friend once, badness is communicated by a bad friend ten times. Choose your friends, then, among the friends of God. Do not choose as your friends in this world those who shall stand at the left hand of the Judge on the day of his coming. Choose as friends and companions those whose conversation and minds and example and life will change you more and more into the likeness of our Divine Lord, who is the pattern of us all. — *Cardinal Manning.*

WHAT IRELAND'S APOSTLE DID. — St. Patrick's labors in Ireland extended over a period of sixty years, and in that time he founded over seven hundred churches, consecrated over three hundred bishops, ordained three thousand priests, beside the millions whom he brought into the fold of the true faith. It was when this great work was accomplished that St. Patrick ascended Mount Cruachan, that he might contemplate, bless, and crown his labors by obtaining from the Almighty special privileges for his spiritual children.

INNOCENCE is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again though watered with tears.

A GOOD deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Useful Knowledge.

REMOVING FAT. — Fat floating on the top of soup or broth is sometimes repulsive to invalids. It can be entirely removed with white paper by placing this on top. Every globule of fat will stick to it.

BREAD OMELET. — One teacup of bread crumbs, one of sweet milk; let the milk come to the boiling point, pour it over the crumbs, let it stand a few minutes; then take six eggs, break in a dish, stir till well mixed (not heat), pour the eggs into the milk and crumbs, mix well, season to taste with salt and pepper; now pour the mixture into a hot skillet in which a large tablespoon of butter has been melted, let it fry slowly, cut in squares and turn, fry to a delicate brown; serve at once.

FURNITURE. — Furniture needs cleaning as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soapsuds, quickly wiped dry and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish it, rub it with rottenstone and sweet oil. Clean off the oil and polish with chamois-skin. For ordinary woodwork, use whiting to rub the dirt off, and ammonia. Mortar and paint may be removed from window-glass with hot, sharp vinegar Grained wood should be washed with cold tea.

CHICKEN POT PIE. – Take two chickens, cut each in eight pieces, put them in cold water to soak for an hour; take one pound of salt pork, put it in a saucepan, let it get brown, then take out the pieces of pork; cut up two onions very fine, put them along with the melted pork, cover it up well and let it steam for ten minutes. Then take the chickens out of the water, let them dry and put with the onions, season to taste, cover up the saucepan, let it steam for half an hour, add one pint of water; a quarter of an hour after, put in two dozen potatoes. Prepare some dough the same way as for biscuits, only without eggs, then put the dough on top of chickens and potatoes and let it boil for half an hour, then serve on a very hot dish.

MEDICAL USES OF EGGS. — For burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and being always at hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton" which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly with or without sugar, and swallowed, it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on those organs, to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two, or at most three eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

DO NOT FACE THE LIGHT WHEN AT WORK. — Statistics kept by oculists employed in infirmaries for eye diseases have shown that the habit of some persons of facing a window from which the light falls directly in the eye as well as on the work injures their eyes in the end. The best way is to work with a side light; or, if the work needs a strong illumination, so that it is necessary to have the working table before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a top light alone, which does not shine in the eyes while the head is slightly bent over and downward toward the work.

In the schools in Germany this matter has already been attended to, and the rule adopted is to have all the seats and tables so arranged that the pupil never faces the windows, but only has the side light from the left; and as a light simultaneously thrown from two sides gives an interference of shadows, it has been strictly forbidden to build school-rooms with windows on both sides. such illumination having proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils. We may add to this advice, not to place the lamp in front of you when at work in the evening, but a little on one side, and never to neglect the use of a shade, so as to prevent the strong light shining in the eyes. This is especially to be considered at the present time, with kerosene lamps with intensely luminous flames becoming more and more common. — *Medical Journal.*

The Humorist.

An exchange publishes the successful paper for a prize essay on woman. It is this: "After man came woman, and she has been after him ever since."

"Is your wife's name Margaret?" asked the hired man. "No," said the farmer; "Margy 's short for oleomargarine, and I call her that 'cause I don't love any but her!"

A young man licked over two hundred postage stamps, and then went to bed with his tongue so swelled that he could not speak for a week. He wants the licker law amended.

"The mainspring of Italian music in the eighteenth century," says a recent writer, "was the exclusive and passionate worship of the human voice." But Italian music has experienced a change. Its mainspring is now in a box, and is worked with a handle.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Pepper to her pastor, "do you think that a little temper is wrong in a woman?" "Certainly not," replied the gallant clergyman; "on the contrary, it is a good thing, and she should be careful never to lose it."

The young milkman and his betrothed stood before the registrar of marriages. "You take this milk — ahem! — this man for butter or for worse?" the official inquired. The girl said it never a-curd to her before, but she supposed she would if that was the only whey!

A teacher, in her little holiday vacation speech to her pupils, trusted that they would come back resolving that their behavior should be unexceptionable, and that they would give up all bad habits; when a little girl in the back of the room jumped up and said, "The same to you, ma'am."

"Wounded in the war, were you? Badly?"—"The bullet hit me in the chist, here, surr, an' came out at me back."—"Come, come, Pat, that won't do! Why, it would have gone right through your heart. man!"—"Och, faix, me heart was i my mouth at the toime, surr!"

Gilhooly hired a pony the other day to take a little exercise on. He got all the exercise he wanted, and as he limped to the edge of the sidewalk to rest himself after taking so much exercise, a kind friend asked him, "What did you come down so quick for?"—"What did I come down so quick for? Did you see anything up in the air for me to hold on to?"

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked a school-teacher of a boy. "Their scarcity," he replied, and was immediately rewarded with a chromo.

A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman, becoming weary of the grumbling of his son-in-law, exclaimed, "You are right; she is an impetuous jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

The head of the house brought home a thermometer one very cold night, and hung it in his bedchamber. Before morning the fire went out, and the temperature in the room fell a great many degrees. His wife got up first in the morning, consulting the thermometer, and in a tone of surprise, exclaimed, "Why, Henry, it has run down! You must have forgotten to wind it up last night."

"I've brought this thermometer back," said a down-town man, as he threw the instrument on the counter of a hardware store. "There is n't a member of my family that can tell the time of day by it, and I guess the thing 's run down. It hain't ticked a solitary once since I 've had it. Don't you have keys for 'em?" And because a young woman who was buying a pair of scissors snickered, he turned red in the face and left the store, muttering something about "new-fangled ideas being nuisances."

Sometimes a man will tell more truth by making a downright blunder than in any other way. A certain Sunday school ordered banners made for its different classes, for each of which the scholars chose a fitting motto. One class of boys, who were just at that age when neither heaven nor earth can hold them in, benignly concluded to call themselves "Little Reapers." The sign-painter was an illiterate man, who had evidently never had the benefit of a Sunday-school training in his youth, and when he painted the words, the spirit of truthfulness must have taken sudden and complete possession of him, and the banner issued from him inscribed "Little Rippers." The superintendent looked at it sorrowfully, and then at the boys above whose heads it was to be waved, and said, "Well, it 's about as near the truth as we can get, after all."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE venerable trick of representing Ireland as seething with lawlessness and rapine is again in process of vigorous working for the benefit of "gullible Yankees," as the American people are politely designated by John Bull. England is ably seconded in keeping up this delusion by the Irish World, which is in reality her best ally. Nothing would be more opportune for the full enforcement of coercion than the exasperation of the Irish people, and every element that can bring this about is fostered and promoted. But Parnell has his grip upon the law, and he will never let it go. This great constitutional battle is watched eagerly by the whole world, for on it depends the perpetuity of anything like human liberty in the next century in Europe. We should not let ourselves be disturbed by the ridiculous stories about riots here and there in Ireland, the arrest of such a one, or the declamation of Lord this or that at a public dinner. The question and its issues are deeper than any merely personal matter. Every arrest made of a Land Leaguer is a confession of government weakness. The patriot in his cell often renders his country greater service than upon the battle-field. The system, not the individual, is the focus to which our efforts should tend. Ireland has plenty of noble sons to take the temporary place of the brave men that may be coerced. It is one of the afflictions that our cause must bear with, to see our people, in many of whom emotion overrules their natural intelligence, follow the lead of men of violent and uninstructed minds, who counsel the most absurd measures, without having the slightest idea of their impossibility. It is a striking commentary on the blinding force of popular excitement that it has taken a generation to see the wisdom of O'Connell's methods. Ireland has lost a generation through her own fervid but indiscreet zeal, and has the bitter reflection that many noble lives and minds were sacrificed, which might have won for her the liberty and felicity for which they vainly died.

The new Ireland must wield the weapons of law, argument, the ballot, the press, education, and the supreme force in all history, religion. Her victory must be the victory of peace. Nor must we depend, and in fact we are not dependent, upon one man as our leader. This was one of the grievous needs in O'Connell's time, for he had to assume alone the tribuneship of his people. We must so diffuse among the nations the few great principles which we advocate, that if one leader falls another will be ready to leap into his place, — not to change the line of march, or to issue new and contradictory orders, but simply to continue the self-same work.

As for the lying press bulletins, the American people are shrewd enough to make due allowances for the "reliable correspondent." A nation of newspaper readers need not be told how easily the press is manipulated. England dreads the moral support which this country is giving to the Irish land movement, and she knows that the only way to counteract this sympathy is by representing Ireland as hopelessly unimprovable, the Leaguers as communists, the landlords as persecuted saints, and the opposition to certain objectionable clauses of the Land Bill as an insensate hatred of the whole scheme,

for prospectively stopping the golden stream which is pouring into the pockets of the deceptive Leaguers. All this bosh is regularly telegraphed, and if a few boys crack their heads at a country dance, we have symptoms of a fearful riot. The hungry hordes of soldiers and policemen in Ireland must do something for their "grub," stolen from the poor people, and in consequence we have any number of intimidations.

It was a cunning stroke of English policy to represent the Irish World as the exponent of the Leaguers' feelings and purposes; but the trick was too thin, as Americans only laugh at the idea of identifying the movement with the unutterably ridiculous and demented notions of that curious sheet. The bringing of the Irish World into notoriety injured the cause somewhat; but as we have intimated, it is impossible to control all the elements in a period of transition.

THE Fourth of July of the present year chronicles the last Fourth of the Revolutionary War, and inaugurates the closing commemorations of that immortal struggle for human liberty. Boston decides to celebrate it in a fitting manner, and whatever good-natured fun the rest of the country pokes at the vanity of the Hub, it is all forgotten on the Fourth, in the overwhelming memories which that day suggests. Chateaubriand thought that up to this epoch of the world's life there have been only three events of stupendous import, — the founding of Rome, the coming of Christ, and the establishment of the American Republic; for all history groups itself or will group itself about these three events. It will be only in succeeding centuries that the significance of Independence Day will be completely understood. We now living do not fully know our own country, and those that won liberty for us were not conscious of the nobleness of their gift. "They builded better than they knew." What is a century in the life of a nation? What did Romulus know of the mighty empire which should rule from the Seven Hills, or the mightier spiritual empire of Christ, that was to make his Rome the prophetic "city seated upon a hill"? When our list of Presidents is as long as the list of the Popes (and that it may be as long we fervently pray), the nation may be only in its zenith.

It is of the deepest importance that American children should be trained to love their native land, next after their God who gave it to them. This hemisphere has a blessed destiny. It was revealed to mankind at the most opportune moment in time, when Europe had already begun that decline which it seems impossible now to stop. The knell of European decay sounded when the Protestant Reformation placed the souls of men in the hands of tyrants. America has saved itself from the narrowing spirit of Protestantism only by sternly insisting upon the absolute right of the private conscience to worship God: a doctrine which is Catholic to the backbone, — for which the Church fought every tyrant from the Roman Emperors to Bismarck. No state religion for her. The Christ-bearing Dove, which is the meaning of Christopher Columbus's name, went forth from the Ark of the old church, over the Atlantic waste of waters, and found here a resting-place. The virgin land was placed under the protection of the Immaculate One. Human liberty, the greatest right and blessing in the natural order, came in due time, and it is intrusted to our keeping, to be transmitted by us to our successors as a talent for which the God of nations will hold us to strict account; for no heritage is viler or more accursed in the sight of God and man than the heritage of slavery, from which his Son has liberated the human family.

The carelessness of many Irishmen to secure the evidence of their naturalization is seen in the case of Michael Boyton, whom Secretary Blaine was unable to assist in his application for protection as an American citizen, in the strait in which he now finds himself. This carelessness is guarded against, as well as circumstances will permit, by the public records. So far as Secretary Blaine examined, he could find no trace or proof of Boyton's

status, and he was consequently unable to act. The shameless violations of international law which England has been in the habit of committing have been made possible by the indifference of Irishmen, who foolishly leave themselves without the slightest proof that they are in fact American citizens. Minister John Welsh had a most difficult task to verify the true statements regarding their position, made by the Irishmen that were imprisoned, in many cases on mere suspicion of having been implicated in "plots." When will Irishmen remember this simple axiom of international law, that a nation claims, by right of nativity, every one born on its soil, no matter of what parentage? This presumption of *fact* can be set aside only by the presumption of *law; e. g.*, one born of American parents abroad is by *law* an American citizen, though in *fact* a native of the spot in which his birth takes place. Besides, the unavoidable wandering habits of our people often tend to deprive their children born in America of certain rights and privileges which belong to the latter by reason of the *local* laws of the place of their nativity. The privileges relative to Girard College furnish an example in point. Our poor children in public institutions are farmed out in Western lands, and treated as if they were wholly without rights, or social, political, or religious protections and safeguards. It would be a good idea for Irishmen to think over these things about the Fourth, and see that the names, ages, etc., of their children are on some record. The church registers of baptisms, etc., it may be of interest to note, are of legal value in the matter of evidence.

THE Revised New Testament is already under a fire of criticism, and the attacks call attention to the merely *human* authority which is the only one that Protestants have for the Bible. Although the internal evidences of sublimity, age, etc., are sufficient to give us a human persuasion that the Bible is inspired, we cannot, on such evidence, have the absolute assurance of faith that it, with all its parts, is verily and indeed the word of God. We must accept the Scriptures on the testimony of the Catholic Church, which Church existed without the written word. It was the Catholic Church that fixed the canon and pronounced the Vulgate the only authentic version. Protestants have been tinkering at the Bible so long that this last effort has started a dozen leaks, and it would be far more sensible for them to throw the whole away, and use the good old Douai. St. Jerome, who prepared the Vulgate, had a far greater number of manuscripts than the Board. Besides, he lived at Bethlehem, was a profound Hebrew scholar, and had the additional advantage of being an extraordinary saint, — a character to which the members of the Board do not make the slightest pretension. St. Jerome was personally acquainted with men whose immediate forefathers had heard and seen the apostles, and he lived in an atmosphere which still was filled with personal and local traditions and facts about our Lord himself. The old *Itala* version used by the ancient Fathers of the Church dates from the apostolic age. It represents the collocation of a great number of manuscripts. The Revised New Testament rejects the text declarative of the Trinity in 1 John, "There are three that bear witness in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, and these three are one." What would St. Augustine and a dozen other old fathers, who quote this glorious proof of the Trinity, say of the Board? We fear that St. Jerome would use some very disparaging remarks, if not downright "cuss" words; for Jerome and Augustine have no hesitation in employing the words *damnari, error infernalis, pravitas diabolica*, etc. The translation of the text, "the Word *was made* flesh," into "the Word *became* flesh," is a noncommittal questioning of Christ's divinity. The attempt to throw dust into the eyes of Protestants by pretending that the English language has changed since Reformation days should be resented. It is by no means true in regard to the understanding of the Biblical language, which is a tradition. If there is to be a choice of evils, we should advise Protestants to

stick to King James's version, and if they wish to revise it, do it themselves with the help of a Catholic Testament, which they may compare. They may rest assured that there has been no *tampering* with our Bible, to make it fit into certain doctrines, for it is just the same now as it was in the earliest centuries. The Church, unlike Protestantism, has no need of arranging the words in different meanings for different ages, for her meaning is the same in every age.

We would respectfully call the attention of our readers to the good, plain, eye-sparing type in which our Magazine is printed. This is no inconsiderable good, as any oculist can tell you, for faint and blurred print is a trial to the eye, and this is the reason why doctors as a class forbid people to read the miserably printed "cheap libraries" with which the country is afflicted. Through a paltry motive of meanness, most of this "cheap library" stuff is badly printed, "unleaded," as the printers say, and with little or no care in the proof-reading. We can fairly challenge any magazine in the country, in point of typographical excellence, careful proof-reading, and that mechanical beauty which is often the very best aid to the beauty of the author's thoughts and sentiments. We are the more particular on this account, because we have a great number of young readers, whose parents can safely rely on us, that our type and printing, so far from injuring the eyes, will train it easily to the quick perception of the form and spelling of words, and so help the school teacher, while instructing and perfecting the scholar.

Rev. Joseph F. Mohan, late pastor of Ayer, Mass., has been appointed by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams to succeed the late Rev. John P. Ryan as pastor of Hopkinton. Rev. Father Madden, of Boston, has been appointed pastor of Ayer.

In all our experience we have never heard so many and so favorable reports from all classes of people as we have heard concerning St. Jacobs Oil. Rheumatism, avaunt!

Donahoe's Magazine. — The June number is full of good things for old and young readers. This green-clad representative of the old sod is welcomed eagerly in thousands of Irish-American homes.— *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

How to make the Jubilee. — The conditions of gaining it are very clearly mentioned by the Holy Father: 1st, six visits to a church or churches with earnest prayer; 2d, alms according to the ability of each; 3d, one day's black fast, without meat, butter, eggs, cheese, or milk; and last of all, a good confession and communion.

Michael Boyton's Case. — The President of the United States has transmitted to the Senate a report of the Secretary of State upon the case of Michael P. Boyton, stating that the case is not one which would warrant the interference of the United States government, but declaring that should it be the sense of the Senate he would counsel the President to appeal to the *benevolence* of the British government on Boyton's behalf.

Redpath has gone to Ireland again, to write for the press on this side. On a recent occasion he said "he owed his life to Ireland, for his health had been restored by his visit there. He knew that he was liable to be arrested when he got over there; but although he would not go very far out of his way to avoid the government, he would not do anything to place himself in jeopardy, as he thought the day for martyrs was passed, and what Ireland needed now was a few avengers. He owed her whatever strength and vigor was now in him, and she would have it, in whatever way he could avenge her on her oppressors."

A Hint to Persons entering God's House. — It is not very edifying to see single and pairs of young ladies, arm in arm, march into church with the air of drum majors, and hear their heels crack with the determined sound of "I'll show you what I am." Companionship — never good at the best — should cease at the church door, and ladies should step on the soles of the feet when they enter, as noiselessly as possible, if for no better purpose than to show that they know how to act as ladies [and that they are in presence of the Blessed Sacrament]. It is repulsive to every sense of good breeding to see some young females march up the aisles of a church as if their salvation depended on keeping step together, and making as much noise as they can make. — *N. E. Catholic Herald.*

OVER one hundred persons died from starvation last year in the richest city in the world, — London, England.

CARDINAL NEWMAN begs to thank Mr. Donahoe for a copy of his Magazine. He finds it full of matter and of interest.

THE only true thing said by Bob Ingersoll in all his diabolical diatribe against Christianity was: "If the Gospel of St. John is true, then is the Catholic Church right." — *The Western Watchman.*

REV. R. L. DE BURGH, B. A., recently vicar of West Drayton, Middlesex, England, has been received into the Church by the Rev. Father Rowe, of the Oratory, Brompton.

THE historical Church of St. Teresa, in Dublin, was lately the scene of an important meeting to aid in completing repairs. This was the building in which O'Connell and Shiel often pleaded for Catholic emancipation.

THE total amount of the Easter collections in the diocese of Providence, R. I., taken for the building fund of the new cathedral, is $13,706.80. This is a handsome showing, and points to the general interest the people take in this great and noble work.

THE Catholic press was barely represented at the conventions recently held in Chicago. The only live editor we saw there was SAVAGE, of the Detroit Home Journal. Although small in stature, there is a good deal in him.

THE CATHOLIC SHIELD: A Monthly Chronicle and General Review, is the name of a new monthly published at Ottawa, Ontario. It is a sixteen-page (large) issue, and the matter is sound and good. Only $1.00 a year. It has our best wishes for its success.

CONVERSIONS to the Church in England are of every-day occurrence. The Cuckoo hears that two if not three well-known Anglican clergymen of the Ritualistic school have made up their minds to take the journey from Oxford to Rome, and will be received into the Catholic Church by Cardinal Manning. A correspondent of another paper states that the wife of a well-known clergyman, Mrs. Frederick George Lee, has actually been received into the Church; a happiness granted to her son, Mr. Ambrose Lee, some time ago.

REV. DAVID POWER, son of Mr. Thomas Power, was ordained in St. James's Church, Boston, on May 20, by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. Father Power received full deaconship in Saint Sulpice, Paris. This is the second priest our old friend POWER has in his family. More power to him!

JOHN MURPHY & Co. — We notice with pleasure that this old publishing house is to be continued under the honored name, and that the late Mr. Murphy's son (F. R. Murphy) has associated with him I. Kilmer and D. Noble. We wish the new firm every success.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—The June number of this excellent monthly is at hand, and like its predecessors, is a most attractive and useful publication. Its table of contents comprises a great variety of subjects of a high literary character, which have been selected with rare taste and judgment. Elevating, patriotic, and catholic, the literature of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE must have a healthy influence on the mind of the reader, and is just the sort of reading that is much needed in this country. — *The Tribune, Toronto, Ont.*

THE Portland, Or., Catholic Sentinel says: Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark., has lately published a financial statement of his cathedral. The total receipts for the last year from all sources were $1,557.05, and the expenditures were $762.35, leaving a balance of $794.70, wherewith to support himself, his vicar-general, and attendant priests. The good bishop will have no trouble in making his will, that is certain.

We had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Fitzgerald in Chicago a few weeks ago, looking as well as when we met him at Springfield, Mass., on the occasion of the consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, some ten or eleven years ago.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, JUNE, 1881. — Each succeeding number of this Magazine makes us think more and more highly of its merits and excellence: its selections are always judicious, its articles entertaining and instructive, and its news items fresh, breezy, and racy. With so much good, healthy Catholic literature within reach, why should any deleterious stuff be taken in its place? — *N. O. Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.*

Rev. Daniel W Murphy, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Augusta, Me., has been appointed by Right Rev. Bishop Healy to succeed the late lamented Father Blodget, at Dover, N. H.

Decoration Day was generally observed throughout the country. It was the eighth anniversary of Mr. Donahoe's third burning out. The first fire destroyed his elegant building and book stock on Franklin Street, by which he lost an annual income in rents, business, etc., of thirty thousand dollars a year! Were it not for the fires he could have surmounted all his financial difficulties.

Chicago. — We paid a flying visit to this stirring city a few weeks since. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. J. Onahan for the first time, although we have known him for years by reputation. Mr. Onahan occupies several positions of honor. He is city collector, president of the public library, secretary of the Catholic Colonization Society, and holds many other offices of trust. Besides, he is the friend of all strangers, from the highest to the humblest, the latter more particularly; indeed, he is everybody's friend. We refer to the advertisement of the O'Connor Colony, Nebraska, in our advertising columns.

The Young Men's Catholic Union of America held its seventh annual convention at Chicago, Ill., on May 11 and 12. About seventy-five societies were represented. Rev. Fathers Scully and Bodfish represented New England. Delegations were present from Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, and Indiana, — Notre Dame University sending her representation, and before the close of the convention they were affiliated to the Union. Decisive resolutions on the question of education were adopted, and also on the duties of Catholic young men in political and business life. Mr. Murphy, of Washington, D. C., after the reading of a paper by a colored delegate, congratulated the Association on its advancement and successful labors for the elevation of the colored man. Six bishops were present at one time at the convention. After a session of two days the convention adjourned to meet in Boston, May next.

Mr Thomas Gleeson, doing business for a number of years as an apothecary at the South End, died at his sister's residence, Seventh Street, South Boston, morning of the 24th of May. Mr. Gleeson is the third brother who has died within a year and a half, all being apothecaries.

Terrible Calamity. — Over two hundred excursionists who were returning from celebrating Queen Victoria's sixty-second birthday were drowned in the Thames River, in Western Ontario, Canada, May 24, by the sinking of the steamer "Victoria." The boat is said to have collapsed like an eggshell. Scarcely a family in London but had some one on board. Whole families were lost. Some twenty of these poor people were buried in the Catholic cemetery.

Bishop Keane, of Richmond. — We are pained to learn from the Catholic Visitor that this distinguished prelate is threatened with total blindness, so much so that he could not read the Epistle and Gospel on Sunday, the 15th of May. The bishop said "he had been troubled with his eyes for some time, and once thought he was going blind. He felt the cross, but he knew that it was sent by a God of love, and if it was the will of God that he should pass the remainder of his days in blindness, he was resigned to His holy will." The greater part of the congregation was not before acquainted with the fact of the bishop's affliction, and it broke upon them there for the first time like a thunder-clap. All bosoms filled up with feeling, and tears stood in many an eye. And there was something in the bishop's tone of voice that touched them vividly, — so sincere and resigned, as calm and easy in speaking of its terrible affliction as it was when inviting the children to their first communion. Resignation toned it. "He had," he said, "consulted some prominent oculists, and they told him that they could hold out no hope of restoring the lost powers of his sight: but that if he would take absolute rest for one year, from all use of his eyes for reading and writing, they might hope to arrest the progress of the disease." The consequences of such a decision, and the slender hope of cure it holds out, are almost too sad to be considered. But we must remember that Almighty God is not tied down to the opinions of oculists, and that he can heal all maladies as he pleases. Instead, then, of uttering idle sorrows, we ought all to recur in his favor to the throne of mercy, and ask the Immaculate Mother of our Lord to unite her prayer with ours to her Divine Son, in favor of his good and faithful servant.

Events of the Month.

THERE are 38 Catholic noblemen with seats in the House of Lords, and 17 without seats; 47 Catholic baronets, 6 Catholic Privy Councillors, and 55 members of the House of Commons.

AS a rule, journalists are more wealthy in intelligence than in current coins. Émile de Girardin, who died in Paris the other day, had, however, a good stock of both commodities. He has, it is said left behind him the sum of 30,000,000 francs ($6,000 000).

A FRIEND had fallen sick of virulent small-pox in Mr. Wingfield's house in London. The hospitals, the local parish authorities, the Protestant nursing institutes, would do nothing for the case. The hospitals were too full, the nursing institutes drew the line at cases of small-pox. In despair Mr. Wingfield applied at the doors of a Catholic sisterhood, and angels of charity were ready at once to tend the neglected sufferer. Of such stuff are those Catholic sisters whom Paris infidels drive from the bedside of the dying poor.

THE BEAUTIFUL CATHEDRAL of Milan has recently been solemnly reconsecrated under somewhat peculiar circumstances. During the first week in April, a man named Scipione Venturini entered it about four o'clock in the afternoon, drew his revolver, and shot himself through the head. Although he did not die on the spot, but was removed to the hospital, where he lived till the following day, the attempted suicide was held to have desecrated the church, which was accordingly stripped of its ornaments and closed for twenty-four hours The rite of reconsecration was then performed by the archbishop, a great crowd attending.

THERE appears to be no doubt that the anxieties which surround the Russian imperial couple are weighing with painful severity upon the Empress. She fears for her husband, and she fears for her children, for the Nihilists' threats have spared neither. The account of the sort of life which the Tsar and his wife have to lead even at their country residence, the Castle of Gatshina, is enough to explain the heaviness of the strain on the nerves of a young wife and mother. To live in apartments swarming with Cossacks armed to the teeth, and yet to dread death at every moment, is a terrible ordeal for one who previous to her elevation to the Russian throne knew nothing but domestic felicity and popular affection.

AN Irish landlord who had just been evicting his tenants for not paying the rent which they could not pay was expostulated with by a poor man with a large family. "How can I pay rent," he said, "when I cannot feed my eleven children?" "Go drown half of them in the bog hole," was the reply. This is no hearsay or imagination, it is a matter of fact.

THE immense warehouses of Bampè and Dolci, agents of Signor Cirio, at Verona, Italy, were lately destroyed by fire. Commendatore Cirio, although unable to read or write, has amassed a large fortune by industry, and has established an extensive business of exporting grapes, eggs, fruits, vegetables, poultry, and wines to foreign countries by means of special trains. Over 5,000 turkeys and fowls were burned in the Verona stores, and several hundreds of chests of eggs. The total damage was $80,000.

A SHOCKING tragedy lat ly occurred at Preston, England. A man named Eccleston interfered to protect a woman who was being beaten by two roughs, when the two men set on him, knocked him down, and literally kicked him to death with their iron-pointed clogs. The jury at the inquest refused to return a verdict of wilful murder against both the young men concerned, whose names were Hunter and Foster, and a long and painful altercation ensued, to which the coroner in vain attempted to put an end. Ultimately a verdict of wilful murder was returned against Hunter, and he was committed for trial at the Manchester Assizes, on the coroner's warrant.

THE Poles, *in the name of the Polish nation*, have addressed to the Holy Father a memorandum which throws a clear light on the deplorable state of the Catholic Church in Poland. In this interesting document they enumerate the services which Poland has rendered to the Church from Lignitz to Vienna, from Vienna to the Confederation of Bar, and from that period up to our own days. The Poles respectfully supplicate the Holy Father, while expressing their devotion to him, to have regard, in the negotiations with Russia, to the traditional use of the Polish language in their churches; to protect the Uniats, so worthy of this favor, by their martyrdom and their heroic resistance to apostasy, and to have before his mind the imprescriptible rights of the Polish nation, whose partition has never been sanctioned by the Holy See.

DURING the sitting of the House of Commons a Sunday-Closing Bill was brought in for Wales, and the second reading carried by 163 to 17. The House felt that as Wales was unanimous on the subject, every Welsh member being favorable to the measure, justice demanded that no obstruction should be offered. So the work of rescuing the Sunday from drunkenness proceeds step by step.

SUNDAY, May 8, the cathedral at San Antonio, Texas, was the scene of a solemn and impressive ceremony. This was the consecration of Rev. Father J. C. Nersz, for many years dean of San Fernando Cathedral, as bishop of San Antonio. It being the first event of the kind that has ever taken place in Texas, great and general interest was manifested in it by all classes of citizens.

SCANDALOUS scenes, says Galignani's Messenger, have been witnessed on two occasions of late in the Church of St. Médard in Paris. On Tuesday in Holy Week two individuals entered the sacred building smoking pipes, but left after a short visit. On Easter Sunday they again appeared during vespers, wearing their hats, and walked up to the altar twirling their sticks with an air of menace. The Abbé Vigneron remonstrated with them, upon which they struck him on the head and face with their sticks. Ultimately they were given into custody, appealing as they left the church to the crowd outside not to allow revolutionists to be arrested. It has since been ascertained that these men are members of one of the Socialist clubs in the Fifth Arrondissement. Their names are Menot and Denestrière.

A DISTRESSING incident is reported from the Rossmore estate, county Monaghan. A tenant named Stewart was evicted, under distressing circumstances, and his wife was so affected by the repeated attempts at disturbance made by the bailiffs that she was prematurely confined and delivered of a dead child. These facts were deposed to by her husband, a physician, and a certified nurse. It was also proved at the inquest held on the infant, that the under-agent, a fellow named Johnson, and four bailiffs, having entered the house of Stewart, ordered the poor woman to leave her sick-bed and dress herself; adding that if she was as ill as she alleged, she might go to the workhouse. The husband having threatened violence if they laid hands on his sick wife, the bailiffs retired, and the premature labor took place as reported. The verdict of the jury was to the effect that the infant was born dead, its death being accelerated by the violence used towards its mother during her illness.

M. LOYSON. — The cession of the Church of the Assumption, Paris, to the apostate M. Loyson (Père Hyacinthe) has caused considerable anger in this city. The memory of Father Dagnerry, who was shot by the communards, renders the building dear to all Catholics. Every day a mass was celebrated in it for the repose of his soul.

RUSHING DOWN THE PRECIPICE. — The Paris Univers relates an incident which almost surpasses belief. In one of the schools of Paris lately secularized, the master found a pupil cutting something with a knife instead of minding his lesson. On inquiring what he was doing, the calm, cynical answer of the lad was, "Je déchiqueté le Galiléen" (I am slashing the Galilean); and truly it was a figure of the Saviour of men that he had dissected with his knife. The teacher, horrified, was about to inflict condign punishment, when a crowd of pupils rose and declared that if there were any chastisement, they would leave the school in a body. This decided the point, for the teacher knew that Prefect Herold, who showed such small respect for the statues and crucifixes of which he had rifled the schools, would think lightly of the performance, which deserved an exemplary flagellation.

SUICIDE OF JOHN REA. — The sad and terribly tragic close of a busy and stormy life will evoke exclamations of sincere regret from many a reader. The death of John Rea, the clever but eccentric solicitor of Belfast, Ireland, is the melancholy news to which we refer. A man of giant powers of both mind and body, of extraordinary professional knowledge, and capable of any exertion in the cause which he undertook, of rare intellectual subtilty and versatility, a caustic humor, and exuberant expression, John Rea might have been one of the leading men in his native province, and perhaps in the country. His famous suit against the Belfast Corporation showed him to be as skilful as he was persistent. His sympathies were broad and popular. In his later years he whimsically denominated himself Solicitor-General of the Orange Fenians all the world over. His knowledge of criminal law was unsurpassed, and though he was fond of "a scene" in which he himself would be the central personage, the interests of his client in the dock were often at the bottom of his many contests with the bench. His is a well-known figure removed under most lamentable circumstances. He had many vagaries and bizarre peculiarities, but his heart was big and his intellect gifted. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

THE immigrants landing at New York bring on an average twenty dollars cash each. It is estimated that immigrants will bring ten million dollars to this country this year.

REV. FATHER MALONE, for thirty-seven years pastor of Williamsburg, N. Y., has taken his departure for Europe. Henry Havemeyer has placed in the reverend gentleman's name a letter of credit for $25,000. Father Malone wished to accept only $5,000, but Mr. Havemeyer insisted on his receiving the whole amount.

THE Archbishop of Paris refused to permit the funeral of M. Émile de Girardin at the Madeleine. It took place at the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, and M Gambetta was amongst those present. Orations were delivered over the grave. M. de Girardin received the rites of the Church *in articulo mortis*.

IT IS rumored that Chiselhurst will shortly be deprived of what is now one of its main interests, — the possession of the bones of Napoleon III. and of the gallant Prince Imperial. The Empress has bought an estate about fourteen miles distant from Camden House, and intends to build a Catholic church. That her Majesty, who was so devoted a wife and so fond a mother, should desire to be near to her beloved and to pray at their tombs, will surprise nobody, and explains the report as to the probable removal of their remains.

PROTESTANT CHURCH-GOERS. — Many wonder at the spread of vice and immorality in our day, and at the very low tone of the public conscience. A straw indicating the drift of such a state of affairs can be taken from the annual report of that famous hot-bed of Souperism, the "American Tract Society," which states that the 192 colporteurs who canvassed the United States and Canadas found in their visits over 37,000 Protestant families who never go near a church. When this admission is made, from such a source, what must the reality be?

MR. JOHN DILLON, M. P. for gallant Tipperary, who has just been arrested in Ireland, is the eldest son of the late John B. Dillon, who also represented Tipperary in Parliament, and was one of the "Young Ireland" exiles in '48. Mr. Dillon is twenty-nine years old, a graduate of the Catholic University of Ireland, and accompanied Mr. Parnell to America last year, and remained after him in the capacity of representative of the Land League until the arrival of Michael Davitt, when he returned to take his seat in Parliament. He is a physician by profession, and like Mr. Parnell, unmarried.

IT is the intention of the Holy Father to proclaim the Catholic Church as the national church of the Slav nations, upon the occasion of the expected Slav pilgrimage, on the 29th of June, being St. Peter's day.

P. P. POND died recently at Florence (Northampton), Mass. He was one of the oldest residents of that part of the town, and a quaint character. He was the village boot and shoe repairer, and his shop was the haunt of local politicians. Many years ago he was arrested, while living in Boston, for being implicated in the burning of the Ursuline convent. He was kept in the old Leverett Street jail for six months, and had a long trial, but was acquitted. He had a niece at the convent who, it was said, desired to escape, and suspicion naturally rested upon Pond. He was probably the last of the convent-burners.

NEWSBOYS. — The following from the Catholic Columbian is applicable to many cities throughout the country: We referred once before to the unnatural conduct of parents in permitting and even encouraging their children to remain away from mass and catechism on Sundays, in order to earn a few dimes by selling newspapers. Before the judgment seat of a just Judge, these fathers and mothers will be asked to give an account of their children. Their answer will be similar to Cain's, "Are we the keepers of our children?" They know the answer, now. God has given a St. Monica to the Church for the imitation of parents, and a St. Augustine for the joy of repentant sons, while a St. Magdalen appeals piteously to wayward daughters. But, parents, if you wish to save your own souls, *strive* to save those of your children.

THE English papers have circulated a rumor that Cardinal Manning has forbidden the use of Catholic club-rooms for Land League meetings, and expressly added that the prohibition had caused great excitement amongst the Irish population of London. Well, as for the "excitement," it cannot be of a very pronounced character, for signs of it are simply invisible to ordinary observers. For the rumor itself, it just possessed that grain of truth which gives a semblance of reality to a bushel of falsehoods. The Cardinal advised that the hall of a particular branch of the League of the Cross should not be used for Land League meetings, for the reason that the organization of which he is president is strictly non-political. At the same time he most carefully refrained from pronouncing an opinion on the Land League.

DURING 1880 the birth-rate in Ireland was only twenty-four per thousand, as against an average of twenty-six in the previous ten years. At this rate of decrease Ireland will soon be in a worse position than France. Marriages are lessening in number, and the death-rate going steadily upward. And yet Ireland was once the home of the most prolific people in Europe. How hard is the task of moving statesmen till it is almost too late!

SIR HENRY TYLER has given notice of an amendment to the Bradlaugh Relief Bill, that "it is undesirable to provide by legislation for the alteration of the Parliamentary oath, merely and expressly for the sake of admitting on affirmation a notorious republican, propagator of blasphemous literature, and avowed and proselytizing atheist, who has by a decision of the courts of law been declared not entitled to affirm, and has by his own proceedings precluded himself from being allowed to take the oath in the ordinary course." And Mr. Bellingham will ask the Prime Minister whether, since "his main argument for the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh is the abolition of religious tests, he is prepared to advocate the abolition of *all* religious tests, such as those which prevent the Lord Chancellor of England, or the sovereign, being a Catholic." It will be interesting to know if Mr Gladstone considers himself at liberty to appoint a Catholic Chancellor. If he does, we may some day hope to see one of our eminent Catholic lawyers presiding in the House of Lords.

EGAN AND O'CONNOR POWER. — A cablegram from Patrick Egan, the treasurer, dated Paris, May 25, says: "Friends in America: Toward you we turn our eyes With your brothers on this side of the Atlantic now gallantly struggling with landlordism, in the first stages of the revolution, show a bold and determined front to the foe, — give the enemy distinctly to understand that you have enlisted for the war, — and the success of the cause of Ireland is beyond doubt assured." John O'Connor Power, replying to a letter from Egan to Brennan, wherein Egan abuses Power and McCoan for voting for the second reading of the Land Bill, taunts Egan with skulking in Paris, and warns his countrymen that if they allow themselves to be goaded into unarmed insurrection by the screaming of hired demagogues who have already shown the white feather, they will be abandoned and betrayed in the hour of trial. McCoan also taunts Egan with hiding in Paris, and hints that Egan's letter was inspired by others.

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS. — The annual State convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians was held in Boston on the 1st of June, about two hundred delegates from the different divisions of the State being present. The report of the national convention, held at St. Louis a short time ago, was read and unanimously adopted. The following report, which shows the standing of the Hibernian order of Massachusetts for the past year, was accepted: Number of divisions, ninety-three; number of members, 4,719; number admitted, 1,063; number of deaths, forty-four; sundry expenses, $11,986.12; amount of sick and burial benefits paid, $15,250.01; value of property owned by the division, $20,166.75; amount of cash in treasury and deposited, $40.900.61. Total valuation of property and money, $61,067.46. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: State delegate, Jeremiah Crowley, of Lowell; State secretary, George C. Hogan, of Lawrence; State treasurer, M. A. Shea, of Boston. The county convention of Worcester County convened after the adjournment of the State convention and re-elected John J. Sheehan, of Fitchburg, as county delegate for the ensuing year.

AT THE LAST ROMAN CONSISTORY, May 14, several episcopal appointments were made or announced Amongst these was that of the famous and venerable rector of the Irish College in Rome, Mgr. Tobias Kirby, who formerly was the vice-rector under Cardinal Cullen, and who, since that prelate's appointment to Armagh, was agent of the Irish bishops in Rome. Mgr. Kirby was formerly a class-fellow of his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. His title is that of Lita *i. p. i.* He will be consecrated on Pentecost Sunday, in the Church of St. Agatha, attached to the Irish College, by Cardinal Simeoni, assisted by Bishop James Murray, of West Maitland, Australia, and Mgr. Laurenzi. The new bishop-elect is a native of Waterford, Ireland. This promotion is a compliment which will be a appreciated in Ireland and elsewhere by the many friends and admirers of Bishop Kirby.

A YOUNG lady was married in Louisville the other day, and a newspaper account of the event was headed, "Mated in May." The New York Graphic supposes that "Joined in June" and "Attached in August" will be the fate of those who come later in the season. It is to be hoped that "Separated in September" will be needed in no case.

THE Land League is the nation's savior, and a strong, solid, and irresistible social movement, founded on truth and justice.

THE Irish law sergeantcy, rendered vacant by the decease of Sergeant Heron, Q C., has been conferred on Mr. John O'Hagan, Q C., the learned translator of the romantic epic of Roland and Roncesvalles.

MR. DALY, the proprietor of the Connaught Telegraph, who has been confined in Galway Jail under the Coercion Act, was set at liberty on Monday by the Lord-Lieutenant on the ground of his illness.

THE Swiss journal, the Gazette du Valais, announces with lively satisfaction that the Rev. Father Maschler has been appointed superior of the Jesuits of the German province. Another Valaisan Jesuit, Father Ancesledy, passes, says the Gazette, for being the right hand of Father Beckx, the general of the Order.

TREASON IN THE AIR! — A curious plan of the execution of the Coercion Act was the seizure lately of the small piece of ordnance which for years has been used in the Gap of Dunloe, to awaken the echoes of Killarney for the amusement of tourists. Did the government fear that the free-wild laugh of the mountain echoes would breed seditious thoughts and aspirations?

IN a proclamation just issued, the Russian revolutionary party answer the manifesto of the Czar in the following terms: "We accept the war forced upon us by your Majesty. We shall persevere, and are confident to achieve victory; the greater the oppression the firmer will the people become, and if one of us is killed there are ten eager to take his place. We have not hitherto been afraid of your power, nor shall we be in future." The revolutionary party in St Petersburg intend to abandon the use of dynamite, and for the present to resort to means injurious only to the persons aimed at.

WE wonder where are, and what has become of, those hundreds of priests and thousands of Catholic people who were announced as r ady to throw off the yoke of Rome and walk in the light of the gospel, as expounded by Dollinger, Loyson, and McNamara. Yes, where are they? It seems those benighted Catholics are not quite so ready to give up their beads as was promised. There are not so many renegade Catholics after all,— not so many who care to go back on "Rome" and Almighty God, and follow Dollinger, Loyson, McNamara, and the Devil. Not so many! — *Catholic Columbian.*

THE latest arrest under the Coercion Act is that of Mr. Moran, a Limerick solicitor, and a very active member of the local Land League. Mr. Forster is so carefully picking up the most resolute members of the various branches, that his evident purpose is to weaken and cripple the Land League.

SOME of the complaints made by Catholics who make claims to "culture" about the inferiority of Catholic literature generally, and journalism in particular, but who, when driven into a corner, profess that they have never subscribed to a Catholic paper, are amusing. They seem to expect bricks to be made without straw; or to use a more American phrase, "to find silk umbrellas in ten-cent plates of hash." This is the more unreasonable, because in most cases they decline, to pay even ten cents, and prefer to borrow their hash! — *Catholic Columbian.*

THE Belfast Orangemen are greatly annoyed about the proclamation of that town, and in their lodges they continue to pass resolutions protesting against the action of the Irish Executive "in placing Belfast under the terms of the Peace Preservation Act without consulting the local magistracy." They also call upon Mr. William Ewart and Mr. J. P. Corry, the two members for the borough, to take steps to have the insult removed which has been thus cast upon their constituents. One of the lodges — Royal Black Preceptory, 219 — is indignant at "the stigma that has been cast upon the most loyal and peaceable town in the British Empire"!

SCOTLAND, no less than Ireland, is anxious to have a Land Bill. Many Scotch landlords have been for some time past in the habit of evicting tenants with but little excuse. Communications have been going on between these tenants, or "crofters," and the Scotch members. The result is, that Mr. Fraser MacIntosh, M. P. for the Inverness Boroughs, will move an instruction to the Committee of the Whole House that "the clause of the Irish Land Bill dealing with evictions or forced removals should be made applicable to all tenants in Scotland" whose rental does not exceed £20 per annum. Some little time ago a pamphlet was published at Inverness entitled "The Gratitude of the Highland Chieftains for the Loyalty of the Clans." This is sufficiently significant of the feeling of those who are chiefly interested in the subject.

ASK your neighbor to subscribe for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Notices of Recent Publications.

P. O. Shea, New York.

LITTLE ROSE OF THE SACRED HEART. A Memoir of a Pupil of the Sacré Cœur, at Vienna. By N. E. W.

An interesting book, full of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE STORY OF IRELAND. By Dion Boucicault. Price, 25 cents.

With the exception of errors incident to those outside of the Church, this is a very readable pamphlet. We could have desired that Mr. Boucicault had consulted Catholic authority on some of his statements. In a second edition we hope he will do so.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

SANCTISSIMI DOMINI NOSTRI LEONIS, DIVINI PROVIDENTIA PAPÆ XIII., LITTERÆ APOSTOLICÆ QUIBUS EXTRAORDINARIUM JUBILÆUM INDICITUR IN USUM CLERI PRACTICIS NOTUS ILLUSTRATÆ. Cura A. Konings, C. H. R.

CHRIST IN HIS CHURCH: A Catholic Church History. From the original of Rev. L. C. Businger, by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D. Together with a History of the Church in America, by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.

This book is gotten up in splendid style, and is profusely illustrated. In the preface the learned translator says: "In venturing to present to the Catholic readers of this country an English translation of Father Businger's admirable Church History, I would simply say, Behold the Catholic Church, and you behold the Church which Christ established; for in every age of its history you 'Behold the Man,' the Son of God, living and acting in that Church, and giving constant and unfailing evidence of its divine origin and supernatural life upon earth." The Right Rev. Bishop Lachat, in a letter to the author, says: "Solid in its contents, original in its plan, and, according to the judgment of those who understand such things, dignified and comprehensive in its style, your book will prove of invaluable service not only 'for families and schools,' to whom you very appropriately dedicate it, but also to all earnest Catholics, and most probably, too, to individuals who are without the fold, and still in search of the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Mr. Shea gives us a History of the Church in America, which comprises about a quarter of this elegant volume. Mr. Shea's well-known ability as a historian renders this addition very valuable. The book makes a volume of 426 pages, is elegantly bound, and sold for the low price of $2.00. Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, have it on sale.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Dying for Thee," song, by Campana. "The Voice of Peace," male quartet, by C. A. White. "Love's No Stranger," duet, by Thos. Daly. "Ring the Lily Bells," class song, by W. F. Tudds. "The Whale got Jonah down," comic song, by Dan Lewis. "We come not with Weeping," hymn for Decoration Day, by A. H. Palmer. "When you hear the Little Birds sing," song and dance, by Dan Lewis.

Instrumental: "La Mascotte," potpourri, by Audran. "Gems from Billee Taylor." "Torpedo Grand Galop de Concert," by C. D. Blake. Selections from "Olivette," for violin and piano, arranged by Wm. Gooch.

Spear & Dehnhoff, New York.

Vocal: "A Flower from Father's Grave," words by Mrs. A. Elmore, music by Wm. H. Rieger. "Over in the Barnyard," comic song, by Wade Whipple.

Instrumental: "Roses and Violets," melodie sentimentale for Piano, by M. Giovannini.

ANCHOR IN THE LAND. — Mr. Dillon O'Brien has found that a number of Irishmen, both in Massachusetts and Connecticut, had moved on to farms in those States within the last few years; "and I was just as well pleased at this," he added, "as if they went to Minnesota. Let us get our due share of the land, — anchor in the land. America gives every man a field to labor in; and the field for the man who has no trade, profession, or business calling, who must live by the labor of his hands, is the field where the wheat and potatoes grow. In the city, he must remain on the lower round of the social ladder. Standing at the door of his own house, on his own property, he is the equal of any man who passes by, were he the governor of the State."

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever, they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE Franciscan Capuchin Order throughout the world has sustained a great loss in the death of Most Rev. Father Francis, of Villafranca, Examiner of the Roman Clergy and Commissary-General of the Order.

REV. A. M. BARET, D. D., pastor of St. Philip's Church, Grafton, Mass., diocese of Springfield, died at his home, Monday morning, May 16. He was attached to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, some twenty years ago.

THE death of Very Rev. Denis Mahony, Dean of Cloyne and P. P. of Mitchelstown, took place on April 7. He was about eighty years of age. His death makes the sixth which has occurred within the past eleven months in that diocese. Of these five were parish priests and four were canons.

REV. STEPHEN ALOYSIUS NAGLE, assistant pastor of the Church of St. Michael's, Ninth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, New York, died at the pastoral residence on Sunday night, May 15, of hemorrhage of the lungs. Father Nagle was born in this city, and was twenty-eight years of age at the time of his death.

VERY REV. PÈRE DEVONCOUX, B. A., Superior of the Apostolic College for African Missions, Cork, has received intelligence from the Seminary of African Missions in Lyons, giving particulars of the death of the Rev. M. Carroll, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and the first of his ministry. The deceased father was a native of Hospital, near Kilmallock.

THE well-known Jesuit missioner. Rev. Father Hector Glackmeyer, died at Philadelphia, on May 7, after a painful and protracted illness. Father Glackmeyer was born in Montreal, Canada, about fifty-six years ago. In St. Mary's College, in that city, the foundation of his education was laid, and when nineteen years of age he entered his novitiate in the Jesuit Order. He possessed natural abilities of a high order, and being zealous and untiring, made such progress that he soon attracted the attention of his superior, and was transferred to St. John's College, Fordham. It was here that he completed his theological studies, and was ordained a priest by Archbishop Hughes.

THE colored citizens of Washington, D. C., have lost a good friend in the person of Rev. Felix Barotti, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, who died on the 2d inst. Fourteen years ago Father Barotti, then a young man of thirty years, was sent by Pius IX. to America to labor in behalf of the colored people. He settled at Washington, and the fruits of his labor are to be seen in the magnificent church on Fifteenth Street, built by and for the use of the colored Catholics of Washington. During the sessions of Congress one could always find many senators and congressmen in this edifice on Sundays, attracted by the music for which the church was famous.

DEEP gloom prevails among all classes of citizens of Dover, N. H., in consequence of the death of Rev. Herbert S. Blodgett, assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church. He took to bed with a severe cold, which turned to brain fever, and died at seven o'clock on the night of the 22d of May. His death is a severe blow to the Catholics of Dover. He was but twenty-eight years old, and born in Belfast, Me. He joined the Catholic Church on his accession to manhood, studied for the priesthood in Montreal, was ordained three years ago, and assigned to aid the venerable Father Drummond. Deceased was a member of the Board of Instruction. He had just made arrangements to build another church on the site of the New Hampshire House. Since he arrived in Dover he has organized several societies, attached to the church, which had a large membership. Socially he had no superior, and was a welcome guest in every circle. The funeral, which took place on the 25th of May, was one of the most imposing ceremonies ever witnessed in that city, business being generally suspended, and not one fourth of those who desired being able to gain admission to the church.

SISTERS.

ON May 10, Rev. Mother Joseph, of the Loretto Convent, Toronto, Canada, breathed her last. Thirty-two years of her life had been spent in the convent. She was deeply beloved by her fellow-laborers in the work of our divine Lord.

REV. MOTHER MARY DE SALES RYAN, Superioress of the Presentation Convent,

St. Joseph's, Ballingarry, county Tipperary, Ireland, after presiding ten years over the convent, died recently in the seventy-fourth year of her age, and the thirty-eighth of her religious profession.

THE death of the Reverend Mother Superior of the Convent of Sisters of Mercy, Chelsea, England, took place on April 20. After presiding for twenty years over the convent in which she breathed her last, this good nun passed away in the fifty-eighth year of her age, and the thirty-first of her religious profession.

LAY PEOPLE.

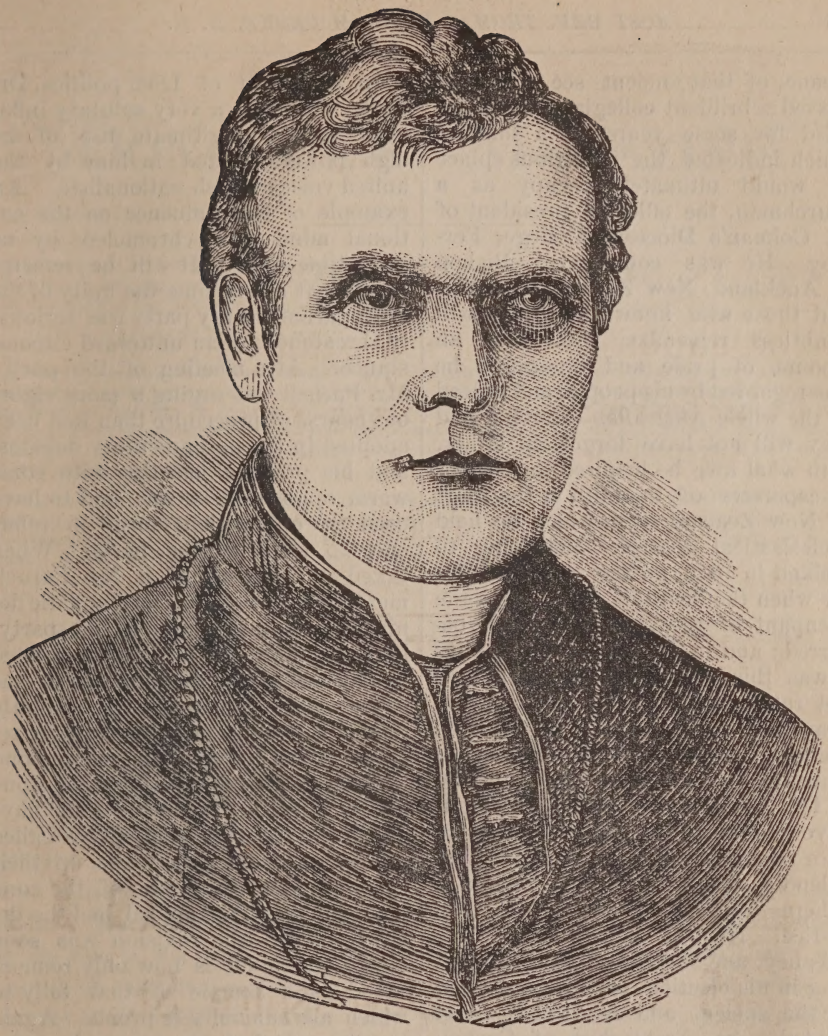
WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Patrick Reade, the well-known sexton and undertaker of St. Mary's Church, Waltham, Mass. The sad event took place last Friday morning, May 20. Deceased was well beloved by a large circle of friends. He leaves a widow and family of five to mourn his loss. The funeral took place at St. Mary's on the 23d, when solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. T. Brosnahan; Rev. M. J. Supple, of Charlestown, deacon; Rev. Arthur T. Connolly, of Boston Highlands, sub-deacon; and Rev. John Murphy, of Waltham, master of ceremonies. There were present in the sanctuary, Rev. P. Cuddihy, Milford; Rev. R. P. Stack, Watertown; Rev. J. N. Supple, Charlestown; Rev. M. D. Murphy and Rev. M. F. McDonnell, Woburn. Father Brosnahan, in a few well-chosen and appropriate remarks, alluded to the many and sterling virtues of deceased The choir rendered the solemn music very finely. The church was draped in mourning. Delegations were present from Milford, Woburn, and Charlestown. The remains were taken to the new cemetery, Charlestown, where Fathers Brosnahan, assisted by Fathers Murphy and Connolly, performed the last sad rites of the church over the remains.

SEAL ROCKS. — The seal rocks off San Francisco are well worth seeing. There is a weird fascination in them: something so hideously uncanny in the swarm of sprawling things that rear themselves about among the jagged fissures; and so utterly unlike any other known voice of animate or inanimate nature is the hoarse, deep cry that goes up incessantly from all the million throats, and predominates over the thunders of the ocean itself. Every rock, from the base to the peak, is alive with shapeless things in perpetual motion, tumbling over each other, twisting, rolling, fighting in a clumsy fashion with their uncouth flippers, or plunging with marvellously smooth graceful curves into boiling foam that breaks all around their rocky fortresses. Some are tawny brown or yellow, and these have had their coats dried by the sun after a few hours' basking on the rocks; but those who have just wriggled up out of the surf are a dull slaty-black, and look like animated bags of wet gutta-percha. All ages and sizes are represented, from the monarch of the colony, a gray old giant who might weigh some three thousand pounds, down to the babies who are just learning to wriggle and leap after the fashion of their mammas, and add their infant notes to the general chorus. The sight is wonderfully interesting to the uninitiated.

REPETITION OF HISTORY.

IT is curious to consider how many exact parallels English statesmen of to-day may discover in the past history of Ireland, and how little they seem to have studied them or the lessons which they teach. Turning to Blackwood's Magazine of May, 1846, we find in an article with regard to the state of Ireland and the "Protection of Life and Property Bill," introduced by Lord St. Germains, the following sentence with respect to the Repeal Association: "The Association must be suppressed: it will be folly to expect peace or tranquillity while that pestilent body is in existence; smite it 'hip and thigh,' and you at once cut off the fruitful sources of discontent and crime." The Association was smitten just as the Land League will be smitten to-day, by a Liberal administration, and every one knows what was the result. Instead of producing peace and contentment, it was soon followed by an armed rebellion which caused the loss of blood and money, laid prostrate the energies of the country, and produced embittered national feelings that lasted for many a year. It is a trite maxim that like causes bring forth like results. — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

PEOPLE do not reflect that they may soon die; if they did their quarrels would soon terminate.



MOST REV. THOMAS WILLIAM CROKE, D. D.

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL AND ADMINISTRATOR OF EMLY.

THE Irish priesthood, which, from the days of St. Patrick to the present time, has ever been characterized, not alone by apostolic zeal and learning, but by the purest and most unyielding patriotism, has perhaps produced few members in whom those qualities have been present in a more eminent degree than in the subject of our illustration this week, — Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel. In point of scholarship and sanctity he is everywhere regarded as an ornament to the Irish hierarchy; and in that unadulterated and outspoken patriotism which is compatible with — indeed enhances — the most exalted exercise of Christianity, he yields to none, and is equalled in all probability by but one member of that illustrious body, — that Nestor of the Irish Church of our day, Archbishop M'Hale.

Archbishop Croke, who is in the prime of a vigorous manhood, is a native of the diocese of Cloyne, and a near relative of the late Bishop

Keane, of that ancient see. Having passed a brilliant collegiate course, he filled for some years, in a manner which indicated the illustrious place he would ultimately occupy as a churchman, the office of president of St. Colman's Diocesan College, Fermoy. He was consecrated Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, in 1870, and those who knew him then will doubtless remember with what an amount of pride and veneration he was regarded by his people, and indeed by the whole Australian Church; and they will not have forgotten, either, with what awe he inspired the would-be aspersers of the faith in that part of New Zealand over which he held ecclesiastical control. Returning to Ireland in 1875, he was in that country when the death of Dr. Leahy, the occupant of the see of Cashel, occurred; and in all human probability it was this accidental — or should we not rather call it providential? — circumstance which secured to the Irish hierarchy the services of a scholar so eminent, of a bishop so patriotic as Dr. Croke, which otherwise might have continued to shed their lustre on a far-away colony, certainly with splendid apostolic results, but in a sphere too contracted to do them justice. He was nominated for the vacancy, and the Holy Father concurring in his election, he was translated to the ancient and renowned see of Cashel. As Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke has endeared himself thoroughly to the Irish people, in the hearts of whom he holds a position analogous to that enjoyed, on the one hand by the "Lion of the Fold of Judah" as the patriot-bishop, and on the other by Father Tom Burke as the fervid Irish orator. Perhaps no truer index of the high estimation in which he is held could be afforded than the rumor, whether true or false, which has been most industriously circulated throughout the world, coupling his name with that of Archbishop of Tuam as likely to be included amongst the august company composing the Sacred College.

In the world of Irish politics, Dr. Croke exercises a very salutary influence by the legitimate use of the high powers vested in him by the united voice of Irish nationalists. An example of this influence on the national mind was chronicled by us some time since. It will be remembered that at one time the unity of the Irish parliamentary party was seriously threatened by an untoward circumstance. At a meeting of the party, Mr. Parnell was urging a more vigorous course of procedure than had been adopted in the parliamentary debates, and his proposal meeting with some warm opposition, he was said to have used an opprobrious term in reference to some of the party. When taxed with the use of it, Mr. Parnell met the allegation with an emphatic denial; and as one section of the party, headed by Mr. E. D. Gray, persisted in reiterating the truthfulness of the report, while the other as persistently denied it, — the question rapidly resolving itself into the disagreeable one of relative veracity, — Heaven alone knows how the dispute might have ended had not Archbishop Croke called upon both parties to make up their differences for the sake of the common cause. This appeal had the desired effect; the division was soon closed up, and it is now only remembered as a sample of that folly to which all humanity is prone. Again he showed that his country's cause was nearest his heart when he publicly advised the farmers of Ireland not to give all their subsistence to the landlords, but to keep sufficient to prevent themselves and families from starving. It is needless to point out the eminent services Dr. Croke rendered recently at Rome, as we recorded at the time. The British government and their emissaries were doing all they could to vilify and misrepresent the Irish land agitation to the Holy Father. Unfortunately there are some Catholics — not only Englishmen, but Irishmen also — who

(Continued on page 140.)

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VI. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1881. No. 2.

CATHOLICS, said Bishop McQuaid, should be taught to contribute for the support of religion on principle, without the inducement and excitement of fairs, festivals, and picnics. Yet where these methods of raising money are required they may be resorted to, provided abuses are avoided. Pastors should remember that no amount of money compensates for one sin. The abuses to which I refer are well known. As the pastor is responsible for the conduct and management of all plans for money raising for church uses, he must see to it that no abuses are tolerated.

No greater darkness overshadowed the land of Egypt, when "the Child and His Mother" fled into it, overturning the idols in their progress, than now clouds one of the fairest of American territories, the land of Utah. Last Christmas eve, there was midnight Mass celebrated in its capital, Salt Lake City. Before the Sun of Justice, the idols of Utah will disappear as did those of Egypt.

A SERMON BY REV. ROBERT INGERSOLL, ABBOT OF UNREASON.

Reported by Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.

"The ass said: Am not I thy beast?"—NUMBERS xxii. 30

Deluded Christians: You must not laugh at my text. I am not the ass alluded to in it, for I am one of the lights of this country. I am the most intelligent man in the United States. Look at my massive brow, my handsome face. Listen to my handsome periods as they roll out from my well-formed mouth. Mark how well I describe buds and blossoms, and the grass climbing up the side of the hills. I am superlative on buds and blossoms. How well I speak of sentiment and love and domestic bliss. How terse and sweet my phrases are. I tell you I am a model writer, a model speaker, a model father and husband. I am not, therefore, the "ass." But he is your representative. You are all fools and asses as stupid as Baalam's. Why? you say. Because you believe in God and immortality and the Bible. Listen to my preaching and be convinced. I know more about God than all you theologians. I know more about immortality than all your hypocritical preachers; and I can write better English than you will find in the Bible, and make improvements on the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. What do ye say? "The greatest geniuses have believed in God, immortality, and the Bible." Nonsense. The men who believe in such things are the sons of dwellers in canal-boats or "dug-outs." I and my co-believers are the true men of war. Plato believed in God and immortality, but Plato was a fool. All the great ancient writers believed in God, but they were all a set of fools. They wrote fine poetry and sublime philosophy, but when you compare them with me they are nowhere. What's Plato to Tom Paine? What's Socrates to Voltaire? What

are the twelve apostles to Giordano Bruno? What are those old fools Moses, the patriarchs and prophets, the twelve apostles, and Jerome, Origen, Justin, Ambrose, Augustine, Chrysostom, and those other old fossils, compared to Jean Jacques Rousseau and myself? I know they believe in God, but I don't. There is a man they call Thomas Aquinas, who wrote a sum of theology. They say he was a genius. I never read a word of what he wrote, but I know he must be an ass and a beast, for he believes in God and tries to prove his existence. Your priests and ministers have spent years in studying. I could not afford the time. Your priests and ministers are, I must confess, many of them very learned men; but they will not deny God's existence as I do. They will preach Christianity, and therefore I say they are fools. Did not some priests five hundred years ago sanction the burning of heretics? Did not some ministers in New England sanction the burning of witches a hundred years ago? Therefore there is *no* God, no immortality, and the Bible must be discredited. What do ye say? "The rationalists murdered men and women by the wholesale in the first French revolution and worshipped a strumpet at Notre Dame." That's a lie. It was priests that did that. They were Jesuits in disguise. So were the Communists who sacked Paris lately and murdered the hostages. The rationalists, like me, are all saints, because they do not believe in God as you poor fools do.

This whole world that you see, with its buds and blossoms and sunshine, — I told you I was great on blossoms and sunshine, — has no cause, no author. There is no plan in it; no system. The seasons come and go by chance. The stars are floating in space without law or law-giver. The astronomers lie when they tell you that laws govern the planets. It's all done by chance. This whole universe, with its animal life, is all the work of chance. We and it, like Topsy, have "growed." No intelligent cause or origin can be assigned for our or its existence. What do ye say? "Why don't chance make a watch or a house? Why do we need a carpenter or a watch-maker? Since chance made the greater, why will it not make the less?" Well, I say, chance would make a watch or a house if you would only wait for it. Wait five hundred years and see if chance will not make watches; and houses will grow like mushrooms. I know you cannot wait so long. You will be dead and rotten by that time. But your posterity will see these things happen. You don't believe me? That shows how ignorant you are. Oh, no! you would rather believe those stupid fellows, educated in seminaries, than me, the great apostle from Peoria. I tell you we have all "growed." We had neither father nor mother. The universe has no cause. There is no God, and you are a set of stupid asses for not believing me. And now that I have proved to you that all mankind and all religions, and the voice of human nature, are wrong in believing in the existence of a supreme creator and cause, who governs all things by his laws, I 'll show you that your souls are not immortal.

I tell you when you die there is no more of you. There is no difference between you and Tobias's dog or Baalam's ass, which has given me my text.

You hope to live after the grave; Nature prompts the hope, but Nature, whom in other things I worship, for she is my substitute for God, is in this a liar. The desire, the hope of your heart to see your dear ones on the other side of the grave in a happier abode than this, is all moonshine. Immortality is an invention of the creeds and churches. I tell you so, and if you do not believe me you are fools. My word is better than any argument; and my wit and sarcasm are substitutes for historical truth and logical investigation. Does not my wit and humor make you laugh? I see you smile when I ridicule those old doctrines of Christianity. But historical truth and logical investigation will not make you laugh; therefore you should prefer my funny caricatures to those sobersided old dogmas. Never believe in anything that will not make you grin from ear to ear. You are asses if you do. No; there is no immortality of the soul! What do ye say? "Life is not worth living then. If there is no hope beyond the grave, no God, and no heaven, then why should people suffer here?" Well, they ought not to suffer. Rationalists never suffer. It is only Christians who get the rheumatism, small-pox, and typhus fever. Believers in nature alone are exempt from disease; they alone are happy. When your horse breaks his leg, you shoot him to get him out of pain. So when your old mother is no longer good for anything, shoot her. She has no immortal soul. You will be doing her a service by killing her and putting her out of misery. When a man gets confluent small-pox or cholera, kill him. He is a nuisance. By killing him you put an end to his pain. When your children bawl at night and disturb your sleep, when they get the measles, whooping-cough, or cholera infantum, kill the brats, as you would kill superfluous kittens. It is only Christian babes that give trouble. Rationalist children never require spanking. If you are too tender-hearted to kill them, do like one of my patron saints, Jean Jacques Rousseau, throw the brats into a foundling asylum. There are a number of Christian fools, called Sisters of Charity, in that institution who will take care of your sick children. A true rationalist must not be encumbered with children unless they are very good and never sick. A true rationalist must be above restraint and what those idiots of Christians call law. If your wife gets offensive catarrh, or you cease to care for her, knife her. It is the best thing to do to put your fellow-brute out of misery. You know she has no more soul than a pig. For my part I love my wife, because she is always healthy and never scolds me. If you get sick yourself and become a burden to your family, why take poison and get into the grave. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that your carcass will poison the acorns under the sod.

What do ye say? "If we act according to the logic of your materialism and kill suffering mortals because they have not immortal souls, the State laws will hang us." O plague on the State laws. They are all wrong. They have their origin in Christian superstition, and the old Ten Commandments of that old fraud Moses. I would change them all. Listen to my code and see if it is not better than yours.

First. — There is no God but matter. Worship it and serve it alone. Eat drink, sleep, and kill yourself rather than suffer.

Second. — Blaspheme as much as possible the name of Him who is said to be your Creator, as I do.

Third. — Never go to church on Sunday. Go to the theatre on that day or go a fishing and get drunk.

Fourth. — Father and mother and superior be d—d. We have no bosses but our reason. I hereby abolish spanking and all jails and prisons. Obedience is humbug. Laws there can be none except two; firstly, one to punish rebels, another to "keep young women out of convents."

Fifth. — Kill all human beings who become a burden to themselves or others. They have no immortal souls. Kill yourself too whenever you get the jumping toothache, for instance.

Sixth. — There is no such thing as adultery. I shut the convents but I open the brothels. Of course, I love my wife because she is still pretty and healthy. But one of these days I 'll get rid of her as I would of an old slipper. The religion which has imposed the law of purity on men's acts and minds is a grinding oppression. Are we not all free?

Seventh. — Well, don't steal. This commandment of Moses is pretty good. But if you are hard up, steal all you can get. A true rationalist, however, is essentially honest. He has no vices. It is only Christians who have passions. Rationalists never have a temptation, or if they have, like sensible men they yield to it.

Eighth. — Lie as often as you wish. Teach your children to lie, especially if they are afraid of a beating for telling the truth. I would advise any man to lie rather than be clubbed. Truth is only relative, and has no higher aim than matter.

Ninth. — Covet your neighbor's wife if she is prettier than your own and has more money. Who has a right to put restraint on the desires of a free and enlightened rationalist?

Tenth. — Covet your neighbor's goods. I know all you homely fellows in the pit there are envying me my good looks, especially my massive brow. An ass of a priest likened it to the tail-board of a Boulevard cart. But he was only jealous. There is that handsome, well-fed woman in the seal-skin sacque in the gallery. I saw her reading my "Mistakes of Moses" the other day in the railroad cars. She envies Mrs. Ingersoll the possession of me, I know. Let her covet. Mrs. Ingersoll may get catarrh some day. Who dares impose restraints on the lusts of the flesh and the desires of the mind? Now, have I not held good my promise to give you a better code than the Ten Commandments?

O ye sons of toil, slaves of poverty, know ye not that there is no future life? Why, then, drudge and slave in summer's heat and winter's cold? Up and at those rich drones in whose interest Christianity was instituted. Burn their houses, divide their property, share their luxuries, and kill them if they resist. "Eat, drink, and be merry," for to-morrow we die. What do ye say? "You are a liar. Christianity says, Woe to the rich, and Blessed are the poor, for the more you suffer here the more you will get hereafter. It makes the

poor man content with his lot, for he is taught to hope for a heaven beyond the tomb." Put the fellow who called me a liar out! Police! police! Only rationalists have the privilege of using such words. Christians are dunces, idiots; Moses is a fool and an ass. The doctrines of Christianity are stupid and silly. Christians are the sons of dwellers in "dug-outs." I can say this with impunity. But that man shall not call me a liar, although his proofs show it. Arguments are nothing. Wit, humor, sarcasm, good English, and good lungs are better than any dry arguments.

Yes, and I can beat the Lord's Prayer. What do ye say? "Try it." Here goes, I want to make you laugh, you fools. I shall put a thousand dollars into my pocket at the end of this sermon. You came here to laugh. You came here to see the circus, and you must see the antics of the best clown in Peoria. I have made more money to-night than your old fossilized priests, who go to your cholera, small-pox, and typhus-fever beds at all hours of the night, make in a year. I am wise, I am. They are fools. Now listen to my Lord's Prayer: —

"Mother Nature made of dirt, thy kingdom come, thy will be done through our desires, give us health and wine, good stomachs and good digestion, and lead us to the full gratification of every passion, for there is neither hell nor heaven nor God nor any immortal soul."

Come now, you should all be my disciples after that. I have "beaten" the New Testament, surely. If you like I'll "beat" Mahomet; for you can have all the houris you like here instead of waiting to get them in his paradise.

And now that I have proved to you by the weight of my personal authority, before which all Christianity should bend the knee, that there is neither God nor soul in the world, may I not address you as *fellow-brutes*. Yes, brother of the same clay, soulless dogs of the same kennel, do not be offended, for if you believe in me, you cannot object to the practical conclusions drawn from my doctrines. My authority outweighs all the arguments of reason and all the proofs of Christian scholars. The true rationalist, oh, fellow-brutes, is he who denies the higher doctrines of humanity, such as the existence of God, the spirituality of the soul, the ethical necessity of subordination, obedience, sacrifice, and self-restraint, and brings himself down as I have to the condition of an unbelieving beast, an atheistic materialist. Crucify again the Christ with his doctrines of purity, humility, and self-restraint, and imitate my Messiah Voltaire, or if you prefer, Rousseau. You object? You say that Voltaire and Rousseau believed in God? Well, that is true, they were not as advanced as I am in doctrine, but they were more advanced in morality. Imitate them on morals and me in doctrine. You heard my late discourse about them and you know how I extolled their vices, which for the future you must hold to be virtues, for they are my patron saints. But my special patron saint is Giordano Bruno. He taught that there was no difference between God and a cabbage, and none between virtue and vice. I am more advanced, however, than this great saint, for he was only a pantheist, while I am an atheist. Liberty for man, woman, and child, say I; freedom from God, means freedom from law, its obligations and

restraints. Yes, fellow-brutes, the true friends of humanity are they who have rejected God's existence, and worship their own belly. The word is a rough one but I take it from a Christian apostle. Hail Nihilism, child of the great *Anarch* Satan, that would bring society back into primeval chaos! Hail, brother Jacobins of the first French revolution, who hanged aristocrats to the lamp-posts, and drank the gore of butchered innocence from human skulls in the streets of Paris! Hail, brother Communists, who in our own "Age of Reason," burned the palaces and works of art, pillaged houses, and murdered the hostages of the same civilized city! These are my friends, my co-believers and co-saints, for they are atheists and materialists, acting out the logical consequences of their principles! Liberty for man to murder, steal and rape; for woman *not* "to enter a convent," but to live in a brothel; for children to disobey their parents and lie. This is my doctrine, this my preaching in which by your applause you express your belief. And why not? Let us glorify the flesh, not restrain it. You glorify it already by your conduct, and you are logical in believing as you act. Certainly this doctrine will please your stomachs, and the stomach according to materialism is the whole man. Kneel down then and adore holy Astaroth, headless Venus of the Orient, worship Great Priapus, and lovely Bacchus. These be your gods, oh Ingersolians! Long live the mighty reign of—— DIRT!

At the end of this sermon, which was listened to by an applauding crowd of red-nosed men and red-faced women, a powerful but cracked voice from the realms beneath was heard singing the well-known operatic solo, "*Robert, Robert, thee whom I love*"; * while a stench as if from an unclean kennel pervaded the whole audience.

THE THUNDERER ON THE LANDLORDS. — Observes the London Universe: Wonders will never cease. Who would have expected it? That from the same quarter whence emanated the advice that the whole of Ireland should, if possible, be sunk in the sea for some short time so as to thoroughly exterminate its inhabitants, — that from such a quarter a word favorable to the Irish tenant should come is, indeed, remarkable. The case of the Irish landlord must be bad and hopeless when even the Times admits that it is "an irksome, not to say an odious task to enforce wholesale evictions and to compel the payment of rent by military or quasi-military force," and recognizes the obligation, "not less stringent, on the landlords' part, to abstain from oppressive and unreasonable demands on tenants whose inability to pay in full is clearly demonstrated. It cannot be reasonably doubted that there are such cases, and, whether they be few or many, their existence, and the bitter resentment they engender, is the festering source of the discontents which make Ireland so turbulent and irreconcilable." This is a conversion and no mistake.

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* From Meyerbeer's opera of "*Robert the Devil.*"

DENTON'S "IS DARWIN RIGHT?"

This is in truth a pitiable book: strongest evidence, perhaps, which this nineteenth century could supply, of the aimless and weary drifting of the craft of human intellect on the black and dreary waste of waters of speculation, once the rudder lines of Christianity are cast away, — floating back, far away down stream, borne on a treacherous current ever more distant from the light it once rested in, back away to the clouds and mists, back to the shadows and darkness wherein we can descry the shapes and shadows of the wearily watchful figures of men who have been dead and gone many a lengthy century past; of men who groped and peered, and brushed or tried to brush, as best they could, the cobwebs of spiritual darkness from their tired, straining eyes; of men like Plato and many a great one of antiquity who craved for the light some of humanity forsake of free-will to-day.

We have commenced with an allegory; we must continue and conclude with it.

Here the darkness is thick and thickening, and the shades scarce hide things that are blacker even than themselves; and yet the current is backward ever, and the mists grow darker too. Far, very far away now, up stream, where the light shone fair and bright on rippling waters, and verdant emerald boughs bent low to kiss the tide in reverential quietude, or seemed to arch and overshadow, in endless aisles of everlasting verdure, prayerful and contented beings. There, where in the golden distance a cross-topped hill, glorious like an everlasting sunset, shed a halo over every vale and rill, there was this frail and hapless bark of human intellect once anchored in peaceful rest: but vanity came and took its place within it, and vanity cares not for helms; and rashness came, and rashness never thinks; and there came those who applauded both in their wild launching on the stream, — and so, and so, they drifted away from the light and the peace and the glory, away to the mists and the darkness and terrors.

Such are the thoughts which Mr. Denton's book arouses. We have no wish to speak of him or it in harshness; in truth a foolish book, an aimless, hopeless sort of one, containing nothing certain, displaying only that ceaseless, painful hand and eyeball straining, ever the lot of those who float down the river of shadows. We shall not quote from it, we shall not need words to condemn or answer it: it condemns and answers itself. We have read it in sadness, in sadness we leave it. There is eloquence in it, but it is eloquence wasted; there is thought in it, but it is thought wasted; there has been time given to it, but that time has been wasted; there is something in it, but that something is evil: nothing, absolutely nothing but doubts and speculations, — doubts and speculations which portions of humanity two thousand years ago entertained as well as Mr. Denton does to-day, and therefore it is that our review of his book shall be this allegory, and this allegory its review. W. D.

MEMORIAL TO A PRIEST OF THE PENAL DAYS.

THE VERY REV. WILLIAM GAHAN, D. D., PRIEST OF THE ORDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE, OBIIT 1804.

This celebrated priest, one of that illustrious band of men whose zeal, intellect, and piety did so much to lift up anew the Church in Ireland when the first signs of emancipation from cruel and degrading penal laws came to lighten the path of her faithful children, was born in the parish of St. Nicholas, in the city of Dublin, on June 5, 1730. From his earliest days distinguished by an ardent piety, he entered the Order of St. Augustine when in his seventeenth year. Soon afterward he proceeded to Louvain for the purpose of prosecuting his ecclesiastical studies. At this university he spent some eleven years, imbibing the germs of that knowledge which was to bear such great fruit in after days. He graduated a doctor in divinity, and returned to Ireland in September, 1761. The relaxation, or rather the permitting of the partial abeyance, of the penal laws about this period enabled Irish Catholics to renew the public organization of the Church and to reform their ancient parochial divisions. Such reorganization was, however, much impeded by the limited number of secular clergy available for the discharge of the required duties; and therefore it was that Dr. Gahan, at the request of the then Archbishop of Dublin, accepted the highly arduous position of curate in the parish of St. Paul. After some three years spent in parochial work, he was enabled to take his place in the venerable convent of his holy order in St. John Street. Herein, with few intervals, the rest of the great priest's life was spent; spent in labors unceasing, his eloquent voice ever raised, his fluent pen ever ready, in the cause of God and the work of faith. In 1800 he had the unspeakable joy of reconciling to the Church, when on his death-bed, the unfortunate Lord Dunboyne, with whom in his happier days, when the mitre of St. Finbar hallowed his brows, he had been intimate. During his last illness Lord Dunboyne, as a species of reparation, desired to leave a portion of his large possessions to the College of Maynooth; and this, despite the dissuasions of Dr. Troy, then Archbishop of Dublin, he persisted in doing. After Lord Dunboyne's death, however, his will was warmly contested by his sister and heir-at-law. During the consequent litigation, Dr. Gahan, being examined as a witness, answered all fair, rightful questions; but when the zeal of an advocate or the intolerance of bigotry led to his interrogation upon subjects wherein his priesthood made him silent, when sacrilegious hands were about to be laid on the sacred veil of the confessional, stern and indignant, he refused to reply. For this "contempt of court," as he styled it, Lord Kilwarden, who presided as judge, sentenced the aged priest to a week's imprisonment. Immediately afterward, however, the case having been decided upon a separate issue in favor of the college, the judge ordered that Dr. Gahan, it being evident he had been actuated by principle only in his conduct, should be released.

On Dec. 6, 1804, this great ecclesiastic died, in the seventy-fourth year of a life fifty-four years of which had been spent in the ranks of the priesthood. His works, erudite and numerous, need not here be recapitulated; his fame as a priest and a preacher still lives in the hearts of his countrymen. It has been suggested by the Very Rev. William Walsh, D. D., Provincial of the Order of St. Augustine, that the memory of Father Gahan should be fittingly commemorated by the erection of some suitable memorial in the magnificent new church of the order he loved and served so well; and therefore, in the following letter,

published in the Dublin Freeman's Journal of May 21, he pleads for this good purpose in these words: —

St. John Street, Dublin, May 19, 1881.

To the Editor of the Freeman: —

My dear Sir, — A remarkable and saintly man lived in this convent a century ago, and died early in the present one, — the Very Rev. William Gahan, O. S. A. His memory is still fresh with many people, and I doubt not with many priests. I would ardently wish to perpetuate the same by erecting something in our new church here that would be worthy of his name and of his many virtues. He did much for religion in his day by his zealous labors in the confessional and the pulpit, by his well-known writings, and his truly exalted piety. It would give me the greatest pleasure to co-operate in any way toward what I consider a most deserving object, to receive any subscriptions that would be intrusted to my charge by his many friends and admirers for it, and to take every care that a suitable monument would bespeak to future generations the hallowed memory of departed worth. Believe me to be, dear Mr. Editor, with great respect, your faithful servant,

W. Walsh, O. S. A.

THE IRISH CENSUS.

The recent census of Ireland shows that the population of that unhappy island has fallen to 5,159,849. The census of 1871 gave Ireland a population of 5,412,377. Thus in the last decade there has been a decrease of 252,528 inhabitants, a reduction 4.66 per cent. The diminution is larger than was looked for. The yearly estimate, based upon the returns of births, deaths, and emigration, to the date of the census, rated the population at 5,335,000. Thus the count falls short of the estimate by no less than 175,151. The population of Ireland has decreased continuously since 1845. In the earlier years of the century it displayed an equally unbroken increase. The census of 1801 gave Ireland a population of 5,395,456. The census of 1811 showed a rapid growth to 5,937,856, an increase of 542,400, or 10.05 per cent. Between 1811 and 1821 the number rose to 6,801,827, an increase of 863,971, or 14.55 per cent. The census of 1831 raised the count to 7,767,401, an increase of 965,574, or 14.19 per cent. Finally, the census of 1841 brought the number to 8,175,124, an increase of 407,723, or 5.24 per cent. In the next four years there was, according to the official estimate, a further slight augmentation to 8,295,061, an increase for the four-year period of 119,937, or 1.46 per cent. That was high-water mark. When the tide turned the ebb ran out with a vengeance. In the six years between 1845 and 1851 the population fell to 6,552,385, a reduction of 1,742,676, or 21 per cent. In the decade from 1851 to 1861 there was a further decline to 5,798,564, a decrease of 753,821, or 11.51 per cent. Between 1861 and 1871 there was a further diminution to 5,412,377, a decrease of 386,187, or 6.66 per cent. Finally, in the last census decade there has been a reduction to 5,159,849, a decrease of 252,528, or 4.66 per cent, bringing the total loss of population since 1845 to 3,135,212, a decrease of 37.79 per cent in thirty-six years.

LA HARPE D'EIR-INN.

The French correspondent of the Dublin Irishman says: The *Triboulet* has concluded arrangements with that young and gifted poet, Victor Robert, who is to supply him with poetical contributions expressly on Irish subjects. M. Robert is the same gentleman who, at the National banquet on St. Patrick's night, proved to his hearers in no unmistakable accents how strong was his sympathy in the cause of Ireland's regeneration. I send you his latest contribution, entitled *La Harpe d'Eir-Inn*, with a graceful translation into the more familiar tongue, from the golden pen of Owen Roe: —

LA HARPE D'EIR-INN.

Avec ta liberté, le barde n'est pas mort!
Comme un coursier hennit quand l'éperon le mord,
Tu souffres et te plaint; mais la harpe sonore,
Pour chanter tes douleurs, sous mes doigts vibre encore!
Car je suis de ta race, et car je t'aime Eir-Inn!
Car mes aïeux, fuyant pour un ciel plus serein,
Tes bords que dévastaient des peuplades errantes,
Ont gémi de te voir en des mains conquérantes;
Car la haine a passé des pères aux enfants;
Car l'Evangile dit: Malheur aux triomphants!
Car nous nous souvenons de ces jours de soufrance
Où tes fils ont servi le drapeau de la France:
Dans les batailles, fiers; humbles sous harnoi:
Ceignant leur front de nos lauriers de Fontenoy!..
Quand donc l'homme aux yeux bleus, à l'air franc, au corps svelte,
Aux barbares Saxons s'allia-t-il, le Celte?
Les chênes, seulement, croissent sur le granit!

Chantons, du conquérant, le règne qui finit!
Ces luttes, ces combats, auxquels tu t'accoutumes;
Ta grandeur d'autrefois et tes vieilles coutumes.
Chantons la liberté car je te vois grandir;
Car, de l'évêque Egan à Tone le martyr,
Tes fils savent porter leurs têtes aux potences!
Qu'importe l'échafaud, qui'importent les sentences,
La femme enfantera; d'autres vengeurs naîtront;
Ton sol, en défenseurs ardents, est si fécond;
Si grande est ta vaillance et si juste est ta cause,
Qu'elle doit triompher: du temps, elle est la chose.

Ah! chantons tes héros, tes humbles, tes penseurs;
Ceux dont l'âme voua haine aux envahisseurs.
Que notre bouche baise, ô sublime patrie
De Moore et Berkeley, ta poitrine meurtrie.
Que la harpe réveille, avec ses cordes d'or,
Celui qui désespère et celui qui s'endort. . .
Qu'elle emprunte, ô forêt! ton murmure sauvage:
Qu'elle prenne leur plainte aux vagues du rivage;
Ecoute, longuement, ces graves harmonies:
Eir-Inn, Dieu te conduit par la voix des génies!

VICTOR ROBERT.

PARIS, 25 avril, 1881.

Translation.

ERINN'S HARP.

While Freedom lives, the bard doth live: thou sorrowest 'neath thy load,
Just like the noble charger whose flanks the spur doth goad;
But, oh! thy harp — thy magic harp, its chords my touch obey,
And I can chant thy story still in many a roundelay;
For I am of thy kith and kin, O Ireland of the West,
Where long ago my sires had found a welcome home and rest,
But when a wandering tribe had wasted all thy shore,
They left with hearts grief-stricken, and never saw thee more;
They groaned to find how alien hand thy priceless freedom won,
But — God be thanked! — their hate has come from father down to son,
For we bethink us, Erinn, of those days of direful dree,
When, in their pride, thy children fought 'neath France's *fleur de lys;*
And we bethink us, Erinn, with a fond, unmeasured joy,
Of all the laurels they bore off on glorious Fontenoy: —
Shall then thy lithe and blue-eyed Celt, his valor and his pride,
Thus — thus unto the Saxon foe forever be allied?
But sing we now of that fair dawn that follows on the night,
Of those heroic combats you fought for truth and right,
Your greatness in those bygone days so aureol'd in light!
But sing we now of freedom whose seeds thy sons have sown —
From Egan, bishop of fair Ross, down to the martyred Tone;
Despite the scaffold's horrors, and grim death frowning nigh,
They knew not fear in Ireland's cause, but proudly marched to die!
Oh! Irish mothers still remain — avenging souls will rise;
For, oh, thy soil 's more fertile than any 'neath the skies:
So mighty art thou, Erinn, in the justice of thy creed,
That thou must triumph in the end and gain the victor's meed!
Then sing we of the heroes the noblest men can show,
Whose souls had vowed a holy hate against a foreign foe;
And let our lips press one fond kiss upon the tortured breast,
O Isle of Moore and Berkeley! O Emerald of the West!
And may thy harp awaken, with many a Gaelic air,
The sons of thine who slumber, and others who despair,
And may it ever borrow wild music from the wold,
And plaintive chants from mighty seas that rush o'er sands of gold!
Oh! listen to its harmony — its battle chime and roar,
And God will guide thee by its voice, to victory once more!

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of great virtues in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has any sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company: it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person: the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not attempt to entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

THE STORY OF IRISH EMIGRATION.

A. M. Sullivan in aid of St. Patrick's Institute, London.

Mr. SULLIVAN said he had come before the audience that evening to speak to them on the subject of "Irish Emigrant Ballads," the ballads that related to Irish emigration, its cause, the feelings and emotions it called forth, and the historical events it led to. Those who were listening to him were, he had no doubt, emigrants from Ireland, as he himself was. The Irish emigration, which had played so important a part in modern political history, was a comparatively modern fact. Ireland, indeed, many, many centuries ago, sent vast bodies of her children into other lands, but they did not go forth as hewers of wood and drawers of water; they went from the schools and universities of Ireland to enlighten and teach the greater part of Central Europe, and very far into the East. Indeed, the patron saint of Salzburg, far away in the Tyrol, was an Irishman; and one could scarely go anywhere, from the North of Italy up to the confines of Russia, without finding some place where, in the early centuries, some of the Irish teachers and scholars left their homes, having first brought the pagan natives into the light of the true faith. That was the first Irish emigration that European history knows anything about. But it was only in the beginning of the seventeenth century that Irish emigration, political or agrarian, made its appearance in Europe or any other part of the world. From 1607, when Tyrconnel left Ireland, to 1641, there were continual emigrations to the Continent of Europe, and Irish valor and Irish soldiers were winning repute for themselves in the armies of Europe. In England, in 1641, there was a struggle between a considerable portion of the English people and their king. It was not historically true that the English people never rebelled against their king, for they had a habit about that time, not of frightening a landlord or two, but of cutting the head off their king. The Irish rose in defence of their king as against the English rebels of that time, and, though it had been treated as a rebellion by English historians, it was a matter of fact that the Irish put upon the coins that they coined at Kilkenny the portrait of the king. However, the English rebels of that time were too strong for the king, so they beheaded him, and Oliver Cromwell reigned in his stead. He went with his troops to put down what was called the rebellion in Ireland, and slayed and devastated, by his brutal work, the whole island. He stripped of their property to the last shilling the native gentry, who had committed the fault of being loyal to their king: and bitterly they paid for their loyalty, for there is now scattered all over the world the descendants of those men who were stripped of rank and title, of home, country, life itself, of everything but honor, in defence of their rightful king. Immediately after the subjection of Ireland, the Protector, as Cromwell was called, — though what he protected in Ireland it was not easy to tell, — published a series of edicts, the originals of which were to be seen in an old tower in Dublin Castle Yard at the present day, and they were documents that would make any man's blood freeze. These documents relate to the application of the English planters in Jamaica to have sent out to them 20,000 Irish children of tender years to be kept in slavery on the plantations. The request was granted, and the work of gathering together 20,000 boys was carried out with a brutality and cruelty unequalled in the history of civilization. If he had not seen the documents he could not have believed that such atrocities could be committed by human beings. There went through the counties of Ireland gangs of soldiery, bursting open doors and tearing from the arms

of their mothers these children of five' six, seven, eight, nine and ten years of age, and 20,000 of them were shipped off like cattle to Jamaica. No tongue could tell nor pen describe the anguish that desolated the homes of these poor Irish people, and the eye of God alone witnessed their days and nights of grief as they went down into old age weeping and sorrowing for the little ones torn from their arms. That was the first great emigration that sent the children of Irish people abroad; and it is a terrible fact that twenty years later, of the whole 20,000, there were scarcely a few hundreds remaining, as they had died under the influence of the climate and under the lash of the brutal English planter. Thirty or forty years passed by, and there was another civil war in Ireland in the reign of James II. The Irish people, who had lost so much in the cause of Charles I., again committed the mistake of remaining loyal to their king, and were as ready as ever to step into the breach and fight for him. Though they lost the day, it must not be forgotten that the law had forbidden them the use of arms from 1641. It was a penal crime for any Irish Catholic to be apprenticed to a gunsmith, and it was penal for any Protestant to teach a Catholic to handle arms. The people were unacquainted with the use of arms, but under the Irish leaders they extorted a heavy price for their wrongs at Aughrim and Limerick from an army composed of the flower of European soldiery. He remembered that during the unhappy Fenian troubles of 1866, the English newspapers were filled with complaints that foreign emissaries were brought into Ireland, these emissaries being Irish-Americans who were not foreign all, but were to a man Murphys or Mulligans. It was very different when King William III. came to England, for he brought with him an army composed of Swedes, Dutchmen, French Huguenots, — soldiers trained in the continental wars of Europe. It was to these men that the Irish troops made an honorable capitulation, and exacted terms which, if they had not been broken, would have greatly changed the history of the two countries from that day to this. On the morning after the treaty was signed 20,000 or 30,000 Irish soldiers received the option of service under the conqueror at home or service abroad. Out of all these thousands only a few hundreds remained in the service of the English king, the rest went abroad into the service of France. That was the great military emigration, and from 1692 for about fifty years afterwards was a military emigration. From 1700 to 1770 there was another emigration went on — the emigration of children, who stole away in fishing-boats to be educated in France or Flanders for the priesthood. The learned lecturer then followed the fortunes of the Irish Brigade, and enumerated the names of many Irish soldiers who won world-wide fame in continental wars. He concluded this part of his lecture by reading Davis's stirring poem of "Fontenoy." Continuing, he said the Irish emigration from 1803 to 1850 was almost entirely political, but after that year came the great emigration which had spread the Irish race over the surface of the habitable globe. Mr. Sullivan then dwelt on the causes of that emigration, and the dreadful scenes enacted in Ireland. He concluded by advising his hearers to do all in their power, by living lives of sobriety and industry, to allay the prejudice which, though fast dying out, existed in some degree in the minds of the English people against Ireland.

Why do summer roses fade? Because there is no way of releaving them.

If a girl marries a coachman, she must not be surprised if he insists on holding the reins.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

AN OFFERING FROM THE POPE.

THE *Unita Cattolica* observes: — Among the clergymen now in Rome, is the Rev. Signor Bouland, pastor at Boston in the United States of America, and founder of the work of "Our Lady of Victories," who was received in particular audience by his Holiness on 30th May. With the greatest interest the Holy Father questioned him on the state and progress of the Catholic apostolate in the city of Boston, and learned with evident satisfaction that not less than thirty parishes have already been erected there, amidst a population of 360,000 souls; that numerous conversions have been effected amongst the Protestants; and that the future of the youth educated in the parochial schools is assured. The Holy Father, with special good-will, blessed the work founded by the Rev. Signor Bouland on behalf of the French colony in Boston; and desiring to signalize this paternal pledge, he presented to him a beautiful statue of St. Peter, seated *in cathedra*, modelled after that which is venerated in the Vatican basilica. In the new parish of "Our Lady of Victories" in Boston, the precious pontifical gift will be a powerful incentive to the organization for the collection of Peter's Pence, conformably with the project which Rev. Signor Bouland had the honor of explaining to his Holiness. At the conclusion of the audience, remembering that the work so eminently Catholic and French, founded by the Rev. Signor Bouland, enjoyed the special protection and the generous support of his Grace Mgr. Williams, Archbishop of Boston, the Holy Father, whilst blessing the founder of the work, also wished to transmit through him a special blessing to the illustrious Archbishop, of whose apostolic zeal and increasing activity to promote the interests of the vast diocese of Boston, he spoke in praise. We can add that besides the gift of the statue of St. Peter given by the Pope to Signor Bouland, the reverend gentleman has received another valuable present, namely, a relic of St. Ann. The donor was Mgr. Boccalli, *Cameriere Segreto Partecipante* of his Holiness. Our readers already know with what zeal the Rev. Signor Bouland has devoted himself to spreading, in Boston, the cultus of the glorious St. Ann, special protectress of the Catholics in the State of New England. Hence this celebrated relic constitutes a gift as opportune as it is precious, and will certainly be received with singular veneration in the new parish of "Our Lady of Victories," where the Rev. Signor Bouland intends to expose it for veneration.

AMONG the Spanish grandees present at the baptism of the young princess of Spain, was the Lieutenant-Captain General of Madrid, Gen. Patricio Fernandez O'Ryan. We all know where that name came from, says an exchange. Gen. O'Ryan, like the illustrious Duke of Tetuan, better known, perhaps, as Marshal O'Donnel, is the descendant of an expatriated Irishman. There is, however, one difference in the case. The duke's ancestor was of noble blood, — indeed, was of Tyrconnell's princely line; whereas the Captain-General is the grandson of an untitled Irish gentleman, who eighty years ago, when they "were hanging men and women for the wearing of the green," escaped the scaffold in Ireland and fled to Spain. He made good his way to Zimancas, where a relative of his was one of the theological faculty. Eventually, by the aid of a friend who had influence at the Spanish Court, he received an appointment in the West Indies, and rose to a position of command in Cuba. The grandson of that fugitive Milesian is the Lieutenant-Captain General O'Ryan of to-day.

CALDERON.

ON HIS SECOND CENTENARY, MAY 25, 1881.

Denis Florence MacCarthy, in London Weekly Register.

TRANSCENDENT poet, to whose hand was given
The harp of David and the lyre of Heaven;
Whose pen, unstained by any human dross,
Proclaimed the crimson glories of the Cross;
Whose wondrous *Autos* opened to man's view
Scene after scene, creations ever new;
Worlds unbeheld within his vision brought,
And peopled with the phantom forms of thought.
How can I speak of thee, O bard divine,
How raise my humble Muse to worship thine,
How fitly dwell on thy immortal page,
Thou *Wonderful Magician* of the stage?

Ah, me! 't is vain: no genius but his own
Could pay due homage at so great a throne;
For throned he is, and throned will ever be,
And crowned with glory like the supremest Three.
What can I do, but with sun-dazzled eyes
Behold his bright creations as they rise,
Green, golden, glad, and gemmed with flower and tree,
Like fairy isles from an enchanted sea?
What can I do, but list with raptured ear
To lyric strains 't is Paradise to hear;
Sonorous, sweet, melodious, swift, and strong,
The acme and the summit of all song?

And then, the fair inhabitants of those isles, —
The gallant youths, the *Damas* bright with smiles;
The sweet discourse in bosky groves and bowers,
Or on the sunny lawns besprent with flowers.
The fountains flow, responsive to the strain,
The streamlet bears it onward to the main;
Symbol of what its future fate will be,
Preserved and shrined in fame's eternal sea.

At times he treats of a sublimer theme,
And shows how human *Life is but a Dream:*
As when Rosaura through the cavern's gloom
Saw hapless Sigismund in his living tomb,
Chained, clothed with skins, and asking from above
The common rights of liberty and love;
Or when *The Great Magician* paints his fall
From his high throne in Heaven's empyreal hall,
Or holds with Cyprian sublime discourse
Of God, creation's centre and its source,
Or moves the mighty mountain from its base,
Or shows the heaven of fair Justina's face, —
That heavenly face, angelic, pure, and bright,
That yet will lead him to the realms of light,

Where, filled with holy joy, the sainted pair
The martyr's palm, the victor's crown shall wear, —
Or when, within the soft luxuriant vale,
The clasping vine, the love-sick nightingale
Vainly suggest voluptuous thoughts of sense,
Foiled by her faith and by her innocence.
Or take one more example he has given,
The martyred saints, *The Lover's Twain of Heaven*, —
Chrysanthus and Daria, blessed two,
Whose love, begun on earth, the heavens renew.
See her serene: with what a vestal air
Roams through Diana's groves the huntress fair!
Even ere the Christian light had reached her yet,
Upon her brow the virgin seal was set;
And when the lion saved her from foul shame,
Elate and proud she to the cavern came,
Where young Chrysanthus, wating for his death,
Bade her preserve the priceless gift of faith;
And when the great rock, falling o'er the tomb,
Concealed the martyred lovers in its womb,
By angels' lips their epitaph was given:
Here lie enshrined the Lover-Saints of Heaven.

Nor is it always thus with Calderon's muse:
He painted sterner scenes in darker hues;
Went down like Dante to the realm of fire,
And sang its terror with a softer lyre;
Came forth with Enio from the dread abode,
And left the wretch repentant with his God.
Or, in the Alpujarra, far away,
When the brave Moor defiant stood at bay,
What varied pictures fire his vivid song
Of vengeance vowed, and fair Maleca's wrong!
Love after Death surviving, till a blow
Well-aimed, Maleca's murderer laid low.
Or once again, on Afric's burning strand,
Behold the martyrdom of Ferdinand:
The Constant Prince, inflexible and brave,
Content to live in chains, and die a slave,
Rather than yield up Ceuta's vanquished town
Unto the followers of the false Mahown.
But vain the attempt to chronicle his plays;
Vain to describe the *Autos* all ablaze
With the pure lustre of diviner spheres,
Where spirit reigns and matter disappears;
Vain to describe the scenes of life and light,
That in his gayer dramas give delight:
The Fairy Lady, in her tricksome bower;
The fair contrasted hues of *Scarf and Flower;*
The Spoken Secret, by the plotters planned,
Which all may hear, but few can understand.
And then the dreadful scenes by vengeance wrought,
For outraged honor, injured but in thought;
When mere suspicion, scarcely understood,
The dread *Physician* washes out in blood.

But let us haste to fair Trinacria's Isle,
Where *Love o'er Magic* triumphed for a while;
Where brave Ulysses conquered Circe's spell,
And fain within that fairy isle would dwell,
In rest luxurious and ignoble sloth,
Country and self forgetting, — false to both;
Though great Achilles' arms from Troy he bore,
But now in silken raiment seldom wore.
Until at last in indignation came
The mighty hero's shade his arms to claim,
And bade with scorn the effeminate king depart,
And fly the lures of Circe's magic art.

One picture more before I close this page,
This panoramic view of Calderon's stage.
'T is Tumbez's shore, in far and fair Peru,
When stout Pizarro's vessel came in view;
When fire and thunder from her bulwarks broke,
And the great ship was hid in cloud and smoke.
The simple Inca trembled on the shore,
To hear the dread sea-monster's awful roar:
And Guacolda, Priestess of the Sun,
Felt that her fate was sealed, her course was run;
For well she knew a sacrifice should be
Made to the sun, — the hapless victim she.
But no: Faith triumphed in a wondrous way,
And foul Idolatry was scared away,
And all her false and lesser lights grew pale
When *Sunrise dawned on Copacabana's Vale.*

O soldier-bard, O poet-priest, whose lyre
Blends the soft anthem with the martial fire;
Whose earthly sound on many a field of fame
Was braved for Spain in Santiago's name;
Whose keener sword of fantasy and thought,
Like that with which the great archangel fought,
Assailed and vanquished Satan in the van
Of his dread host, the foes of God and man!
Not through mere chance, or based on human claims,
He wore the knightly mantle of St. James,—
That glorious figure artists love to paint,
In which unite the soldier and the saint,
When rushing on his white steed o'er the plain
He saved the honor and the life of Spain:
Thus the great poet, in his special sphere,
Routs Sin's dark host with his ethereal spear;
Makes Spain revered and honored o'er the globe,
And fitly wears the great apostle's robe.
Glory to Spain that on this festive day,
When Calderon sleeps amid the flowers of May,—
What though his ashes 'neath his coffin's lid
By tapering spire or rounded dome be hid?
The azure sky bends brightly over all,
And nature spreads around her purple pall.—
Glory to Spain that on this festive day

She hails her poet and rewards his lay,
Places him proudly on her lyric throne
Supreme, sublime, unrivalled, and alone.
Lopé, full fame in life and death had he,
That *Prodigy of Nature* all could see;
But more for work immense and labor long
Than the fine essence of completed song.
The great Cervantes in his separate sphere,
The noblest name the world and Spain revere,
Moves day by day to some sublimer height,
And lives immortal with the immortal knight;
And now to-day, with pomp and honor due,
Spain adds a third to the immortal two,
Their greater far, within his own domain,
The lyric drama and the enraptured strain.
Happy for Spain, that proudly she may claim
The priceless heirloom of each deathless name,
And in each deathless name her noblest son,
Cervantes, Lopé, and great Calderon.

[The names printed in italics refer to the chief dramas and autos of Calderon.]

NOTE. — On the anniversary of the poet's death, May 25, a solemn service was held in the Church of St. Joseph, Madrid, at which the king and his court assisted. Afterwards there was a procession to the Convent of Calderon, in a suburb of the city, where the poet passed his latter days; and in the afternoon, the king held a review. The festivities of the day closed with a reception; and at night the city was illuminated.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON THE JUBILEE.

AT the Oratory, Birmingham, on Sunday, his Eminence Cardinal Newman made reference to the letter of his Holiness proclaiming the Jubilee, which he had read at length on the previous Sunday. He said this Jubilee answered in a great measure to those public gatherings of the Jews in which they confessed their sins and asked for help when they were in great trouble. The members of the Catholic Church were now in great trouble; the Holy Father seemed to say that they were in especial difficulty. They must bring themselves individually and in a body before God and ask to be forgiven, and beg that the light of His countenance might shine upon them, that they might get out of the trouble in which they now were, and that wisdom might be given to their rulers, and especially to their Holy Father, that he might know what to do. The first condition of keeping the Jubilee well, and doing their part in it, was to understand that it had very important aims; and those aims were to gain strength and light to fight their enemies, and to gain forgiveness from God. They must in spirit act together as one body, each considering himself as not of himself, but as part of the whole, bearing the sins of others and praying for others. Those who bore enmity against the Catholic name were "increasing beyond bounds in number, strength, and audacity of design." They were not content with revolting from the Church, but they were attempting, as the Pope said, to expel the Church from the civil society of men, from the connection of the state, to expel it from the throne and from the Parliament and from the courts of law, and to render the great Church of the Lord nothing more than any ordinary persuasion or sect. That was one object which these people had in view, and what was still more dreadful, these people were in a great measure apostate Christians. He was speaking of the state of France, Italy, Germany and other countries, not denying for the world that there were many good Christians in them, but a great part of those nations had fallen off from the Lord, from the Holy Church, and the Christian name, and they were using all their influence, as the Pope said, not merely to be allowed to have their own way, but to expel the Church altogether from the civil society of men. Of course the great father, the Vicar of Christ, must do his duty whatever came of it, and he now called his children to help him by their prayers.

THE VALE OF GLENCOE.

A DAY'S NOTES IN AND ABOUT THE NEW CATHOLIC PROTECTORATE.

DELIGHTFUL SCENERY AND ATTRACTIVE SURROUNDINGS OF THE INSTITUTION.

ITS INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL FEATURES AND GENERAL PLAN OF MANAGEMENT.

Thomas DeCantillon Church.

JUST four years ago, during my rambles in Missouri, I paid a visit to the Catholic Protectorate at Glencoe. Subjoined, I give you my notes of the visit, — one of the happiest of my life. My dear friend, Brother Leo, of whom I speak, has since died. He was a French Canadian, a good religious, and a great friend of our Irish race. May God have mercy on his soul. I see from Father Hennessy's "Homeless Boy" that many improvements have taken place at the Protectorate since my visit in June, 1877. I rejoice at this most sincerely, as the long-continued apathy of the Catholic people of the great city of St. Louis was at once a shame and a reproach to them.

Twenty-six miles southwest of the great commercial metropolis of the West — the bustling city of St. Louis — lies the beautiful vale of Glencoe. This is one of nature's favorite spots, and admirably adapted for the Protectorate now partly erected there. When completed, the new Catholic Protectorate at Glencoe will be one of the finest houses of its kind on this continent. It is intended for the reception of poor children who have been deprived of their natural protectors by an all-wise Providence; and happy will it be for those poor waifs to be placed in such an institution, where the moral training will be all that could be desired. All honor indeed to the great, good men who designed the truly noble undertaking. Their names will be indissolubly linked unto all time with the great building at Glencoe, as the best benefactors of their race. Charity's jewels will blaze there with love's glow, the while the orphans and the others rescued from a life of sin and sorrow will ever lovingly remember the benefactors who reared this asylum for them, in their prayers before the Great White Throne. All honor to the bishops and clergy of St. Louis, as well as to all the good men of the beautiful West who have thus far "put their shoulders to the wheel," and who have resolved that erelong measures will be adopted to speed the holy work to completion.

The scenery here is exquisitely beautiful; particularly so during this bonnie month of leafy June, when nature looks her best and bravest. Moore must have had such another "vale" in his mind's eye, when he wrote his "Meeting of the Waters," one of his rarest gems of song. Yes, indeed: —

> There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As the vale in whose bosom the Meramec fleet
> Rushes down thro' Missouri with foam waves aglow,
> Past the "Garden of Eden" of bonnie Glencoe.

The view of the surrounding country from the Protectorate is soul-raising in the extreme. The undulating hills that seem to salute each other in nodding glory, dowered with verdure of the "immortal green," with stretches of lonely, lovely land between them, watered far away by the winding Meramec, that gleams like a golden thread in the woof of the merry June sunshine, the while the landscape is dotted with the pleasant homes of the "stalwart Missouri farmer," all make up a picture fair as

ever the sun shone on! We have seen Glencoe when

"Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars,"

as well as when

"Clouds lay cradled near the setting sun,
And gleams of crimson tinged their braided snow";

and we can well say that in sweet Glencoe, the hearts of the poor children there will always be gladdened by one of the brightest of landscapes.

The Protectorate is under the charge of the Christian Brothers, who are always found leading the van of civilization, and who bravely bear the banner of education and toil for souls all the big, round earth over. When the college at Côte Brillante and the Protectorate at Glencoe are both in full working order, the Christian Brothers, those humble, devoted sons of venerable John Baptist de la Salle, will sentinel the Catholic city of St. Louis on either side, and God's blessing will be with them bountifully as they work on unostentatiously at the sublime work of their high and holy calling. The Protectorate was opened in 1872. The president of the Protectorate is Brother Leo, a good religious and an "old veteran" at that, who has grown gray in the service of God and humanity. Brother Leo has been in charge since March, 1876. When we inform our readers that Brother Leo was the pioneer of the great Protectory at West Chester, N. Y., which was opened by him in May, 1863, and that it was he who sowed the good seed there, which has since borne the fruit of unequalled success, we believe we are justified in predicting another brilliant success under his management here in the near future. Brother Leo is assisted by five brothers, who have their time fully occupied in doing ample justice to their respective employments. The president, assisted by a brother, with two or three efficient farm hands and a large staff of boys, attend to the requirements of the farm, which is truly a model one. The kitchen requires the undivided attention of a brother and several assistants. The clothes-room and dormitories are cleanly kept by another brother, while the class requires the vigilant zeal of the brother whose glorious mission it is to train up the bright young souls of his poor children to Almighty God. Of the three hundred and twenty acres which the farm contains, two hundred acres are under cultivation. The crops comprise corn, potatoes, beans, tomatoes, broom-corn, hay, etc., and already signs of a bountiful yield are apparent for the forthcoming harvest. There is also a large garden, where a plentiful supply of the various vegetables necessary for the institution is to be found. In addition to the above there is a vineyard containing between 3,000 and 4,000 vines. Recent improvements abound everywhere, and a skilful gardener, Mr. Jerry Dwyer (he 'd kill us if we did not give him the honors of typeland), is working wonders in his flower garden. The water supply is abundant and wholesome, and would make the mouths of some of our citizens water. Brother Leo intends having a reservoir built, which when worked by a small engine will supply the wants of the house. The good brother has had a fine, spacious bathing pond recently finished, which will materially promote the cleanliness of the young inmates. He has also enlarged the little lake on the lawn in front of the Protectorate, and intends stocking it with fish on an early day. The resources of the farm are varied and valuable, and under the present management will be amply developed. The farm is well stocked with milch cows, calves, sheep, hogs, horses, oxen, lambs, etc.

When it is considered that all the labor of cultivating this large tract of land, attending to the stock, etc., has been performed by the boys, with the assistance of one or two hired farm hands, the committee who prepared the last annual report were led to hope "to find in the near future one of the

most successful and prosperous institutions of its kind on this continent," at Glencoe, particularly as this will be a purely *non-sectarian* institution.

The boys, who number over forty at present, are all in the best of health; indeed, the uniform good health enjoyed here since the opening of the house in September, 1872, is something remarkable. We have been assured that even in very inclement weather, the health of the inmates has been rarely if ever affected, — one of the best pleas for the extensive patronage of the house in the near future. The boys are stout and robust, and everything betokens that cleanliness and comfort, allied to contentment of the first order, reign among the children. The attendance at class is very regular. Those boys who are to work in the afternoon attend school from 8 A. M. until noon, whilst those employed on the farm in the forenoon attend class from 12.30 until 4.30 P. M. The children are always under the surveillance of a brother, and attempts at escaping are very rare. Indeed, the comparatively remote location of the Protectorate, and the selection of the site, "from city life removed," speak well for the wisdom of its founders. At Glencoe, inducements to return to the street life of a great city are few, if any; and the good brothers are rarely interrupted in their duties by that constant stream of visitors inseparable from a "crowded" location. The proficiency of the boys is necessarily limited; but there are some ten or twelve young fellows here with the star of genius already rising over the horizon of their young lives, full of promise for the future. The supply of school apparatus is in keeping with the infant institution; but we hope erelong, with all the facilities for the reception of more boys generously supplied by those interested, to see "things educational" done ample justice. The moral interests of the pupils are fully consulted. Their proficiency in the Christian doctrine is creditable, and about twenty of the boys are at present preparing for their first communion. The Holy Sacrifice is daily celebrated by the chaplain of the house, at which the inmates attend, and the approach to the Holy Table is observed monthly amongst the Catholic children.

Of the new building, the eastern projecting wing and one recess centre wing are entirely completed, making a building three stories in height and about one hundred and sixty-five feet in length, which will afford ample accommodation for one hundred and fifty boys The building is of limestone, obtained from the site where it stands. It is constructed in the most substantial manner, and its appearance from the railroad station is both pleasing and commanding. In addition to that portion of the building already completed, the mason work of the entire basement story has been finished so as to have placed thereon the joists of the first floor, which at present is covered with a temporary roof. The supplies of limestone and cement of a very superior quality on the farm are unlimited, and when fully worked in days to come will prove very profitable. Brother Leo has had six hundred fruit trees planted last spring; of these he received four hundred from Mr. Withnell, of Carondelet, and the remainder from local farmers, sterling friends of the house, Messrs. Druhe and Croner. Mr. Withnell gave the brothers a good horse beside. The local farmers speak highly of the excellent deportment of the inmates of the Protectorate since its opening, and have frequently taken boys from there into their employment.

The farm-houses are in excellent trim. They consist of barn, stables, dairy, corn-crib, hog-pens, sheepfold, poultry houses, etc. The supply of poultry is large, and what between fresh eggs, milk skimmed and new, butter, meat, etc., all the rural luxuries are found here in abundance. The timber supply is inexhaustible.

The chapel is on the second story, and is tastefully kept. The employés of Benziger Bros., St. Louis, made the brothers a present of a handsome statue of the Virgin and Child: who will supply the companion statue of St. Joseph, Heaven's chosen protector of the kingly Child? During the month of May, we understand, the evening devotions to the Blessed Mother of God — to whom the month of floral glory is dedicated by the Church — were regularly and impressively performed, wedded to the glad hymns of the boys' choir, which is pretty efficient.

We would direct the attention of our readers to the great want of a library, even a small one, for the use of the boys. A good book, no matter how rude the binding, would be a great treat to the poor boys at Glencoe Catholic Protectorate. You, good readers! who literally

> "Yawn your joys
> And surfeit on the same,"

in the pleasant paths of literature, do not forget the dear children at Glencoe, for whom our Blessed Saviour died as he did for pope or president.

We thank the good brothers, especially the gentlemanly president, for their courtesy to us on the occasion of our visit, and we promise them in return to ever advocate the cause of their promising and very interesting institution. We bid them hope on, and, perhaps sooner than they anticipate, the work of completion of this fine building will be resumed; for we know that in the great city of St. Louis hundreds of good men and true have their hearts in the early success of the work at the Protectorate.

As we pause on the balcony fronting the Protectory, after a pleasant day's ramble through the woods, the while the setting sun sinks to his golden grave, we can fancy the exquisite, holy calm that falls over Glencoe on such another evening,

> "When on the sunlit limits of the night,
> Her white shell trembling amid crimson air,
> Glides the young moon,"

and we paint the picture of the future, when hundreds of poor children will crowd those unfinished halls; when bustle and life will people those solitudes; when trade and industry, and the merry boom of the engine of the panting printing press, will reverberate like things of life under the shadow of the great building; and when an appreciative people will bless the lowly toil of the good brothers who will point the heavenward way to hundreds of once abandoned children. Ah, reader! this is a picture worth painting with the roseate tints of reality.

DREAMS.

Dreams are caused by the most trivial things. Whispering in the sleeper's ear will often produce a dream. In changing our position, as we constantly do in sleep, we touch the bedclothes, etc.; perhaps the nose gets tickled, or the sole of the foot, and dreams, painful or pleasant, are the consequence. These may seem slight causes, but it must be remembered that the mind is ready to fly into the realm of fancy at the slightest intimation. People have often dreamed of spending the severest winters in Siberia, and of joining the expedition to the North Pole, simply because the bedclothes have been thrown off during sleep. It is said that a moderate heat applied to the soles of the feet will generate dreams of volcanoes, burning coals, etc. A strong light held before the sleeper's eyes is pretty sure to cause him to dream of fire. To some sleepers the sound of a flute fills the air with music, or they dream of a delightful concert. A loud noise will produce a terrific thunder and crashing unutterable, and at the same time awaken the sleeper.

"It is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes." — "Don't say a word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended."

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XVI.

LAST SITTING OF THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

June 10, 1800. — Appearance of the House. — Conduct of the members. — Anecdote of the member for Limerick City. — Lord Castlereagh moves the motion that the bill for the Union do pass. — How the Speaker put the question. — The Ayes have it. — Anecdote of Curran.

It was on the 10th of June, 1800, that the members of the Irish House of Commons sat for the last time. The bill for the Union was to be passed. Many went there crushed in spirit and desponding in mind, but sustained by the consciousness that they had performed their duty and fought valiantly the battle of the constitution of their native land. The Speaker — Right Hon. John Foster — was of this number. He had resisted the measure in every way consistently with his duty and the dignity of his high station, and the forms of the House had been used to delay it as far as practicable, in vain. Salaried officials, pensioners, and place-hunters had been elected to barter away the Parliament of a country of which they knew nothing and cared nothing. Venal representatives were corrupted and sold their votes for place or money bribes. One member for the city of Limerick, when accused of selling his country, had the hardihood and unblushing effrontery to reply, "Thank God I have a country to sell!" Fearing some outburst of popular anger might disturb the last meeting of the Commons, soldiers were paraded round the House, and the tramp of British infantry resounded beneath the portico of the Irish Senate House. The members took their seats, and one could tell, by the expression of each countenance, who was for or against the union: the former joyous and unconcerned, laughing and chatting gayly; the latter depressed and for the most part silent, as though in the room with death.

Most men looked compassionately on the Speaker. He had, it was well known, resisted the measure with all the powers of his mind and resources of his talents, and it was through his reluctant lips the fatal words should pass. True, he could have resigned office, but this would have availed nothing to stay the progress of the hateful bill.

He took his seat for the last time, and beheld the house crowded and the gallery full, but no longer with auditors anxious to listen to the voice of the orator, — to hear the eloquence which disclosed the genius of the land. A dull, heavy weight seemed to oppress the senses, and some winding-up routine business was got through listlessly.

At length Lord Castlereagh moved the order for the third reading of the bill for a Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. He spoke like an automaton, in cold, measured words, that dropped from him as if by the effect of machinery. Having finished, he sat down, as though quite indifferent, while the house became visibly affected. Some members hastily withdrew, as if unable to control their emotion, and unwilling that others should see how they were moved. Some members scowled and grew excited, as if some blow had been struck which they were ready to return. Others sat pale and frightened, as if a fearful doom was to befall them.

The Speaker rose calm and dignified; but presently he sat down, for a rush of thoughts came crowding his brain, and he felt dizzy. But it was only for a moment. The innate force of his intellect sustained him. The consciousness of what was his imperative duty roused him, and he held up the bill. With a steady glance he looked upon the national Senate House, and in a firm voice uttered the formal words, "As many as are of opinion this bill do pass will say 'Aye'; on the contrary say 'No.'"

The response that came forth from the "Ayes" was low in tone, but unmistakable in number. Again the Speaker tried to speak, but now his voice was indistinct, and with an eye averted from the bill which he held, as

though it were some loathsome object, he said in a voice almost inarticulate, "The 'Ayes' have it." He then stood erect, posed with the rigidity of a marble statue; then, like one possessed of sudden impulse, he flung the bill upon the table and fell back in the chair, as if exhausted by the effort.

It is not exactly known whether any armed resistance to the passing of the Union Bill was actually meditated, but that such was in contemplation may be inferred from the following incident: —

On the night of the last sitting of the Commons, a small-sized, plain-visaged man was seen lurking beside one of the great pillars supporting the portico of the House. At this time a swaying crowd of excited citizens thronged the area of College Green, Westmoreland Street, and Grafton Street, as far as St. Stephen's Green. The flash of bayonets and the tramp of drilled soldiery might be seen and heard by the crowd. The last scene of the national tragedy had been played within the House, and the actors — the members — were departing from the theatre of their performance, nevermore to repeat the play.

As the lights one by one were extinguished in the Commons House of Parliament, and in the passages leading to that stately chamber in which the abdication of the representatives of the sovereign people had just taken place, that dwarfish man looked out from eyes that almost lightened the gloom. He was recognized and accosted. One of the United Irishmen coming close to him, said, "Curran, what are you doing here?" The far-famed Irish orator and advocate sprang forward. As he did so, the cloak in which he was muffled fell from his figure, and with a countenance in which the expression of hopeless woe seemed traceable, he asked the inquirer in bitter words, "Where are now your three hundred thousand armed men?" To this no answer came. If there was any armed confederacy organized to oppose the measure, it certainly was not prepared to act, and thus the Act of Union was peacefully carried. The measure passed the Commons on the 10th of June, 1800, and received the royal assent on the 1st of August in that year.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHIEF BARON O'GRADY, FIRST LORD GUILLAMORE.

A quaint joker. — Born Jan. 20, 1767. — Called to the bar. — Appointed Attorney-General in 1802 — Prosecutes the traitors after Emmet's rebellion in 1803. — Succeeds Lord Avonmore as Chief Baron in 1805. — Created Viscount Guillamore. — *Bon-mots*. — The Timber Acts. — Indifferent lawyers. — The noisy court. — Kerry cousins. — An honest thief. — A speech after verdict. — The acquitted highwayman. — Solomon and Samson — Retires in 1831, and has a fit of paralysis. — Death on April 20, 1840. — Chief Justice Doherty. — Harry Deane Grady.

STANDISH O'GRADY, for many years Lord Chief Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, earned a reputation as a humorist. Madder says: * "He was a quaint joker; a shrewd and old-fashioned wit, with a vein of dry humor. As a judge he enjoyed a plebeian popularity, for, with equivocal good-nature, he took great sport in baffling the Crown lawyer. He was perhaps the least dignified person that ever sat upon the bench; but he was proud of being so queer a character. He had a vile county Limerick brogue, which apparently he took much pains to exaggerate; he was a frolicsome *farceur*, whose antics and broad jokes would have been endurable in a tavern, but were very disgusting on a bench of justice."

I was long anxious to collect as much information as I could of the career and *bon-mots* of this quaint old Irish judge. Owing chiefly to the kind attention of his nephew, the late Standish Thomas O'Grady, barrister, I am enabled to give the following particulars: —

Standish O'Grady, first Lord Guillamore, was born at Mount Prospect, in the county of Limerick, on the 20th of January, 1767. He graduated in Trinity College, Dublin, and adopting the law as his profession, was called to the Irish bar.

* Ireland and its Rulers since 1829, Vol. I. p. 126.

At the bar his great knowledge of his profession and ready talent for business, aided by his numerous connections on the Munster Circuit, obtained him large and lucrative practice; and in 1802 he was appointed Attorney-General for Ireland, as successor of Right Hon. John Stewart. He was the leading officer of the Crown during the prosecutions for high treason arising out of Emmet's rebellion in 1803, when the humane and eminent Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Lord Kilwarden, was killed. When Lord Avonmore ceased to sit as Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in 1805, the Attorney-General succeeded him, and Standish O'Grady presided as Lord Chief Baron thence until January, 1831 when he resigned, and was created Viscount Guillamore.

Among the *bon-mots* attributed to him are the following: —

Mr. Darby O'Grady, the Chief Baron's brother, caught a boy stealing his turnips. The Chief Baron being in the neighborhood, the despoiled owner of the turnips asked his learned, brother "if the boy could be prosecuted under the *Timber Acts*."

"No," replied the Chief Baron; then he added, "unless, indeed, the *turnips are sticky!*"

A case being left to arbitration, the counsel named on each side were in no great repute as lawyers, so the Chief Baron said, "You leave this to two *indifferent* lawyers, with liberty, if they disagree to call in an *odd one*."

At the Assizes in Tralee, a great noise prevailing in the court-house annoyed the Chief Baron. The crier called "Silence" in vain. Observing the High Sheriff intently reading a book, instead of preserving due decorum, the Chief Baron called aloud: "Mr. Sheriff, I tell you that if you allow this noise to continue, you'll never be able to finish your novel in quiet."

Some of the Chief Baron's charges to juries were very quaint. In Kerry a number of men were indicted for a riot and assault. Several were O'Donoghues, Moriartys, Duggans, etc., and many of the jury bore similar patronymics.

Aware of the consanguinity prevalent throughout Kerry, when the case closed his Lordship prefaced his address to the jury with the significant remark: —

"Of coorse, gentlemen, ye'll acquit your own relatives."

A boy was charged before the Chief Baron with a larceny of pantaloons; the case being clearly proved, the prisoner received an excellent character for honesty. The Chief Baron's charge to the jury was pithy: "Gentlemen, the prisoner was an honest boy, *but he stole the breeches.*"

Aware how easily missing links in a chain of evidence may be inferred, if not proved, the Chief Baron was very slow to allow counsel to speak unnecessarily in criminal cases.

A very inexperienced young barrister was employed to defend a prisoner indicted for burglary. The case was weak as to the hour the forcible entrance was effected, and this was the prisoner's only chance. The young counsellor was anxious to display his familiarity with criminal pleading, and sought to gain the judge's attention

"I merely wish to address your Lordship on the form of the indictment, if your Lordship pleases," persisted the young barrister.

"I'll hear you with mighty great pleasure, sir; but I'll be afther taking the verdict of the jury first," replied the caustic old judge.

The jury acquitted the prisoner, so the young advocate had to keep his learning for another occasion.

A prisoner, an old offender, was tried before him at Ennis, on the last day of the Assizes for county Clare. He was charged with robbing on the highway, effected with considerable violence. To the surprise of his Lordship, who considered the case clearly proved, the verdict was "Not guilty." The judge, determined to let the jury know what he thought of their decision, turning to the Crown Solicitor, inquired: —

"Is there any other indictment against this *innocent* man?"

"No, my lord."

"Then tell the jailer not to let him loose till I get *half an hour's start* of him, for I'd rather not *meet him on the road.*"

A tenant, having sustained loss by the conduct of his lessor, sued him in an action for breach of covenant. When pronouncing judgment the Chief Baron said, "The plaintiff had entered into possession with a qualified covenant, and should bear the loss non-payment of rent had often occasioned. Solomon was a wise man, and Samson a strong man, but neither could pay rent if they had not the money."

The Chief Baron, as we have mentioned, continued to preside on the Exchequer bench until 1831, when he retired, and was created Viscount Guillamore.

On June 10 of that year, 1831, while residing in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, he had an attack of paralysis, which affected his speech and hand. He was, however, not deprived wholly of reason, and attended to his private affairs until August, when he left Dublin for his seat, Rockbarton, near Limerick, where he died on April 20, 1840, in his seventy-third year.

CHIEF JUSTICE DOHERTY.

JOHN DOHERTY, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was a singularly handsome man. He had more the air and deportment of a heavy dragoon than a member of a learned profession. My friend, the late Daniel Owen Madden, thus accurately describes his appearance: "Mr. Doherty was a gallant, dashing, handsome Irish gentleman, remarkably tall in stature, and in his carriage resembling a lively colonel of cavalry much more than a practising barrister. He had an animated countenance, in which, with all its smiling warmth, there was a subdued fierceness, expressive of intrepidity and energy." *

* Ireland and its Rulers since 1829.

He was a relative of the celebrated George Canning, and was considered very like that statesman. With such personal and political recommendations, when elected member of Parliament for Kilkenny he soon became a popular member of the British senate.

He possessed much ready wit, and a few of his *bon-mots* are worth recording. At one of the Viceregal balls a brother judge, having imbibed somewhat too much of the juice of the grape, was not very steady on his legs. Next morning the Chief Justice was asked: —

"Is it true Judge —— danced at the Castle ball last night?"

"Well," replied Doherty, "I certainly can say I saw him *in a reel.*"

One of the officers of the Court of Common Pleas had a remarkable face. It was as nearly shaped like a hatchet as was consistent with the usual features, but the nose had a sharpness of outline that was strikingly apparent. One rough March day the Chief Justice was alighting from his carriage at the entrance to the Four Courts as this official came puffing and blowing from the effects of the gale.

"You seem quite out of breath," said the Chief Justice as he shook hands with his official.

"Yes," replied the other, "as I came along the quays the wind was cutting my face."

"Upon my word," gravely replied the Chief Justice, "I think *the wind had the worst of it.*"

Observing a lady with a dress so low in the bosom as to excite remark, the Chief Justice on being asked, "Did you ever see the like of that before?" promptly replied, "*Never since I was married.*"

Chief Justice John Doherty was a native of Tipperary, and called to the bar in 1808. He had considerable practice on the Leinster Circuit, and was one of the Commissioners of National Education. When Lord Anglesey sought to govern Ireland by selecting his officials from rival camps, he thought he was appointing a Whig So-

licitor-General in putting Mr. Doherty in that station, as a balance against the Tory Attorney-General, Mr. Joy; but he never made a greater mistake. Doherty was opposed to Liberal men and measures, and never forgave O'Connell for the victory O'Connell gained over him at the Cork Special Commission in 1829. This was for trying the men charged with the famous Doneraile Conspiracy. A number of the peasantry of the county of Cork were sent to jail for trial. They were informed against by spies who swore those men had conspired to assassinate three Doneraile magistrates, Admiral Evans, J. P., Mr. Creagh, J. P., and George Bond Low, J. P. The Special Commission was directed to Baron Pennefather and Judge Torrans; and Doherty, then Solicitor-General, was sent to conduct the prosecution. He made a most powerful speech in opening the case, and the four men first tried, and defended by Messrs. McCarthy and Pigot, were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. A man named William Bourke rode off from Cork to Darrynan Abbey, a distance of ninety miles, on his horse, to fetch O'Connell; and having obtained O'Connell's consent to attend and defend the rest of the prisoners, started and reached Cork on Monday morning, while Doherty was stating the case against the men next on trial. He had not concluded before O'Connell arrived, having travelled all night, and during the remainder of the sitting of the court O'Connell succeeded in every instance, and the jury either acquitted or disagreed. O'Connell brought Doherty's conduct before the House of Commons, but here the tables were turned, and Doherty obtained as signal a triumph over O'Connell as in Cork O'Connell obtained over him.

Mr. Doherty continued Solicitor-General until December, 1830, when Lord Plunket was raised from being Chief Justice of the Common Pleas to the rank of Lord Chancellor. Then the vacant seat on the bench was filled by Mr. Doherty. He had no very high fame as a judge, but his courtesy and patience made him greatly esteemed. He married Miss Wall, of Coolnannok, and it is said was desirous of a peerage, and would have preferred a seat in the House of Lords to the chief seat in the Irish Common Pleas. He had a chance of realizing a large fortune. It was the days of railway speculations, when Hudson rose and reigned the railway king; and like Hudson, Doherty rose, and like Hudson fell. I have been told the Chief Justice made by railways £80,000, and by continuing to invest lost not only all he gained, but, alas! all be possessed. He died in Wales, whither he had gone for change of air, about the year 1846, when he was succeeded in the Chief Justiceship by the then Attorney-General, J. H. Mouchan, an able and distinguished judge.

HARRY DEANE GRADY.

Among the most eminent Irish Nisi Prius lawyers of the earlier portion of the present century was HARRY DEANE GRADY. He was a native of the county of Limerick, and was fitted by nature as well as by profession for the bar. In stature he was short and stout, with a face indicative of shrewd wit and caustic humor. His voice was loud, and he possessed a robust sort of phraseology which smacked more of the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter modo*. He had been elected one of the members for Limerick in the Irish House of Commons, and soon became one of the government's stanch supporters. When remonstrated with on going against the wishes of his constituents who were opposed to the Union, he very resolutely declared his ideas to be strongly in favor of that project, and hinted the government had made it worth his while to vote for that measure.

"What!" cried his indignant remonstrator, "do you mean to sell your country?"

"Thank God," cried this pure patriot, "that I have a country to sell."

He was very coarse in his expressions, and when reminded that he owed his position to his constituents he said, "I care nothing for my constituents: I get nothing good from them. Bedad, if I only shake hands with them they give me the itch."

His bullying, bustling, browbeating manner was of great use in Nisi Prius cases, when rough work was to be done, and no one at the bar could perform any sort of bullying better than Harry Deane Grady. His great delight was to encounter a really intelligent but assumedly obtuse Irish witness, when a matter of skill would take place, the astute counsel endeavoring to extract much in favor of his client, and the witness resolved to reveal but little. Grady would give the witness his own way at first, pretend to credit his statement, nay, encourage him with such words as "exactly," "just so," and thus leading the witness to suppose he had gained the victory and triumphed over "the counsellor," but all this time Grady was ingeniously weaving a web in which to ensnare his victim, and having obtained the requisite admissions, suddenly changed his tactics, and obliged the baffled witness to admit his story was a pure invention.

Grady exercised much influence in court by what he termed "his jury eye." His right eye was constantly used in winking at the jury when he wished them to note some particular answer from an adverse witness. Appearing in court one morning in rather depressed spirits, which, for one of his usual joyous temperament, was very unusual, a sympathizing friend said: —

"Harry, are you unwell? You are not as lively as usual."

"How can I be, my dear fellow?" he answered.

"What 's the matter with you?"

"My *jury eye is out of order*," was the reply.

But Harry Deane Grady's rough manner was not always successful. O'Connell could be rough when occasion required, but no one could be smoother or use the blarney with more tact when it was the fitter instrument to insure success. The following anecdote illustrates the difference between these two eminent barristers in a very complete manner. Shortly after joining the Munster Circuit, O'Connell was travelling with Harry Deane Grady. They shared in the expense of a chaise, and were posting from Cork to Dublin. Their route lay over the Kilworth Mountains, then much frequented by highway robbers. While changing horses in Frocusy, a few miles at the south side of the Kilworth Mountains, both gentlemen made the disagreeable discovery that though they had pistols, they had no powder, and their balls, therefore, were useless. While discussing the chances of getting any supply in the town, — then a mere collection of huts, very unlike the bustling, prosperous, great military station it is at this moment, when the garrison is commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught; where his Excellency the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is renting Cornsvelle, close to the town, at £800 for a few months, to enjoy the amusement of salmon-fishing; where lords and ladies are thick as blackberries, and at present the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese of Cloyne and all the dignitaries of the diocese are assembled for the celebration of the High Mass for the repose of the soul of Pope Pius IX., — while Grady and O'Connell were regretting not having looked to their weapons before leaving Cork, the clatter of horses' hoofs and the martial sound of dragoons, with their long swords, saddles, and bridles, attracted their attention.

"Hallo," cried O'Connell, "we 're in luck. Here is the escort of the judges, and we may be able to get a supply from them."

"That 's very likely," said Grady, as the corporal and four of the privates came from the stable, where they had left their chargers, and tramped as troopers do tramp into the hotel.

"I'll go at once and see what I can get," said Harry as he passed into the hall. He walked up to the corporal, and in his blunt way said, "Soldier, will you sell me some powder?"

The corporal stood on his dignity. He eyed his interrogator very superciliously as he replied, "I do not sell powder, sir."

"Then perhaps you'd tell me where I could get some, or you might buy it for me."

"I am here on duty, and besides I do not know this place, sir," replied the dragoon.

Grady, somewhat crestfallen, returned to his companion, who had overheard what passed.

"The dragoon is a sulky fellow," he said: "he would neither sell nor buy for me."

"Harry," replied Dan O'Connell, "you offended him by calling him a soldier, when he is a corporal. I'll try my hand." O'Connell then went to the hall, and observed to the dragoon, who was looking rather ruefully at the downpour of rain then falling: —

"This is a heavy rain, sergeant. 'T is too bad the judges do not get the Yeomen or militia to escort them, without requiring the service of the regular troops."

"True enough, sir. It is harassing duty such weather as this, but duty must be done."

"I hear a bad account of the road before me: these Kilworth Mountains are said to harbor robbers. My pistols are useless, for unfortunately I left Cork without procuring a supply of powder: could you procure me some, and you'd oblige me?"

"I shall be most happy to let you have what I hope may suffice for you, sir," replied the corporal, opening his cartouch-box. O'Connell produced his pistols, and the bore exactly corresponded with the cartridges of the dragoon.

"Take half a dozen cartridges, sir," said the man, "and I'm glad to be able to oblige you."

"A glass of spirits and water will do you no harm this wet day," said O'Connell, and the dragoon drank his health ere he resumed the saddle.

"Dan," cried Grady, when O'Connell displayed his plentiful store of ammunition, "you'll do, — blarney forever."

The course Harry Deane Grady had taken in supporting the Union caused him to be much censured by several influential persons in Limerick who were opposed to that measure. They were resolved to express their disapproval, and having convened a meeting of the Limerick electors, deputed three to wait upon the place-hunting member. They consisted of a Protestant bishop, suspected of democratic leanings, Dr. Cheyne, an eminent physician, and General Burgoyne, who had served in China. Harry listened very patiently while they denounced his conduct in very severe terms, accusing him of injuring his country, deserting his duty, and betraying his constituents. These very serious charges were met by Harry with a bold denial.

"I did none of these crimes, my lord and gentlemen," he said. "I was opposed to the Union at first, but as soon as it was rightly explained to me,* I saw it was the greatest boon this country could receive, and I am satisfied my constituents will approve of my vote when I bring the case to their full knowledge."

"No, indeed!" was the response; "they all declare you have betrayed them"

"Nonsense, gentlemen, rank nonsense," cried the indomitable placeman; "you come between me and my constituents, and induce them to condemn me, on the *ipse dixit* of a republican parson, a quack doctor, and a battered old mandarin."

As the deputation felt Harry was getting personal, they bowed and withdrew.

When it suited his purpose to abuse,

* He was appointed a Commissioner of Revenue with £1,200 a year.

he spared no one. During a trial at the Limerick Assizes, his first cousin was a witness for the party opposed to his clients, and Harry cross-examined him in a most unsparing and savage way. He did not rest there. When addressing the jury, in alluding to the evidence of this witness, he said, "This case is supported by evidence as disgraceful as ever came before a judge or jury: the plaintiff, not content with the most outrageous statement, supports it by placing this wretched creature on the table, for whom I can find no fitter appellation than his miserable jackal."

The gentleman thus publicly vituperated was of very haughty demeanor, and we can well imagine his feelings on being thus held up to public view by his own first cousin.

During the day, after leaving court, he saw Harry in one of the principal streets of Limerick approaching with outstretched hand. When within a short distance, —

"My dear John," cried Harry, "I'm heartily glad to see you."

"I wonder, sir," replied his cousin coldly, "you dare address me, after the gross insult you inflicted upon me this morning."

He was about passing, when the cool counsel said: —

"Oh, never mind that, John: that's my trade, you know. I'll dine with you to-day."

"If you go to my house, I'll take care not to dine at home," was the reply.

"All the better," responded Harry; "in that case, I shall have Mary [his cousin's wife] all to myself."

Harry Deane Grady's daughters were very lovely and most accomplished girls, and made brilliant marriages. Indeed, so many peers were attracted by their fascinations to his residence at Dublin, that it was called "The House of Lords." One daughter became Lady Muskerry, another Lady Massareene, another Lady Roche. He had a beautiful place near Stillorgard, and lived to an old age.

To be continued.

MAIL MATTER FOR ONE YEAR.

A STATEMENT has been prepared at the Post-office Department showing the amount of matter mailed in the United States during the year ending Dec. 31, 1880. This is the second count of mail matter ever made by the department, that made in 1879 being the first. The statement is based upon the actual count of matter made at the different post-offices throughout the country during the first seven days of December, 1880. It shows the total number of pieces of all classes mailed during the year was 2,720,234,252. The whole number of letters mailed was 1,053,252,876, an average of twenty-one for each man, woman, and child in the United States; 324,456,440 postal cards, 812,032,000 newspapers, 40,148,792 magazines and other periodicals, and 21,521,832 packages of merchandise passed through the mails during the year.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA. — There seems to be no doubt that the massacres and cruelties practised upon the Jews of Southern Russia are excited, not by religious fanaticism, but by the fierce hate which subsists between the peasants and the money-lenders. Just like those risings in Bengal with which our administrators are familiar, the attacks upon the Russian Jews are traceable to the heavy indebtedness of the peasantry to the Jew usurers. Almost all the Jews are connected one way or another with usury, and many add spirit-dealing to this calling. The evil of usury becomes additionally intolerable when the wretched peasantry are trapped into drunkenness and debauchery in order to ensnare them more firmly in the meshes of the money-lender. If the troops did not protect the Jewish population, they would be simply exterminated in thousands. Over four fifths of Europe the rural money-lender is the danger of the agricultural situation.

THE DUCHESS PEPITA:

A MINIATURE EXTRAVAGANZA.

Rosa Mulholland, in Irish Monthly.

SCENE I.

Garden of the Castle of Bellarosa, in Spain.

[*Enter* PEPITA.]

PEPITA. — I have escaped from all their eyes at last. I am supposed to be resting in my room with a headache. Judit is off her guard. Oh, to think that I, who love truth so dearly, should be obliged to dissemble! What keeps Hugo? Why am I forced to meet him thus secretly? the husband chosen for me, loved and blessed by my dear dead parents! How little they thought that they were leaving me under the guardianship of a cruel man, who hates him and me, and is trying to rob me of the happiness of my young life! I am eighteen to-day, and so terribly unhappy! Yet I must not sadden Hugo by my tears. How sweet is this evening air after the gloom of the castle! How lovely are the purple mountains, curving in fantastic shapes behind these old gray garden walls, overhung with fruit and flowers! But the sunshine retreats farther away from me, taking color and perfume with it. The stars come out. Here is Hugo!

[*Enter* HUGO.]

HUGO. — My Pepita, what means all this? A secret meeting! and you have been weeping. My darling, what trouble has dared to fall on you?

PEPITA. — You know, Hugo, that for days I have not been allowed to say a word to you that others have not heard. I am watched and spied upon lest I should tell you that the duke has sworn that we two must part.

HUGO. — What! you and I?

PEPITA. — He wants me to become his bride.

HUGO. — The traitor! The arch-villain! I will have his life!

PEPITA. — No, no; you must not fight.

HUGO. — Who could have suspected him of such treachery? But why weep over such folly? Stand firm, my Pepita, and keep the scoundrel in his place. Do not force me to —

PEPITA. — Oh, Hugo, be calm! I will not indeed.

HUGO. — Are you not the Duchess of Bellarosa, and am not I your affianced husband? Did not our parents betroth us, — they who are now in heaven? This man whom they thought their friend, as he is their kinsman, but disgraces himself by such dastardly conduct —

PEPITA. — Now, Hugo, you are working yourself up into a fury again.

HUGO. — That were nonsense, my love. The wretch can do us no real harm.

PEPITA. — Do you think not? Then I will take courage. But oh, I have a presentiment of some misfortune coming upon me.

HUGO. — Shake it off, my darling.

PEPITA. — I feel ill; perhaps I am going to die.

HUGO. — Nonsense. You have got a shock, but that will pass away. You never appeared in better health. Look at the stars: your eyes are brighter. Your roses here show nothing so delightful as the damask on your cheeks. How fair you are in the brown velvet gown, my Pepita, with that white and golden scarf round your shoulders, and that little bit of scarlet in your hair! Never before did such a jewel, such a flower, grace the castle of Bellarosa. Pepita, in a few more weeks we shall be man and wife, when these tedious deeds are settled at last. We will leave this gloomy old dungeon, and travel where we will.

PEPITA. — Ah, that the moment were come, Hugo! Then I should be-

long to you alone, and the duke would have no further power over me.

HUGO. — Keep up your courage and your spirits, my sweet! The days will soon pass, and the last shadow shall be removed from your path. From the day of our bridal my life shall be devoted to your happiness.

PEPITA. — I know it, Hugo; I am the happiest girl in the world. If you and I were only poor peasants, our love would make us rich.

HUGO. — Yes, our future is indeed a glorious one. In the mean time we can afford to laugh at your tormentor. What real harm can he do you? He cannot marry you against your will. He dare not persecute you openly, or take measures to prevent our marriage, or the whole province would be up in arms against him. The eyes of your loving people are upon him; our marriage is approved by them, and looked forward to as a happy event. The envious duke may annoy you with words in private for one little week; but his hands are tied, and he cannot alter the course of events. My Pepita, in the fulness of my own joy I can pity the poor wretch. No doubt he loves you: who could help it? But he knows very well that his case is hopeless, for no earthly power can prevent your becoming mine.

PEPITA. — How well you talk, dear Hugo! I ought to have known all this before; but you make me see everything so clearly. Yes, we must pity him. When you and I begin our lawful reign over the people, he will have no further authority here. He loves splendor and command, and I dare say he will not care to resign all that he has enjoyed as my guardian. I cannot help feeling that in his present conduct he is influenced more by love of wealth and power than by love of me.

HUGO. — Whatever his feelings are, my darling, they are unlawful, and he must learn to control them in that privacy to which he is bound to retire. But let us think no more of this small cloud in our midsummer sky, this tiny crumple in our rose-leaf! Let us, for pastime, count up our joys on the stars, as prayers are counted on a set of beads. How bright is Venus over yonder! she shall stand for your beauty. Jupiter must count as my strength; on the polar star we will fix our mutual love. Why, if we were to spend time in reckoning them, we might find a delight for every twinkling world that helps to mark the Milky Way!

PEPITA. — So we might. But, Hugo, I fear Judit will soon come to seek for me. And though there is no harm in our enjoying this lovely twilight together, still I would rather escape rebuke. And who knows —

HUGO. — Confound them for vexing my darling! Well, I will not be the cause of an uneasy moment for you. Gather me some roses and I will go. (*Sings while* PEPITA *gathers the roses:*)

"Oh, I love my love in the morning,
When joy lights up the world,
When bird-notes quiver in the trees,
And bird-wings are unfurled.
Her voice is in those bird-notes,
Her spirit is on those wings,
Her presence beams in the jocund light
That warms all living things.

"And I love my love in the evening,
When homeward flies the dove,
When shadows wrap the weary earth
Like folding arms of love.
The sun puts off his splendor,
And sleeps on the ocean's breast;
Good night, good night, my heart's delight, —
All holy be thy rest!"

[*Exit* HUGO, *with the roses, and* PEPITA, *by different ways, kissing hands to one another.*]

SCENE II.

Apartment in the Castle. PEPITA *at her embroidery frame.* JUDIT *at a little distance, watching her.*

PEPITA (*throwing down her needle impatiently*). — Judit, I positively must go out to-day, were it only into the garden. It is a week since I have been allowed to pass through yonder door.

JUDIT. — Your highness knows that you are not well.

PEPITA. — Not well! I never was better; except, indeed, that I grow languid for want of air. And why am

I not permitted to see any one? If, as you say, Don Hugo has gone a journey upon business, why do I not receive my other friends?

JUDIT. — I have my orders from the Duke.

[*Enter the* DUKE OF ABRANTES.]

DUKE. — Well, Pepita, I hope I find you in a more reasonable humor than when I last saw you. I expect you will consent to be my wife, without giving me any further trouble.

PEPITA. — Never! Death were a better fate. Must I tell you again that I am affianced to Hugo?

DUKE. — Tush! a childish arrangement. O Pepita, what is the love of this boy compared to mine? I love you a thousand times better than he does.

PEPITA. — Then you love a thousand times too much. His affection is exactly the right quantity, and mine is nicely balanced to meet it. We want no more from any one.

DUKE. — You dare to speak to me so boldly? Take care: I am your guardian; you are in my hands.

PEPITA. — In a few days more I shall be my own mistress, and Hugo's wife. I can afford to defy you.

DUKE. — I think not, most scornful lady! I have taken means to conquer, to crush you. Even now you are destroyed by the power you have so rashly defied. Had you consented to become my wife, I had not harmed you, — you would have been safe; but now I have no scruple in effacing you from the world forever. You are as completely dead this moment as if you lay in your grave.

PEPITA (*rising and turning pale*). — You would not dare to murder me!

DUKE. — I would dare anything, but I will not murder you. I will only put you out of the way. Child, did you think to stand between me and the position I covet? I am your next of kin. Your death will bring me all your possessions as a lawful inheritance.

PEPITA. — My death!

DUKE. — Your death. You are already annihilated. For the past week, while you have been here confined to your apartments, satisfied with your own obstinacy, it has been believed by all outside these chamber walls that you were lying ill of a virulent fever. Your lover has been at the door a hundred times, but we could not admit him for fear of the deadly infection. Every day your case has grown worse and worse, in proportion as your obstinacy lasted and strengthened. To-day, nothing can save you. You are dead.

PEPITA. — Judit! Speak to me! Tell me this man is mad. Oh, heaven! she turns away from me!

DUKE. — She is my obedient servant. She knows it is you who are mad. You shall depart from this place in her care; and to her and yourself, and to those strangers among whom you may dwell, you shall evermore be hopelessly mad. Here, in your own place, and to your own people, you are dead. Already the city is in mourning for you, — you who have died so young of a fever, leaving your affectionate people, your mourning guardian, your inconsolable lover.

PEPITA (*aside*). — I am sick with horror. Am I the victim of so hideous a conspiracy? But perhaps he is only trying to terrify me. (*Aloud.*) Sir, I cannot believe what you tell me. It is too strange, too fantastic, too unreal. A lady, even a poor girl, does not die of a disease without having been visited by a physician. No one has seen me during the past week, — no one save you and Judit.

DUKE. — Well thought of, most ingenious madam! But I have two excellent physicians in my pay, — like Judit, my good friends and trusty servants. Struggle as you will, you are in the meshes of my net. You are dead to your past life, and to that imaginary future which you still try to see before you. Your real fate, the future I planned for you, is in my hands.

PEPITA. — I refuse to believe all this. It is a trick to scare me.

DUKE. — It is true as that you breathe. And yet, Pepita, if you will even now relent, — will promise to be mine, — I will undo all this, and you shall yet live a long and happy life.

PEPITA (*scornfully*). — What, sir, can you raise the dead?

DUKE. — I can cause you to recover from a trance that seemed like death, — if you will come forth from it as my bride.

PEPITA. — That I will never do. Rather let the grave close over me.

DUKE. — Be it so, then. Another and a lovelier woman shall reign as Duchess of Bellarosa and Abrantes. And now, lest any doubt of your own fate should remain on your mind, see here. (*Draws a curtain, disclosing gallery with fretted screen, from which is seen a view of the chapel of the castle below; leads* PEPITA *to the screen, and points to the scene below.*)

PEPITA. — Oh, heaven! what do I see? The chapel is draped in mourning. A corpse, my corpse, — the features are like mine, and the form is there laid out in great magnificence! White flowers cover the breast and feet. Ah! what horrible snare is this that my young life is caught in?

DUKE. — There lies Pepita, Duchess of Bellarosa, cut off in the bloom of her youth. Here will come her friends and retainers to mourn over her untimely end. Her funeral will take place in a few days, but before that event you will be far from here.

[*A door opens below;* HUGO *enters the chapel, and flings himself on his knees beside the corpse.*]

DUKE. — See, your lover takes his last farewell of you. In a short time he will be happy with another bride.

PEPITA. — Hugo! Hugo! (*A hand is placed over her mouth, and she is carried fainting away.* HUGO *raises his head.*)

HUGO. — Oh, me! I thought I heard her voice calling me. It was but the wind mourning for her through the crannies of these old windows, or my own imagination stimulated by anguish. She will never call my name again.

SCENE III.

The island of Inisbofin, near Ireland; PEPITA *sitting on the rocks, alone, soliloquizing.*

PEPITA. — Here I sit day after day, on this bleak though beautiful island, not daring to speak to any one, supposed by the kindly natives to be dumb and an idiot, watched incessantly by my keepers, Judit and her husband, pining for home and those who loved me, and knowing, alas! that to them I am dead, lost forever, perhaps even now forgotten! But no, I will not think so Hugo would not forget me so readily. Ah! what a hideous death in life is mine! When shall I be released from it, and how? I cannot look forward to enduring it forever. I am young; I *must* hope even in the face of despair, or become the maniac they here believe me to be.

[*Enter* BRIGID.]

PEPITA. — Here is pretty Brigid, the creature I like best to see in this place. Oh, that I dare speak to her and open my heart! But I must communicate with her only by signs.

BRIGID. — Here 's the poor dumb crature sittin' as usual on the rocks, all alone. God help us! to think o' so purty a darlint havin' neither sinse nor speech! Good mornin' to ye, avourneen! Sure it's myself knows you don't understand a word I say, but still someways I can't help tryin' to put it into ye that I 'm sorry for ye. Och, wirra, she 's at the signs! Signin' away for her life, and sorra one o' me knows what she manes! Old Judy that has the mindin' of her says there 's no manin' at all in her; but whinever I look in her beautiful eyes I can't help thinkin' she knows more nor they belave.

[PEPITA *makes signs for* BRIGID *to sit beside her.* BRIGID *does so, and mimics her signs in an exaggerated manner, making all sorts of ridicu-*

lous gestures in her anxiety to show sympathy.]

BRIGID. — There now, darlint, if ye don't know by that that I 'm fond o' ye and wish ye well, I can't do more! Sure it 's the hair o' my head I would put under yer purty little feet. Och! onee, onee, what 's the matter wid yer tongue at all?

PEPITA (*obeying a sudden impulse to speak*). — Nothing is the matter with it. Hush, Brigid, or I am lost. (*Getting up higher on the rock and looking all round anxiously; then coming back to* BRIGID.) There is no one in sight. Brigid, swear to me by our Mother in heaven that you will never tell that I have spoken to you. My life and death are in your hands.

BRIGID. — Wirra, wirra, what 's this! Sure, my darlint, I always knew there was somethin' bad at the bottom of it all. Many 's the time I thought ye were wiser nor any of us, but I niver thought ye could shpake. May I drop alive into the fire if iver I tell a word that ye bid me not to tell! The murderin' villains, what are they doin' on ye?

PEPITA. — O Brigid, let me tell you my story. Hoping to do so one day, I have taken great pains to learn your language by listening attentively. It will ease my heart, and prevent my becoming a madwoman in reality. Five minutes ago I thought I could never dare to speak to you; I have spoken now on the impulse of a moment.

BRIGID. —No matter what pulse ye done on it, honey, don't go to be sorry for it; spake away: yer as safe as if ye spoke to the birds of the air, or the fishes in the sea.

PEPITA. — Thank you, dear Brigid. If you knew what comfort your kind face has been to me! I always felt you were the only person I could speak to, but I did not believe I could ever dare. I must be quick lest we be interrupted. Though you see me in this poor dress, in this miserable state, I am a lady of noble birth, of high position in my own country. My parents died, and left me to the guardianship of a kinsman. I was betrothed —

BRIGID. — Then what 's that?

PEPITA. — Promised in marriage.

BRIGID. — See that, now! Sure myself is the same!

PEPITA. — To a good and brave fellow whom my parents loved. He and I were to succeed to great estates; but my wicked guardian envied us, and wanted all for himself; he tried to force me to marry him.

BRIGID. — Oh, the villain!

PEPITA. — Of course I would not, and then he planned my destruction; he pretended that I was ill, and after a time gave out the news of my death. He and his accomplices procured a dead girl who looked like me, and she was laid out in state in the castle chapel. I saw the scene myself, my own lying-in-state — dead! My poor Hugo knelt beside my corpse in agonies of grief —

BRIGID. — Holy Mother! why did n't ye screech?

PEPITA. — I did cry out to him, but my voice was weak and faint; they covered my mouth, and I swooned away. After that they took me by night from the castle, and out of the country. During our last interview my wicked guardian told me that I must pretend to be dumb and an idiot, and that if I ever revealed that such was not my real state, I should be at once poisoned or strangled by my keepers, Judit and her husband. He told me this in their presence, and I am sure they would carry out his orders at once, did they know what I am doing now. So you see my life is at your mercy.

BRIGID. — Thrue for you; but plaze God, we 'll turn the tables on them. Is your counthry far from here?

PEPITA. — I 've made three sea journeys to get to this island.

BRIGID. — Musha, such trouble to get to Bofin! It must be a quare place that 's so mighty far away. Maybe they 're savages where ye came from?

PEPITA. — Oh, no. It is a much

finer country than this; we have great castles and beautiful gardens, with quantities of flowers and fruit.

BRIGID. — Well, have n't we daisies and potatoes in Bofin? And as for castles! is n't there Cromwell's beautiful ould ruin standin' yet, the fort he made, the ruffian! and Graina Uaile's mighty palace, that 's a couple o' feet above the ground yet? Musha, I don't think much o' the big land out there; it could n't hold a candle to Bofin.

PEPITA. — Well, dear Brigid, I shall like your island better, now that I can speak to you.

BRIGID — Oh, what 's the good o' me? It 's Mike I 'm thinkin' of. Mike 's the boy I 'm promised to marry, by and by. He 's as bould as a giant an' as clever as a fairy. Musha, God help that bad man ye were tellin' me about if he only comes across him, an' yon black-hearted ould pair that I always misliked! Oh, then, how will I keep him from flyin' at their throats?

PEPITA. — Dear Brigid, what are you saying? You would not betray me?

BRIGID. — Faix I would n't; but I 'll niver get ye out o' the shcrape if we don't tell Mike. Ye may thrust him as if it was myself. (*Springs up and begins to dance a jig. singing:* —)

(*Air* — "Go to the devil and shake yourself.")

"Och, lave the whole matter to me and Mike,
For it 's me that can do what I like with Mike;
Over the sea he 'll walk for me,
As ready as crossin' the dyke, will Mike.

"Let the villain beware of me and Mike,
For it 's him that can handle a pike, can Mike;
Oh, he 's the youth that for love and truth
Can twirl a shillelagh and strike, can Mike."

PEPITA (*aside*). — I will take her advice; if it should end in my death, better death than this awful life. (*Aloud.*) Tell him, then, dear Brigid, and remember my fate is in your faithful care. Oh, here is Judit coming to look for me. Make signs to me, Brigid.

[*They walk along, signing to each other,* PEPITA *with her usual idiotic stare.*]

SCENE IV.

The Sea-shore. MIKE *and* BRIGID *sitting mending nets together.*

MIKE. — And so you want me to go off across the sea on a wild-goose chase, all on the word of a mad girl that has two keepers mindin' her, to look for a wicked juke that I never seen, an' would n't know if I seen him this minute. What 's a juke? What do I know about a juke? Show me my match, an' I 'll fight him any day; but how do I know what a juke is? He may have eight arms to fight with, and six legs to run away with, for all I know. How can I tell what kind of cratures grows away in them wild countries beyant Bofin?

BRIGID. — Oh, very well; I see ye don't love me, for all yer fine talk. If ye did, ye would have some feelin' for the poor colleen that 's parted from the boy that wants her. Don't I know ye thrashed a ghost wanst? and that 's worse nor a juke, even if he had twenty arms an' legs. Only for that I 'd think ye were afraid.

MIKE. — Aisy now, asthore. Don't I know the girl is mad? Sorra juke is in the world at all. It 's only her own circumlocutions. Don't I know the ways of daft cratures? Did n't I know a dacent man wanst, an' now he thinks he 's a taypot! Musha, say a kind word to the crature now and again, an' let her go by; but don't be sindin' me away across the seas afther jukes that is n't there when I would go!

BRIGID. — Mike, ye 're an omadhaun! Don't ye see she 's pretindin' to be dumb? Is that like thinkin' herself a taypot?

MIKE. — Well, by my sowl, that 's in your favor. If she 's able to do *that*, she 's a remarkable woman of her sect. Maybe, then, it 's you that 's mad.

BRIGID (*rising and turning away*). — Good mornin' to you, Mike. Since ye don't want a mad wife, I 'll go and shpake to yer cousin Tim, that 'll be glad to do anything I ax him.

MIKE. — Oh, murther, Brigid as-

thore! I was only jokin'. Sure I 'll cross the seas an' throttle ivery juke that breathes, if it only plazes you. Jist tell me where I am to go, and what I am to do.

BRIGID. — That's the boy! Let's dance a jig on the bargain. (*They both dance and sing:* —)

(*Air* — "The Little House under the Hill.")

"Oh, wait till we catch this iniquitous juke!
We'll open his eyes, and we'll bring him to book;
We'll make him confess all his infamous arts,
And mend up the breakage of two loving hearts!"

[*Enter* PEPITA, *who lifts her skirts and joins in the jig, making idiotic signs, and looking as mad as possible.*]

MIKE (*breaking off his song and dance abruptly*). — Do ye mane to tell me that is n't a madwoman? Musha, but I 'm the bewitched crature, to be sailin' to savage countries after a juke, on her account of him! Alanna! did n't I larn all about the wild bastes in foreign countries out o' the Second Book, lions and tigers an' all? an' sorra word was about jukes. Ax her, avourneen, if a juke has got nine tails.

PEPITA (*coming up to him with her finger on her lip*). — Hush, Mike; I will tell you all about him another time. Promise me you will go.

MIKE. — Oh, wirra, wirra, she has her sinses after all! Two women 's more nor a match for one man any day. Well, give me the diminsions o' the rogue, an' I swear I 'll go.

PEPITA. — I do not want you to attack the duke, but only to speak to Don Hugo.

MIKE. — I know, yer Honor, asthore: him that has you bespoke (*pulling his cap*).

PEPITA. — Tell him I am here, good Mike, and in what a state. If you will do me this service, you shall be amply rewarded.

MIKE. — Sorra bit o' reward I want, but I 'll do what I can. I 'll shpake to himself, niver fear, if I can find him; an' I 'll tell him it was n't you was buried at all, *only your corp'*, and that you 're alive an' well. But don't forbid me to tackle with yon juke if I meet him. Begorra, I 'll break ivery bone in his skin!

BRIGID. — That 's the boy! I knew he would do it. But here is Judy. Let 's have a dance! (*All dance*, PEPITA *joining with idiotic looks and gesticulations.*)

[*Enter* JUDIT.]

JUDIT (*to* PEPITA). — Come home, poor fool! (*To* MIKE *and* BRIGID.) You one silly pair, — make poor mad girl dance like dat!

[*Exit, with* PEPITA, MIKE *shaking his fist behind the old woman's back.*]

SCENE V.

The cliffs of Bofin. Enter DUKE OF ABRANTES *in sailor's dress.*

DUKE. — At last I have gained my point, and reached this remote island. I trust it may not be a foolish step on my part; but I cannot rest without assuring myself that all is right, that Pepita is still securely in my grasp, and that there is no fear of discovery. Judit has written me that the girl has become really insane; that she is now, in fact, the idiot I have made her appear to be, and that though she has no longer sense enough to pretend to be dumb, yet her utterances are too wild to be heeded by any one. Should this prove true, I shall consider all danger forever averted. It will be thoroughly satisfactory to me to know that she is no longer a rational being. For, as Judit says, who would listen to the ravings of a madwoman? I have always feared that she might venture to confide in some one; but if her senses are gone, my victory is complete. Pondering this matter, I have made up my mind to come here and see for myself. If I find her really mad, it will relieve me from the necessity of taking measures to finally dispose of her. This will please me, for I am really a humane and tender-hearted man, when not too hard pressed by circumstances. (*Looks at his own*

reflection in a pool of water.) I am truly a very fine-looking fellow. It is not every man of my years who would look so well metamorphosed into a jolly tar. I shall pass myself off on the islanders as a sailor shipwrecked on the opposite coast, come over here to see if any of my property has been washed ashore in Bofin. Ah, here comes as pretty a girl as one could expect to see out of Spain. I will begin my operations by making myself agreeable to her. But I must speak broken English. It would not do to acknowledge myself an accomplished scholar and gentleman.

[*Enter* BRIGID, *carrying a creel of turf.*]

DUKE. — Good morning, my bella maiden! Excuse my broken English. I am one foreign sailor, and have bees shipwrecked on ze coast over zere. I had one beautiful ship, and ze rocks tear it wis zeir nasty teeth. My goods all gone about ze waves. I come here to see if you pick up any of my pretty little tings.

BRIGID (*aside*). — Arrah, thin, I niver seen a shipwrecked sailor look so fine wid his bran-new suit an' his bright goold buttons! (*Aloud, presenting creel of turf.*) Sure, then, who knows, maybe this would be some o' yer cargo? I picked them up on the bog this mornin'.

DUKE. — Ha, ha, ha! Zis is not mine. Zese black lumps do not grow in my country. I fear ze sea have eaten up all my little tings. It is now two nights ago, and zey am all gone down.

BRIGID (*aside*). — Two nights ago! And the sea as smooth as the palm of my hand this fortnight past! Bad 'cess to the rogue, the truth is n't in him. Then what would he be afther, wid his schamin'?

DUKE. — Zey tell me you have one pretty little girl of my country on ze island, and she have no sense. She have sense enough to speak to me perhaps, in my own tongue. She understand my language better zan all you.

BRIGID (*aside*). — I have it, — he has come as a spy from the juke! Oh, then, shipwrecked sailor, honey, it 's me that 'll lead ye a dance! (*Aloud.*) Faix an' we have, yer Honor; but the sinses is gone out of her, if they iver were in her. Ould Judy says they wanst were; but sorra one o' me belaves it. Sure ye can talk to her an' welcome, an' she 'll be jabberin' gibberish at ye that she says is the Spanish tongue. But deil a much ye 'll make out o' it!

DUKE. — Ze heart of ze countryman longs for ze sound of his own speech. But I faint wis ze hunger. Give me a little breakfast.

BRIGID. — Over in yon house ye 'll get somethin' to ate. Tell them Brigid sent ye. (*Aside.*) Oh, then, I 'm glad to get rid of him, for here is the darlint herself comin'!

[*Exit* DUKE *at one side. Enter* PEPITA *at the other.*]

PEPITA. — Brigid, I heard a voice that I have reason to know too well. The Duke of Abrantes has been speaking with you!

BRIGID (*putting down her creel with a thump*). — The juke himself! See that now! Sure myself thought he was a spy. I did n't think he 'd have the imperence to show his own face in Bofin.

PEPITA. — He would dare to do anything. Oh, Brigid, perhaps he has heard that Mike is gone to tell Hugo, and he may have come to murder me!

BRIGID. — No, no, alanna! ye must n't be afeard. Mike is only about landin' in Spain this minute. Oh, then, why is n't he here to cudgel him? Well, darlint, the juke 's mighty anxious to get the speech o' ye anyhow. Ye must talk to him of all the mad things that ye can make up in yer head; an' if Brigid does n't watch him, a cat niver watched a mouse. Lave it to me to keep him in Bofin till Mike comes back wid your own kind-hearted boy.

PEPITA. — Oh, heavens, here comes my tormentor! Yes, I will pretend to

have become really mad. It will prevent my holding any intercourse with him, and lessen the danger of my betraying that I have got help. (*Seats herself on the sand, and begins to build sand castles, as children do.*)

[*Re-enter* DUKE.]

DUKE. — Ah, my bella Brigid, zis is ze poor girl of my own country. (*To* PEPITA.) Madam, I have come to see you all ze way from Spain. I wish to know how you get on in zis foreign land.

PEPITA (*staring at him unmeaningly, and laughing*). — Oh, yes. Come and see my castle; I am going to live in it. It is the only castle I have now. I sleep in it every night; but the waves come about midnight and carry us out to sea. You can't think how beautiful it is, riding on the sea when the moon is shining. We go all across the world, I and the others. We went to the North Pole last night, and found it wreathed with flowers. I climbed to the top of it, and could see Spain. I am going again to-night. Will you come? (*Going up to* DUKE *and putting her hand on his arm, and smiling vacantly in his face.*)

DUKE (*aside, and shaking off the touch with a shudder*). — Truly the poor creature has become an idiot. Nothing could be more fortunate. She actually does not know me. (*Aloud.*) Ah, my poor girl, I see it is all ze same to you what language! My bella Brigid, is she always ze same as zis?

BRIGID. — Oh, now, if ye heard her sometimes! I have n't seen her so well for many a day. Sich ravin' as she gets on with whiles! it would make yer hair stand on end. But, indeed, she 's mostly a harmless crature, I must say.

DUKE. — Why was she sent here? Who does take care of zis poor maiden?

BRIGID. — Oh, 'deed, a nice ould pair that 's like father an' mother to her. Sure, no wonder her friends would keep her out o' their sight! 'T would break their hearts to be lookin' at her, of coorse.

DUKE (*aside*). — How pleased I am that I came! I can return to my possessions with a tranquil mind. But first I will amuse myself with this pretty Brigid. Hers is quite a new style of beauty to me. With her great blue eyes and her little saucy nose, she is fit to be a princess. I wonder how she would suit the part of Duchess of Abrantes. Well, I will go and get my breakfast.

[*Exit.*]

PEPITA. — Brigid, I have a deadly fear that he will go back to Spain and murder Hugo and Mike. If he would but stay here till they have had time to arouse my people and lay their plans! Though I feel in danger of my life while he is here, yet I would rather have the danger myself than transfer it to those we love.

BRIGID. — Troth now, yer turnin' out a rale coward. Is it him kill Mike? I don't know what stuff your Hughie is made of; but I'll warrant it would take a dale o' jukes to put an end to my Mike. Aisy now, avourneen, don't be gettin' in a passion. Sure I know your boy 's just as brave as my own, an' 'deed I have thought it would be good fun to keep the villain here till they come back. Thrust me to do it, darlint. Sure an' is n't he makin' love to me wid his eyes ivery minute since I seen him first? See if I don't keep him danglin' afther me till the boys come an' take him by the back o' the neck!

SCENE VI.

Interior of BRIGID'S *cabin.* BRIGID *spinning. Sings:* —

(*Air* — "My true love is gone to France.")

"My true love is gone to Spain,
To make two sore hearts glad again.
God save us all from woe and pain,
And happy may we be."

"*Shule, shule, shule agra,*" *etc.*

[*Enter* DUKE.]

DUKE. — My beautiful Brigid, have I found you at last? Why do you

make it so difficult for me to get a word with you?

BRIGID. — Faix, I have to be mindin' my business. Do you think I have nothin' to do but gossip with shipwrecked sailors?

DUKE. — You are a cruel girl. Is every shipwrecked sailor like me? Listen, Brigid, and I will tell you a secret. Will you listen to me with more attention if I confess to you that I am no common sailor, but a person of high degree?

BRIGID. — Well, well! See that, now! Who would have thought it to look at you?

DUKE (*aside*). — Confound her! Why do I care so much for the impudent monkey, — I, who have been admired by so many fastidious ladies? But there is something about the baggage that makes a fool of me. (*Aloud.*) I have the power to make you one of the greatest ladies in the world. I can make you a duchess!

BRIGID. — Dutches, is it? then I 'd rather be Irish than Dutch any day. We had Dutch sailors here wanst; shipwrecked sailors like yerself, only their clothes was n't as dhry as yours was when ye landed, nor their buttons as goold nor as bright.

DUKE (*aside*). — The observant minx! I made a mistake there. But no matter; I will set it all right.

BRIGID. — An' faix I did n't think much o' them. Was n't six o' them would make one o' Mike.

DUKE. — Ha! who is Mike?

BRIGID. —He 's the boy that has me bespoke since I was the height o' this wheel. He 's away on a little voyage of his own at prisent; but I 'm expectin' him back ivery day.

DUKE. — Faugh! the idea of any peasant fellow marrying my Brigid! We will buy him off, my pretty, with a handful of gold; or better still, let us depart for Spain before he returns!

BRIGID. — Well, yer Honor, I could n't lave Bofin, not on no terms —

DUKE. — What, even if I gave you satin robes and necklaces of pearls, and feathers nodding out of your head?

BRIGID. — Oh, do ye mane to say that 's the sort o' clothes ye 'd give me? Faix, then, Brigid 's the girl for ye. Well, well, I don't wonder at ye comin' to look for a wife in Bofin. Sure, Bofin 's the finest country in the world, that 's give in. Only, honey, how did ye save yer beautiful buttons in the shipwreckin'?

DUKE. — Oh, that was only a little story. You see I heard of your beauty, my Brigid, and I wanted to see you. (*Aside.*) That will please her. (*Aloud.*) So I made a little pretence to make you feel interested about me. After such devotion as that, surely you will not hesitate to fly with me to Spain.

BRIGID. — Troth, it 's very purty entirely. Sorra another girl I know has had such a wooin'. But, yer Honor dear, as I was goin' to say afore, I could n't lave Bofin on any terms till the praties is dug out o' the ground.

DUKE. — Praties be ——. You refuse to be a duchess till the beggarly potatoes are dug out of the contemptible ground?

BRIGID. — Such beautiful words as you do use, yer Honor, honey!

DUKE. — But what have the potatoes to do with us?

BRIGID. — Is it turn my back on my mother afore her praties is dug? Is it lave her without her champions, the only cratures she has got in the world to stand up for her? Faix, no; not as long as Brigid can handle a spade.

DUKE (*aside*). — Handle a spade! Ah, well, a year at the Spanish court will make a wonderful change in her. (*Aloud.*) My dear girl, I will pay laborers to dig your mother's potatoes. It would not befit the wife of a Spanish duke —

BRIGID. — See that now, — a juke! I heard somethin' afore now about a juke. What 's this it was? Well, no matther. But there 's one or two favors I must ax of yer Honor. When

I go to live at yer coort, I must take my mother, God help her, and all my little brothers and sisters with me.

DUKE (*aside*). — What next, I wonder? The girl is crazy. Well, I must humor her. (*Aloud.*) Certainly, my darling; they shall come.

BRIGID. — An' they 're niver to be axed to wear feathers like me; nothin' but their own swate natural costume, bare feet an' legs an' all.

DUKE (*aside*). — Confound it! how nice that would be! (*Aloud.*) Granted, my Brigid. What are your other requests?

BRIGID. — Not much, Juke darlint. Only that the poor crazy girl of your own country that 's here may go with me, as *my lady's maid!*

DUKE (*bouncing up*). — Oh, the devil! This is too much.

BRIGID. — Does that displaze you, juke dear? Ye know I 'm only a poor ignorant girl. Whisht, there 's some one callin' you.

(*Great noise is heard outside. Cries of "The duke, the wicked duke! Where is the tyrant Duke of Abrantes?" Enter excited crowd from both sides, Spanish grandees, Bofin fishermen, women, and children,* MIKE *flourishing a shillelah, followed by* DON HUGO *and* PEPITA *in full costume, befitting their rank at the Spanish court.* DUKE *darts about and tries to escape, but they all encircle him and dance round him, singing, shouting, and hissing.*)

DON HUGO. — Wretch, stand forth and answer for your crimes. Irishmen and Spaniards, what shall we do with this double-dyed villain? Shall we hang, drown, shoot, or whip him?

PEPITA. — No, no; let him go. After all, dear Hugo, he did not put me to death. I am here alive and well. Banish him from Spain and from Ireland.

MIKE (*twirling his shillelah*). — By my sowl, if he iver sets foot in Bofin again —

DUKE. — I will not, I will not. Only let me go!

BRIGID. — Arrah, juke dear! Is it go without your dutches?

MIKE — What 's that ye 're sayin' to him?

BRIGID. — Oh, then, it 's the juke that promised me feathers for the top o' my head. It 's as grand as the fowls I was very nearly bein', only I had n't the sinse to see what was for my good. Begorra, Mike, it 's long till *you* would put feathers out o' my head. Sure I might have been as grand as herself over yonder (*pointing to* PEPITA). Arrah, darlint, where did ye get yer own beautiful clothes?

MIKE. — Sure we carried a bandbox all the way from Spain (*flourishing one*).

BRIGID. — More power to my Mike.

DON HUGO. — Honest Mike and pretty Brigid, my wife and I will make you grandees of Spain if you will come and live with us.

BRIGID. — Is it lave Bofin?

MIKE. — Quit the fishin'?

BRIGID. — An' the praties not dug?

DON HUGO. — Anything you like you shall have, and at any time.

BRIGID. — Then build us a clane little house, yer Honor, an' buy us some new fishin'-tackle, an' a boat. The years have been bad with us, but wid the help o' God, if we had the good manes o' fishin', we would envy nobody.

DON HUGO. — It shall be done.

MIKE. — Three cheers for Don Hughie an' his dutches! an' three groans for the juke!

(*Cheers and groans; and all dance round the* DUKE, *who hops about in misery, and can't get out of the ring. All sing while dancing:* —)

(*Air* — "Through Erin's Isle to sport awhile.")

"Oh, jewel juke, sure you mistook
The sort o' place you came to, dear;
Your luck forsook you, darlin' juke,
When your sweet foot was planted here!

"For we 're the boys that makes a noise
'Gainst tyrants and outrageousness;
Though patient we can surely be,
We 're famous for courageousness.

"Then three cheers for the dutches,
The darlin' little dutches,
Begone, you juke, you thievin' juke,
She 's safe out of your clutches!"

Curtain.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

(*Continued from page 98*).

look with coldness, indifference, and even with contempt on the aspirations of the Irish people, and who have no scruples of conscience in traducing and vilifying them at the Vatican, though they are most devoted children of the Holy Father. The Archbishop of Cashel faithfully represented the present condition of the Irish people and the scope of the land agitation to the Holy Father, and his Grace assured his parishioners — which was glad news to the Irish race — that Ireland has no truer friend than his Holiness.

We have said that Archbishop Croke occupies a foremost position as an Irish orator. His title to this received practical recognition when, on the centenary of O'Connell (Father Burke, who had previously been chosen for the purpose, being indisposed), he was asked to preach the centenary sermon. In criticising this address and the manner of the preacher, an Irish journal said at the time : —

" His Grace spoke throughout with real earnestness, clearness, and well-sustained vigor. His Grace's voice is quite distinct, and his accent does not disavow the southern portion of his country, which can claim to be his Grace's birthplace. He is a pleasing and emphatic speaker, and in parts of his sermon made a great impression on his hearers. It will be a memorable event in his Grace's career as Archbishop of Cashel of the Kings, — a career which we trust will be prolonged for many years, — that his first appearance after the appointment to the archiepiscopacy was to preach the centenary oration of O'Connell, and to trace the doings of a life that is one of the treasures of the people."

Nor does Dr. Croke's title to the love of his fellow-countrymen rest alone upon his endeavor to ameliorate their unhappy condition by the exercise of his splendid faculties as an ecclesiastic, an orator, and a polished scholar. He is an ardent advocate for the restoration to its proper station of the national music of Ireland. In recognition of his known passion for the grand old bardic strain, the Holy Family of Thurles, a couple of years since, conceived that they could not better honor him on Christmas day than by causing the performance by their band before his door of some of the choicest national airs. In reply to an address presented to him on the occasion, his Grace, having advised them to cultivate the practice of sacred music, said : —

" But besides cultivating sacred music, you must not be unmindful of the songs of Ireland ; and I earnestly pray you in this respect not to waste your time in learning to play the silly and spiritless tunes, destitute alike of soul and manly sentiment, which form so large a proportion of modern minstrelsy, but rather to devote yourselves to the suitable rendering of those national airs which the genius of Moore has wedded to words of exquisite beauty, or of the still more modern and inspiring ballads composed by the poets of '48, and by the several other patriotic Irishmen who, since then, have cast their aspirations into appropriate verse. These are the airs that it becomes an Irish band to play."

Perhaps twenty or thirty years ago, when Archbishop M'Hale was by that period of time younger than he is now, we might have hesitated to introduce a rival in his well-earned popularity. But we think that even that " old man eloquent " himself — who is now enjoying that rest to which his long and active and honorable career has justly entitled him — would be the first to admit that, considering the years which in the ordinary course of nature he has remaining to him for the pursuit of the religious, social, and political welfare of his countrymen, the foremost member of the Irish Church, and the one in whom the greatest hopes of the people are centred, is Archbishop Croke, of Cashel.

In a recent speech at Cashel the

great prelate said: We wish that the Irish people should live in Ireland exactly as the Frenchman lives in France, or as the Englishman lives in England. (*Cheers.*) We have a right to live in our own country. (*Cheers.*) We are in a great many respects one of the finest people on the face of the earth; we are the most religious, the most generous, the most unselfish, the most sympathetic, and in many other respects we can compare favorably with any other race upon the habitable globe. We are also a patriotic people. (*Cheers.*) By "patriotic" I mean that there are no people on earth who love their country more than Irishmen have loved theirs; and how do I show this? I could show it in a great many ways. I have met men of our race in almost every country in the world, and wherever I found them far away, I found that their devotion to the country of their birth was even more intense than when they were at home. I have known people who came to visit Ireland after being ten or fifteen or twenty years away from it: I have known them at much inconvenience to themselves to carry back some memento, — a little bird or a sod of Irish soil, and even, as the Dean suggests, travellers have come here and have taken a piece of that grand old rock and carried it away to America, to expose it in bazaars, knowing that Irish people would throw for it at any expense whatever (*cheers*); and not only that, but a case came under my own notice of a most estimable man — of the most eminent as well as one of the richest men in the State of California — who came to revisit Ireland, and what do you think he carried away with him? He took away a sod of turf from his native bog, in order that it should be in his coffin when he was dead. (*Loud cheers.*) Don't you think these are proofs that we love our country? (*Cheers.*) Therefore if we leave our country, it is because we are driven from it. No Irishman would like to leave it or to live out of it. It is not improvidence or lack of industry that forces us into exile. These charges, indeed, have been made against us, but they have been falsely made. To my own knowledge, our people labor as hard as any upon earth; they are as thrifty, as industrious, as capable, as keen-witted, as full of genius, as any other race: yet, though we carry all these great gifts with us elsewhere, to enrich the foreign lands of our adoption, those gifts are unfortunately not only no cause of advancement in this country, but are very frequently the very qualities that bring us into trouble, if not into disrepute. (*Cheers.*) One thing, then, that I say this agitation aims at is that the government of the country should come to our assistance. There are some ten thousand landlords and there are about four millions of people dependent on the land; and we say here from this historic spot to-night, Is it not a shame that a government which pretends to be liberal and good and kind would not come to the assistance of those four millions, even though it were done at the expense of the ten thousand? The government can do it and the government ought to do it; and we can assure them that if they take up this question as they ought, — if they bring in a really good land bill, or even if they decently amend the bill they are offering, — they will establish a claim to the gratitude of our race, and they may reckon that Ireland will be strongly at their back in all their difficulties. (*Applause.*)

THE SIZE OF ICEBERGS. — The size attained by icebergs is sometimes prodigious. From measurements made on one, Dr. Hayes estimated it to contain about 27,000,000,000 feet, while its weight must have been not less than 1,000,000,000 tons. It was grounded in water nearly half a mile in depth. What, then, must have been the thickness and the size of the glacier from which this mass had been detached?

DEMOCRAT AND REPUBLICAN ABOUT ALIKE.

THE Catholic Columbian, of Columbus, Ohio, tells of a certain school district in that State where a Catholic was appointed schoolma'am. The district was strongly Democratic, but when the teacher's religious belief became known, her resignation was at once demanded. The board of directors, all Democrats, felt it their duty "to keep Catholics down everywhere." Moral: There are bigots in both parties.

The Boston Post tells this of the Republican town of Essex, Mass.:—

The first settlers of Massachusetts fled from religious intolerance in England to establish their own preferred and pet system of religious intolerance in this then inhospitable wilderness. History tells us how well they succeeded; but a reference to the record of current events in certain communities discovers well-defined traces of bigotry and intolerance in their descendants, which are the last traits that we would wish to see survive after a lapse of two centuries and a half. For an illustration of our general proposition, we must quote certain statements from the report of the school committee of the town of Essex, in the county of the same name. There was a vacancy in one of the schools of the town a few years ago, and from four candidates, after a careful examination, the committee selected Miss Mary A. Reardon as the one best qualified for the place. No question was then or has since been raised as to her moral or educational qualifications. She was born in the town, educated in its schools as far as she could be, and graduated with honor at the Salem Nomal School. Every morning she read and had her scholars read, according to custom, the King James version of the Bible, and repeated with them the Lord's Prayer, and conformed to every regulation. But from the first she was met with fierce prejudice and opposition. "Hardly had she crossed the threshold of the school-room," say the committee, "before the cry of 'Catholic' was raised," although "she did not in any manner obtrude her particular religious belief upon the scholars; still the cry was continued, and this teacher was subjected to cruel persecution, culminating in the withdrawal of all but four scholars from the school." The committee's report respecting this particular case closes as follows: "In this instance we would speak plainly. From our knowledge of the qualifications of this teacher, it became our duty to give her the appointment, or to have said to her, 'We believe you are every way qualified for the position, excepting in your religious belief, but we cannot appoint you because you are a Catholic.'" Unless the committee has exaggerated this matter to an extent that we cannot think at all probable, the case stands as a disgrace to the town in which it occurred, as it would be to any other town in which it might occur. Had a Northern teacher been thus treated in a Southern school, it would have been "ostracism," and the stalwart press would have bubbled over with indignation all over the country. What shall we call it when a refined, conscientious, and well-educated young woman is harried into retirement, and placed at a great disadvantage as regards employment and standing, by the cruel prejudices of those who should be her friends? If Protestants expect Catholics to keep their hands off our free-school system, as they certainly ought to do, they must not show such a spirit whenever the boot happens to be on the other foot. If there is another side to this case, we should like to know what it is.

PEOPLE do not reflect that they may soon die; if they did their quarrels would soon terminate.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Perish my name, if aught afford
Its chieftain safety, save his sword! — *Scott.*

Whilst his foes were preparing the toils and exulting over his approaching ruin, Robert Harcourt, entirely ignorant of the dangers impending over himself and his friends, was occupied in the chambers of a student who was then in the country, in destroying some papers of importance the latter had left behind him, so that they might not, were a search at any time instituted, fall into the hands of the college authorities. His work had just been concluded when he was startled by a knock at the door. On his hastily opening it, Morgan, in a state of great excitement, rushed into the room.

"Oh, Masther Robert!" cried the porter, "'t is bad news entirely I have for you, sir. Lord Edward Fitzgerald is in Newgate."

Harcourt turned pale, his heart ceased to beat, a deadly chill benumbed his limbs, and he sank fainting into a chair. His own death sentence he could have heard without a change of muscle; but the announcement of the fall of him whose life he valued a hundred times more than his own, and the consequent extinction of all his fond hopes for his country's approaching days of freedom, for the time completely prostrated and unmanned him.

"Oh, come, come, sir," said Morgan, who was at his side on the instant, "you must keep up; 't is now your courage can be shown more than any time. Let them see you are still a man. I am afraid the Yeomen are coming after you and Mr. Fitzgerald: they are searching the Historical rooms, and have put strong guards on the gate."

"Let them come and take me," said the young man despondingly. "For what purpose should I any longer live?"

"Oh, for God's sake, sir, don't let any one hear you say such a thing. You must live, if it be only to get Lord Edward out of prison."

Harcourt sprang to his feet on the instant, and all his old energy returned. "I thank you, good Morgan," he cried, warmly grasping the hand of the porter. "You have told me my duty. My life is not my own; it belongs to my country. It must be devoted to the rescue of Lord Edward. I shall proceed at once to the country and collect ten thousand men. But how am I to leave the Castle: you say there are guards at the gates?"

"Yes, sir, and there 's no chance of finding out the password."

"Do you know where Mr. Fitzgerald is?"

"No, sir, but at all events out of the college. When Winn came in a while ago and asked for you, I told him to try the Historical rooms; before he went there he cautioned those at the gate not to tell any one the password as they valued their lives, or let anybody out without it. He then took six or seven Yeomen with him to the rooms, but all of them stayed at the door below while he went up with no one but Lunham. When I saw them there I came off to warn you. I suppose they are searching the library and other likely places by this."

"Do you think he really has a warrant to arrest me?"

"I suspect it, sir, but if he has he has kept it to himself; for I asked the Yeomen at the gate the question, and none of them could tell me."

Harcourt mused a moment. "Morgan," he said suddenly, "go out and tell him I am here. That will remove all suspicion from you."

"Oh, in God's name, Mr. Robert, think of what you are doing. Remember into whose hands you fall, sir, if you give yourself up."

"My dear fellow, I have no intention in the world of doing such a thing. If I am to lose my liberty it will not be without a struggle; but a desperate case requires a desperate expedient. Ask no questions, but go at once and send him here. Do you, during the

time he is with me, remain below with the Yeomen, and be surprised at nothing you may afterward see."

"God protect you, Masther Robert. If anybody could get through their clutches it would be you. I'll do as you bid me without asking the reason."

When Morgan had left, Harcourt made three or four lengths of the room with rapid, nervous strides. He then drew his sword, felt its edge, made some passes with it, and returned it to the scabbard. He was evidently bracing himself for some desperate effort. But soon recollecting himself, he went to the fireplace, struck a light, and set on fire a number of torn papers in the grate; and then, leaning against the chimney-piece, stood with folded arms, white face, and resolutely compressed lips, his eyes fixed upon the door.

In a few minutes there reached his ear the heavy tramp as of persons ascending the stairs. He at once threw himself into a chair, and seizing a book, appeared to be absorbed in its contents.

In another moment Winn and Lunham entered the door as if unconscious that it was tenanted, and then in a stentorian voice called out, "Is there any skulking rebel here?"

There was no answer. Winn struck the table with his fist, stamped the floor a few times, walked about the room, then, as if suddenly recognizing Harcourt, whose eyes had been all the time fixed on his book, he stepped in front of him, made a mock salute, and addressed him: —

"Ho, ho, Mr. Robert Harcourt; the very man I wished to see. I've brought you news that I know you'll be glad to near. The rebel Fitzgerald is in chains."

Harcourt's face betrayed no emotion. He merely looked up from the book, and in a low tone requested his visitors to be seated.

"You're very obliging to-day, sir, whatever you were yesterday or the day before; but I'm afraid you're taking French leave with the furniture, for before long it will belong to the Crown, I'm thinking. But as I told you," continued Winn, who was considerably surprised, no less at Harcourt's contemptuous indifference to his own insolence than at the manner in which he received the news that he expected would have at least somewhat startled him, "the rebel lord has been caught at last: he is sure to be hanged with many a ruffian more; so I have come to invite you to see him dancing on the swing-swang, — or maybe to keep him company, if it would be all the same to you."

"Is your last observation, sir," asked Harcourt, rising, "intended as an insult or a jest?"

"Whichever it pleases your Honor to take it, as it is all the same to me; but I have come to you also to ask your subscription to a new statue of King William. You have heard, I suppose, that the old one was blown up by some sneaking Popish cutthroat a few nights ago; but I can tell you he'll be in chains for it before an hour is over. You are a Protestant, and of course you'll join us in drinking confusion to him who spoiled our procession, and that he may soon be under the care of Tom Galvin."

"I *am* a Protestant, as you say; but ought I on that account be a friend of tyranny, and honor the memory of a usurper?"

"'Friend of tyranny'! 'usurper'! These are treasonable words, Mr. Harcourt, and I cannot permit you to use them. I am going to make you one of my Yeomen, and you must look up to me henceforth as your superior officer. Should you prove at any time fractious I'll hand you over to Tom the Devil, and he'll try if the spike and pitch-cap can't make you tame."

Harcourt moved from the fireplace toward the open door, the two Yeomen at the same time moving farther away from it, smiling at each other as they did so, as though they expected he would attempt to make his escape; but he, suddenly facing round, ad-

vanced a step toward Winn and addressed him: —

"You wear a sword, Mr. Winn."

"And so do you at present, Mr. Harcourt."

"I wear no sword that I am afraid to draw."

"Ah, what is this? Do you seek to fix a quarrel?"

"No; I never fix a quarrel with a coward."

"A coward! a coward! you call me a coward! Then I'll give you the coward back. I tell you you are a cowardly, lying, sneaking, Popish rebel, afraid to show your face in the daylight, but you go out by night like a robber, a pickpocket, and an assassin, to waylay, rob, and murder honest men. I tell you so to your teeth, and I'll soon ram the lie down your throat, you rascally, ruffianly devil's apprentice; and 'tis then on the gallows you'll swing high and clean."

The speaker here paused, for words failed him, but he drew from his pocket a folded parchment, which he held prepared to open in his hand.

Harcourt had heard him with patience, but with slightly flushed countenance, to the end. Then, with calmness, and without apparent anger, he replied: —

"The language, sir, you have addressed to me, were it used by a man who I believed would back his statements by his sword, I would simply answer by flinging my glove into his face; but as it has been used by one whom I well know to be a dastard and a mountebank, — a wretch not alone destitute of courage, manliness, and honor, but of every feeling and of every higher instinct of humanity, — then the answer I return to him is this."

Harcourt sprang forward toward Winn, retreated a step to allow himself more room for action, swung back his arm, and putting the whole force of his body into the blow, with his clinched hand struck his opponent violently on the forehead. The giant reeled, staggered backward, and fell heavily on the floor, where he lay senseless, the blood spurting from his mouth and nostrils.

Harcourt gazed for a moment on the helpless form that lay before him, and then turning to the lieutenant, who stood at one side tremblingly contemplating the scene, quietly asked him:

"Do you, sir, consider yourself aggrieved in any way?"

"Oh, dear, no, not in the least," replied Lunham. "Winn asked me to accompany him here, so I just came with him."

"Have you any idea what was the object of his visit?"

"None whatever, I assure you."

"Ha! I think he said that this parchment was for me." Harcourt here took up the warrant, which Winn had let fall in his confusion, and which still remained folded, and put it into his pocket. "I shall read it at my leisure. Now, Mr. Lunham, I have little doubt you will be happy to do me a favor?"

"Certainly, sir, any in my power," replied the other, trembling still.

"I thank you most sincerely. Give me the password out of college. I have heard the gates are guarded."

Lunham said timidly: —

"*Union and peace.*"

"Many thanks; but I must still further tax your kindness by asking you to accompany me through the outer gate."

"But, Mr. Harcourt, what will be come of Winn?"

"Oh, he will be attended to in good time; we'll send him in a surgeon. Time presses; oblige me by coming along now."

Lunham drew back as Harcourt took his arm. "Mr. Harcourt," he said with some hesitation, "the password I gave you is not exactly the present one; it was for last night."

"Ah, what's that you say?" asked Harcourt quickly, at the time drawing his sword a few inches from the scabbard, and then shutting it back with a clash that made the lieutenant tremble like an aspen leaf in his grasp. "You

were near involving me in serious consequences. Did you mean to trifle with me, my young friend?"

"I really forgot, Mr. Harcourt, indeed I did. I will tell you the right one now; it is '*So fare all traitors.*'"

"So fare all traitors," repeated Harcourt, as he looked on the senseless form before him. "I shall not forget the words. Now, come along; but before we leave the rooms I wish to tell you in all confidence and candor that I suspect there has been some plot laid to entrap me. I must therefore exercise all my prudence and caution if I wish to escape the snare. Your own common-sense will, I know, impress upon you how vitally important to your own safety it will be to follow implicitly my directions. Now remember my injunctions, — neither by word or sign give those through whom we are about to pass any intimation of what has occurred just now. Let us appear to be conversing familiarly and as friends until we get beyond the gates; and recollect that I will be closely watching you from first to last, and that near as you may sometimes think your friends, they will always be farther away from you than my sword-point from your heart."

Lunham in tremulous accents faithfully promised in every respect to act as commanded, and they descended the stairs together. The file of Yeomen at the door stared in amazement at Harcourt whilst, with their lieutenant, he gave the password; but as they received no orders from the latter, they at once made way and let him pass.

"Gentlemen," said he, turning round when he had got outside them, "Mr. Winn will be engaged some time in the rooms. You are to remain where you are till he comes down; is not that so, Mr. Lunham?" He pressed the lieutenant's arm with his fingers as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," said Lunham, "wait where you are till he comes down."

As both passed on, Morgan respectfully saluted them Arm in arm they proceeded toward the college gate, Harcourt all the time carelessly humming a popular air of the day.

Through the second guard they passed unquestioned, as through the first. To see Harcourt going out on terms of such familiarity with Lunham excited the surprise of all, and probably the suspicions of many; but as they knew nothing of the warrant for his arrest, and as he had given the proper password, none of them would venture to stop his course, as such a proceeding might involve him who attempted it in extremely unpleasant consequences.

When they had reached the Green, Harcourt hailed two sedan-chairs, and as they were approaching, thus addressed his companion: —

"Mr. Lunham, you will please proceed in one of those chairs to Surgeon Crampton's in Cavendish Row. His services may be required for Mr. Winn. If he be not at home, await his return. Here, get into this one, I will follow you in the other; keep the blinds down, and let me impress upon you the importance of not putting your head out of the window."

Lunham merely bowed acquiescence and stepped into the chair. As one of the men closed the door, Harcourt, handing him some silver, said: —

"You are to convey this gentleman to Surgeon Crampton's. Mind you carry him into the hall, as, if the doctor be out, he intends remaining with the chair till he returns."

He then sprang into the second, and gave directions to be carried to Mr. Fitzgerald's, in Sackville Street

As he was crossing Carlisle Bridge, a groom of George Fitzgerald's, who was passing, recognized him and rushed over to his chair.

"Oh, Mr. Harcourt, thank God I found you!" he exclaimed as he thrust his head in at the window of the sedan. "Lord Edward is taken, sir, and the soldiers are in our house. The master escaped by the stables just before they surrounded us, and is now riding at full speed to Carlow. Lady Alice and Miss Cecilia sent me out to look for

you and warn you against coming near the house. Poor young ladies, they are holding up wonderfully well. Oh, God be praised, sir, you are saved!"

"You would say so indeed, my good Walsh, if you knew what a wonderful escape I have just had. You will hear of it before long; but will you now go at once to my house and order Franks to saddle my two best horses, and put four pistols in the saddle-bags? My luggage has been sent on already. Let him mount one horse, and you the other, and follow me to Kilmainham; I will await you on the road near St. John's Well. Do not lose a moment: if Lord Edward is to be rescued, I must reach Kilcullen before night"

"God speed your errand, sir; we will be after you in no time," said the groom as he hurried away.

Harcourt dismissed his chair and called a hackney carriage, in which he drove off to Kilmainham, and reached the place he had appointed hardly a moment before the servants with the horses came up. Hastily mounting one, and intrusting to Franks a note he had scrawled on the moment to Lady Alice and Cecilia, he put spurs to his charger, and followed by Franks, set off toward Kildare.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill.
SCOTT.

It were idle to attempt portraying the almost demoniacal rage and fury of Winn when he came to his senses and discovered that the prey of which he had been so sure had a second time escaped him. Harcourt, when leaving the rooms, had believed his condition serious, but he could only have sent him assistance at the cost of his own life; for the half-hour during which he calculated the Yeoman captain would remain stunned would afford himself the sole chance of effecting his escape and adopting subsequent measures for the rescue of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

As Winn gradually returned to consciousness he slowly began to recognize the place, and then to realize his position. He attempted to rise, but a violent throbbing in the forehead obliged him to lie still. With a growl of rage and pain he cried for assistance, but no one answered his call. At length he demanded his lieutenant in such a roar as quickly brought the guard up to the room.

They gazed upon him in astonishment when they entered, and next sought to lift him to his feet.

"Fiends of hell," he cried, "keep away; would you set my brain on fire? Let me stay as I am, but bring me something to drink. Oh, fire and fury, my forehead is bursting; there is a blazing furnace in my skull. Water, water, or I shall go mad!"

"What has happened to you, Winn?" asked one of the Yeomen.

The answer was a terrible imprecation. "You will madden me, you will drive me to perdition with your cursed talk. But is *he* secured? have you *him* bound tight and fast?"

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Are you really determined on my destruction? The man who has left me as I am. May I——" (here followed another fearful oath) "if I do not see him hanged and quartered, though I had myself to be his hangman."

"Is it to Harcourt you refer?"

"It is," cried Winn, in a voice that resembled rather the roar of a savage beast than any human sound.

"He left here half an hour ago arm in arm with Lunham."

"What! fire and furies, you don't mean to say he has escaped? What has become of the warrant?"

"We saw no warrant; we never even heard of it till now."

"And do you dare tell me that cowardly imp allowed Harcourt to walk out with him, and never called on one of you to arrest him?"

"By neither word, look, nor gesture did Lunham signify to us such a wish. He appeared on most friendly terms

with Harcourt. In fact, their cordiality considerably surprised us all."

The paroxysm of anger by which Winn now became possessed may be imagined, but cannot be described. He first raised himself on his elbow, but with the yell of a demon fell back upon the floor, where he rolled, shouting and howling in agony. His bloodshot eyes glared on those about him with the ferocity of a wounded tiger; his lips became covered with a white foam, he tore with his hands at everything within his reach, the tables and chairs he brought down about him. He invoked maledictions on the head of Lunham for his treachery or cowardice, and on his own for his stupidity. Whilst he was continuing in this state, one of the party bethought him of starting off for a physician, and in a short time Crampton arrived.

The surgeon, after having examined the patient, pronounced his condition dangerous in the extreme, as the violent mental excitement under which he labored had largely augmented the cerebral inflammation produced by the blow and fall, and symptoms of brain fever were rapidly developing. He had him conveyed to his room and put to bed, where he bled him copiously, but seemingly without any beneficial result, as in a short time he became delirious, and commenced tossing and raving in a manner terrible to witness and to hear.

Search was meanwhile being made for Luhnam, but without avail. When late in the evening Surgeon Crampton return to his residence, he was surprised at seeing a sedan-chair in the hall. Lunham, who appeared delighted at his arrival, at once informed him on what mission he had been awaiting him: but great was his astonishment when the doctor coolly told him that he had attended the patient some hours before; and on his expressing surprise that instead of going to see him at the hospital, he had in such a pressing case preferred remaining all day in his hall, as the servant must have informed him his return would be late, he deeply reddened, blurted out some confused excuse for his conduct, and expressing an eager desire to visit his sick friend, hurriedly left the house.

When he reached the college he was greeted by his late companions with a torrent of scoffs, gibes, and other marks of derision. That night, at a special Yeomanry meeting, by a unanimous vote, he was dismissed from his commission for his cowardice, and expelled the corps. The degradation was no doubt well merited; but considering how low was the reputation enjoyed at that time by his fellow-soldiers for courage, it is very questionable if there was one amongst them who would not have acted as he had under the same circumstances.

CHAPTER XXX.

Rebellion! foul, dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.

MOORE.

THE day which witnessed the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the brothers Sheares, and other chiefs of the insurrectionary movement, was one which will be ever memorable in the annals of Dublin. The Lord Lieutenant had received information that a grand attack was meditated by the rebels upon the city for that night, and toward evening the various regiments of regulars, militia, and Yeomen were being put under arms and massed in Smithfield Market Square, as on that place it was supposed the first attack would be made. All through that night the various corps of barristers, attorneys, and college men, together with militia regiments and several battalions of cavalry and infantry, remained, all jumbled together without distinction or order, on guard. So closely were they packed, owing to the limited space, that, as Sir Jonah Barrington says in his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," "A dragoon could not wield his sword without cutting down a foot-soldier, or a foot-soldier discharge his musket without

knocking down a trooper. The cavalry, being elevated, could breathe freely in the crowd; but the infantry could scarcely avoid suffocation."

In this condition, with no orders beyond "if they were attacked, to defend themselves to the last extremity," had the insurgents really come upon them, there can be no doubt complete annihilation of the whole of them would have been the consequence; but the alarm proved a false one, — no attack was made upon the city.

In the morning, several blood-stained and dirt-covered corpses of "rebels" who had fallen in an unsuccessful attack on Loughlinstown camp during the night were brought into the Castle yard and stretched out upon the flags, as trophies of the fight, in full view of the windows of Lord Castlereagh, and there left all day to decompose and blacken in the heat of the sun. All the prisoners that had been taken alive in the engagement were hanged during the day from the lamp-posts of the principal streets, and many lamp-lighters who had neglected their lamps the previous night suffered a like punishment.

Robert Harcourt did not tighten rein till he reached Rathcoah, where, knowing all danger of pursuit was over, he paused to consider in what direction he had best direct his course. In the programme of the National Directory the command had been assigned to him, and to Fitzgerald that in the neighboring county of Carlow. Had things gone on quietly in Dublin for a short time longer, a day or two later he would have left for the country, and having put his forces all in order, have been prepared to bring them together and take the field on the signal being given at headquarters. But now the sudden arrest of Lord Edward, and he being himself forced to fly thus precipitously before he could communicate with any of the leaders, or send word to his own officers to be in readiness for him with their men, completely upset all his plans. To rescue the noble captive would be now his first great object; but how he could at once muster an army and march on Dublin within two days, to assist an attack which he doubted not would by that time be made upon it from another quarter, was now the source of his chief anxiety.

He determined to ride on toward Kilcullen. About midday, between Kilcullen and Johnstown, he noticed a trench reaching across the road in front of him. Behind it he could perceive a number of men, apparently working. As he drew near, one of these motioned to him to stand still, and presenting toward him a musket, advanced and addressed him: —

"Whither do you go?"

"Where brave men await me."

"Where would you lead them?"

"To death or victory."

"Against whom do you fight?"

"Tyrants and traitors."

"All right, your Honor," said the man, touching his hat, when he had received to each password the proper countersign. "Are you Mr. Harcourt, from Dublin, who is to be our general?"

"Yes, I am he, and I am glad I have met some of my fellow-soldiers. But where are the gentlemen I sent down here a month ago, — Mr. Gordon, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Dillon, and the rest?"

"Oh, they're drillin' the boys all about the county, sir; a good fire lit to-night on Blackmore Hill will have them all round us before mornin'. We did not expect the risin' for another week yet, but sure 't was to-day the bad news come upon us."

"Oh, then you have heard all about Lord Edward Fitzgerald?"

"The word was brought us post-haste an hour ago, your Honor. Oh, God help poor Ireland if the soldiers have Lord Edward."

"You may say so indeed with truth, my good fellow. Ireland's hope is lost unless we can get him out of prison."

"Oh, thin it's only in prison he is? I was afeared he was kilt entirely If that be all, we'll have him again; by this time to-morrow we'll be two thousand strong. There will not be a man amongst us who would not shed his heart's blood ten times over to save him. We all remimber him when he was down here wid us in Kildare. Let yer Honor lead us to-morrow night in Dublin, and before mornin' we'll be afther showin' the soldier boys what we can do."

"How many men can we muster in three days?"

"Well, sir, we'll have five hundred in an hour, and fifty on horseback; if we were able to get the betther of the militia in a small fight or two so as to put our name up, I don't doubt but in the time you say we'd number 7,000."

"With that force I'll engage to take Dublin. But now where first had we best go? I suppose to Kilcullen. My luggage and regimentals are at Johnstown; I would wish to call for them on the way."

"Of course, yer Honor," replied the man; then calling aloud to those at the trench: —

"Hollo, boys, do you all come here. Sure this is our young general from Dublin, Mr. Harcourt, that Lord Edward promised us."

The men flocked around him in an instant with loud cries of "Long life to yer Honor. God bless ye for comin'."

"Oh, but is n't he the darlin'," cried one old man, as he gazed with admiration on the handsome face and graceful form of the young commander. "Would n't ye follow him, boys, agen the sodgers, though they had the devil himself for their captain?"

"Hurrah! hurrah! we would, we would! Long life to General Harcourt," resounded on all sides. The heart of the young general swelled within him as in a few fervent words he addressed them: —

"Men of Kildare, I am well aware how unworthy I am for the position I am about to assume, but I bring to you devotion and zeal in the cause in which we are about to shed our blood. I come to fight with you as a fellow-soldier, in seeking to recover for you those rights and liberties of which you have been despoiled through so many centuries of outrage, tyranny, and wrong. Here I unsheath the sword which I have dedicated to your service, and I pledge myself that while I am a free man, never shall it be restored to rest in peace in its scabbard until our country shall stand free, unfettered, and disenthralled before the eyes of the world" Then he drew his sword and waved it over his head.

Cheers that rent the skies followed long. Just as they were at their height, some men on horseback coming rapidly across the fields drew near the little band. "Boys, boys," they cried when they came within call, "there's a party of militiamen on the road comin' from Naas; they will be up wid ye in half an hour if ye 'lie quiet. We rode on all speed to tell ye."

"More power to ye, Patrick and Johnny, for brave boys," said the man who had first accosted Harcourt, and who was captain of the party. "Now, general, by your leave," turning to the latter, "we'll show you how we're able to spread a net to take these fine gentlemen in no time. If you would n't mind, sir, dismountin' an' leavin' your own an' your servant's horses to be led down the boreen where they'll be safe from harm, an' if you yourself will hide with us beyond the ditch, we'll catch before an hour what will be as good as to bring you a thousand men."

Harcourt at once leaped to the ground, and the captain turned to give orders. "Here, Luke," addressing one of his followers, "take the general's horse out of sight down the lane; and you, boys," to the others, "let some of ye line the ditches up the road; mind ye go beyond the turn, so that they'll be past ye afore they see the trench. The rest of ye

get behind it at each side of the dikes here. When the militia shall have come in view of it, let ye that they 'll be afther passin' close behind 'em, and ye that 'll be afore take 'em in front, and then all close round 'em; but let ye not fire, boys, unless they refuse to surrender, an' if any of the mounted try to jump the ditch, have at them an' the horses with the pikes."

His orders were faithfully obeyed; the men disposed themselves along the hedges as directed, and Harcourt, who remained close to the captain, with much interest awaited the result. In some thirty or forty minutes the militia company approached. A small troop of horse belonging to the Curragh regulars led the van, a large ammunition wagon was in their centre, and the foot brought up the rear. The gloom of twilight was now far advanced, and the trench did not attract their notice until they were almost upon it. Ere this the rebels had closed behind them, and on their first shout of alarm a number now were up in front. Perceiving their advance and retreat thus cut off, by a common impulse they endeavored to take to the fields; but each soldier, wherever he attempted to cross a ditch, found a pike planted against his breast. Thus, seeing themselves hemmed in on all sides, the entire body were in a few minutes, on being promised quarter, brought to surrender, neither party from first to last having fired a shot or struck a blow.

"Now, general," said the captain, turning to Harcourt, when the enemy had been disarmed, "we have all now, bag and baggage; what are we to do with them?"

"Retain their horses and accoutrements, but let the men themselves depart on their giving each his parole of honor he will not henceforth act in any way hostile to the cause or arms of the Irish people."

"I'm afraid, sir, that's a pledge will sit light on the consciences of most of 'em; but we 'll do as you command. They 've supplied us anyway with what 'll mount fifty more men, and there 's enough between themselves and their wagons to put guns in the hands of several hundred."

Having received the required pledges, and suffered their prisoners to go free, the United Irishmen army, laden with the spoils of their bloodless victory, proceeded to Johnstown. Here Harcourt found his luggage awaiting him. Next morning he appeared before his men in his general's military uniform of the national colors, green and gold. The streets were now filled with an enormous crowd, which the beacon-fires had assembled. Their young general, presenting himself before them in his martial costume, raised their enthusiasm to the highest pitch. There is nothing that fires the imagination and spurs the zeal of the Irish people more than a bright uniform and soldierly bearing. Against evening his forces amounted to several thousands. That night, ere he had decided as to where he should first direct his march, news was brought him that next day two regiments of regulars and militia would be on the march from Kilcullen to Naas, and these he determined to attack. In the morning he unfurled his banner, and led out his half-armed army to meet them. About a mile outside the first-named town he encountered the enemy. His followers, undisciplined and unorganized as they were, yet obeyed with alacrity the order to charge, and hurled themselves full force upon their foes. The latter were unable to withstand the fury and momentum of their onset. They now experienced the terrible nature of the pike, a weapon that could be shortened to the length of a hand-bayonet or increased to that of a cavalry lance, according to convenience. The goaded horses plunged, reared, fell backward on their riders, or dashed in amongst the infantry and threw them into confusion. After a short, fierce combat the government troops retired in general disorder. The insurgents closely pursued them to Kilcullen, which town they entered

unopposed. Harcourt, greatly elated, and his confidence increased by his great success, determined to march at once on Dublin, as there was no other enemy to threaten his rear; but his army could not be prevailed upon to leave Kilcullen till they had passed two days in celebration of their victory. Numbers of recruits from the country round were each hour swelling their ranks. On the third day, with a really formidable force, he was directing his march at last to the capital, when the melancholy news was brought him that Lord Edward had succumbed to his wounds. With a heavy heart, but yet not despairing of the cause, he turned his course towards Kildangan. It was some days before he again encountered the enemy, but when next he did so he again defeated them with great slaughter. He had now men and arms in abundance, so he resolved he would no longer remain within the limits of the county Kildare.

To be continued.

VERONICA.

Justin F. McCarthy.

Let mighty names long worshipped rest in shade,
And hero-deeds and works of glory fade,
Like stars when from the east the regal day doth shine,
Before that single, yet all glorious act of thine!
Veronica, of all the honors since our earliest fall,
Save Mary's thou hadst the greatest of them all.
The dim and distant future then is now the past,
And still thy name the far-off future shall outlast;
Thy mem'ry ne'er shall fade, thy name not die
Where'er the Christian's stainless standard fly.
What honor greater, what favor more divine?
Thine was the favor, and all the honor thine,
To wipe the Saviour's streaming, blood-stained face,
As slowly, and with faint and tottering pace,
With features racked with anguish strong and deep,
And thorn-pierced brow he labored up the steep.
Grateful the offering unto our burdened Lord,
And for a simple act a great and grand reward:
Those heavenly features, pale and anguish-wrought,
Had left their impress on the virgin cloth.

"IF."

Kate Lawrence.

If every little kitten had grown to be a cat,
And every boy to be a man, and wore a silken hat,
If every little maiden wore a chignon and a trail,
If every little peacock could show a gorgeous tail,
If every little lambkin had grown to be a sheep,
If every little puddle was an ocean dark and deep,
If all the little breezes were tempests fierce and loud,
If every little wreath of smoke was a dismal, murky cloud,
If all the little grains of sand were bowlders, large and high,
If all the little blades of grass could reach the very sky,
If all the little seedlings were lofty, leafy trees,
If all the little midges were as big as bumble-bees,
If every little tiny worm which crawled upon the ground
Was a very ugly serpent, so large and long and round,
If all the little humming-birds were eagles, large and strong,
If every little jingle was a real poet's song,
If all the little easy words, like "if" and "at" and "ah,"
Were just as big and hard to spell as "Borriboola-Gha,"—
In short, if every little thing which lives or grows or walks,
And every little animal which sings or cries or talks,
Had got to be so old and big, and none were nice and small,
I think we 'll all agree that it would never do at all;
For the world would miss their babyhood, its loveliness and grace,
And if nothing worse should happen, be so dull and commonplace!

Discovery of Ancient Coins in Ireland. — An interesting discovery of ancient coins has been recently made in Ireland. Two men digging a drain near Lissycasey, between Kilrush and Ennis, came upon an iron-clasped chest of large dimensions, laying on which was a large sword. The men assumed it to be a coffin, and conveyed the intelligence of the discovery to the police of Lissycasey. The box was opened by the police, and they found it was full of gold coins of an ancient date. The men claimed it as treasure-trove, but the police sent to Ennis for a horse and car, and to that station the box was conveyed under escort. On the sword was engraved the name "O'Neill."

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

On the 15th of August, the Church celebrates the Feast of the glorious Assumption into Heaven of Mary, Mother of God. In our Blessed Lady's departure from earth we have not only a beautiful subject for reflection, but also an example for all Christians.

After our Lord Jesus Christ had gone back to his Father, his mother remained on earth to labor for the souls redeemed by her divine Son. During this trying separation from her Beloved, she visited the holy places of Palestine, sacred to her memory by her Son's life on earth. In this cruel exile she constantly sighed for her Treasure, exclaiming with David, "Who will give me wings like a dove, to fly to my God, and there to find my rest."

The aspirations of her divine love caused our Lord to hearken to her desires, and it is related by the holy Fathers that he sent the angel Gabriel a few days before her death to announce to her the hour for her departure from earth, and triumphal ascent into heaven. In the same words as when he had come to inform her she was chosen Mother of God, she replied: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

It was revealed to St. Elizabeth that the Son appeared to Mary before she expired, with the cross in his hand, to show the glory of the redemption, and St. John of Damascus writes that he gave to her the viaticum, saying, "Take, O my mother, from my hands, that same body thou hast given to me."

Thus ended Mary's life; her beautiful soul was breathed forth into a blessed eternity, to be united to her God, her Spouse, her son. To the contemplative soul, how beautiful the thought of Mary's death! Unlike us, she was not attached to anything earthly; there was no remorse for sin, and her eternal happiness was secure. "If we except the divinity of Jesus Christ," says St. Peter Damian, "the assumption of Mary into heaven was more sublime than the ascension of Christ himself. The angels met him and accompanied him, but at the assumption of Mary, not only the angels and saints, but the Lord of heaven and earth met and accompanied her." Happy mother, to have received into her chaste womb the Redeemer of the world! Supremely blessed to be received by her only Son into the celestial Jerusalem, to be Queen of his Kingdom! As the glory of the just in heaven is proportionate to the merit acquired on earth, so Mary, who received every grace, and faithfully corresponded thereto, has a glory in heaven surpassing that of the angels and the saints. By her divine maternity she is placed at the right hand of her divine Son as our mediatrix. As grace comes to us through Mary, let us prove ourselves her devoted clients. St. Thomas of Villanova writes: "Take heart, oh miserable sinners, the Mother of your Judge and God is the advocate of the human race, powerful and able to obtain whatever she wishes from God; most wise, for she knows every method of appeasing him; universal, for she welcomes all, and refuses to defend none."

Though the circumstances which attended the death of St. Stanislaus may be known to the Catholic reader, yet it may not be amiss to rehearse them. This saint, speaking to Father Emmanuel on the approaching Feast of the Assumption, said: "Father, I believe that on that day there is seen in paradise a new paradise, the glory being seen there of the Mother of God crowned Queen of Heaven, and seated so near the Lord above all the choir of angels. And as it is true that every year this festival is renewed in heaven, I hope to see the next one." The glorious St. Lawrence being his monthly patron, it is said he wrote a letter to his mother, begging

to be a spectator of this festival of hers in paradise. Receiving holy communion on St. Lawrence's day, he supplicated the saint to present the desires of his letter to Mary. At the close of that very day a fever came upon him, and going to bed, he said with a smiling countenance: "From this bed I shall never rise. I believe St Lawrence has obtained for me from Mary that I should be in heaven on the festival of the Assumption." The vigil of the Assumption having arrived, his malady appeared light, but he felt assured he would die the next day. He soon fell into a swoon, then a cold sweat, and his strength all left him. He made his confession, received the viaticum and extreme unction, and did nothing but raised his eyes to heaven and kept a rosary round his hand. His dear mother appeared to him, as he himself declared to those around him, and at dawn on the 15th of August he expired to enjoy in paradise with his mother her glorious feast of the Assumption.— *Catholic Mirror.*

THE WORK OF GOD EXTENDING.

Father Durin, Superior of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, in Watertown, N. Y., has been ordered by his Superior in Issoudun to take charge of a mission in New Guinea, recently accepted by that society, in obedience to the direct request of the Holy See. Among the islands adjacent to New Guinea there are two principal ones, called New Britain and New Ireland, where a Frenchman, Le Marquis de Rays, has founded a colony composed of French, Belgians, and Spaniards, under the title of New France. His Holiness thinks this colony will be very useful to the new mission. The Marquis de Rays is a fervent Catholic, and has promised to assist the missionaries, who will have a free passage on a steamer that frequently sails from Barcelona to the new colony. An Apostolic Vicarate will be erected as soon as the missionaries have become acquainted with the country and with the customs and manners of the savages In the mean time, the superior and chief of the expedition will be vested with all the faculties and the title of Apostolic Prefect. The savages of the new mission are not difficult of access. They are hospitable. They practise polygamy. They believe in the immortality of the soul. The climate is not intolerable, the temperature varying from 83 to 85 degrees. In his new mission, almost at the antipodes, we trust that Father Durin will have that success which his zeal on the American mission justifies us in anticipating as his reward. — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

If parents in moderate circumstance would give their boys a plain English education, solid, rudimentary, and stop there, their children would be far more likely to succeed to the comfortable living and common-sense of the parents. That would be a vast improvement upon the present worthless and smattering generation. If a boy takes to a trade; inclines kindly to this or that plain pursuit, the sooner he gets to it after mastering the three R's the better. Indeed there are cases when the trade or other occupation would of necessity and wisely precede, accompany, or even supersede the literary rudiments. The means of an honest livelihood are the first, best educational advantage. Anchor as soon as you can. "I intend my boy for a profession," or (very rarely) "for a literary career," some parent will explain. The professions are crowded; and it is worthier and wholesomer to be a good blacksmith than a poor lawyer or doctor. If a boy shows signs of genius, poor or rich, give *him* the college and every other chance. Yet if a child of genius he may learn with or without, or in spite of a professor: as water finds its level, so will his inspiration. — *The Catholic Universe.*

REMEMBER THE 30TH OF MAY, 1844.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THIS was a famous cry in Ireland seven-and-thirty years ago, and now the anniversary of that day has come round, and how has it been kept? On Monday a whole batch of arrests were made, the nets were spread in all directions, and in the list of captives figures the well-known name of A. J. Kettle, so long a champion of the tenants' cause. Alas, poor Ireland! The 30th of May, 1844, was a sad day in the land, and its anniversary has been kept in fitting spirit. for the Coercion Act has blazed forth with a vigor hitherto unknown, and the evening fell on many a captive who that morning was a free man. Yes, we "remember the 30th May, 1844." Those amongst us whose memory goes back for seven-and-thirty years will recall that for many a long day these words were printed in conspicuous type and in a conspicuous place in each successive number of the Freeman's Journal. Ireland had, indeed, reason to remember the 30th of May, 1844. On that eventful day the Court of Queen's Bench delivered judgment in the case of the Queen *v.* O'Connell, and the Liberator and his fellow-prisoners were driven off to Richmond Bridewell. Dublin was on that memorable day the scene of a singular display of popular emotion. The cortege of the traversers' carriages, guarded by mounted police, was followed by thousands in deathlike silence, and it was only when the gates of the prison opened that cheers for O'Connell broke loud and long from the great assemblage. Scarcely did the Tribune find himself within the walls of the jail when he addressed the people of Ireland in a letter, in which he besought them and adjured them in the holy name of God to remain quiet, thus exhibiting what, second to his love of Ireland, was his master passion, the love of law, order, and peace. We need not trace the history of that imprisonment. The judgment on O'Connell was stamped with infamy not alone by the verdict of all contemporaries unblinded by fanaticism or faction, not alone by the verdict of history, but by a judgment of the English House of Lords, which blasted the trial of O'Connell in words which are to Irishmen hackneyed indeed, but nevertheless immortal. The trial of O'Connell will go down to posterity linked in the chain of infamy with the judgment on Socrates or the judicial murder of Malesherbes, and has added another item to that long reckoning which the Irish heart treasures up. Since that memorable May of 1844, seven-and-thirty springtimes have made the land green. and yesterday again we found ourselves at the thirtieth day of May, the pleasantest day, perhaps, in all the year, for spring, with her freshness, is yet with us, while the air is warm and balmy with the genial breath of summer. How goes it with Ireland on the anniversary of the sentence of O'Connell? It was said when O'Connell was struck down that with him would fall the giant form of Irish agitation; that the future would be one of happiness and peace. Has it been so? No! Ever since, one batch of political prisoners has succeeded to another, and within the present generation we have had the Repeal prisoners, the Young Irish prisoners, the Phœnix prisoners, the Fenian prisoners, and the Land League prisoners, who now number so formidable a tale. Yes, the 30th of May has come and gone, and again the jails of Ireland are filled with political prisoners. Again we are told by English journalists that if only the government would show more vigor, if only it would send A and B to join C and D, if only they would make a sweep there and a swoop here, all would be well for Ireland, and the demon of disaffection would be

crushed out forever. Surely there must be men in England in whose minds such counsels and acts such as those of yesterday raise grave considerations. If sending men to jail in Ireland could have made Ireland loyal, why she would long since have been the most loyal land in all the world. But loyalty is not a plant which here or anywhere grows under the shadow of the prison house, and this is a truth which the English people, with all their obtuseness, must sooner or later find out. In a word, the fact simply is that the English government in Ireland has been the greatest failure of history; it has reached what a great writer called "that last stage of contempt — a government which is neither feared nor loved." It is the old, old story, the failure of one nation to govern another, with happiness to either — the story of Russia and Poland, of Austria and Venice, of Holland and Belgium. The system of government which requires that the government should in times of excitement keep the most popular men in the country in jail, is judged and condemned the very moment its essence is stated. There are many things in the present situation which must grieve and alarm the patriotic but thinking Irishman. There is one thing full of great cheer. The crisis must hasten the day when England and Ireland will once for all reconsider their previous and arrange their future relations. It is plain that the situation in which one island is mistress and the other slave cannot last. It is possible to rearrange these relations by maintaining the golden link of the Crown and the tie of an Imperial Parliament, but to give each of the three kingdoms a control of its local affairs. The hour in which the Queen puts her sign-manual to an Act carrying out such an arrangement will be a great one for liberty and humanity, but it will be above all a great one for England, — for England we say, which by giving us that control over our own affairs which is the settled passion of the Irish heart, will convert a discontented and unyielding vassal into a friendly and loyal yokefellow. The change, however, to be beneficial must be made soon. The legend of the sibyl ought to be a favorite study of English statesmen, for every gift to Ireland seems to be blasted by the fatal spell which lies in the dread words, "Too Late."

Rats who enjoyed Fun. — A good rat story is told by a lady who lives in Baltimore, which shows that rats have a kind of humor about them at times, which they will exercise even to the extent of forgetting their plundering propensities. In the house of this lady was a child's rocking-horse, and every night the rats would jump on the rocking-horse and start it rocking, and rock it for hours, seemingly with the greatest enjoyment in the world. At first, hearing the noise, the people could not imagine the cause, and did not know but that the spirits had a hand in it; but when they cautiously peered out and saw the performance, it became one of the marvels of the neighborhood to see the rats in their gambols, enjoying themselves, laughing, and having their fun rocking the horse.

Jenny Lind, or Mrs. Goldschmidt, is living in London, near Buckingham Palace. Her marriage was, it may be remembered, romantic. Goldschmidt is a Jew. They studied music together. When she went to America she sent for him to come as a pianist, and he used to play at her concerts. It was her own arrangement, and she paid his salary herself. She thought he was a grand musician, and used always to get into one of the private boxes and applaud his pieces. Though she was older than he, she loved him, and was bound to marry him. He renounced his religion in order to be her husband. She must be worth $1,000,000. There was a joke about it at the time. The question was, "Why did he marry Jenny Lind?" and the reply was, "Because he was gold smit."

COMETS AND METEORS: A LECTURE.*

Very Rev. J. B. Kavanagh, D. D., President of Carlow College, Ireland.

Mr. Chairman, my Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen: A few nights ago Dr. Haughton kept our thoughts intently fixed on the Earth during the delivery of his magnificent lecture. It is not good to be too intent on earthly things; hence, on this evening, permit me to ask you to raise your eyes to the Heavens, and to fix your glance on that zone of dim light which stretches across the celestial vault, and is quaintly called the Milky Way. That dull light is the glimmer of an agglomeration of stars which Herschel tells us number eighteen millions. Each of these eighteen million stars is a Sun like ours, shining by its own light, and each is possibly the centre of a planetary system like our own. Our Sun is a star in this vast group, and, when viewed from the nearest of his companions, sinks down to the third magnitude, exhibits that yellow tint which indicates a decadence of light, and shows that he has passed the prime of life, and is fast gliding into the sear and yellow leaf. The nearest star in the Heavens is Alpha Centauri, and yet it is nineteen trillions of miles distant, a space so vast that light requires three and one half years to travel it. The velocity of light is 185,000 miles per second; it would fly eight times round the earth in one second, and yet it requires three and one half years, or sixty-four and one half million seconds, to travel from the nearest fixed star. Sirius, which is one hundred and twenty-five times larger than the Sun, is still more remote; his light requires twenty years to reach the earth, and if you glance at the pole star, the light which enters your eye left the star fifty years ago. Capella is still more distant; his light requires seventy-two years to span the gulf which separates him from our system. Conceive, then, the Sun the centre of an ideal sphere, whose radius is the distance of the nearest fixed star; that sphere will be two hundred and seventy-five billion times larger than the whole planetary world. The Solar System, therefore, is isolated in space, and analogy tells us that every star in the Heavens is surrounded by a similar void, and that the eighteen million stars of the Milky Way, to which group our Sun belongs, are, like him, isolated from each other by vast yawning chasms of space. The entire void in which this star system is placed is so inconceivably vast, that a ray of light would require 10,000 years to travel through it. This is but one of the star systems, and occupies a comparatively small portion of that limitless space spread out by the hand of the Almighty. There are other star systems which are but confused nebulous masses, if not resolved by the most powerful telescopes, and they are so distant that astronomers tell us their light requires 700,000 years to reach the earth. What speaks so eloquently of the majesty and power of God, as the sublime science of astronomy? — *Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei.*

COMETS NOT FORMED FROM THE SOLAR NEBULA.

You will ask me, what has this to do with the subject of the lecture, "Comets and Meteors?" Yes, the subjects are closely connected, for I hope to show that it is from these interstellar spaces comets reach the earth. They approach our system from these depths which the telescope declares empty, but which are strewn with that rare nebulous matter of which comets and meteors are formed. I hope to show you that comets and meteors are nebulous matter in different states of condensation; and that

*In preparing this popular lecture on Comets and Meteors, I have consulted Mr. Ball's Paper on Nebulæ, Mr. Johnston Stoney's Paper on Meteoric Showers, Mr. Guillemin on Comets, and the Notes of Mr. Glaisher to the English Translation, Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy, and Schellen on the Spectra of Meteors and Comets.

comets at each perihelion passage must dissipate their matter, which condenses into a meteoric stream, and is finally elongated into a ring of meteors, which are carried around the cometary orbit by their initial velocity. Of all the heavenly bodies, comets alone span that vast abyss which separates us from the stars. They are visitors from the unfathomable depths of space; they swoop down upon us in all the glory of their majestic trains, and in the dark ages of ignorance filled the world with terror at their approach. Some of them pay us a passing visit, and pass away forever into the depths whence they came, never again to return; and others, when drawn within the region of the Sun's attraction, are seized by the gravitating forces of the bodies of our system, are swung into elliptical paths, and retained permanent denizens of the planetary world.

You will kindly allow me to explain, by means of this diagram, some technical terms which I must use, as they have no equivalent in popular language. Comets which move in elliptical orbits about the Sun, obey the laws of planetary motion. They describe equal areas in equal times, and the squares of their periodic times are proportioned to the cubes of their mean distances from the Sun. Their motion is the resultant of two forces, and the curves which they describe depend upon the relation of these two forces to each other. This represents the radial component or centripetal force, which deflects the body from the rectilinear path it would describe under the sole action of the tangential force or initial velocity of projection. If the tangential and radial components have a given relation, the body will describe a circle with uniform velocity. If this, which is called circular velocity, is increased, the body will describe an ellipse, and if the velocity of the body is equal to circular velocity, multiplied by the square root two, the body will describe a parabola, which is an open curve, and does not return on itself; and if this velocity is still more increased, the curve described will be an hyperbola, which is another open curve; and a body moving in this curve pays just a passing visit to our system, and then moves away forever into the depths of space. This point, at the extremity of the major axis nearest the Sun, is called the perihelion point, and the opposite point, at the other extremity of the axis, is called the aphelion point. To return, comets were not primarily bodies of the Solar System, nor were they originally evolved from the solar nebula; for if comets had been formed from the solar nebula, they would not have approached us from every point of the Heavens as they do at present; but, like planets, would have moved in a definite zone in the region of the plane of the Sun's equator. The planes of their orbits would not have been inclined to the plane of the ecliptic at such large angles, but, like the planets, they would have moved in or near the zodiac; they could not have moved in orbits so elliptical, and the motion of every comet must have been direct.

The solar nebula must have had a motion of rotation before it cast off the bodies of the Solar System. If comets formed a portion of the original nebulous mass, they must have shared in that motion of rotation, and must have been cast off at the point where the centrifugal force was greatest, *i. e.*, at the point farthest from the axis of rotation in the region of the Sun's equator; they must also have derived their orbital motion from the motion of the rotation of the nebula, and never could have afterwards acquired a motion transverse or retrograde to the motion of the original nebulous mass from which they were formed. What are the facts? Ninety-three comets move in orbits whose planes make angles greater than thirty degrees with the plane of the ecliptic; and sixty-one comets move in orbits whose planes make angles greater than sixty degrees with the plane of the

ecliptic; whereas, of all the major planets, the plane of the orbit of Mercury alone makes, with the plane of the ecliptic, an angle as great as seven degrees. You see, therefore, all these comets have an orbital motion transverse to the motion they should have had, if they were evolved from the so'ar nebula. There are one hundred and thirty-five comets whose motion is retrograde. The Sun, and all the bodies of the Solar System, except the satellites of Uranus and Neptune, move from west to east. These one hundred and thirty-five comets move from east to west, and it is impossible that these comets, at least, could have been originally bodies of the Solar System, or could at any time have been formed of the nebulous mass from which the Solar System was evolved; for if they had been originally portions of the solar nebula, they must have derived their orbital motion from its rotation; they must have moved in their orbits in the direction of that motion, and never could have acquired a motion in an opposite direction. The satellites of Uranus and Neptune I believe, also, to have been small nebulæ seized upon by those planets, and made satellites of their respective systems. These planets are at the extreme limit of the Solar System, where the solar attraction is comparatively feeble, and where they would meet nebulæ floating in from interstellar space, and, by the gravitating force of their masses, would become centres of motion to these small nebulæ, and finally change them into satellites. There is another distinctive difference between planetary and cometary motion, which confirms the inference that comets were not originally portions of the solar nebula. All planets, except Polyhymnia, move in orbits which are almost circular; all comets, except Fay's, move in ellipses of very great eccentricity. The orbit which a body describes, depends chiefly on its initial velocity. We cannot conceive how bodies describing orbits so different as planets and comets could have derived their initial velocity from the same source, namely, the rotation of the solar nebula. The great comet of 1769 has an eccentricity equal to 0.9992, a period of 2,200 years, and, at its aphelion point, passes away thirty-one billions of miles, a point so distant that light requires two days to reach the earth. The comet of 1680 has an orbit still more elliptical; it has a period of 8,800 years, as calculated by Encke, and moved away to a point three hundred and eighty billions of miles distant. This is the comet to which Whiston attributed the Deluge, and final destruction of the world by fire; at perihelion it moves with a velocity of two hundred and forty-four miles per second; but at aphelion slackens its pace to seven miles an hour. The comet of 1864 has a period of 2,800,000 years, and passes away at aphelion to about one fifth the distance of the nearest fixed star. These considerations, the great inclinations of cometary orbits, their great eccentricity, their retrograde motions, and the difference of their physical constitution, appear to me to establish conclusively that comets did not originally form a part of the solar nebula, and were not primarily bodies of the Solar System.

TRUE ORIGIN OF COMETS.

If comets were not formed from the solar nebula, what are they, and whence do they come? Xenophanes called them wandering clouds, and Laplace described comets as small nebulæ, wandering from system to system, and formed by the condensation of the nebulous matter scattered with such profusion throughout the universe. These sublime guesses receive a strong confirmation from the investigations of Hoeck, an eminent Dutch astronomer. Hoeck examined thirty-eight comets, and arranged them under seven cometary systems. He showed that the several comets of each of these systems had a common radiant point, *i. e.*, the point in which

the planes of their orbits intersect; that the longitude of their perihelion point, the longitude of their nodes, the eccentricity of their orbits, and their perihelion distance, differed but slightly, and hence that their orbits almost coincide. He, therefore, inferred that all the comets of each of these systems had a common origin, and, before entering the sphere of the Sun's attraction, formed one nebulous mass, which had an initial movement of the same velocity and in the same direction. He shows that if two masses approach our system from a distance practically infinite, a difference, however slight, in their initial velocity would make a difference of centuries in the date of their arrival. Mr. Hoeck's conclusion, therefore, is, that comets are masses of nebulous matter, drawn into our system by the Sun's attraction; that they arrive singly, or in groups, from the sidereal depths, sent thither from some star from which they have receded so far, as to fall temporarily or permanently under the influence of the attraction of the Sun. He also says that the normal curve of cometary orbits is parabolic or hyperbolic; that periodic or elliptical orbits are exceptional, and are caused by perturbation of the planetary masses. This theory receives a strong confirmation from the separation of Biela's comet in 1846, for here we have a cometary system formed as if under our eyes — a comet which was before one, from some unknown cause divided into two fragments, which, when first seen, were 177,000 miles apart, and when next seen, were 1,500,000 miles asunder, each pursuing a separate orbit, and their perihelion passages separated by an interval of fifteen days. We have also several double comets mentioned in history by Democrates, Ephorus and Kepler; and so recently as 1860, Mr. Lias observed a double comet at Olinda, in Brazil. We have, therefore, in the history of cometary astronomy, a strong confirmation of Hoeck's theory, that the comets of the several systems classed by him were originally united, and were evolved from the same nebulous mass; that they were subsequently separated, and, in the progress of ages, receded more and more from each other, and, like the fragments of Biela's comet, now pursue different orbits, and arrive at different times.

There are eighteen million stars in the Milky Way. Analogy tells us that every one of these eighteen million stars is like our Sun — the centre of cometary motion — and as the normal cometary motion is an open curve, millions of comets, moving in their parabolic or hyperbolic orbits, must move towards the region of space where the Solar System is placed, must fall under the influence of solar gravity, and must pay us at least one visit, or, perhaps, remain permanent denizens of the Solar System, if deflected from their paths by the perturbations of the planetary masses. This theory alone can explain the vast number of comets which have entered and continue to enter, the Solar System. Argo reckoned them at seventeen millions; Kepler said they were as numerous as fishes in the ocean; others raised the number to twenty millions, and M. Lambert, a French astronomer, extending the sphere of the cometary motion to one half the distance of the fixed stars, swells the number of comets to seventy-four billions. New comets arrive each year, and the number increases as the centres of observation are multiplied, and the instruments of observation become more perfect. These facts could not be explained if we regard comets as bodies of the Solar System, or formed from the solar nebula. The evidence to me is conclusive that they are visitors from the depths of space. Strange visitors they are! Here is one of the normal type.

PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION OF COMETS.

This is a magnificent tail, two hundred millions of miles in length; it

would reach from the Earth to the Sun and back, and sixteen millions of miles to spare. This is a splendid beard, 11,000 miles in length, and a truly massive head, 3,500 miles across A comet, then, is vast in magnitude, but is comparatively insignificant in mass. In the year 1770, Lexell's comet, called the Lost Comet, as the perturbations of Jupiter are supposed to have changed its orbit from a ellipse to a parabola, and to have sent the comet careering into the depths of space, — in 1770 this comet was within a million and a half miles of the Earth, and if the mass of the comet had been equal to the mass of the Earth, Laplace calculated that the comet would have retarded the Earth's motion in her orbit, and lengthened the sidereal year a day and a half, or 11,616 seconds. It was quite certain that the year was not lengthened two seconds; therefore the comet's mass cannot have been the one five thousandth part of the mass of the Earth, or the one sixtieth of the mass of the Moon. Sir John Herschel saw stars of the sixteenth magnitude through the nebulosity of Biela's comet, which was 50,000 miles thick. Struve saw stars of the tenth magnitude through Encke's comet; and Bessel saw stars of the tenth magnitude through the tail of Halley's comet. Montaigne, in France, and Glashier, at Cambridge, saw stars through the nucleus of a comet. Babinet, on optical considerations which are largely conjectural, calculated that cometary matter was fifty-five thousand billion times less dense than atmospheric air; and Herschel thought the tail of a comet might not weigh more than a few ounces. Monsieur Roche, of Montpelier, came to a different conclusion. He calculated the weight of Donati's comet at 268,000 billion tons, and inferred that the density of the nucleus was one eighth the density of water, and that the nebulosity was 154,000 times less dense than atmospheric air. This extreme tenuity of cometary matter, compared with the density of the Sun, the Earth, and the planets, shows that the comets have a physicial constitution so different from the bodies of the Solar System, that we cannot assign to them a common origin. Comets were not, therefore, originally bodies of the Solar System, nor were they evolved from the solar nebula.

COMETARY LIGHT.

Of this position we have a still more conclusive proof from the analysis of cometary light. The light of comets is of various tints, — red, green, blue, gold color, pink, and white. Seneca speaks of a comet as large as the Sun and as red as fire. Pliny speaks of a comet whose mane was the color of blood. Yellow, red, and white, however, are the prevailing colors, and these colors indicate the absence of the blue rays, and hence a low temperature. Is cometary light reflected, or are comets self-luminous? Cassini, observing Chasseaux's comet, thought it exhibited phases like our Moon, and, therefore, shone by reflected light.

Cacciatori, of Palermo, observing the comet of 1819, says he saw it as a crescent, and then in the first quarter; but Arago, analyzing the statement, doubts its accuracy, as Cacciatori represented the cusps pointing in a wrong direction in relation to the position of the Sun. Arago then adds, that though comets do not exhibit phases, it is no proof that they do not shine by reflected light, as they are surrounded by an atmosphere which, by reflection, can distribute light in all directions. He then attacked the problem by a different method, and, having shown that the light of comets is polarized, he inferred that it was reflected light. His conclusion was confirmed by the observations of Chacornac of Paris, Renzoni, Govi, and Poey. Poey showed that the plane of polarization passed through the Sun, the comet, and the eye of the observer; and hence, that the light was polarized by reflection at the surface of the comet, and not by refraction in the

terrestrial atmosphere. Hence we infer some portion of cometary light is solar light reflected. Father Secchi made a series of observations on comets from 1861 to 1868, and says he found the light of the tail strongly polarized, but scarcely a trace of polarization in the light of the nucleus. Hence, he inferred the nucleus shone by its own light, on account of the incandescent state to which the comet was raised by its proximity to the Sun. He inferred similarly that the light of the nucleus of the comet in 1868 was principally its own. Let us now submit cometary light to the more satisfactory test of spectrum analysis. The spectroscope reveals to us facts as to the nature of cometary light, which some will regard as startling, and shows us how serious the consequences would be, if at any time the Earth should come into collision with the nucleus of a comet, or pass through its tail. The unanimous testimony of spectroscopists, with one solitary exception, is, that the tail of a comet is self-luminous, that it consists of the glowing vapor of carbon, and, we shall immediately see, also of the glowing vapor of the other elements found in the analysis of meteoric stones. The temperature, therefore, of the tail of a comet is so high, as to retain carbon, iron, nickel, cobalt, chromium, and the other elements of meteors, in a state of glowing vapor; and the heat is so intense, that if the Earth were involved in the tail of a comet, all animal and all vegetable life on its surface would be instantly destroyed, and a large portion of the Earth's crust would be fused or vaporized. Newton calculated that the temperature of the comet of 1680 was two thousand times higher than the temperature of molten iron; and Sir J. Herschel said that the temperature of the comet of 1843 was forty-seven thousand times higher than the most intense solar heat experienced at the surface of the Earth. It is true, some astronomers say we passed through the tail of a comet in 1861, and that there was no inconvenience, save a slight phosphorescence of the atmosphere. This is asserted by Valz, Lowey, and Hind, but I regard this as a mistake; for Pape, of Berlin, said we were two hundred millions of miles distant from the comet, when Valz and Hind said we were passing through its tail. Le Verrier, also, dissents from their conclusion; and, since 1861, we have the teaching of the spectroscope, which shows that the tail of a comet is a glowing vapor, and that the Earth could not pass through it without the utter destruction of all forms of life on its surface. It was also said that the blue fog of 1783 was the tail of a comet; but this was a mere groundless conjecture. I will submit to you now the evidence of this fact, and in the very words of the observers, that you yourselves may judge of its conclusiveness. Lockyer, of London, in a letter to the Times, July 15, 1874, says: "The fan of the comet also gave a continuous spectrum, while over this, and even in the dark space behind the nucleus, was to be seen the spectrum of bands." Wolf and Rayet, of Paris, say: "If instead of directing the slit of the spectroscope upon the focal image of the nucleus, the slit is so turned as to cut the image of the tail, a spectrum is then obtained which presents the three bright bands above described, without a trace of the continuous spectrum." In the tail, therefore, there is no solid incandescent matter of sensible moment. They add: "As regards the light of the atmosphere and tails, the spectrum of bright bands denotes alike the gaseous and incandescent state of the matter of which they are composed; and the matter of the tail and coma are declared by the spectroscope identical in physical and chemical constitution." But the most complete series of observations on cometary light were made by Huggins, of London, on Coggia's comet, in 1874, and read before the Royal Society in January, 1875. In this paper he says: "When the slit of the spectroscope was placed

across the nucleus and coma, there was seen in the instrument a spectrum of three bright bands, crossed by a continuous spectrum. In the continuous spectrum there were no dark absorption lines nor bright lines, except the bright bands. There was present also a faint broad continuous spectrum between and beyond the bright bands. The light of the comet, therefore, gave three spectra: —

"*First.* A spectrum of bright bands, which is the spectrum of glowing vapors.

"*Second.* A continuous spectrum of the nucleus.

"*Third.* A faint continuous spectrum, which accompanies the gaseous spectrum in the coma."

"The nucleus," says Huggins, "suggested an object on fire, of which the substance was not uniform in composition, so that at intervals it burned with a more brilliant light." He also says, he observed polarized light in every part of the comet; but it was not one fifth the total light. The reflected solar light accounts for the continuous spectrum. There are no dark lines; the light is too feeble to reveal them. The second continuous spectrum is from the incandescent solid particles in the nucleus; "for," he says, "we cannot suppose present in a comet, gas sufficiently dense to give a continuous spectrum" The bright bands are the spectrum of glowing vapor. We see, therefore, there is a unanimous testimony of the most distinguished living spectroscopists, that the spectrum of cometary light is a spectrum of bright bands. A spectrum of bright bands is the spectrum of a glowing vapor.

We have, therefore, the testimony of Lockyer, of London; Wolf and Rayet, of Paris; Secchi, of Rome; Tachini, of Palermo; Bredichin, of Moscow; and Huggins, of London, that the spectrum of cometary light is a spectrum of bright bands, and that, therefore, the light of the tails and coma of comets is glowing vapor. Prazmoski alone dissents from this conclusion, and endeavors to obtain a spectrum of bright bands by reflecting sunlight from strips of copper; but Father Secchi showed there was no similarity between the bright bands obtained by Prazmoski and the bright band spectrum of cometary light. Having determined that the light of the coma and tails of comets is emitted by a glowing vapor, let us now endeavor to determine what are the elements whose vapors are present in the tails and coma of comets. Here is the spectrum of Winneck's comet, as obtained by Huggins, of London. This is the spectrum of carbon, obtained by passing an electric spark through olefiant gas; and these are the carbon lines in olive oil. You see they are all identical, and that the spectrum of the light of Winneck's comet is the spectrum of the glowing vapor of carbon. Bredichin, of Moscow, writing to the Italian Spectroscopic Society, says: "The bands of the spectrum of Coggia's comet coincide with the bands of hydrocarbon in Giessler's tube; the wave lengths were 5,633, 5,164, 4,742 of Angstrom's scale." Tachini, of Palermo, also says: "The bright lines observed in the spectrum of the comet were four in number. It is evident the last three correspond to the spectrum in carbon. This was the spectrum in which Donati obtained of the light of his comet, and it is the normal spectrum of all cometary light since examined. The bright bands differ slightly in brilliancy and position; but they are present in all cometary spectra except when they are extinguished by the feebleness of the light. We may conclude, therefore, that the light of cometary tails and of the coma is emitted by the glowing vapor of carbon. The vapors of the other elements which are found on the analysis of meteoric stones are also present, but their lines are not found in the spectra, in consequence of the feebleness of their light, and the feebleness of the light arises from the extreme tenuity of the matter. The light of carbon vapor is sufficiently in-

tense to give the carbon lines in the spectrum, in consequence of its high illuminating power; but in the same cometary spectra, when the light is feeble, the centre line of carbon alone appears, the other two lines being extinguished; which shows that as you weaken the light, you extinguish the lines in the spectrum, and hence, the glowing vapor of iron, nickel, cobalt, chromium, and the other elements of meteoric stones, may be present in the tail of a comet, though their lines do not appear in the sprectrum of the light. On this evidence, I believe that the tails and coma of comets are the glowing vapors of carbon, iron, nickel, cobalt, chromium, and of the other elements found in meteoric stones; and I hope to show you in the concluding portion of the lecture, that meteoric showers are the matter of the tails of comets in a different state of condensation.

Conclusion in our next.

OUT OF THE CHURCH.

Who are they? Those who had neglected their Easter duties and had not been to confession and communion. They were out of the Church. If a man sinned and did not repent, the Church excommunicated him — he was out of the Church: and if any man went on sinning and did not go to confession and communion, he excommunicated himself — he put himself out of the Church; and as long as he was out of the Church, he was on the wrong road, and until he went back to the right road he could not run so as to attain eternal life. Therefore the first thing that was to be done was to be in the right road, and the next thing not to look back. If a man began to set out running and looking back, he would be beaten in the race. If a man has given up the ways of sin and looks back with pleasure to these sins, he would lose the grace of God, which had shown him the way to work out his salvation. He must avoid the occasions of sin, and looking only to the kingdom of God, work out his salvation with all the speed and strength of his heart. — *Cardinal Manning.*

FRENCH INGRATITUDE.

French writers ought to be at least charitable towards the Irish people. There are accounts standing between the two nations, and we know on which side the balance is due. It would be difficult to say what France has ever done for Ireland; but on the other hand, some four hundred thousand Irishmen have died in the French military service, and in dying bequeathed some of the greatest victories blazoning French records. Irishmen were neither lazy, ignorant, nor fanatical when they rescued Cremona, decided Fontenoy, Landen, and Steinkirk, and almost saved Ramillies. They have unfortunately been but too eager to dare danger and death in the quarrels of France, and to make enormous sacrifices for empty rewards or no reward at all. When they are actually rendering a service to the Gallic arms the tongue of calumny is silent for the nonce; but let the obligation once become a matter of the past, and organ of opinions like the *Temps* relapse into the normal strain of contempt and misrepresentation. — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

Twelve Millions of Acres of Land in Grass. — By a return lately procured by a member of the House of Lords of the twenty millions of acres composing the area of Ireland, there are twelve millions in grass, three and a half millions in tillage, and four and a half millions waste, much of which is reclaimable. Now, if the English government were really anxious to increase the wealth of the country, instead of encouraging emigration, they would at once purchase up the waste lands, and profitably employ the great portion of the people who are flying from the country.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON IRELAND.

N. T., in Catholic Progress.

THE woes of Ireland are due to one single cause. The remedy, if not too late, would stand in nullifying the present action of that cause.

Had Cromwell been a greater brute than he was; had the cruelties and the robberies perpetrated by my country; had the misappropriations of the land in Ireland been a thousand times more iniquitous than they were three hundred years ago, one circumstance would, in process of time, have smoothed away all difficulties, and Ireland would have been happy now under the descendants of the miscreants who had crushed her.

The Normans invaded England, and William's surname is "The Conqueror." The Normans domineered over the Saxons as the English have domineered over the Irish: and yet, in the former case, the conquering race and the conquered amalgamated, and there was not continued in England the antagonism of two rival nations. Why not? The answer is plain: Normans and Saxons worshipped the same God in the same way; both were of the same faith.

But from the beginning of the present state of things, the English represented a schism and a heresy, and the Irish were Catholics. For centuries we — Englishmen — have treated the Irish, because they are Catholics, as Pagans, requiring conversion to Christianity. We set up our own heresy in Ireland and called it "the United Church of England and Ireland." We have robbed the Catholic Church of Ireland of her revenues, and misapplied them to the training of teachers who would blaspheme her faith and to maintaining their wives and children, whether residents or absentees; and the men whom we made the masters of the soil in Ireland have habitually insulted the old faith and the representatives of the faith of Ireland. How could there be amalgamation? What wonder that there has been irreconcilable antagonism? We may pass over other causes of complaint, — the destruction of Ireland's commerce and the like. These are effects of the radical evil, and would never have happened had the radical evil not existed. What, then, is the remedy for the woes of Ireland? It is a remedy which we English will not use. Even if we were willing to apply it, it may be that the hour is passed and its application too late. It may be that we have driven the Irish people into the hands of religionists worse than ourselves, — of infidels and revolutionists. Still, a remedy must be sought; and it can only be found in the removal of that which has caused the evil and still continues it. Away with the propagandists of Protestantism, and Ireland would be saved; Ireland and England would soon live as two sisters. Why are not the Irish content? Because, being Irish and Catholic, they are governed by a public opinion which is English and Protestant. No statesman has yet had sufficient moral courage to govern Ireland as a Catholic nation. Hitherto the faith of the people has been insulted and blasphemed. Take away everything that conveys an insult to the faith of the people. The hypocritically miscalled "Church of Ireland" has ceased to be the "Established Church of Ireland." This is a step, and a step in the right direction. But this disestablishment is a mere nothing compared with what we ought to do. Unless Ireland is governed by England as a Catholic nation and her faith treated with respect, and full scope given to the development of the Catholic Church in Ireland by the appropriation to the Catholic religion of the funds that go to religion, the recurrence of such events as are now taking

place in Ireland cannot be prevented. Any other remedy, based on political economy, without reference to religion, must fail. It would be like an artificial concealment of the signs of disease on a patient doomed to death: the cause of destruction would remain.

And now can we hope that this sole remedy will be applied? Let an English government make the experiment, and what would be the result? To take one example: Let the English government destroy the "Bird's-nests"; the training places where innocent Catholic children are reared to hate the Catholic faith. What a cry there would be through the length and breadth of our Protestant land, and how impossible would a government find it to put such a measure into effect? No English government dares to be just to Ireland: no English government dares to treat Catholic Ireland as a Catholic country.

Well, then, what is to be done? It is easy to say that Ireland ought to be satisfied with the salves that Englishmen apply to her wounds, and which are short of this radical cure. But Ireland ought not to be satisfied with insufficient remedies, which do not remove the malignant disease; and if she is not satisfied, one or two consequences must follow: either Ireland, though dissatisfied with the remedies, will bear her insults meekly, like a sheep before her shearer, which poor human nature will hardly do and has not done, in spite of the patience inculcated by the example of Ireland's Lord and Master in His Passion; or Ireland will not bear them meekly and will be driven into acts of violence, which Christ and His Vicar must condemn. But then, who is the real culprit, — the big bully who has insulted another beyond all endurance, or the victim of that insult or intolerable treatment? Let us Englishmen humble ourselves before God whenever we hear of an act of violence committed in Ireland. The act is criminal: be it so! but my Protestant English forefathers and my English contemporary Protestant fellow-countrymen are the real culprits and virtually guilty of the crimes committed.

A Word to Young Men. — One of the meanest things a young man can do, and it is not at all an uncommon occurrence, is to monopolize the time and attention of a young girl for a year or more without any definite object, and to the exclusion of others of his sex, who, supposing him to have matrimonial intentions, absent themselves from her society. This "dog in the manger" way of proceeding should be discontinued. It prevents the reception of eligible offers of marriage, and fastens to the young girl, when the acquaintance is finally dissolved, the unenviable and unmerited appellation of "flirt." Let all your dealings with women, young man, be frank, honest, noble, and pure. This should be your rule: Treat every woman you meet as you would wish another man to behave himself towards your own sister.

The Degradation of Marriage among Protestants. — The admirer of two girls at Waupaca, Oregon, could not choose between them, and neither was willing to relinquish her claims in favor of the other. They therefore agreed to decide the question by the toss of a coin, and the tossing was done, carefully and fairly, in the presence of an invited company. The loser accepted her luck uncomplainingly, and is to be first bridesmaid at the wedding. A somewhat similar case had a different termination at Bowerton, Mich. The girls in this instance were sisters, and they were willing to divide the lover between them. In order to carry out that idea they have started for Utah, where they will practise polygamy; but the harmonous sisters have exacted a solemn vow from the man never to have more than two wives. — *New York Sun.*

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF IRELAND.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, R. C. M. G.

MANY men refrain from reading Irish history, as sensitive and selfish persons refrain from witnessing human suffering; but it is a branch of knowledge as indispensable to the British statesman or publicist as morbid anatomy to the surgeon. To prescribe remedies without studying the seat of the disease and the habits of the patient is empiricism and quackery.

In the rapid survey I propose to make, I will omit whatever can be omitted without loss, and touch only on events, the consequences of which were still traceable in the habits and character of the people in the middle of the nineteenth century.

The aboriginal inhabitants, like the Ancient Britons across the neighboring channel, or the Gauls on the nearest mainland, were conquered at an early period by a people who identified themselves so completely with their new possessions that they have come to be regarded as the type of the native race.

It was fourteen centuries before Christ that an expedition of Celts from Spain, led by a chief whose name, in its Latinized form, Milesius, landed on the island, and after some severe fighting obtained complete possession of it. They were the Normans of that era, these Milesians, better armed and trained than the natives; disciplined in a higher civilization, and politic enough to desire not to destroy but to absorb the conquered people. After the conquest the people (according to Celtic traditions) were divided between Heber and Heremon, sons of Milesius, to one or the other of whom all the native families of ancient blood delight to trace their pedigree; and to this day the favorite name for an Irishman, in poetry and romance, is a Milesian.

There were protracted and merciless feuds among the Milesian chiefs and their successors for many generations, feuds such as, nearly two thousand years later, desolated England in the Wars of the Roses. But the annals of every people, with patriotic customs and institutions, begin in the same way. They feel unlimited devotion to the sept or tribe, and only a wavering loyalty to the union of tribes, called the realm; they ravage and massacre in the name of the chief who has suffered some indignity from a rival, and answer coldly to the call of a king who is enforcing a national right or resisting an invader.

The Irish race first felt the contagion of a common purpose, not in war, but in labors of devotion and charity. Lying on the extreme verge of Europe, the last land then known to the adventurous Scandinavian, and beyond which fable had scarcely projected its dreams, it was in the fifth century since the Redemption that Christianity reached them. Patricius, a Celt of Gaul, it is said, carried into Erin as a slave by one of the Pagan kings, some of whom made military expeditions to North and South Britain, and even to the Alps and the Loire, became the Apostle of Ireland. Patrick escaped from bondage, was educated at Rome, but in mature manhood insisted on returning to the place of his bondage, to preach Christianity to a people who seem to have exercised over the imagination of the Apostle the same spell of sympathy which in latter times subdued strangers of many nations. He was received with extraordinary favor, and before his death nearly the whole island had embraced Christianity. In the succeeding century the Church which he planted became possessed by a passion which it has never entirely lost, — the passion for missionary enterprise. Its fathers projected the conversion of the fierce natives of the continent to the new creed of humility and self-denial, and by the same humane agents which Patrick had em-

ployed in Ireland, — persuasion and prayer; a task as generous as any of which history has preserved the record. In this epoch Ireland may be said to have been a Christian Greece, the nurse of science and civilization. The Pagan annals of the country are overlaid by fable and extravagance, but the foundation of Oxford or the mission of St. Augustine does not lie more visibly within the boundaries of legitimate history than the Irish schools, which attracted students from Britain and Gaul, and sent out missionaries through the countries now known as Western Europe. Among the forests of Germany, on the desert shores of the Hebrides, in the camp of Alfred, at the court of Charlemagne, in the capital of the Christian world, where Michelet describes their eloquence as charming the court of the Emperor, there might be found the fervid preachers and subtle doctors of the Western Isle. It was then that the island won the title still fondly cherished, "*insular sanctorum*." Writers who are little disposed to make any other concessions to Ireland admit that this was a period of extraordinary intellectual activity, and of memorable services to civilization. The arts, as far as they were the handmaidens of religion, attained a surprising development. The illuminated copies of the Scriptures, the croziers and chalices which have come down to us from those days, the Celtic crosses and Celtic harps, are witnesses of a distinct and remarkable national culture.

The people were still partly shepherds and husbandmen, partly soldiers, ruled by the chief, the brehon, and the priest. Modern philosophers who deplore their fate would find it hard to discover any period, before or since, when they were so prosperous and happy.

After this generous work had obtained a remarkable success, it was disturbed by contests with the sea kings, who established settlements on the eastern coast of the island, which interrupted communication with Britain and Gaul. These new-comers burned monasteries, sacked churches, murdered women and priests, and, let it be admitted, built towns on the seacoast Before the dangers and troubles of a long internecine war, the school of the west gradually dwindled away, and it had fallen into complete decay before Brian Borhoime, at the beginning of the eleventh century, finally subdued the invaders at the battle of Clontarf. Brian the Brave holds the same place in the memory of his nation that Alfred the Great won in England by identical services; and to this day, wherever enterprise and industry seek new homes, among the villages of the Mississippi, in the farms and marts of New Zealand or the cities and gold fields of Australia, you may recognize a settlement of Irish by the rude effigy of a royal warrior carrying in one hand a cross, and in the other the sword which scattered the northern pirates.

But other disturbers succeeded to the Danes. In the twelfth century the Norman soldiers, who had conquered England, cast longing eyes on the neighboring island, and found a footing through the clan and dynastic jealousies to which a pastoral people are peculiarly liable. They came, a recent historian declares, with unconscious irony, to complete the work of civilization happily begun by the Danes. The population of the island at that time did not reach half a million, and was distributed into a prodigious number of septs. The country was ruled by five princes, one of which was Ard-righ, or Chief King. Dermot MacMurrough, the King of Leinster, incurred the wrath of the Ard-righ by an odious crime, and was deposed from his office, and to reinstate himself he obtained the aid of certain Norman knights, of whom the leader is best known to posterity by the by-name of Strongbow. The Norman soldiers did not reinstate MacMurrough; the native annalists love to record that within a year of his treason he died of a

loathsome disease, abandoned by God and man. But before this event Strongbow had married his daughter, to establish in himself a colorable claim to Dermot's kingdom. He took possession of Dublin, the chief town of Leinster, made it the seat of English authority, and distributed huge cantals of the tribal land between himself and his attendant knights. As soon as the first adventurers had established a footing, their liege lord, Henry II., king of England, claimed the suzerainty, to which he was entitled by feudal law, and came to Ireland accompanied by an army, which for the period was numerous and powerful, to exercise it in person.

Henry's claim was to be Lord Paramount, a title carrying only a vague and shadowy authority, which left the native princes in possession of supreme power in their own territories; but with this title he and his successors for more than three centuries contented themselves. His claim was founded on a grant from the Pope, then the referee in all national quarrels. It was represented at Rome, by agents of Henry, that the Irish Church had fallen into dangerous indiscipline, and Adrian IV., who sat in the chair of Peter at that time, was an Englishman, and probably considered his nation peculiarly fitted to be reformers of morals and conduct. He authorized Henry to inquire into the condition of the Church and the people. It was necessary to satisfy him that the alleged abuses existed, else there was no need of a censor; and in the train of the invaders came the first of a class of functionaries who have reappeared in every subsequent epoch of our history, the official libellers. Gerald Barry, a Welch monk, known, after the custom of the age, as *Giraldus Cambrensis*, wrote an elaborate Latin treatise designed to prejudice the Irish race with the Holy See, and justify their subjugation. He did his work so effectually that Pope Adrian's successor, Alexander III., confirmed the grant of Ireland to the English king, on condition that "the barbarous people" should be recovered from their filthy life and abominable conversation, and "the rude and disordered Church" reformed; and after seven centuries his libels are still occasionally cited for a kindred purpose by persons of the same pursuit.

The authority established by Henry was acknowledged in Dublin, where he fixed the seat of his government, and in a limited territory beyond is known as the Pale; which as the name implies, was a rudely fortified camp on a large scale, whose boundaries shifted with circumstances. Beyond the Pale nothing was changed; the native prince ruled his principality and the native chief ruled his clan as of old. Many of them made submission to Henry as bearer of the pope's letter, and acknowledged him as Lord of Ireland; for such submission was little regarded in an age of constant warfare, if it did not involve the payment of heavy tribute or the concession of territory. Some of them, especially the Princess of Ulster, would have no dealings with him on any terms.[1]

Throughout the Middle Ages the Pale was often pushed into new territories, when a lord deputy of unusual vigor took the field; it sometimes dwindled away when affairs were going ill in England. It was held at the cost of frequent wars and constant vigilance, and yielded little by way of tribute. In every generation an attempt was made to throw off the foreign yoke. But it was generally made by an individual chief or a union of chiefs, who resented some recent wrong; it was imperfectly supported by the nation, and the troops of the English Lord Deputy had always Irish allies, who hated an ambitious neighbor worse than they hated the stranger. It is a mar-

[1] "He (Henry II.) departing out of Ireland without striking one blow or building one castle, or planting one garrison among the Irish: neither left he behind him one true subject more than those that he found there on his first coming over, which were only the English adventurers." — *Sir John Davies.*

vel to some critics that the whole population of the island did not unite in these enterprises. But a people so circumstanced have never united against an invader. They were half soldiers, half shepherds, living in clans, subject to chiefs of their own name and blood, and caring little for any other authority. They lived indeed much as the same race lived in the Scottish Highlands till the reign of George III. The jealousy of septs and the rivalry of chiefs prevented a national union, as similar jealousy had prevented the Britons from uniting in a national resistance to the Saxons, as similar jealousy divided the Highland clans into two hostile factions twenty generations later, when a prince of their own blood took the field at Preston Pans. The patriotism which combines in its sympathy the entire *patria*, was ill understood in rude ages by men of any race or clime. The chiefs of subjugated Gaul served in the legions of Cæsar, the Saxons fought under the banner of the Plantagenets, and the Cid with the most renowned Christian knights of Spain sometimes took service with the Moors. The invaders themselves yielded to this spirit of the age, and were soon divided by as fierce jealousies as the Celtic chiefs. Norman barons made war on each other on the slightest occasion, and in the end made war on the king from whom they held. Nevertheless some generous English historians can recognize in resistance, continuing through so many generations in Ireland, only a turbulence and discontent native to the Celtic race. In the case of any other country they would probably find no insuperable difficulty in understanding why the dominion of strangers was odious, or why the desire to overthrow it was regarded as honorable and praiseworthy.[1]

It would have been a blessing to Ireland if the resistance had been successful; a blessing even if the conquest had been consummated as it was consummated in England and France. But it was her unhappy destiny to obtain neither the advantages of peace nor of war. Outside the Pale an Irish chief no more regarded a Plantagenet or a Tudor as his lawful sovereign than a Highland chief in later ages so regarded a Stuart or a Guelph; but it is certain that the chiefs living within the Pale, or bordering on it, would have made peace if they had been permitted to do so. In the reign of Edward I., and again in the reign of Edward III., they petitioned to be admitted to the benefit of English law, and were refused. The Normans, who fought for empire, commonly respected the customs of a conquered race, and speedily incorporated them into their dominion; and a similar policy would have satisfied the general design of the politic Norman kings of England. But it has always been their fate in Ireland to lie at the mercy of their agents; the managers of the English interest, the officials of the Pale, "the Undertakers," as they were called in later times, wanted estates for themselves, and any policy which interfered with this purpose was thwarted or reversed. Had the chiefs become feudatories of the king, there would no longer be any pretence for harassing them with military expeditions and seizing their lands as the spoil of battle. They accordingly advised that "the Irishry might not be naturalized without damage or prejudice to themselves or to the Crown," and this advice was ac-

[1] The Saxons harassed the Norman conquerors by less legitimate methods, but one may learn from the triumphant tone in which Lord Macaulay tells the story, that to trouble a foreign invader in England was meritorious, even when it was hopeless to expel him.

"Some bold men, the favorite heroes of our oldest ballads, betook themselves to the woods, and there in defiance of curfew laws and forest laws waged a predatory war against their oppressors. Assassination was an event of daily occurrence. Many Normans suddenly disappeared, leaving no trace. The corpses of many were found bearing the marks of violence. Death by torture was denounced against the murderers, and strict search was made for them, but generally in vain; for the whole nation was in conspiracy to screen them." — *Macaulay's England.*

cepted. It was a struggle, not for supremacy, but for the soil; and it went on, as we shall see, under varying conditions for more than twenty generations.[1]

When the adventurers got estates, those who secured the best returned to England to enjoy their plunder in peace; and with them began the pernicious system of absentee proprietors. The Normans who held fiefs in France and England were compelled to elect in which country they would reside and perform the duties for which the fief was created; the second estate went to a distinct heir. In Ireland the practice of holding the land and not performing the duties continues to this day. The Normans who fixed their homes in Ireland naturally modified their policy. They desired to live in friendship with the natives, and even to protect them from new aggressions. The succeeding generation came to have some affection for the country and the people; they often took Irish wives, and their children were fostered in Irish families. Their heirs spoke the native tongue, wore the national mantle and barret, called themselves by native names, cherished the legends and laws of the Celts; and when in turn they came to rule, entertained bards and brehons, and desired to be no more than Irish chiefs. The great proprietors who lived in England, the new arrivals who in each reign came in fresh swarms, — as men visit a wreck on a neighboring coast in search of plunder, — and the officials of the Pale, hated these old English — so they came to be called — as bitterly as they hated the natives. They could not invariably be relied on to promote the lord deputy's designs, they began to have some pride of country, and were not always ready to make war on their kith and kin in the interest of the Pale. To check these offences a law was passed in the time of Edward III., which peremptorily forbade these relations with the natives under penalty of forfeiture or death.[2] To speak the native tongue, to use an Irish name, to wear the Irish apparel, or to adopt any of the customs of the country — "anie guize or fashion of the Irish" — was punishable by loss of their entire lands; but to marry an Irish woman, to intrust their children to an Irish nurse, or give them Irish sponsors at baptism, — these grave offences were declared high treason. All men of Irish blood were forbidden to reside within a walled town, and, lest the Celts should obtain influence in a powerful spiritual confederacy, no native was to be received as a postulant in any monastery within the Pale.

Later critics affirm that strong measures were justified because the native customs were such as good policy required to be suppressed. For example, the land belonged under the brehon law, not to the chief but to the sept; a custom which was highly inconvenient, to those who meditated confiscating it. Murder was punished by an *eric* (or fine) levied off the murderer and his kinsmen, instead of by the

[1] Mr. Froude, in his book on the English in Ireland (Vol. I., page 13), affirms that "everything which she most valued for herself, — her laws and liberties, her orderly and settled government, the most ample security for person and property, — England's first desire was to give to Ireland in fullest measure."

For this statement I cannot find the least foundation in history. It might be alleged with equal truth that the first desire of the British Parliament was to give the Jews in fullest measure the benefit of the British Constitution, but that no Hebrew could be induced to enter Parliament till the middle of the nineteenth century; or that the passionate longing of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to open their doors to Dissenters was baffled and thwarted by Non-comformist obstinacy till about the same era. To cite evidence on this point is an affront to good sense and educated opinion; but as Irish history is a blank to many otherwise well-informed persons, I take an extract from Sir John Davies (Attorney-General of James I. in Ireland) on the identical question: "This then I note as a great defect in the civil policy of this kingdom, in that for the space of three hundred and fifty years at least after the conquest first attempted the English lawes were not communicated to the Irish, nor the benefit and protection thereof allowed unto them; though they earnestly desired and sought the same. For as long as they were out of the protection of the lawes, so as every Englishman might oppress, spoyle and kill them without controulment, howe was it possible they should be other than outlawes and enemies to the crowne of England." And again: "Whereby it is manifest that such as had the government of Ireland under the crown of England did intend to make a perpetual separation of enmity between the English and the Irish."

[2] Statute of Kilkenny, A. D. 1366.

natural and legitimate method of strangulation. A race among whom capital punishment was unknown manifestly deserved no consideration; a money penalty for such a crime was a clear proof of barbarism, for obviously it is only the honor of women and the peace of families which may properly be made the subject of a judicial tariff. Another offence to right feeling was their national festival, derived from pagan times, an assembly in the open air, and at a later period in the hall of the native chief or the Norman baron, where they listened to the songs of bards and the tales of *seanachies*, and witnessed feats of arms. This simple enjoyment a recent critic graciously compares to a *corrobie* of Maories. It might be pleaded, perhaps, that it was at such a *corrobie* the father of epic poetry sang the wrath of Achilles, and the death of Priam; but let us rather admit the offence, and beseech the critic to make allowance for the rudeness of the age. It needed nearly seven centuries more to attain to the flower of civilized recreation in the Music Hall and the prize ring.

If the statesmen of the Pale taught the natives the use of the gallows it must be admitted that they placed the employment of it under salutary rules. An Irishman who murdered or maimed an Englishman was of course hanged, notwithstanding the law of Eric. But the killing of a native by an Englishman, even in time of peace, was no offence in the eye of the law; it was sufficient answer to the charge to plead that the murdered man was "a mere Irishman." The goods of a native might be taken at discretion, as he could not maintain an action in any court appointed by the Crown. In official language, in all orders in Council, in Acts of Parliament the natives for ten generations and upwards were described as the "Irish enemy," — a phrase which implies all the license of open warfare.[1]

[1] These are the facts which the annals of the period place beyond controversy. One may read in Mr. Froude, who apparently dreams his facts, that the conquerors strove painfully "to extend the forms of English liberty, her trial by jury, her local courts, her parliament," to the Irish people.

[2] Leland's History of Ireland.

[3] Sir John Davies' Discourses.

The Irish peasant is said to be lazy at home: he is confessedly industrious and enterprising in every other country where he has found a footing. It is proper to note that the government of the lord deputy in those days laid the foundation of this habit, by a practice which would have destroyed industry among the Dutch or the Chinese. Soldiers were quartered on any district at the discretion of their officers, with the right of exacting whatever they required, without limit and without payment. A vice-regal chaplain in later times has described the effect on the people: "Their properties, their lives, the chastity of their families, were all exposed to barbarians who sought only to glut their brutal passions; and by their horrible excesses purchased the curse of God and man."[2] And an attorney general notes the necessary result: "For when the husbandman had labored all the yeare, the soldier in one night did consume the fruits of all his labor, *longique perit labor irritus anni.* Had hee reason then to manure the lande for the next yeare?"[3]

To be continued.

THE school committee of Brattleboro', Vt., who some years ago expelled the Catholic children from the public schools for absenting themselves in order to attend church on Corpus Christi, now invite them back; but inasmuch as Father Lane has now an excellent parochial school, it is not likely the invitation will be heeded.

A GALLANT OFFICER. — An officer who was on Majuba Hill, and was made a prisoner by the Boers, gives a very startling account of that disaster. There were, he says, nearly three hundred British troops on the mountain-top, and they were beaten by an attacking force of one hundred and twenty, with the loss of a single man. The story seems incredible, but it is being repeated in well-informed circles. How is it that no one was court-martialled for that affair?

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

KYRLE'S LEGACY.

KYRLE DALY, the old Irish piper, had for years, which were countless to little Charlie and Ellie Shylie, inhabited a neat little cottage on their father's estate, near the village of Ballon.

Kyrle's inseparable companion and best loved friend was the Irish pipes, on which he had played as a boy to the admiration of the loving parents who had so long slept in the village churchyard.

"I fear poor old Kyrle is dying," said Mrs. Shylie one bright May eve, as she returned from a visit to the old man; "he had just come from the village, where he had been to pay his debts for the last week, leaving himself without a farthing, poor honest old creature!" And Mrs. Shylie looked the grief which she so sincerely felt at her inability to assist one whom she had known from her childhood.

"If Kyrle is ill, mother," said Ellie, "can you not give him lots of nice things to make him well?"

"Yes, and call in Dr. Crosby," said Charlie; "that's the right thing to do."

"True," said Mrs. Shylie, smiling at the children's dictatorial tone; "but you see Kyrle will only make use of money earned by his pipes. He has a spirit, poor old man, and having lived independently all his life, will not now accept charity. He insists on playing at the fair to-morrow," Mrs. Shylie continued.

"That will be the death of him," her husband remarked. "Can nothing be done to prevent it?"

"Nothing, except hide the pipes, but that would be just as bad. I do not know what to do," Mrs. Shylie finished uneasily.

In the mean time Charlie and Ellie had listened attentively, and they soon afterwards stole out of the room and talked the matter over very earnestly. After mature deliberation a plan was formed, which, early next morning, they proceeded to put into execution.

Kyrle Daly was sleeping uneasily, the May-day sun streaming across the pipes he loved so well, when two small figures stole quietly in, and smiling wisely on the old sleeper; the taller of the two soon succeeded in getting possession of the pipes, then both stole away as softly as they entered, and the old man slept on.

Collected on the busy "Fair Green" the villagers, who respected the old piper, and deeply regretted his illness, were startled by the well-known sound of Kyrle's Irish pipes, and the peasants crowded towards the place whence the sound proceeded.

But surely Kyrle had never performed such an extraordinary medley, verily Kyrle's pipes had never before played him such wild pranks. At one time a wild scream, then a buzz, followed by a series of spasmodic groans, or a hoarse hum. The people listened in silent consternation, a silence evidently taken by the performers for admiration, for the crowd around them divide, and certainly such performers were never before seen in the village of Ballon.

A fair boy and girl of some ten and eight years; the boy's blue eyes flashing with delight, and his cheeks crimsoned, as he held the pipes exactly as he had seen old Kyrle do, and went through the same outward show, and gazed triumphantly around, inwardly believing that even old Kyrle had never evoked such melodious strains.

Ellie, her long fair hair streaming over her shoulders, and her sweet eyes raised in appeal to each as they approached the young piper, whispered timidly, as she presented her straw hat: "A little money, please, for poor old Kyrle; he is ill, and won't take nice things to make him well from papa and mamma."

And this little speech was repeated over and over; but once Ellie looked up, for the shower of silver and copper coins had ceased, and the newcomer had not responded to her appeal, and the surprised child met the quizzical glances of her papa.

Poor old Kyrle, the little ones' essay on his beloved pipes had conquered his pride, and he gladly made use of their earnings during the few remaining days of his life. His last earthly care was the disposal of his pipes, and a few moments before his death he whispered: "My — pipes — I leave *them* to Master Charlie and little Missie."

"Master Charlie" is a grown man now, no longer living in his papa's house, but over the mantel-piece of his favorite room still hangs, in good preservation, the Irish pipes, — old Kyrle's last legacy.

THE COLORED EGGS.

Mrs. Ayr had one child, a little boy named Harry, who was never so happy as when teasing the chickens in their coop, or rolling on the grass with Snap, the watch-dog, or harnessing pussy to his miniature milk-cart.

"I don't know what will be done with that naughty child," said Harry's aunt one day, as with no gentle hand she led the unwilling boy into the presence of his mother.

"What has he been doing *now?*" asked Mrs. Ayr wearily, for she was tired listening to complaints on Harry, and equally tired of shutting the sobbing culprit in a dark room, and of hearing his oft-repeated assurance that "he would never do *it* again."

Harry used to keep his promise faithfully enough. He used never do "*it*" again, but he was sure to substitute for the "*it*" something else so much more mischievous that Mrs. Ayr, on this occasion, peremptorily stopped his speech by saying: "Hush, Harry, don't say anything, but go at once to the back room, where you must remain till dinner."

"Where?" Harry began; but his mother silenced him: "You are not to speak, but go."

Aunt Mary was already repenting of having complained on the provoking little rogue, for she betrayed her reluctance to depart with him without giving him another chance of speech, and Harry thus got time to wipe his eyes, and utter sobbingly: "Let me say dis."

"Say what?" asked his mother in surprise.

"Dat I'm not goin' to do *it* any more."

"That will not do," said Mrs. Ayr reprovingly; "I am tired listening to it, and the next minute you do what is worse. You are a bad boy, and do not tell the truth."

"I does tell de troof," Harry warmly protested; "I does tell troof. I never does *it* again, betause dere 's always sumfin' nicer to do. I tould n't be boderéd doin' de same ole ting."

"You are a pert, saucy child," said Mrs. Ayr, as with an imploring look she besought Aunt Mary to hurry him to his incarceration. On her return Mrs. Ayr inquired what was Harry's offence now. "He has hidden away the speckled hen from her chickens," answered Aunt Mary, her face betraying much anxiety concerning the motherless chicks. "I coaxed and I threatened him, but I could not get him to tell me where he hid her."

"Perhaps he knows nothing about her," said Mrs. Ayr, in surprise. "She may have strayed away."

"No, that is not the worst of the matter," laughed Aunt Mary; "he tells me he has hidden her, to make her lay red and blue eggs for him at Easter."

"How absurd," said Mrs. Ayr. "Who can have told him that?"

"Oh, don't you remember Uncle Peter joking with him about it last week, and telling him to feed his chickens on colored jelly, to make them lay colored eggs? But I must go again to search for the hen or her poor chicks will die of cold."

Harry's imprisonment seemed to please him better than one might expect. When his aunt's footsteps were no longer audible, he opened a large wardrobe that contained his mother's choicest apparel, and there snugly nestled down on soft cashmeres and warm furs, sat the speckled hen with a saucer of most untempting fare, of an undecided reddish hue, and strongly redolent of rancid paint, placed close by her side. Evidently the speckled hen had resigned herself to her fate, and sat on, regarding her jailer with heroic indifference.

Harry watched in breathless anxiety, fearing to disturb her by the slightest movement, thinking she was about to lay him one of the coveted colored eggs. The monotony of his vigilance proved too much for him, and Harry fell asleep. He slept but to dream that his hen had rebelled against his despotic requisition, and had, with resentful vengeance, turned on her tyrant. Harry would fain have sought safety in flight, but the enraged hen gained upon him, and seizing him with her beak, tore piece after piece from his pantaloons, and cast them indignantly away.

"Oh, oh, oh," cried Harry, and struggling in his dream, to beat away the hen, his hand dealt the real hen such a blow as sent her about the room with a cackling that at once awakened Harry, who, believing that the hen was still tearing him to pieces, uttered some piercing shrieks that at once brought his mother and Aunt Mary to the rescue.

Mrs. Ayr gave up imprisoning Harry, but we have not yet heard whether that enterprising young gentleman has succeeded in his novel plan of securing green and red and yellow eggs.

GOOD MORNING.

Don't forget to say "Good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers, and say it cheerfully, and with a smile; it will do you good and do your friends good. There's a kind inspiration in every "Good morning" heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is so also of kind, heartsome greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly. Be liberal with them, then, and let no morning pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words. — *Anon.*

COMPANY TO BE AVOIDED.

1. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands.
2. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane and filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into difficulty with others.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those who are of a cruel disposition; who take pleasure in torturing and maiming animals and insects, and robbing birds of their young.
8. Those who smoke and drink rum.
9. Those who do not hear Mass on Sundays and holy days.
10. Those who stay out late of nights.

"That dog of yourn flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and now I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad!" "Mad! I know he is not mad. What's he got to be mad about! It's me that's mad."

BOSTON COLLEGE.

THE commencement exercises have been of a varied and interesting character this year. On Tuesday morning, June 21, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by the Rev. Fr. Magevney, S.J. An imposing sight was the reception of Holy Communion, during Mass, by all the students of the college. After Mass the students had breakfast in the college. The commencement exercises began on Monday night, June 27, in the large hall of the institution. The hall was crowded with the friends of the college. The exercises included an essay on the "Study of the Sciences," by John F. Lynch; "Air, its properties as a sound medium," by John C. Daw; "Sound, its physical theory," by John A. Daly; "Sound, its properties in relation to music," by John H. Griffin, and "Music, its physical theory," by Charles A. O'Connor. Most of the tests and experiments tried, to illustrate the different principles, were very successful, although failure in one or two instances caused a good deal of fun for the audience.

On Wednesday night, June 29, the play of King John was performed in a creditable manner, the principal parts, particularly the King, being almost faultless.

On Friday evening, July 1, the graduating class observed the usual commencement exercises in Boston College Hall. There were 1100 or 1200 persons in attendance, crowding the hall and showing their appreciation of the efforts of the young graduates by spontaneous applause. Among these present were Archbishop Williams, Governor Long, Rev. Father Brady, provincial of the Jesuits; Father Hugo L. Magevney, professor of sacred eloquence at Woodstock; Rev. Mr. Lehy, of Worcester College, Fathers Scanlan of Boston, and Metcalf, of Marblehead, and other clergymen from the diocese. Following is the order of exercises: Overture, by the orchestra; "The Importance of Philosophical Studies," Denis Buckley; "Philosophy and Science," William J. Quirk; "Philosophy and Literature," William H. O'Connell; "Philosophy and Religion," John F. Ford; chorus by the St. Cecilia Society; "Philosophy, Light of the Spiritual World" (master's poem), John W. Sullivan, A. B.; chorus, "Farewell, class of '81," by the St. Cecilia Society; valedictory, by Edward J. Flynn.

Governor Long, in a few fitting words, presented the members of the graduating class with their diplomas. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Daniel C. Riordan, A. B.; John Gallagher, A.B.; J. W. Sullivan, A.B.; N. J. Merritt, A. B; Richard Sullivan, A. B.; Thomas I. Coghlan, A. B. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Charles A. O'Connor, Denis Buckley, Edward J. Flynn, James B. McHugh, John A. Daly, John C. Daw, John F. Ford, John H. Griffin, John J. Lally, John T. Lynch, Michael J. Long, Thomas P. Flanagan, Timothy J. Healy, William H. O'Connell, William J. Quirk.

The following students, having distinguished themselves in their respective classes, were awarded medals, premiums, or honorable mention: Purses of gold were awarded to the following successful candidates in the general competitions: $30, the gift of Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf, of Marblehead, Mass, for the best thesis in Christian doctrine, among those of the senior classes, to William F. Powers; worthy of honorable mention, Joseph V. Tracy, James B. McHugh, Charles A. O'Connor, Hugh B. Kelly; $20 for the best thesis in Christian doctrine among those of the junior classes, to John J. Ryan; worthy of honorable mention, John J. Keenan, James J. Conry, Arthur C. I. Leach, James H. Carney; $25, the gift of the class of '71 and '72, for the best English composition, to Francis A. Cunningham; $25, gift of a friend of the college, for declamation, to Joseph V. Tracy; worthy of honorable mention, Michael R. McCarthy, Joseph W. McCormack, Charles A. O'Connor, James W. Cotter, James A. Barrett, Samson A. Callanan; $25, the Fulton prize, for reading, to Michael R. McCarthy; worthy of honorable mention, Joseph W. McCormack, Joseph J. McLaughlin, Joseph P. Murphy, Samson A. Callanan, Charles A. O'Connor; a gold medal, gift of the Junior Debating Society, for the Junior Society prize debate, to Jeremiah G. Foley.

HIS HOLINESS has conferred the title of Monsignori upon Very Rev. William Quinn, Vicar-General, pastor of the new cathedral, and Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, Vicar-General and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, and pastor of St. Ann's Church, in East Twelfth Street. These reverend gentlemen have also been made private chamberlains of the Holy Father, and the notification, which comes to them through his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, announces, moreover, that they will shortly be declared prelates to the Pontifical household.

Useful Knowledge.

SPONGE CAKE. — One coffee-cup sugar, one coffee-cup flour, four eggs, one lemon.

KING CAKE. — Three quarters of a pound of butter, one and a quarter pounds of sugar, one nutmeg, six eggs, and cup milk; flour to make an ordinary batter.

POVERTY CAKES. — One pint of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two eggs. Make them just stiff enough with Indian meal to work into balls, and boil them in hot fat. To be split open and eaten with butter.

CUP CAKE. — One cup of white sugar, one half cup of butter, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, half cup of milk. Beat the butter and sugar together, and the eggs separately.

A PLEASANT DRINK. — Melt six ounces of loaf sugar in a pint of boiling water, and mix with it a quarter of a pint of strained lemon-juice and the same quantity of sherry or other light wine, then add three quarters of a pint of cold milk; stir the whole well together, and pass it through a jelly-bag or fine sieve.

DOUGHNUTS. — Take one cup of powdered sugar, four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one fourth cup of butter, one nutmeg, four cups of prepared flour; mix as soft as tea biscuit; make them half the size you wish when fried; fry in lard; about five minutes will cook them. This receipt will make four dozen.

A HOME-MADE REFRIGERATOR. — Secure two dry-goods boxes, the more substantial the better, one of them to be three or four inches smaller than the other on all sides, and fix the tops to open on hinges of iron or stout leather. Place an inch or two of sawdust over the bottom of the larger box, and set the smaller one inside it. Bore three quarter-inch holes through both boxes at each end near the top, and insert a roll of stiff pasteboard in each to act as ventilators. Then fill in all the space between the boxes with sawdust. Put in shelves at each end, leaving space in the centre for a large deep pan or pail to hold the ice. There can also be two or three pegs to hold pails of milk or fruit. A large tin pail, with a thin round board at the bottom to prevent its being bruised, is the best for holding ice. Such a refrigerator, placed in the pantry or a cool room and covered in hottest days with a folded blanket over the top (which is not protected with sawdust) would keep ice for twenty-four hours.

WATER POUND CAKE — One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one half pound of butter, four eggs, and one cup of warm water. Use prepared flour, or put into the flour before sifting it two even teaspoonfuls of any good baking powder. The cup of water must be quite warm, but not really hot. Beat eggs separately.

HOW TO CURE NEURALGIA, ETC. — Well roast an apple; take away the rind and core; mix the remaining pulp with some strong tobacco; place the mixture between two folds of thin linen, and, at night, apply it hot to the part of the face affected. It should remain on six or seven hours. One application is generally sufficient for permanent relief.

MOLASSES CAKE. — Two cups of New Orleans molasses, one of butter, four eggs, half cup of cold water, one half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, four cups of prepared flour; heat the molasses before mixing, and stir the butter in while hot; let it cool before you put the eggs in; this will make the cakes, as they should not be very thick; bake one half hour in quick oven.

CHICKEN SALAD (for 12 persons). — Two chickens weighing six pounds, two bunches of celery. Boil the chickens in very little water; cut in large pieces; dry the celery without washing; take two yolks of hard boiled eggs, the yolk of one raw egg, and mix them together with one teaspoonful of dry mustard; add slowly half of a large bottle of oil, the juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, teaspoonful of salt, little red pepper; put in a cold place just before using; mix it through the chicken; also two hard boiled eggs cut fine, one tablespoonful of capers, and six olives, cut fine; save little dressing for the top.

BEDBUGS. — A sufferer from bedbugs writes as follows: "After fighting them eight years, I learned from a girl that had served as a chambermaid in a large boarding house that bugs can be exterminated for all time. I immediately followed her directions, which were to take grease that had cooked out of salt pork, melt it and keep it melted (the vessel can be put on a pan of coals), and put it with the feather end of a quill into every place where I could find a bug. It is necessary to see that the bed-cords or slats are entirely free from the pests. It is more than thirty years since a bug has been seen in my house."

The Humorist.

FASHIONABLE young lady detaching her hair before retiring: "What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

THEY tell of a very "cultured" divine in Boston, who, instead of saying, "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks, "The accumulation of money will now ensue."

"YES, sir," said Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And when he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away mad.

RUMOR credits the late Baron Lionel Rothschild with having amassed a fortune of £13,000,000, the probate duty on which will amount to no less than £193,500.

A MAN with a very large bald head was complimented on the fact that his caput was analogous to Greenland. "Why so?" he asked. "Because it is a great *white bare* place," was the reply.

FROM off the running rivulet the icy chain is thawed, and the flutter of the winglet of the dovelet is abroad; the quacklet of the ducklet in the brooklet we can hear, and the rootlet of the piglet will presently appear.

GILHOOLY bought a cigar the other day, and as he lit it, the tobacconist said, with pride: "That's a fine imported cigar." "Is it?" responded Gilhooly. "It has always been a mystery to me why Galveston does not raise her own cabbages."

SCENE. — Distillery in Banffshire. Distiller, to droughty neighbor, after handing him a large glass of prime Glenlivet: "What do you think of the whiskey, Tammas?" Tammas: "I canna say that I was ever a judge o' the first glass, maister."

A MEMBER of Parliament, who, wishing to conciliate a voter, sent him a splendid pineapple from his hothouse. "I hope you liked it," he said to the old man, when he met him a few days afterward. "Well, yes, thankee, pretty well. But I suppose we sort of people are not used to them fine things, and don't know how to eat 'em." "How did you eat it then?" asked the M. P. "Well," said the man, "we boiled 'em." "Boiled it?" sighed the M. P., in horror, thinking of his pineapple. "Yes, we boiled 'em with a leg of mutton."

"I WONDER why it is," said old Deacon Wimble, "that a man who's very much intoxicated is so apt to be melancholy-like." "I'll tell you," said his nephew. "It's because he's more'n full."

THE pedestrian fever has even extended to the most secluded precincts of the family circle. We hear of several young ladies of highly respectable parents who are training to walk, and nearly all of them are under two years of age.

A MODERN philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose that women have stronger attachments than men. A man is often attached to an old hat; but, he asks, "Who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

AMONG the Zulus, a nation of the Kaffirs, according to etiquette, the mother-in-law cannot face the son-in-law, but must hide, or pretend to hide, when she sees him. In this country the custom is reversed. It is the son-in-law who does the dodging.

"I SHAY, my frien', can you (hic) tell me where the other side of the street is?" "Certainly; just across the way; why do you ask?" "Why (hic) because a minute ago I asked another feller the same thing, and (hic) he said this was the other side of the street."

THERE are some very straightforward people in Galveston. One of them went up to the News office, and, sauntering up to the desk, asked: "I hear that the Bible has been revised. Do you know if any important changes have been made?" "A great many, I believe." "Then, there is no mistake about Ananias being struck dead for lying?" "No, I believe not." "Well if I was you, I would find out about it." And he strolled out as unconcernedly as you please.

SHE sat at the table of a fashionable watering-place, and she wore a crimson satin dress cut as close to the shoulder as law and shoulders allow. She swept the air with her bare arm, and as her fingers were covered with rings she seemed to bring down the stars every time. She plunged her fingers into one dish after the other and wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. One of her neighbors quietly passed her a napkin and she picked it up as quietly and said: "Here! quick! somebody has lost a handkerchief. I never carry anything as coarse as that."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE most important recent proceeding in Ireland was the remarkable tour or visitation made throughout his province by Archbishop Croke. This illustrious prelate, who deservedly bears the title of the Rock of Cashel, has long been distinguished for his great oratorical abilities, which at present have found a grand sphere in the explanation and defence of the Land League. In a series of magnificent discourses, which give one the fullest and most convincing defence of the land movement, he stands forth as the champion of his people, and, in a true sense, their temporal as well as their spiritual leader. He has leaped into the breach which at one period seemed to yawn between the religious convictions and political aspirations of Ireland; for ignorant or malicious men were beginning to spread the notion that the Apostolic See condemned the League, nor did they hesitate to say that English gold and influence were at work in the Vatican to secure a papal condemnation. Of course, any Catholic, on a moment's reflection, would perceive the absurdity of such rumors. He is fully aware that, so far from setting her face against justice, true liberty, and the welfare of nations, the Church has always been their advocate and defender. Nor would the Pope dare utter one syllable in contrariety to this teaching, no matter what he might think as a private individual or statesman. The historical evidences on this head are numerous. The Popes of the Borgia family, previous to their accession to the chair of St. Peter, were in natural sympathy with the Medicean policy of governing Florence; but no sooner did their foot touch the Apostolic throne than their whole nature changed into a noble and powerful will to enlarge the boundaries of human liberty, uplift the people, redress wrongs, and humble tyrants even of their own kinship. The Pope is too great, too highly exalted above all dominions and principalities, to be allowed by the Almighty to sink into the petty partizan of any ruler. And this spirit of the Papacy never shines so lustrously as when its temporal power is taken away, as at present. The Holy See is just as firm now, just as unflinching in its inculcation of supreme justice and law, as it was when it distributed crowns and ruled empires with a word. What does the Vatican care about English "gold"? The people who are continually prating about this power of "gold" show themselves offensively and odiously mean, for we judge that such are the readiest to be bought and bribed themselves. To hear them talk of the power of "English gold" proves that their minds and hearts are too little to conceive of the possibility of men who really *cannot* be bought with this all-powerful metal. But probably they form their opinion of the Vatican from the New York Assembly. They would be surprised to know that the Catholic Church has lost more "gold" than the British Empire possesses; that this "gold," in very large quantities, was stolen from her by England, and is therefore not English gold after all; and that the Church makes a great deal less fuss about the loss of gold than about the loss of men's souls, which the first Pope, St. Peter, declared were not bought with "perishable silver and gold," but by the precious blood of Christ.

The slightest acquaintance with the principles of Catholic justice and law,

demonstrates the unassailable position taken up by the Land League. But it is gratifying to know that Pope Leo himself has repeatedly and emphatically approved of the constitutional battle. In fact, he could not do or say otherwise. The difference of views between Archbishops McCabe and Croke, in which the London Saturday Review saw a "possible rupture with Rome," referred only to the propriety of women branches of the Land League, a subject about which any one may hold his personal opinion, without the slightest difference as to the purpose of the League itself. It was a question of methods only, not of principles.

It would be hard to exaggerate the value of the great advocacy given to the league by Archbishop Croke. His exalted office in the Church, of course, challenges the love of Catholic Ireland, and the respect of those of a different creed; for Episcopal dignities, simply as such, are held in high honor in Great Britain, because the Established Church is itself prelatical. Then his clear, sound, and eloquent exposition of the cause secures a hearing in all parts of the world to which his words go. His absolute freedom from the slightest suspicion of cliqueism gains him attention from all parties and all classes. He saved Parnell from the odium which foolish zealots were exciting against him. He has inspired all the young patriots with some of his own fervent love for faith and fatherland, and it would be a fitting close to the struggle, if all Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, were to receive her rights through the hands of a great Bishop.

Meanwhile, the disgusting and criminal paltering of Parliament, over the Land Bill, has nearly set the country wild. Delays and adjournments for "holidays" are the most important measures that have enjoyed the attention of the House. At the present tortoise rate, the Land Bill may possibly pass some time in the century. It looks as if this delay was purposely made to give the landlords a full opportunity to complete their evictions. When the bill shall have passed, there will be no tenants "to enjoy its privileges," and it will be inscribed on the statute books as another monument of the foolishness, where it is not the injustice, of British legislation upon Ireland.

THE apostle of coppers and dimes, Gavazzi, has been recently preaching his financial gospel in Boston, and, as the only test of conversion he demands is a contribution, his labors no doubt have been blessed. This mission differs considerably from that which our Lord intrusted to his disciples, for certainly he did not make the conversion of the world dependent upon their financial skill. Gavazzi places more confidence in the "bag" than in the power of the Holy Ghost. With the wallet instead of the Cross in his hand, he has traversed many lands, carefully avoiding those in which there is not much money. He does not go into the highways or byways, but sticks to big cities, wherein the coppers are generally more plentiful. He does not preach his gospel even in villages, or towns far from commercial centres. His zeal is shown in preaching as often as he can on the same day, in different churches, not staying, like Christ's apostles, in any one place until he has instructed his converts, or grounded them in the faith.

Nothing can be simpler than his apostolic doctrine, and it deserves a little study. As the wallet is the whole object of worship, he has no necessity for any of those external means employed by most churches. Yet he can make the wallet answer for many an ordinance and ceremony. The Methodist believes in music. So does Gavazzi, — in the music of dimes jingling on the collection plate. Episcopalians have pictures, etc. Gavazzi admires the picture of the American eagle, stamped. The gold or the silver communion-service is reduced in Gavazzi's teaching to a portable form; and he communes with his god every time he looks at nickel. The only positive precept he lays down for his followers is "to shell out," in faith *only* (for therein

is Gavazzi a Protestant), for if you ask him where the money goes, "pop goes the weasel."

It would be manifestly a falling away from the Gavazzi religion, if its followers were to question their great apostle's sublime success in the wallet-religion. Still the apostle himself continually bewails his lack of funds and their lack of faith. A recent writer in Scribner's, on the Protestant movement in Italy, said that the whole movement was a humbug and a fraud; that there were too many sects; that the Italian converts were hardly worth keeping; that (O horrors!) Gavazzi was not at all the man to be at the head of the movement, because he steadfastly and narrowly opposed all evangelical creeds, except his own petty views, which were detestable to Italians. True to the principles of the wallet-religion, devout disciples are continually disappearing with the funds. A late Roman paper chronicles the arrest and conviction of Antonio Bilchio, a Sabbath-school superintendent in the Italian Protestant Church, of which Gavazzi is pastor, for stealing the pennies of the children, and other articles about the church. He was sentenced to imprisonment, — a shame, say we, for was he not carrying out the religion of the apostolic Gavazzi who by word and example teaches that money is the only god to be worshipped?

To our confusion and shame we must admit that this man is a Catholic priest, and no wonder that Protestants speak against our Holy Mother when they have such examples before them as priests who turn Protestant. But Protestants must not ascribe to the faith their own failure to make these incorrigible men better Christians, or even fair Protestants. The reason is that a priest who gives up the Church must be a man of weak mind, or ignorant, or worse. If he is a bad man, and wishes to reform, he has the amplest means in the Church. If he thinks that the Catholic Church is not the true church, he is at least inconsistent in joining any Protestant Church, for the Catholic faith holds all the truths which Protestantism professes. A Catholic, for example, is a Baptist, for he believes in baptism more fully than a Baptist. He is an Episcopalian, for he believes in bishops and a divinely appointed hierarchy. He holds more fully and firmly all the Christianity that is scattered and fragmentary in sects. Why, then, should he leave the Catholic faith? He can read the Bible as much as he pleases, he can outsing all the Methodists, he can go to church as often as he wants, and, in point of fact, can adequately sanctify Sunday by going to church but once. What spiritual attractions, then, can Protestantism have over his own Church? All Protestants admit that salvation is possible in the Catholic faith. His new friends would be the first to show him that he took an unnecessary step, so far as eternal life was concerned. If the Catholic Church has fallen from the faith of Christ, all Christianity has fallen; for it is an historical fact that the Scriptures and the apostolic traditions have come to us through the hands of Rome, which was the mother and mistress of even the Eastern Church down to a comparatively recent date in modern history (the Council of Florence).

Now, as a Catholic need not join Protestantism for his soul's salvation (the only motive that would justify such a step), it follows that all other motives are less worthy. Ignorance must be invincible in those who abandon the Church because such or such an abuse existed in the Middle Ages. But in the case of a priest who is presumably an educated man, we cannot make this excuse; and we are forced to believe that such a man is not a Christian at all, but an infidel, or else a fool. He does injury to honest Protestants who hold the faith of their fathers because it is traditional. But *he* has no such plea which may avail with a merciful God. He has not the courage of a free-thinker who denies the truth of Christianity, but he meanly eats the bread of those who, for the honor of Christian society, or because he uses the name of the Saviour whom he has trampled upon, give him their trust, and perchance their reverence. They themselves do not see in his denunciation of the Catholic faith, not the hon

est, if mistaken, indignation of a Protestant, but the hatred and malignity of a blasphemer of Christ. No Protestant who enters the fold of Christ turns upon his former religionists to rend them with scorn and uncatholic vituperation. Alessandro Gavazzi, the gatherer of coppers which are stolen by his disciples in his Sabbath school, is, alas, a priest; and we hang our head in shame. But, like another Alexander, a coppersmith too, whom St. Paul handed over to Satan, his systematic hatred and denunciation of the Holy Spouse of Christ for a lifetime, for Gavazzi is now an old man (born in 1809, and apostatized in 1849), is an appalling evidence of the complete withdrawal of grace.

ALL the devout servants of the Mother of God (and who of us is not, or at least does not try to be?) should keep up the pious hope and prayer that the Church will soon define as an article her faith in the Assumption. We Americans have Mary for our special patroness, and though "Maria Assumpta" is the title under which France for immemorial ages has honored the Mother of God, her devotion in North and South America is one of our noblest historical traditions. This is the age of Mary. It is in this regard almost the return of the first age of Christianity. The reason is obvious; for as belief in our Lord's divinity was never so boldly attacked as it is to-day, the Blessed Mother hastens to the defence of her Son, true God and true man. Besides, a false scientism denies the immortality and the resurrection of man. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin proves both. Of course the faith really teaches all these great doctrinal truths, but we ought to pray that the Holy Ghost may move the mind of the Church to proclaim these, as also great natural truths, in the doctrine of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. It would be a glorious proclaiming of the Catholic faith in our own human elevation, first through Christ and next through the Virgin. There never was a truth more fully confirmed by tradition than the Assumption; and indeed, the public celebration of the feast itself is an evidence of the infallible teaching of the Church on the subject, for she could not sanction an erroneous commemoration. What a burst of splendid joy, praise, and thanksgiving would ascend from the Church upon such a definition! It would exceed, if possible, the joy of the faithful over the Immaculate Conception. Would not Lady Day be Lady Day in the fulness of its meaning? And would not poor old Ireland feel a renewing of her youth, on the feast which she has always so highly venerated and loved, and to which she gives the name of "Lady Day in harvest"? Ireland divides with Spain the great and loving contest as to who honors Mary most, but the controversy is soon settled when we reflect upon our Mother's dearest titles, — Queen of Martyrs and Mother of Sorrows.

THE Positivists in France and England are furious at the conversion of Littré to the faith, and his edifying death. Littré was the greatest academician in that famous institute of forty, whom the French call the "immortals," for the reason that no one is elected to it who has not achieved the highest excellence in some department of letters or science, and his election even then is not possible until the learned throughout the world agree in recognizing his special works as authorities. For example, while the learned may laugh at Rénan's peculiar views of Christianity, they admit his competency as a Semitic scholar, especially as his explorations in Asia, in illustration of his Oriental studies, were conducted at the liberal expense of the French government. An infidel may be a profound Orientalist, but his studies serve to prove Scripture by the light they throw on the Hebrew or the Syriac language. M. Littré is chiefly known in America by his great dictionary, and his name is used in France just as we use Webster or Worcester. But he was much more than a dictionary-maker. He was the ablest exponent of Positivism, or Comtism, — a sort of theory which denies God and the hereafter, but teaches tha

man is indefinitely improvable, and that though he is not immortal in the sense of surviving after death, he may become immortal in the fame he leaves. It is a queer, atheistic, and negative creed, but it is the only one that educated people who do not believe in Christianity can adopt. If an educated man is not a Catholic Christian, he cannot rest in Protestantism, and so goes into this Positivism, or Religion of Humanity. George Eliot and John S. Mill were Positivists, because they could not remain in such an absurdity as Protestantism. M. Littré embraced the faith, full of regret for his false writings. He was a very charitable man, and his wife and daughter were devout Catholics whose prayers for his conversion were incessant. The change was not sudden, but the result of conviction and the answer to fervent prayer. May he rest in peace.

THE Ursuline Convent was destroyed by a mob at Charlestown, Mass., forty-seven years ago this month.

POPULATION OF BOSTON. — The total native population is 248,043, and is divided as follows: Whites, 242,675; colored (negroes), 5,353; Chinaman, 1; and Indians, 14. Of the above, 196,256 were born in Massachusetts, and 51,787 were born in other States and territories. The total foreign-born population is 114.796, and is divided as follows: Whites, 114,-151; colored (negroes), 515; Chinese, 118; Japanese, 4; and Indians, 8. Of the above, 8,998 were born in England, 2,662 in Scotland, 64,789 in Ireland, 4,234 in Canada, 5,878 in New Brunswick, 1,495 in Newfoundland, 9,992 in Nova Scotia, 1,535 in Prince Edward Island, 2,783 in Germany, 1,611 in Prussia, 1,051 in Baden, 1,450 in Sweden, 1.277 in Italy, and 7,041 in other foreign countries. The total number of males of twenty-one years of age and upwards is 103,227, of whom 58,382 are native, and 44,845 are foreign born.

CHURCH PROPERTY. — Dr. Corcoran, of St. Charles Borromeo College, Philadelphia; Father Konings, professor of Ilchester, Md , and author of the "Moral Theology"; and Dr. Smith, author of "Elements of Canon Law," have testified as experts in the case of Archbishop Purcell and his creditors. The three agreed in all material points of their testimony. They declared that all church property was held in trust by the bishop or corporation; and that the people from whom the money is collected are the real owners of church property. They said, moreover, the church property cannot be hypothecated except for improvements on the ground so pledged. A bishop cannot mortgage one piece of church property to improve another. They say that a bishop cannot go into the market and speculate in property; that he cannot divert it from the purposes of the donors without the consent of Rome and the consent of the clergy. The money obtained by the sale must be strictly accounted for. They say that no bishop has the right, under the canons, to receive deposits for the general improvement of his diocese. No bishop has the right to tax the parishes of his diocese to make good losses sustained in borrowing and lending money, not even when these losses were suffered by the failure of religious institutions to return the money advanced. The experts contend that where a bishop goes into a general banking business, and places deeds of trust on property of the church, the people are in no wise responsible, and the deeds of trust are void. — *The Western Watchman, edited by Rev. Father Phelan.*

PET NAMES. — The Baltimore Catholic Mirror says: "We hope that on the programmes of the commencement exercises of our convent schools the "pet names of the girls will not be printed."

Upon the above the Western Watchman remarks: "We made the same suggestion some years ago, and our hair has been falling out ever since. The sisters are not to blame. The young ladies protest that these pet names were given them in baptism. What is more, we believe them. When female infants are brought to the church to be baptized the sponsors generally announce these pet names. This every priest knows to be a fact. When asked what name they wish imposed on the child, they almost invariably give Nettie, or Tillie, or Nellie, or Nannie, or Mamie, or Susie, or Lizzie, or Maggie, or something else ending in "ie." The priest baptizes the child without further ado, and forever it has the pet name. Of course the right name is entered in the register; but that does not mend the matter. The name given by the sponsors is the name of the child. If priests would have the children of the parish bear Christian names they must not accept these absurd nicknames. The fault is with the priests and not with the sisters.

THE new Inman steamer "City of Rome," 8826 tons, the largest steamer in the world after the "Great Eastern," was recently launched by the Barrow Shipbuilding Company. Just before the launch a donkey engine exploded, killing three men and injuring ten.

A FEW weeks since we noticed that the members of St. Gregory's Church, Milton, Mass., presented Father Fitzpatrick the price of a very nice horse. St. Anne's Church, Neponset, added the price of a first-class buggy. Well, that is just about as it should be, the horse always should go before the buggy. — *Pilot.*

JEWS. — There are in round numbers, it appears, only about eight millions of Jews in the world, who are thus divided: — United States, 73,265; Great Britain and Ireland, 42,000; Italy, 25,000; France, 49.439; German Empire, 512,158; Netherlands (Holland), 68,003; Austria, 1,600,000; Russia in Europe, 2,612,179; Turkey, 150.000; Roumania, 247.424; Morocco, 340,000; Denmark, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Canada have comparatively few Jews; they number there from 1,500 to 7.000; while Asia has 2,138,000 and America only about 173,000.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL. — The annual exhibition of St. Mary's School, Endicott Street, Boston, took place on the evening of June 27, before a large audience. The exercises consisted of readings, declamations, songs, and choruses. A number of the clergy of the diocese were present, among whom were Rev. R. J. Brady, S. J., formerly pastor, but now provincial of the order, and Rev. Father O'Connor, president of Boston College. At the close of the exercises the distribution of prizes took place. The graduates were J Wall, P. Cavanagh, H. J. Reilly, E. Brown, B. Devlin, D. McLaughlin, S. McCarthy, and D. Larkin.

A LOW MASS, commencing at noon, was the novelty that the Rev. Dr. McGlynn has introduced at St. Stephen's Church, New York. The object of this innovation is to give those who have to work very late on Saturday night an opportunity to attend service at an hour that will not deprive them of needed rest. The high mass, which usually begins at 11 o'clock, was yesterday celebrated an hour earlier, and at its close the low mass was commenced. The church was thronged with worshippers, chiefly men, who seemed grateful enough for the additional hours of sleep afforded them.

To bless God once in your affliction is of more merit than to sing a thousand hymns of praise to Him in your joy.

REV. FATHER PETER HOANG, a Chinese priest, has issued a book, in six volumes, entitled "Tsi-chouo-tsiun-tchen": *The truth demonstrated by collected texts.* Several excellent and first-class Chinese scholars are to be found amongst the native clergy in China.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. — Mgr. Mermillod, the exile bishop of Geneva, is now in Sweden. This glorious confessor of the faith has not been idle since his forced departure from Switzerland. It is computed that through his zeal and energy, ten thousand Calvinist heretics have been brought to the knowledge of the truth. Bishop Mermillod is perhaps the most eloquent peacher in the church to-day.

GERMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOL. — The annual exhibition of the German Catholic School, Shawmut Avenue, Boston, was held on the 27th of June. The exercises were very interesting. The singing, particularly of the "Grosser Gott" in a full chorus of all the pupils, was very creditable. The addresses in German and English were very good, and were well delivered. After the distribution an address was made in German by the pastor, Father Nopper, and in English by Father Duncan, of St. Mary's Church. The school is in a flourishing condition, having 420 pupils.

THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD. — The friends of the House of the Good Shepherd, located between Boston and Brookline, recently assisted the religious ladies in charge of it to give an entertainment for the special aid of the unfortunate girls who are under its shelter for moral guidance and reformation. The amusements and recreation provided gave great satisfaction to these penitents, and were rewarded with applause, mingled with tender tears in many cases. The sister superior in charge of the house received on the occasion a donation of $4000 from a charitably disposed lady of Boston, who, having visited the House of the Good Shepherd, and witnessed the effectual and beneficent method of its reform for wayward girls, has been moved to make this generous contribution towards paying its debts and for its support. The Carney Hospital received a like donation from the same benevolent lady.

WILLIAM INMAN, the founder of the steamship line of steamers whose name it bears, died in Liverpool, England, on the 2d of July.

THE Dublin Freeman's Journal computes that at the present rate of judgments against tenants for non-payment of rent, there will be 50,000 evictions before the end of the year.

A DESPATCH from Galetta to the Times says: "The archbishop of Tunis, who is an Italian, has been requested to resign. The French archbishop of Algeria will succeed him. This has caused a painful impression, as the Italian archbishop has held office for thirty-eight years, and is nearly ninety years of age.

MASS MEETING OF THE LAND LEAGUE. — Dublin, July 4, 1881. — A public meeting was held in the Rotunda to-day in celebration of American Independence. Mr. Thomas Sexton, member of Parliament for Sligo, was present. Resolutions were passed warmly sympathizing with Americans in the great victory they achieved one hundred and five years ago, and tendering thanks to the American journals for supporting the principles of the Land League. The meeting was a mass meeting of the Dublin branches of the Land League, ostensibly to celebrate American Independence, but the sentiments which elicited the most applause were those of Mr. Sexton when denouncing English rule, and those of other speakers who held out hopes of Irish independence. The hall was decorated with the Stars and Stripes and green banners, with the harp without the crown. Mr. Parnell telegraphed his sympathies.

NEW CHURCH AT BROOKLINE, MASS. — The corner-stone of the new Catholic church of St. Mary of the Assumption was laid on the 19th of June, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. A spacious tent had been erected, and seating accommodations provided therein for about 1200 people. Every seat was soon occupied, and many hundreds were obliged to stand. It is estimated that there were at least 3000 people in the tent and its immediate neighborhood. Rev. C. H. McKenna, O. P., delivered the sermon. The pastor is Rev. Father Morris, assisted by Rev. Father Boylan. The collection on the occasion was a generous one. It is expected that the basement will be ready for occupancy late the coming fall.

MR. CONNER, secretary of the Cork branch of the Land League, has been arrested under the coercion act.

THE British House of Commons has rejected by a vote of 175 to 89 the bill providing for the abolition of capital punishment in England.

IN New York City, George W. Lee, a merchant, at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony of his daughter at his residence, stepped forward, kissed her, and fell dead from heart disease.

THE number of immigrants who landed at New York the past six months was 241,803, more than ever before arrived in the same period. The number of arrivals last month was 59,721.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY has been chosen an honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and has also been honored with the degree of LL. D. from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE Prussian government, alarmed at the number of people leaving the country, meditates the introduction of coercive measures against emigration.

THE Memorial Diplomatique, usually well informed on American diplomacy, says although the United States has not officially replied to the note of Earl Granville, British foreign secretary, on the proceedings in the case of O'Donovan Rossa, a telegram from Washington to Lord Granville has informed him that the authorities are exercising an active watch, and would send to London all necessary information on the intrigues of Irish-Americans.

THE LAST IRISH LANDLORD FRAUD. — Four hundred poor children have been deprived of food and clothing in consequence of the fraud and injustice of an Irish landlord. If a poor man has defrauded his landlord, a troop of soldiers and police would be sent to put him to jail. But God lets the poor suffer in this world that he may give them a great reward in the next.

In order to keep these poor children, Sister Mary Francis Clare is selling her photograph, as she cannot beg any longer, and has no other way to feed and clothe the poor little ones of Jesus Christ. Please send for some of her photographs to sell for the poor, to The Convent Kenmare, County Kerry, Ireland.

Mr. DONAHOE will forward any money intrusted to him for the above laudable charity. Send dollars.

Events of the Month.

THE Standard believes the government hopes that the land bill will leave the House of Commons on the 20th of July.

THE Rev. A. Isoleri, pastor of the Italian Catholic Church of Ste. Maria Maddalina de Pazzi, has obtained ground on Marriott Street, Philadelphia, for a new church. The entire Italian population of the city is about 3,000, and it maintains an asylum for Italian orphan girls, under care of the Sisters of St. Francis, and a day and Sunday school, the former attended by one hundred and the latter by two hundred children. Of late the colony has grown so large that the old church is too small to contain the worshippers.

THE master general of the friar preachers, Most Rev. Father La Rocca, O. P., accompanied as socius, by the eminent Irish Dominican Father Carberry, O. P., lately arrived at New York. He comes to visit the various houses of the Dominican order in America. He will go to St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, Perry County, O., to preside at an election for a Provincial. The garb of the Black Friars is well known and loved in America, and their chief and his Irish companion are assured of a hearty welcome in every section of this Republic.

EDUCATION IN BELGIUM. — The progress which the Belgian Catholics are making in their great work of covering their country with a network of Catholic schools is amazing. In the Province of Namur, for instance, there were on Dec. 15, 1880, no less than 455,179 scholars in the free Catholic schools, and only 294,356 in those belonging to the state. The Catholics are thus educating more than sixty per cent of the rising generation in that province. And yet they admit that they are by no means foremost in the work. In fact, with the exception of Liège and Hainaut, they are surpassed by all the other provinces of Belgium. The Liberal press has done its best to make capital out of the trial which recently took place, when four brothers, or to speak more correctly ex-brothers, of the congregation of the Bonnes Œuvres were condemned for an offence against the law. But it would be easy for the Catholics to retaliate by showing the innumerable convictions recorded of late against lay teachers, were they inclined to adopt this method of warfare. Fortunately they are not driven to it. The majority of Belgian parents have an innate distrust of the teachers supplied by the state.

INSTEAD of supposing with the English correspondents that the Irish bishops are to be censured by Rome for aiding their people in their honest and lawful agitation, we find it much more reasonable to accept Bishop Nulty's testimony that Pope Leo advised him to "assert your rights, head your people, and lead them to victory."

FRANCE SPOILING FOR A FIGHT. — The London Times correspondent says everybody, from quiet bankers to hot-headed politicians, indorses the opinion expressed in an article in the Liberta which declares that France is anxious to retrieve the shame of her defeat in 1870, and, convinced that she is not sufficiently strong to measure herself against Germany, seeks in every way a pretext for picking a quarrel with Italy. The Liberta advises patience and foresight, and says it must be for Italy to choose an occasion of going to war with France, and not leave the latter to force on a war, when she finds it most convenient.

CATHOLICS AND JEWS. — Persecution is infectious, and when once the epidemic has set in anywhere it is difficult to get rid of it. The Catholics have for some years been subjected to spiritual persecutions in several countries of Europe, and now comes the turn of the Jews, at any rate, in Germany and Russia. For the last few weeks great cruelties have been committed against Jews in Southern Russia, and, owing to the supineness of the government, the excesses threatened to become worse. The epidemic seemed to spread also to Catholic Poland, which has a Jewish population of over half a million. The Primate of Poland lives in exile, but his vicar-general, Mgr. Sotkiewicz, was fully equal to the emergency. He at once prepared a pastoral to be read in the Catholic churches, calling upon the faithful to refrain from inflicting any injury on Jews, and rather to protect them if they should be attacked. This produced the desired effect, and nothing in the shape of anti-Jewish riots took place at Warsaw. The Jews of the Polish capital thereupon sent a deputation to the prelate to thank him for having averted the danger from them, and to express their admiration for a church whose dignitaries were so fully imbued with feelings of humanity. It is certain that in the schismatic Church of Russia no ecclesiastic stirred so much as a finger to prevent or stay the excesses and atrocities lately perpetrated by the populace upon the Jews.

CARDINAL MANNING IN GLASGOW. — On the 1st of June, the Church of St. Francis, which is in connection with the friary in Cumberland Street, Glasgow, was formally opened, Archbishop Eyre singing mass, Cardinal Manning assisting in the imposing ceremonies. His Eminence went to Glasgow on Monday night for that purpose. He preached an eloquent discourse in presence of 1,500 laymen and 120 priests. The choir of singers and instrumentalists was a very powerful one.

INDIAN MISSIONS. — Articles of incorporation, in the name of "The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions," have been filed in the recorder's office, Washington, D.C. The object of the society is to educate the Indians living within the boundaries of the United States in the doctrines and moral laws of the Catholic Church, to instruct them in the branches of a common English education, and to teach them the simple pursuits and trades of civilized life; also to devise ways and means for the prosecution of such general education, and to receive and to administer all trusts, of whatever nature, as may be conferred upon the Society for the Education of the Indians. The existence of the organization is fixed at twenty years, and Messrs. Charles Ewing, John B. A. Brouillet, and Charles S. Jones are the trustees for the first year.

A HINT TO UNDERTAKERS — Whether other cities are blessed with "lady undertakers," or not (observes the Boston Daily Advertiser), we are unable to say; but Philadelphia has one who has lately been extensively advertised by proceedings in court on account of her extravagant conduct of a funeral. A young unmarried lady died in that city, leaving a little property of $700, to which a brother and two sisters were the heirs. Her funeral, however, was taken charge of by an aunt with whom she had lived, who called in the lady undertaker and gave her *carte blanche*, with an injunction to have everything necessary done in a respectable style. The bill was presented in due time, and amounted to the pretty sum of $354, more than half the estate of the deceased, including an elegant casket covered with black cloth at $175, a shroud at $50, ten carriages at $39, flowers at $18, plumes, mourning bands, gloves, etc. It is a satisfaction to know that the judge, in commenting on the features of this case, treated the extravagance with merited severity. "Such wholesale spoliation," he said, "cannot be countenanced. It is contrary to law, the teaching of religion and the mandates of its ministers, and must be severely reprimanded." He stated the rule of law to be that it is the duty of the executor or administrator to bury the deceased, but only a reasonable and moderate sum, proportioned to the value of the property left, is to be so expended. He cut down the bill from $354 to $100. The undertaker will look to the aunt for the remainder.

INCITEMENTS TO OUTRAGE — In the House of Commons, on the 20th of June, Mr. Gladstone, replying to the question of Mr. Stanhope (Conservative), of which notice was given on June 16, as to whether representations had been made to the American government in regard to American organizations for committing outrages in England, made a semi-humorous speech. He said he was not aware what grounds Mr. Stanhope had for speaking of preparations in America for outrages in England. He pointed out that the newspaper incitements by no means limited the commission of outrages to various parts of England, but indicated individuals, giving some particular prominence. This allusion to threats to shoot himself and Mr. Foster was received with laughter and cheers. Mr. Gladstone said in conclusion that, viewing the nature of these extraordinary productions, the government thought it right to bring the facts to the knowledge of the government of the United States.

REDUCTION OF RENT IN ENGLAND. — While the public attention is so keenly excited about the condition of Ireland, it has almost escaped notice, that in England reductions of rent of the most serious character have become the rule in some of the agricultural districts which used to be the most flourishing in the country. In Essex, Hants, Hertford, Bedfordshire, and numerous other counties and shires, the rents of numberless farms have been reduced by 40, 50, and even 60 and 70 per cent. In numerous cases even these reductions have been insufficient to induce the tenant to retain or resume possession, and the instances are not few in which valuable farms have been left in possession of the cultivators with no other obligation than to keep the farm in condition, and to pay the rates and taxes. The signs of the times seem to portend a long continuation of the crisis which is breaking down the British agricultural system, and it is to be feared that before an improvement takes place the ownership of land will be rather a burden than an advantage in an immense number of cases. The landowner is very often worse off than the farmer. The farmer can withdraw his capital from the land, but what is to be done with the land which is thus left on the hands of the owner?

THE Irish census shows a population of 5,159,849, being a decrease of 252,528 since 1871.

A FRENCH contemporary says that the Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds, Bishop of Adelaide, Australia, whose health was in such a state that the first doctors of London and Paris could hold out to him no hopes of recovery, has been perfectly cured at Lourdes. He has taken with him back to Australia a magnificent statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and he intends to commence this year the erection of a church in honor of Notre Dame de Lourdes.

VOTING IN FRANCE. — Our readers are acquainted with the new voting system which M. Gambetta induced the Lower House of the French Parliament to adopt. This system, called *scrutin de liste*, has for its object to secure M. Gambetta's triumph at the next elections. The president of the republic is in favor of leaving well alone, and so is the vast majority of the Senate. Of the committee of nine appointed by this Senate to examine the new bill, eight reported against it, and one only, a Jew called Millaud, who is hand-and-glove with M. Gambetta, reported in its favor. Therefore, as far as the Senate is concerned, the new-fangled system will not pass. Still, we must say that, much as all French Catholics would object to M. Gambetta's dictatorship, it would be unwise for the Senate to oppose the leader of the Radical party at this juncture. Let them give him rope enough, and he is sure to hang himself, like the half-dozen statesmen that the Moloch of Radicalism has consumed during the present legislature. It is to be hoped that wiser counsel will prevail in the Senate at the last moment. — *London Universe.*

BEE CULTURE. — We are glad to learn that Prof. Baldwin will establish, at the Model Farm, Glasnevin, a practical apiary to enlighten the pupils in modern modes of bee culture. This will be a step in the right direction. We are not aware of the vast amount of waste in this one branch of industry alone. White and Sons, of Waterford, purchased thirty tons of honey last year out of straw skeps. The bees that collected it were destroyed with sulphur. Just imagine bees enough to produce thirty tons of honey being condemned to death for want of proper knowledge to preserve their lives from the fatal pit. Think of thirty tons of honey from the county Waterford alone by rude methods, whereas with proper care and culture this could be increased tenfold. If every country in Ireland would adopt bee-keeping as a source of wealth, we could produce annually, even by the skep system, 1,000 tons of honey, which at the present low price of honey would realize £56,000. Could any one really imagine that we could produce such results? Well, now, we import annually honey to the value of £46,000. Let us at once look to the improvement of this most important source of wealth trampled beneath our feet, and hail with delight the efforts of Prof. Baldwin. — *Dublin Freeman.*

WIFE SELLING IN ENGLAND. — Sir W. Harcourt may poohpooh the matter as much as he likes; but his doing so does not tend in the slightest degree to excuse the disgraceful national fact that a large proportion of the people of England not alone indulge in the practice of selling their wives, but believe fully that they are legally justified in so doing. On the morning of the day Mr. T. D. Sullivan put his question there appeared in one of the London newspapers a leading article bristling with facts showing that wife selling is positively an existing British institution, older even than written law, and that the people of various parts of England have by long custom been led to believe that getting rid of a wife by such a means is perfectly legitimate. Sir W. Harcourt must have known all this very well. Instead of treating the matter as a joke, therefore, it would have been more becoming of the Home Secretary of a Christian nation to have honestly acknowledged the existence of this blotch on the British escutcheon, and to have promised to make an attempt to remove it. — *London Catholic Universe.*

IN a recent pamphlet published under the auspices of the First Catholic French Canadian Congress, which was held at Quebec last summer, we find some interesting information as to the system of elementary education in that province. No less than sixteen per cent of the whole population of Canada frequent the schools. The proportion in Prussia and Switzerland, where the system of primary instruction has been extended more than in any other European countries, the proportion of those who have profited by it is only fifteen per cent. A general council, composed of seventeen Catholics and eight Protestants, presides over the work of education in the province of Quebec. The eight Catholic bishops are *ex-officio* members of this council, which is divided for working purposes into two committees, Catholic and Protestant, each of which have charge of their respective schools. No irreligious schools are tolerated; and the state gives subsidies to the Catholic and Protestant schools in proportion to the number of children which frequent them. This system of school administration was considered

"one of the most perfect in existence" by the judges appointed to examine the matter at the great exhibition of Paris, who accorded to the province of Quebec four bronze medals as prizes. The Ministers of Public Instruction in many European countries, and those having charge of education in the United States, would do well to take a hint from Canada.

PERSONAL.

RT. REV. BISHOP KEANE, of Richmond, Va., will spend the balance of the season at Lake George, with the Paulist Fathers. It is too soon yet to notice any change in the condition of his eyes, though he has given up all use of them in reading or writing. Let every one of our friends who read this notice say a Pater and Ave for the recovery of his sight.

THE Catholic Mirror states that a son of the Irish patriot poet, Richard Dalton Williams, is a seminarian at the Jesuit College at Spring Hill, near Mobile, Ala., and will soon be ordained. "His gifted father has bequeathed him a glorious legacy of talent; and in the eloquence of his son the genius of the poet has a new and beautiful life."

THE General of the Dominican Order, who is at present on a visit to America, is authority for the statement that when he left Rome recently it was reported there that the diocese of Newark, N. J., vacant by the appointment of Archbishop Corrigan to New York, would be divided into two dioceses, one of which would be presided over by Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, of St. Stephen's Church, who had been named for promotion to the episcopacy.

THE many friends of Capt. E. O'Meagher Condon will be pleased to learn that he was graduated from the Law Department of the National University of Washington, D. C., on June 8, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws after a successful course. We wish the new counsellor all success in the profession of the law, in which we are sure we shall be joined by those who have so long admired the gallant efforts of Capt. Condon in behalf of the cause of his native land.

ON June 10 the Rev. Eugene Sheehy, who was arrested under the Coercion Act and lodged in Naas Jail, was removed from his cell to the infirmary on account of illness, and placed under the care of a nurse. The medical adviser of the Rev. gentleman was also summoned by telegraph from Dublin to attend him His constitution has been much affected by his confinement in Naas Prison. Father Sheehy has since been removed to Kilmainham.

THE Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., Pastor of the Church of St. Lawrence, Eighty-fourth Street, near Madison Avenue, has been transferred to Washington, D.C., to the presidency of Gonzaga College and the pastorate of the fine church of St. Aloysius in the Federal capital.

THE Rev. James Croke, a brother of the renowned Archbishop of Cashel, is located at San Rafael, Cal., where he has charge of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum. The asylum affords a home for 510 orphan boys, and is under the charge of the Sisters of St. Dominic. There are 45 teachers and employés.

THE Very Rev. Canon Patrick Power, Administrator of the Archdiocese of Halifax, Nova Scotia, during the recent visit of his Grace the Archbishop (Most Rev. Dr. Hannan) to Europe, has been promoted by our Holy Father to the dignity of a Private Chamberlain. The honor has been most deservedly bestowed on a devoted and worthy priest. The news of his elevation — with privileges of a Roman prelate, and entitling him to the use of the purple — will be hailed with joy by all creeds and classes in Halifax and throughout the maritime provinces.

THE Galway Vindicator, of May 28th, says of the Very Rev. Father Burke, O. P.: "Father Burke has been in Galway during the week. He preached last Sunday and also on Thursday evening, at the Dominican Church, West Convent. We need not say, although there was no public announcement of the event, that the church was crowded to overflowing. The illustrious Dominican was never more eloquent or more vigorous He seemed perfectly restored in health and appearance, to the great delight of his fellow-citizens of all creeds and classes."

MARRIAGE BELLS. — Thursday morning, May 26, Mr. Matthew Curtis and Miss Mary Jordan were married by the Rev. Father Downey at the Roman Catholic Church, Leavenworth, Kansas. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the immediate friends of both parties being present. Mr. Curtis is a general service clerk on duty at headquarters District of New Mexico, where he is esteemed by his officers and comrades. His chosen wife, Miss Jordan, is of Fort Leavenworth and lately of General Pope's domestic circle at that place. The bride is accomplished, a lady of rare sense and more than ordinary intelligence. Add to these chief qualities of a woman, average beauty, and you have a picture of the present Mrs. Curtis. After the ceremony the most sincere congratulations were tendered the happy couple, with heartfelt wishes for a long and happy life.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society Company, New York.

CHRISTIAN TRUTHS. Lectures by the Rt. Rev. Francis Silas Chatrad, D. D., Bishop of Vincennes, Ia.

The subjects treated of in this book are: The Personality of God, the Existence of the Soul in Man, its Simplicity and Spirituality, the Relation between God and the Soul, Revelation, Faith and its Requisites, the Rule of Faith, Infallibility, the Liturgy of the Church and Catholic Devotion, Penance, the Blessed Eucharist, Early Christianity.

The bishop says in the preface: "My aim in publishing this book has been to furnish our young Catholics with a manual which will be useful to them in meeting the vital questions of the day, in a manner suited to parry the attacks against the faith." We recommend our old as well as young friends to buy and read this book attentively. The learned bishop treats the various subjects in his usual masterly manner. Price, $1.50.

ON THE SUNRISE SLOPE. By Catherine E Conway. With Introduction by Rev. Patrick Cronin.

The authoress of these charming poems is connected with the Buffalo Catholic Union, the editor of which has written an Introduction to the book in which he says: "The chief charm of these poems lies in their exuberant spontaneity. They bubble up fresh and clear as a sparkling spring; and like the stream that flows therefrom, murmur their way, full, sweet, and low, through green fields and fragrant foliage, resonant with the untaught melody of the wild bird's song." The printing and binding reflect credit on the publishers. Price $1.50.

P. O'Shea, New York.

FABROLIA; OR, THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS. By Cardinal Wiseman.

A new edition of a very popular and entertaining book.

LETTERS IN PRACTICAL SCIENCE; OR, GENERAL KNOWLEDGE REGARDING THINGS IN DAILY USE. With an appendix on Natural Science, prepared expressly for schools and academies by the author of the "Neptune Outward Bound," the "Neptune Afloat," etc.

This book contains information not only for scholars but the household. Brimful of interesting facts pertaining to every conceivable subject.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR OWN FIELDS. Being selections from Catholic American poets. By George F. Phelan.

A charming volume. Among the selections are poems of Mary C. Burke, P. S. Cassidy, Catherine E. Conway, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Maurice F. Eagan, John Locke, Mary E. Manning, John Boyle O'Reilly, Eliot Ryder, John Savage, etc. Price $1.00.

The publisher has done his part in giving the book good binding and printing. Mr. O'Shea has had his "ups and downs of life," but his vitality seems as vigorous as ever.

P. J. Kennedy, New York.

TALKS ABOUT IRELAND. By James Redpath.

This is a pamphlet of ninety-eight pages, and treats of the following subjects: Famine and the Landlords; Famine and the Priests; A Welcome to an Irish Statesman; A Souper-Jew's Irish Policy; Confiscation and Excommunication; A most Treasonable Speech; Harvesting for the Land League; Between two Lords Slain; For Budget and Bridget; Parnell and his Associates; William Bence Jones, Martyr; Irish Crimes and Outrages; An Exile of Erin; Landlords and Land Leaguers; The true Remedy. Several portraits embellish the work.

Peter F. Collier, New York.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE. A tale of the Irish Struggles of 1866, and of Recent Times. By Christine Faber, authoress of "Ambition's Contest," "Fickle Fortune," etc.

> "Poor suffering Ireland, trampled long,
> Still art thou theme of tale and song."

The author of this book wrote some years ago for Mr. Donahoe, "Ambition's Contest," which had a large sale. Carroll O'Donoghue, as the title indicates, is a tale of Irish life, and is well told. We predict for it a large sale. Already the first edition is nearly exhausted. One publisher alone having taken a thousand copies. Price $2.

The above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston.

As a rule, the flower of the family does nothing towards providing the daily bread.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever, they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

One of the most popular men among the Catholic hierarchy of France was called away to a better life lately, at the comparatively early age of not quite sixty years. We are referring to Mgr. Ségur, better known as the blind prelate. Though a Frenchman by birth, he had Russian blood in his veins, for his grandfather was Count Rostopshine, who, in 1812, set Moscow on fire to prevent Napoleon I. from taking up his winter quarters in Russia. The young Count Ségur was originally intended for the diplomatic career, but his stay as attaché to the French Embassy at Rome made him conceive an ardent love for the service of the Church of Christ, and so he was ordained a priest at St. Sulspice in 1847. The late Pope intended to confer the mitre on him, but at the very time when this was to be done, in 1853, Mgr. Ségur lost his eyesight. However, as a blind man, he proved, perhaps, more useful to the Church than he would if he had ruled a diocese. He labored indefatigably in carrying Catholicity to the doors and into the houses of the working classes by means of his popular writings, some of which have appeared in as many as one hundred and even one hundred and fifty editions. On his death-bed he received the blessing of the Holy Father, and those who mourn at his grave are the poor of all France, for whom he has done no end of good. The obsequies of Mgr. Ségur, Canon of St. Denis, took place on Monday with great pomp at the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, Paris. Nearly all the superiors of the religious Orders were present. M. Gounod, the composer, presided at the organ. The Duke de Broglie was conspicuous among the mourners. The funeral hearse was almost hidden under the floral tokens of regret brought by the deceased prelate's friends and admirers.

The death is announced of Bishop Dannell. He was born near London in 1821, educated at a private Catholic school at Richmond, and at St. Edmund's College, Hertfordshire; finished his theological studies at St. Sulspice, Paris; was ordained priest in 1846, and appointed to the mission of St. George's, Southwark. He was for many years vicar-general to Bishop Grant, of Southwark, on whose death he was consecrated his successor, March 25, 1871.

PRIESTS.

Rev. M. J. Mackin, of Shelbina, Missouri, died suddenly of a hemorrhage on Monday, May 30.

Sunday evening, June 19, Rev. Joseph Bridgman, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Tamaqua, Penn., breathed his last at his late residence.

Rev. Daniel F. Hayes, of Anoka, Minn., was found dead in bed, having been suffocated by gas during the night of June 9. A lay brother was suffocated with him.

Rev. Abbe Chandonnet, editor and proprietor of La Revue de Montreal, dropped dead on Monday, June 6, while writing in his office.

Fr. Barrotti, the Italian priest of St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C., who died recently, gave his fortune and life service to the colored people of his parish. The news of his death, observes a contemporary, was probably the first intelligence that many outside of the city had of his existence. Yet everybody has heard of Gavazzi, and Arreghi, who are denouncing the Church of Italy. "By their works ye shall know them." Father Barrotti was an Italian priest, sent from his country to care for a portion of the enfranchised African population of the South after the war. He found the most wretched and unpromising field among the negroes who thronged to Washington and went to work. In ten years he had gathered a congregation of two thousand colored people, and built for them one of the handsomest churches in the city. Their music attracts hundreds of white citizens weekly to their service and is the admiration of all visitors. What have Gavazzi and his fellows to show, in comparison with the labors of such men?

Rev. John B. Smith, Rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, died after a long illness, on Monday morning, July 4, at three o'clock. Although the news was not unexpected, the announcement at the Cathedral created a painful sensation. Fr. Smith was greatly beloved by all who knew him. He was born in Lowell, Mass., on the 11th of September, 1843. Having gone through the schools of his native city with marked success, he was sent to Holy Cross College, where he graduated with all the

honors. After some time he finally concluded to enter the seminary at Troy, N. Y., to study for the priesthood.

After spending a year or more at this institution, he proceeded to Rome, where, at the American college, he completed his studies, and on the 7th of June, 1873, he was ordained to the priesthood. He was immediately attached to the cathedral as curate, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, and a few years afterward was made Rector, which position he filled till the time of his death.

Father Smith was always regarded by his companions at college and seminary as a hard and close student, and during the work of his ministry none was more assiduous in the parochial work which fell to him to perform. He was one of the most eloquent preachers in the Archdiocese, and the congregation of the Holy Cross Cathedral will never forget the thrilling, though intensely pathetic influence of his eloquent sermons.

The rector was an intense worker; no labors seemed too arduous for him; his patience and loving disposition throughout all the time of his sufferings formed a living and continuous sermon to the people for whom he worked. A worker among the workers in the vineyard, he has fought the good fight, and has gone to his reward.

The solemn requiem services took place at the Cathedral, Wednesday morning, July 6, a very large congregation attending. The central pews in the broad aisle were occupied by the relatives of the deceased and the members of the various religious organizations connected with the parish, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Confraternity of the Holy Cross, members of the Sodalities, the Sisters of Charity, and the Sisters of St. Francis. The obsequies and funeral arrangements were under the charge of the Rev. J. B. O'Reagan of the Cathedral. The altar and pulpit were appropriately draped, and the casket, which occupied a place within the sanctuary rail, opposite the tabernacle, was surmounted by a large floral cross and dove, tall candlesticks standing on either side. The office for the dead began at 10 A. M., the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams and about two hundred and fifty priests, representing nearly all the parishes of the Archdiocese, participating in the chants. At the close of the office the solemn Pontifical Mass was begun, the Most Reverend Archbishop being the Celebrant, Very Rev. Vicar General Byrne, Assistant Priest; Rev. Theodore Metcalf, Deacon; Rev. L. J. Morris, Sub-Deacon; Revs. R. J. Johnson and Joseph Mahan, Deacons of Honor to the Archbishop; Rev. R. J Stack, Bearer of the Archiepiscopal Cross; and Rev. J. B. O'Reagan, Master of Ceremonies.

A brief and impressive sermon was delivered by the Archbishop, who paid a touching tribute to the worth of the deceased, recalling the fact that Father Smith's whole ecclesiastical career had been identified with the Cathedral, and bringing to mind the virtues with which all of the congregation had been familiar. His charity, learning, patience, resignation, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, were earnestly set forth by the Archbishop. All present were deeply moved. The requiem music was sung by the Cathedral choir, Mr. Charles Lewis directing, and Mr. J. F. Donahoe presiding at the organ. Responses and chants were also sung by the sanctuary choir. The absolution was given by the Archbishop. The remains of the deceased were conveyed to Holyhood Cemetery, a large concourse of clergy and laity attending, and representatives of the parish societies acting as pall-bearers.

SISTER.

DEATH OF A SISTER. — On the glorious Feast of the Ascension it pleased God to impose a painful sacrifice on the Sisters of the Good Shepherd of Boston, by calling to Himself their beloved Sister, Mary Clare Malone. The deceased was born in the county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1837, and came to this country at the age of twelve years. She entered the Order of the Good Shepherd in August, 1867, and was one of the oldest and most useful members of the Boston community. She transacted the greater part of the outside business of the House since its opening, and endured many privations and hardships in the fulfilment of her duties. During her lingering illness she was patient and resigned, and we fervently trust that our dear Saviour, in recalling her from this land of exile on the day of His triumphant entry into heaven, will soon permit her to taste its ineffable joys. Of your charity pray for the repose of her soul.

LAY PEOPLE.

DR. TIMOTHY H. SMITH, one of the best known citizens of the North End, died last week at Cliftondale, aged sixty-one years. Dr. Smith was a native of Ireland, and came to this country early in life, but later returned to his native country to study medicine, and took a degree at the University of Dublin. He finally established himself in Boston, where he had a large and lucrative practice. He was a large operator in real estate in Boston and elsewhere, and lost heavily in the panic of 1873.

At his residence, 40 Chapman Street, Boston, May 31, Mr. Dennis O'Brien, much and deservedly regretted. Deceased, who leaves several children to mourn his loss, was born in county Cork, Ireland, and had resided in Boston for the past forty-five years. He led an exemplary life, was well known and highly respected, reared a large and excellent family, was very charitably disposed, and at the time of his demise had reached the venerable age of eighty-two years.

Died, in Weymouth, Mass., June 12, at the residence of her son, Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, Mrs. Mary Smyth, at the advanced age of eighty-four years eleven months and nineteen days. The deceased was a woman of more than ordinary attainments, and was highly respected by all persons, irrespective of creed, who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She was sister to the late Rev. Hugh Lynch, Moynalty, county Meath, Ireland. On June 14, a Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Weymouth, by Rev. M. Moran, of Boston; Rev. Denis J. O'Farrell, Stoneham, Deacon; Rev. Wm. McQuaid, Subdeacon; and Rev. Thomas B. Lowney, Master of Ceremonies. After Mass, Rev. D. B. Kennedy, of Plymouth, preached a beautiful eulogy over the remains of the deceased lady. No fewer than eighteen clergymen accompanied her remains to Calvary Cemetery. May her soul rest in peace.

Death of an Eminent Frenchman.— M. Littré, the famous lexicographer and Academician, died on the 3d June, after having received the sacrament of baptism. He was born in 1801, and was in early life an assistant surgeon in a hospital. His parents never had him baptized, and he adopted the views of Auguste Comte, which he held for the greater part of his life. His Dictionary of the French Language has become a standard authority. In 1872 he was elected a member of the French Academy, notwithstanding the protest of Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. Later on he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, but took no active part in the debates, and in 1875 he was made a life senator. Though his works are full of expressions of unbelief, and are deeply imbued with the false philosophy of the day, M. Littré was always tolerant, and seemed to have less of that bitter animosity against the Church than most members of his school of thought. He was generous to the poor, and contributed largely, it is said, to the maintenance of a Catholic orphanage in Paris. Some six months before his death he had made the acquaintance of the Abbé Huvelin of the Church of St. Augustin, who came almost daily to visit him. During this latter part of his life he seems to have abandoned his philosophical theories as untenable, and to have been examining with an honest purpose the truths proposed by the Church. He prepared himself, during the last seven weeks, to enter his fold by repeated confession — not sacramental confession, of course, as he had never been baptized, but in order to place himself in the best disposition for receiving the sacrament of baptism. This he eventually did receive with great sentiments of faith and contrition, and soon afterwards succumbed to a fatal and unexpected attack of the disease under which he was suffering. To all Christian people this most remarkable conversion is only another instance of the power of intercessory prayer, but the news of it was received by the atheists of Paris with a shriek of frenzy, and on the Saturday before the funeral took place a certain Dr. Galopin made his way into the "chapelle ardente," where the corpse was placed, and protested against the attempt to "steal M. Littré from universal humanity." Later on, after the last solemn rites of the Church had been performed at Notre Dame des Champs, a M. Wirouboff, editor of the Révue Positive, came forward to the edge of the grave, and in spite of the openly expressed wish of the family that silence should prevail, and that no speeches should be made, insisted on declaring that M. Littré could never have recanted, and that he would "not have the eternity of a world to come which he never expected." Several members of the cabinet attended the funeral, among them M. B. St. Hilaire and M. Jules Ferry: the former went into the church and behaved with reverence; the latter, with the Prefect of the Seine, remained outside.

The Pope has required the religious priests of England to attend the diocesan conferences. These conferences have wrought untold good to the clergy and laity of England, and their revival in this country is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. — *The Western Watchman.*

A very unusual incident occurred recently in the Church of Notre Dame, Iowa. Rev. Ambrosius Golet, while celebrating his first Mass, was assisted by his father, Rev. J. Golet, as assistant priest. The latter was at one time a prominent druggist in Chicago, and raised a large family, but on the death of his wife he studied for the priesthood and was ordained four years ago. His son also studied for the Church and was ordained lately.

THE Land Bill is still dragging its slow length along in the British House of Commons.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has rejected an amendment to the electoral reform bill, granting universal suffrage, by a vote of 314 to 39; an amendment conferring the franchise on all who can read and write was likewise rejected by 66 majority.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE and Miss Charlotte O'Brien (daughter of the late Smith O'Brien) are about founding an Emigration Protection Society. The object of the society is to see that proper accommodation is afforded on board ship for female emigrants on the voyage across the Atlantic.

A LAW has been passed in Germany to prohibit the use of tobacco by boys under fifteen years of age, either in the streets or at home. Several of the Swiss cantons have, it is reported, followed the example of Germany, and made it illegal for boys under a certain age to smoke tobacco.

ITALY. — According to Signor Depretis, Italy (we mean the government) will have nothing to say either to universal suffrage or to female voting. This is certainly prudent, for a fair suffrage of the whole of Italy would send the Piedmontese about their business, while the feminine vote would, without exception, be given against the Crispi school of modern moralists.

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS, WORCESTER, MASS. — The thirty-eighth annual commencement took place on Thursday, June 30. The exercises were attended by a large number of people, including many local and visiting clergy, — the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly; Gov. John D. Long, Adjutant-General Hunbury, Judge Thayer, Judge Staples, both of Worcester; Dr Blake, of Boston, together with many other invited guests and a large number of the reverend clergy.

The Degree of Master of Arts, *in course*, was conferred on Francis P. McKeon, A. B., Worcester. The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Richard H. Mooney, A. B., Worcester. The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on John C. Bossidy, Lee; Eugene F. Brosnihan, Worcester; Simon B. Conlan, Cambridge; Thomas W. Coughlan, Abington; Nicholas J. Drohan, William T. Finneran, Thomas J. Fitzgerald, Worcester; John F. Harmon, Holyoke; Patrick H. Harriman, Winchendon; Thomas J. Kelley, Norwich, Conn.; Philip J. Libby, Boston; James H. Looby, Harrisville, R. I.; Michael C. McDonough, Portland, Me.; Daniel F McGillicuddy, Worcester; William H. McNamara, Taunton; Peter S. O'Reilly, Taunton; Thomas A. Purcell, Michael J. Riordan, Worcester; Lawrence W. Slattery, Denis J. Sullivan, Boston. His Excellency Gov. Long presented the degrees, the premiums, and the prizes to the students, and made an eloquent address, referring to the great pleasure it gave him at being present again at the graduating exercises of Holy Cross.

NEARLY half the soldiers in Aldershot are now Irishmen, and the next detachments for foreign service will be taken from that encampment. The 87th Royal Irish is the latest addition, having moved there from Guernsey last week. On the way across the Channel Lieutenant Cusack jumped into the water unhesitatingly after a soldier who had fallen overboard, and happily rescued the man, although he was in uniform, and a four-knot current was running at the time. The gallant lieutenant has been recommended for the Royal Humane Society's medal.

CANONIZATION OF COLUMBUS. — On Palm Sunday, His Holiness gave audience to Count Roselly de Lorgues and Signor di G. Baldi, of Genoa, the Postulator and Vice-postulator in the cause of the canonization of Christopher Columbus. They laid at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff a magnificent album, containing the petitions of four hundred and sixty-three bishops, who prayed the Holy See to introduce the cause before the Sacred Congregation of Rites. And in reply, the Pope directed the petitioners to appoint an advocate in connection with that Sacred Congregation.

MANUFACTURED OUTRAGES. — Deucedly awkward sort of thing this! An Irish outrage, having for its victim the son of a peer of the realm, looks so well in the eyes of a certain portion of the British public, and so timely as it was, too, in anticipation of the Land Bill getting to the House of Lords. According to the specially prepared Irish news for the London daily papers, the son of Lord Dunsandle was shot at in Ireland the other day, and the interesting young nobleman had a narrow escape of his life. Unfortunately for the vender of this affecting piece of news, Lord Dunsandle has no son! Otherwise, the story would have been not only readily swallowed, as it has been, but it would have been fully and permanently digested. This is really too bad. The manufacturers of Irish outrages for the English market ought to be made to manage their business better than this. Worse still, this is only one of several "outrages" which have turned out to be wilful fabrications. — *London Universe.*

ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, President of the United States, was shot on the morning of July 2, at thirteen minutes past 9 o'clock, just as he was entering the ladies' room at the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad depot, in Washington. He was starting for a ten days' jaunt, and was leaning on the arm of Secretary Blaine. There were about sixty ladies in the room. Two shots were fired. One ball entering just above the hip, under the left arm, and one just above the heart on the left side. Secretary Blaine, on hearing the pistol shots, two in number, rushed in the direction from which they came, with a view of arresting the would-be assassin. Before reaching the man, however, the secretary returned to the President and found him prostrated. The shooting created tremendous excitement. President Garfield uttered a sharp cry, as if in great pain, and fell prostrate. Ladies screamed with terror. Several gentlemen at once rushed to the President, and he was conveyed to the officers' room in the depot. The assassin approached from behind, and stood within eighteen inches of the President when he fired, and just behind him. "Who was he?" asked the President, as he was laid on a sofa. "What did he do it for?" No one could answer the question. Col. Corbin arrived in the President's carriage with a physician. The physician probed for the balls, but unsuccessfully. At twenty minutes past 10 the President was conveyed to the Executive Mansion under a strong escort of Metropolitan police.

THE ASSASSIN. — The name of the assassin, as written by himself, is Charles Guiteau, and he says he is an attorney-at-law in Chicago. The Star says in an extra that when the assassin was arrested he said: "I did it and I want to be arrested. I am a stalwart, and Arthur is President now. I have a letter here that I want you to give to Gen. Sherman; it will explain everything. Take me to the police station." The following letter was found on the street shortly after Guiteau's arrest: —

To General Sherman, — I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian, and politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with Gen. Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops, and take possession of the jail at once.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) CHARLES GUITEAU.

The unfortunate man is undoubtedly insane, but there is a method in his madness.

Letters of condolence have been received from the crowned heads of Europe, Canada, South America, etc. Also from Dublin, Mr. Parnell, etc.

Up to the time of writing, the President still lives. God grant he may fully recover.

CATHOLIC FEELING.

As soon as intelligence of the horrible occurrence reached the Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia, he had copies of the following letter mailed to the Rev. Pastors of the churches of the Archdiocese: —

ARCHDIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA CATHEDRAL,
LOGAN SQUARE, PHILA., July 2, 1881.

Rev. and dear Sir, — Please ask your congregation to pray for the recovery of his Excellency the President, so lately the victim of attempted assassination, that God may restore him to health and prevent the sad calamity of the loss of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. We suggest the recitation of the prayer for the authorities at Mass and at Vespers. By order of the Most Reverend Archbishop.

DANIEL A. BRENNAN, *Secretary*.

With the whole body of the people of the United States, no class are more afflicted than the Catholic body. As evidence of this we give the following documents: —

To the President of the United States:

The Catholic Bishops of Peoria and Fort Wayne desire to express their most sincere sympathy and the most earnest wish for your speedy recovery.

(Signed) J. L. SPALDING.
JOSEPH DWENGER

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
BALTIMORE, July 5, 1881.

Rev. and dear Sir, — You in common with all others have heard with amazement and horror of the late attempted assassination of his Excellency the President of the United States. It is scarcely possible to imagine a deed more appalling to men or more iniquitous before God; for if it is such a crime to slay even a private citizen, what an enormity it is to attempt the death of one who, while representing the whole nation, is also to matters temporal the highest vicegerent of God himself in the land? And the act of the assassin is the more heinous since he had neither a private grievance to

avenge nor the semblance of a public wrong to redress. And our detestation of the wretch who has stricken down our head is yet more increased when we add to the official dignity of the sufferer his accessibility and affability to all, and his committing, like all his predecessors, his personal safety entirely to the good-will and good sense of those over whom he presides. Well may we stand aghast when, in this crime and in another like crime perpetrated a few months ago, we see the mischief of which a single individual is capable when he has once ceased to fear God, to value man, or to dread the consequences of giving free scope to his own passions. In the face, then, of this most hideous deed, we are called upon to express at once our loathing of the crime and our deep sympathy with him whom this crime has placed in such great suffering and such imminent peril. For while the Catholic Church is happily above all our parties, and is far from the wish to take to herself the decision of the very transient and as a rule not very momentous questions as to which these parties are at issue, yet none more than the Catholic Church inculcates respect for every duly constituted authority or more reprobates or threatens everything by which such authority is assailed.

You will therefore, with all the power at your command, urge your people to pray during Mass, and other times for the recovery of his Excellency, and on Sunday next, should he still then survive, you will say in his behalf, before or after Mass and together with all your people, the litany of the saints; as at once entreating God to spare his life, and also as making an act of expiation for a crime which appertains to us as a nation, and not only concerns but tarnishes us all. Very faithfully, your servant in Christ,

†JAMES, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

This act of Archbishop Gibbons has been imitated by Bishop Elder, of Cincinnati, and Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, and no doubt by other prelates.

"GOD help the country," said R. G. Ingersoll, as he left the President's bedside. As is well known, Satan trembles when he sees the meanest saint upon his knees. — *Springfield Republican.*

AMONG the passengers who recently arrived in New York by the Inman steamship City of Brussels, were the Rev. M. O'Connor, of Ballybunnion, county Kerry, accompanied by the Rev. John Mangan, of St. Michael's College, Listowell; the Rev. D. Brosnan, and Mr. John Stack, of the Listowel Land League, who come to plead the cause of the ruined Harenc tenants of North Kerry. Rev. Father O'Connor has not come here to collect money to be turned into the pockets of the landlords, but he has come to ask the aid of all Irishmen and of Americans friendly to Ireland toward paying off a large sum incurred by him in law costs in an effort to obtain the right of the Harenc tenantry to purchase their own holdings. The property was sold over their heads contrary to the provisions of the Bright clauses in the Land Act of 1870, and their rights were only defeated on a technical point, when the case was carried to the House of Lords.

CENTENARY OF CATHOLICITY IN CONNECTICUT. — The centenary of the first Mass celebrated in Connecticut took place in St. Peter's Church, Hartford, on Sunday, June 26. The sacred edifice was decorated with American, French, and Irish flags. The mayor and members of the city government were present; the bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev. Dr. McMahon, together with Rt. Rev. J. J. Conroy, of Albany, and the Vicar Apostolic of Colorado. Rev. Thomas O'Connor, of the Paulists, delivered the address on the occasion. It was at this period of the struggle, when the hopes of the colonies were not of the brightest, that the galleys of a Catholic nation, bearing aloft the *fleur de lis*, brought to our aid the soldiers of Catholic France. It was on the occasion of the march of the French troops from Newport to join Washington's forces on the Hudson, and during a halt on what is now known as the South Meadows, located in St. Peter's parish, that the Abbe Robin, chaplain of the French forces, offered up the holy sacrifice of the mass forthe first time in Connecticut. From the day on which the Abbe Robin celebrated the first mass in Hartford, June 24, 1781, the holy sacrifice was not again offered up within the borders of the State until the summer of 1823, when Bishop Cheverus of Boston obtained the use of the old hall of representatives (the present council chamber) to celebrate mass and preach. Then there were only a few Catholic families settled in the State. At vespers, the pioneer priest of New England, Rev. Fr. Fitton, addressed the assembled thousands. He stated that the first Catholic congregation in the State was formcd in 1829, at which date the number of Catholics was very small. Since then the progress has been rapid and substantial. At the present time the Catholic population of the State is over 175,000 souls. There are 110 churches, 133 priests, 24 parochial schools, and numerous institutions.

Rosa Millholland

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

Miss Rosa Mulholland is another of the gifted natives of Ireland, whose genius keeps up the fame of what we call English literature. The recently published Cabinet of Irish Literature informs us that she was born in Belfast, the daughter of the late Joseph S. Mulholland, of that city, and that her family on both sides is purely Irish. At a very early age she contributed to the Cornhill Magazine when Thackeray was editor; but her chief contributions to periodical literature have been made through All the Year Round. Charles Dickens was an earnest friend to the young authoress, welcoming her stories and poems not only kindly, but eagerly, down to his death. Two of her long stories, Hester's History and The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil, appeared as the leading serials in All the Year Round, under the editorship of the brilliant founder of that periodical, and have since been republished by Chapman & Hall, of London, each in two volumes. Three of her shorter tales have been reprinted in one volume, by Marcus Ward & Co., of Belfast and London, under the title of Eldergowan. The same publishers, who have peculiar experience and skill in producing colored illustrations, have brought out many of Miss Mulholland's charming stories for children, of which the most famous are The Little Flower-Seekers, Puck and Blossom, and Five Little Farmers. In connection with these, we may mention A Child's Life of Our Divine Redeemer, under the title of Prince and Saviour, and an exquisite little book of prayers, Holy Childhood, written expressly for the very young, which has received an immense circulation, chiefly in Catholic convents.

No collected edition has yet appeared of Miss Mulholland's poems, contributed to the Cornhill, Good Words, All the Year Round, etc. She contributes at present to the last of these, and to The Irish Monthly, and one of her graceful Irish sketches of idealized peasant-life has graced Mr. Edmund Yates's new magazine, Time. Catering for the highest class of English magazine readers, Rosa Mulholland has never disguised the feelings of her Irish and Catholic heart. Plenty of good work is still before her, as her literary career began at a remarkably early age.

We have frequently enriched our Magazine with productions of Miss Mulholland. In our June issue and in this number, our readers, we are sure, have been pleased with her dramas.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VI. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1881. No. 3.

ASSERT YOUR RIGHTS, HEAD YOUR PEOPLE, AND LEAD THEM ON TO VICTORY!—LEO XIII. *to the Bishop of Meath.*

A MAN who could recommend the killing of another is a coward as well as a murderer.—WILLIAM ORR.

THE pontifical monarchy taught the nations and kings to regard themselves mutually as compatriots, as being both equally subject to the divine sceptre of religion; and this centre of religious unity has been throughout many ages a real benefit for the human race.—ROBERTSON.

NO GOD, NO GOVERNMENT.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor.

To the thoughtful mind, the saddest feature of the attempted assassination of the President was the tone of the moral comments upon the act. Outside of the Catholic press and pulpit, the crime was hardly viewed in its true character. Every effort was made to represent and to consider the assassin as necessarily insane. Page upon page was written to show that this crime must have resulted from the disturbing influence upon Guiteau's mind of political excitement. No greater evil can befall society than a denial or an excuse of sin, or the slightest tolerance of the infidel notion than man is not responsible for his moral acts. This dreadful doctrine has been making progress among us for years; and should it receive large acceptance, it will eventually work the destruction of our Republic, the corner-stone of which rests upon the axiom that man is capable of self-government, and that he is not the blind slave of his passions, either in the moral or the civil order. It is now boldly asserted that no civilized country at present holds laxer views on the subject of vice in general, and political malfeasance in particular, than our own beloved Republic. As citizens we ought to examine this charge, and passing over particular instances of crime, examine whether there are any influences or principles at work among us which make light of moral evil, or deny its existence altogether. The Duke of Sutherland, a fair enough man, who has been recently making a tour of the States, thinks that the criminal code is not enforced with sufficient rigor amongst us, and that too many private individuals are allowed to wield undue influence over courts and court officials. He referred particularly to those parts of the country wherein legislation has been only recently set up, and yet the criticism applies even to the oldest States.

But the real cause of all crime is lost sight of in discussions in which God is completely ignored. A false, unchristian philosophy has been sedulously propagated among men for the past two hundred years, until shallow and

weak minds (and unfortunately they are many) have become indoctrinated with notions at which even the very instincts of healthy human nature recoil. Down to a comparatively recent day, all the great writers on law not only assumed the being and authority of God, but recognized the sanctions of the moral precepts of the holy Scriptures. The Justinian Code, which ruled Europe for a thousand years, and the different local codes published with the sanction of the Catholic Church, all proceeded on the truth that there is a God, that even our observance of the civil law depends upon the assistance of his grace, that human laws in their entirety cannot be obeyed without the divine helping, and that our obedience to them merits eternal life. Savigny, the great authority on the Roman laws as they were modified by Christianity, proves that it was the purpose of Christ, after idolatry has passed away from Europe through the triumph of his Church, to bring all nations civilly together in the unity of his faith. This Christianity effected so well that the world saw not only the nations in political federation, but what was a greater miracle of the divine goodness, in religious unity. The great law schools of Padua, Bologna, and later of Oxford, taught jurisprudence on the eternal principles of revealed truth, as well as of natural justice. So Grotius and Blackstone also proceeded, although in their day the golden bonds of Catholic unity had been broken. Protestantism could not prevent the gradual advances of a legalistic teaching which is shamelessly materialistic. In time there arose the infidel universities of Germany and France, which rationalized crime away, shook the foundations of property, and led on Nihilism and the Commune.

It is the wretched consequence of false ideas that they reserve their worst effects for generations subsequent to their own. We suffer the full evil effects of the Protestant Reformation. When Luther declared that good works are not only not necessary to salvation, but actually hinder it, his contemporaries did not realize to what a length such a doctrine would lead men; but when several generations of men had been brought up in this doctrine, when it had been the theme of catechism and sermon for a hundred years, then the bitter fruit came. There are some men who look upon the Reformation as a mere theological squabble, in which monks were chiefly interested; and it is only when they begin to reflect upon the teachings which the Reformers disseminated, and which were carefully taught for generations, that they understand the existence of men to-day who laugh at the idea of a moral law, and speak of the obligations of religion as inventions of priestcraft. One idea put into a short phrase will make its way, whether it is good or bad, but particularly if it is bad. The cry of Patrick Henry, "Liberty or Death!" sustained the American Revolution. The phrase "God wills it" led the Crusades. St. Paul declares that by simply preaching "Christ crucified" he converted nations. Luther's declaration, "No more good works," inflicted lawlessness upon half of modern Europe. Blackstone can hardly contain his wrath at the evil consequences of what, being a Church of England man, he calls sects and fanatics. But when Catholicity was abandoned, the very principle of law was threatened with

annihilation. Men were stunned. The bonds of society were loosed as soon as the Church was denied; for even the first Protestants declared that if the Church of Christ had failed, society would cease. Now, who among Protestants to-day speaks of Christianity as essentially a church, a law endued with powers and privileges? Protestants act and talk as if the faith of Christ and his redemption were things of the past, and that our Lord came not to found an everlasting law, but to speak a few moral precepts, make some nice prayers, and die a painful but highly edifying death for his convictions. There would be hope for countries wherein Protestantism has sway, if they would even unite in confessing Christ to be the Eternal Son of God made man, and dying as an expiation for sin. No man who could realize that truth, even historically, would or could think or speak lightly of sin. But it is a notorious fact that the divinity of Christ is hardly even spoken of, let alone believed and professed. Jesus was a good man, with a deep spiritual nature, fond of religion from temperament.

No sooner did men get the pleasing notion well fixed in their creeds that there was no necessity for performing good works, than the conclusion was rapidly reached that there were no such things as *bad* works: what was the use of the distinction, if good works did not exist? and it took the whole power and unflinching severity of Fredericks I. and II. to enforce the criminal code in Prussia. Law, since the Reformation, has become more and more penal; particularly in Protestant countries, where the idea of legislation is based upon a sorrowful conviction that men must be terrified into keeping the law. Why is this? Because the Reformation taught that it was impossible for man to observe the moral law, and the state was obliged to force its keeping. So frightful is heresy, of which some Catholics speak lightly, because perchance the man differs from the doctrine which he professes. A Protestant is often humanly good in spite of his false doctrines; but if so, in what a terrible risk are such souls placed, and how sad it is to think that men of natural goodness (in a sense, too, without fault of theirs) live in false creeds and theories, from which there is no escape into Catholic truth except through a miracle of grace!

The holy faith, during all this darkened period of the human intellect, taught man the sublime doctrine of the absolute necessity of grace for even the slightest movements of the heart to God. The real issue of the Reformation was the question of grace and its bearing upon justification. Never for a moment did Holy Church swerve from the apostolic doctrine that for the very beginning of faith, for every salutary thought, word, or deed, the prevenient aid of the Holy Ghost was necessary. This enraged heresy, whose very essence is pride. This constant teaching that of ourselves we are nothing filled with fury and contempt men who deemed themselves able to reform the Church with their "intellect," or their "Scriptural expositions." It takes the conceit out of man very quickly to tell him that without the assistance of the Holy Ghost, he cannot even pronounce the sacred name with avail. The Church will hold in everlasting remembrance that great Council of Trent which crushed the Reformation as a heresy; for at its close, there was either

the return to the Catholic faith or a sinking into infidelity. Protestantism in Germany died, after giving birth to the monster of rationalism or unbelief.

The teaching of rationalism is that the human mind can know or learn nothing about God. This is the first article of that horrible creed which is penetrating modern society. It is the philosophy taught in nearly all English universities, the philosophy of the unknowable. Now, if the human mind is utterly incapable of a knowledge of the Supreme Being, or of his personality, it follows that *there can be no law*, and that consequently what are presented to us as laws have no binding force in or of themselves. Law has no sanction. As Herbert Spencer, from his infidel position, declares in his "Data of Ethics," all our ideas about justice, holiness, obedience, and the moral virtues, spring from our conception of a Supreme Being, as we have been taught through Christianity. Now, we are all wrong in our virtuous notions, if God is wholly unknown. We are laboring under a delusion. If there exist laws and moral precepts, there is no warrant for supposing that a Supreme Being had anything to do with their enactment; and as a man should not hold any views simply from terrorism, the sooner we rid ourselves of such an ethical basis as fright, the better.

It is true that when a sensible and decent man first hears such propositions, he rejects them with scorn. But let such ideas be spread abroad for a generation or two, let them be enforced with eloquence and skill, and they will gradually lose their hideousness. Even admitting that it is impossible for mankind to rid itself of the idea of God, or that faith in God will ever die from the world (history even showing that if one nation departed from him, he immediately raised another people to proclaim his existence and power), still, to say that God is absolutely indifferent to us is equivalent to denying him altogether. One of his adorable attributes is his Providence. And this is the second article of the rationalistic creed, that man is a mere creature of impulse, modified by his parentage, his surroundings, his physical and mental peculiarities, etc. Hence, rationalism denies sin and moral accountability, because it rejects God as Lawgiver, Providence, or Judge. Even Catholics of unquestioned faith, confused by this Babel of evolutionism and physicism, think that a man cannot commit suicide or murder without being *ipso facto* insane. The man who shot the President had all his plans duly perfected; but he "acted strangely that morning, and by reading about Conkling and the Stalwarts his brain became affected," etc. Any theory is admissible except that of mortal sin, and the punishment of eternal damnation for unrepented sin. Then, too, suicide is excused on the plea of "emotional" insanity, although the suicide leaves long and closely reasoned letters explaining his intended self-murder and his infidel excuses, "tired of life," "loss of money," etc. Drunkenness is excused on physical grounds, as well as adultery; and of late years there has been a tremendous increase of kleptomaniacs. And to our shame be it said that in some States it is next to impossible to hang a cold-blooded murderer.

If a Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant, gives expression to the faith of the ages, from even the foundations of the world, that there is a God,

a hereafter, a heaven, and a hell, he is assailed with a bitterness which is demoniac. The eternal truths are known to every man; and when he ignores, denies, and fights against them, even in heathenism, he is condemned. There never lived a man yet, whether born in paganism or in the full light of the faith, to whom the knowledge of God was not given by the traditions of the human family. "The glory of the Lord hath filled the whole earth," and St. John speaks of the Word as enlightening *every man that cometh into this world.* A man who says that he knows nothing of God lies, for the Creator would work a miracle sooner than suffer his creature to live without an idea of his Maker, Ruler, Lord, and Judge. Dr. Livingstone found in Africa, among the most degraded savages, evidences of a divine revelation; and when a man looks upon the facts, traditions, and beliefs of the human family in all ages, regarding the powers of the devil and the existence of hell, he is startled at the unshaken and world-wide belief that if man does not serve and love God, he is abandoned to the service and punishment of the Evil One. The strangest thing about the belief of the most ancient nations with regard to the devil and hell is, as Max Müller admits in his edition of the "Sacred Books of India," that men have believed in eternal punishment in spite of all the efforts of the demon to make them deny it.

Whoever has heard the screams of laughter, the cheers and applause of an audience greeting Bob Ingersoll when he ridicules the existence of the devil and hell, and makes fun of the old beliefs regarding Satan and his doings, is reminded of a passage in the Vedas which has a strange relevancy: "Nothing pleases the evil spirit so much as to deny that he tormenteth those who serve him. Wherefore, when men so speak of him, he causeth them to laugh and to take vain joy, as though his kingdom was not full of horror." Such phrases occur throughout the Purânas, and are evidently parts of the original traditions.

The crowds that go to hear men like Ingersoll seem to lose their head. Statements which, if they occurred in another discourse, would be examined and carefully sifted, are heard with rapt and credulous attention. Not every gibe at religion wakens the enthusiasm which a denial of Satan does, and the devilish illusion is complete when all are convinced that there is no hell. They are so blinded for the time by the glamour of the Evil One that they do not see the inconclusiveness of their reasonings. All the proofs and arguments in the world would not disprove the existence of France or Spain, because they are objective facts. And yet there is more evidence for the existence of hell than for that of France, as Dr. Pusey shows in his "Eternal Punishment." The very efforts of Satan to conceal his existence and his place of woe have been brought to light by Him who came to destroy his works. Besides, God would not allow mankind to be universally deceived; and the faith of the Jew in the existence of hell dates from the dawn of creation, just as do the traditions of the Brahmins.

Hatred against the Catholic Church comes mainly from Satan filling and inspiring the hearts of our human enemies. It is a compliment to our holy faith that we are singled out for persecution, for this is the fulfilment of

prophecy. Yet it is not natural for man to hate Catholicity, simply as such, but this is an inspiration of the Evil One. It is the only church that is hated, because it is the only church that *fully believes* in the existence of the devil and in the *eternal* torments of hell. Awful as is this doctrine, it is of faith, and by itself it has peopled heaven. Whatever can thwart Catholicity is pleasing to the demon, and it is a pity that men give themselves up to serving him in this design. Christianity would not last twenty-four hours, even so-called Protestant Christianity, were the true faith of Christ to fail. It is the very splendor, force, and abounding confidence of the Catholic faith that seem to communicate its shadow to the religion of Christ, as professed outside his one household, as the light and beauty from a happy home stream out into the night, and cheer even travellers that are wandering from the path.

The reader thus sees how all social and political good is essentially bound up with the truth of the faith's teaching on the subject of sin and of grace; and if a Protestant should read this, he will understand why the Church condemned principles which led to the denial of sin, and man's exemption from the moral laws through a delusion that mere faith suffices for the law. All that the Catholic Church asks from men is to give her a fair chance, and to keep their minds free from the delusions and misrepresentations of the devil. He is the father of lies, and no religious system ever existed that he has so belied as the Catholic Church. This fact alone should make a man reflect. The Church has only pity and love for those outside her fold. She knows better than they do themselves that they are deluded, fooled, and used as instruments against her by the enemy of all men's salvation. Why should a man love every creed and praise every sect, fanaticism, and error, except one alone, — the Catholic faith? If he only realized the force of the declaration of the vilest and meanest of the infidel rabble of Europe, that the Catholic religion is the only object of their hatred and their fears, he would examine the Church which has aroused the detestation of the worst men in every age. Or were a man only to reflect upon the persistent dislike and general injustice the Catholic faith has received, he might be led to think that, in point of natural equity, it is wrong to treat any vast class of men, as Catholics are treated, with feelings akin to contempt. There is at least very strong proof that this Church has been signally preserved and upheld, in spite of manifold persecution. What if this Republic is engaged in treating the Catholic Church as did Babylon the chosen people? What a fearful thought it is, that this holy Church, the undefiled spouse of the living God, is deprived of her plain educational rights, treated with calumny and disfavor, her faithful children ridiculed for their simple faith in her as the one to whom the deathless promise was given that the infernal gates should not prevail against her! For a less crime than injustice to the captive people of the old law, the Almighty shook Baltassar from the throne, and gave his dominions to the Mede and Persian. In Heaven's name, let the Republic at least cease from openly tolerating crime and infidelity in high places, political thievery and bigotry, for the President's assassination may be God's handwriting upon the wall.

OUR BOYCOTTING:

A MINIATURE COMEDY.*

Rosa Mulholland.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Major O'Flattery.		Eileen O'Flattery.	
Charlie Thomond.		Miss Hart.	
Brian.	Servants.	Hon. Mrs. Thomond.	
Tim.		Katty.	Servants.
Murt.		Honor.	
Pat.		Nancy.	
Larry, Etc.		Mary.	
		Bridget.	
		Peggy, etc.	

SCENE I.

Rath Flattery at midnight. A corridor with stairs up and down at either end and bedroom doors on each side. Darkness, and the sound of distant music, fife and drum playing "The Wearin' o' the Green." Enter Miss Hart, *in a dressing-gown, with ghastly face and dishevelled hair.*

Miss Hart. — There it is again! I hear it distinctly. We are going to be attacked and murdered! Oh, oh, oh! (*Shrieks long and frantically.*)

(*Doors open and hastily clad figures emerge; others are seen on the upper staircase.*)

Eileen O'Flattery. — For heaven's sake, Miss Hart, what is the matter?

Miss Hart. — Murder, crime, violence, outrage!

Nancy. — The Lord keep us and save us! Is it stabbed she is, or shot?

Eileen. — What has happened? Miss Hart, I implore you to explain.

Miss Hart (*listening*). — The band! Do you not hear it? The band, the band! (*Runs up and down, flinging her arms over her head.*) It is coming up the avenue to murder us!

Peggy. — Sweet Mother! An' is this goin' to be the end of us? (*Howls.*)

Bridget. — An' the masther away! Then we may as well take it aisy, an' go down to them an' be killed.

Peggy. — The Lord have marcy on our souls!

Eileen. — I beg you will all be quiet. (*Throws open the window and listens.*) I do hear music, but it is coming from the town, two miles away.

Miss Hart. — The avenue, — it is in the avenue!

Eileen. — Even if it were, do you think we can be stabbed with fifes or beaten to death with drums? Miss Hart, I am ashamed of you.

Miss Hart (*ramping up and down*). — The band, the band, the band!

Katty (*aside*). — Oh, then, I 'll give her something to screech about! [*Exit.*

Eileen. — Really, I think we ought all to go to bed. Miss Hart, I request —

Miss Hart. — Murdered in our beds! Murdered in our beds! Crime, violence, outrage!

(*A loud, heavy knocking is heard on the hall door; slow, solemn blows from the knocker.*)

Miss Hart (*yelling*). — They are come! they are come!

Peggy. — Save us, an' take care of us!

Nancy. — Sure, maybe it 's only me aunt!

Eileen. — Your aunt?

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* This is copyrighted, and has not been published in any European magazine. — Editor Donahoe's Magazine.

NANCY. — Sure, had n't I a message to-night to say she was a-waitin' on? Maybe it 's herself come to say she 's gone!

KATTY (*who has re-entered, and is standing at the window*). — Oh, don't say that, Nancy. Don't disappoint us, an' us ready to be murdered! (*Knock, knock, knock.*) This is very singular. Are any of the men up?

TIM (*ascending the stairs*). — Faith, we are, Miss, — up to anything. Sure meself has got the Major's ould arkwaybust undher me arm. (*To* PEGGY.) Don't tell Miss Hart that the muzzle is broke off of it.

BRIAN. — Here 's carvin'-knives for every man o' ye women apiece. (*Gives them round;* MISS HART *shrieks and lets hers fall.*)

PAT (*flourishing an enormous cudgel*). — Musha, me little shillelagh is worth a dozen o' yer waypons!

(*Knock, knock, knock. Shriek, shriek, shriek from* MISS HART, *who flings herself on the floor and begins to rap with her heels.*)

NANCY. — Lord save us! she 's gettin' satirical!

KATTY (*aside*). — Oh, then, would n't I like to put a strait-jacket on her!

EILEEN (*to servants*). — I think you had better carry Miss Hart to her room and put her to bed. (MISS HART *is seized and carried off, struggling and screaming.*)

EILEEN (*to the men*). — Now, boys, you must come down stairs and see who is at the door. I will come with you; I am not afraid.

TIM. — More power to you, Miss; but sorra one is there at all.

PAT. — Sure it 's only the knocker amusin' itself, the crature!

BRIAN. — Spake up, Katty, an' don't keep Miss Eily onaisy in her mind.

KATTY (*choking with laughter*). — Miss Eily, dear, did n't I tie a cord to the knocker, an' was pullin' it meself through the windy; I thought it a sin not to give Miss Hart somethin' to screech about.

EILEEN (*trying not to smile*). — That was very wrong, Katty; Miss Hart is nervous.

KATTY. — Oh, wisha! she 'll make us all narvous if she goes on this a way: rampagin' every night like a banshee, an' rakin' us out of our beds to be killed, an' sorra one here to kill us at all, at all. Our sleep gone, an' all our courageousness screwed up in us for nothin'; bad 'cess to it!

BRIDGET. — A body would a'most rather be kilt at once and have the credit o't.

EILEEN. — Well, go to bed now, and I will tell Miss Hart that a trick has been played on us.

KATTY. — Faix ye need n't, Miss. The band 'll do her to squeal about every bit as well as the knockin'. Did n't she begin intirely about the band? The darlin' band, an' it playin' so beautiful through the trees! Och, what 'll she be at to-morrow night, I wonder?

[*Exeunt all the servants, laughing and shaking their heads.*

SCENE II.

Breakfast-room at Rath Flattery. MAJOR O'FLATTERY *discovered marching up and down, puffing and snorting with anger. Enter* EILEEN.

EILEEN. — Welcome home, uncle. Why, what is the matter?

MAJOR. — Matter? Let me look at you. I see no marks of bruises or bloodshed.

EILEEN. — Bloodshed!

MAJOR. — Don't echo my words, Miss. With your usual perverse sympathy for the people, you will want to persuade me that there was no murderous

attack made on this house last night. Really, Eily, your conduct is downright immoral.

EILEEN. — But, uncle, listen to me!

MAJOR. — I will not listen to you. Things are come to a pretty pass when a chit of a girl, still under care of a governess, undertakes to beard an officer in her Majesty's service, a justice of the peace, and her own nearest relative besides. Do you think I did not hear of last night's savage occurrence before I arrived here? I tell you I learned it at five o'clock this morning, when I was on the point of leaving Dublin; and I am happy to say, I telegraphed news of the outrage to the Chief Secretary before I stepped into the train.

EILEEN (*clasping her hands*). — Oh, uncle, what have you done?

MAJOR. — Aha, Miss, I have caught you there, eh? No use in trying to screen miscreants from the united military and judicial eyes of Wellington Lycurgus O'Flattery. Oh, here is Miss Hart; she, at least, is alive to the iniquities that are going on around us. From her I shall hear the truth.

Enter MISS HART.

MISS HART. — Oh, dear, *dear* Major O'Flattery, thank heaven you are returned! Alas, what have we not suffered in the absence of our protector!

MAJOR (*aside, and drawing himself up*). — Here, at all events, is a womanly woman. (*Aloud, majestically.*) Be calm, Miss Hart; as you say, I have returned. You shall not be harmed. I have already taken measures. Now please be good enough to relate me your unhappy experience of the outrage that took place here last night.

MISS HART (*shuddering*). — Ah, Major, how can I describe it? I own I lost my senses with terror, and can hardly give a distinct and consecutive account of what occurred. I only know I was awakened at midnight by the most daring and fiery music played by a band, and coming up the avenue. I sprang up at the risk of my life, and flew to arouse the household. The next thing I remember is seeing men with blackened faces and blunderbusses rush up the staircase. Terrible confusion ensued. I was seized by my head and feet, carried roughly all over the house, and finally flung, black and blue, upon my bed, where I became hysterical and afterward unconscious, — lay in a swoon from which I only awakened an hour ago.

EILEEN (*aside, indignantly*). — A good sound sleep, after gymnastic exercise!

MAJOR. — I knew I should get a satisfactory account from you, Miss Hart. You are a lady of unusual good sense and courage. Eileen, what have you to say to Miss Hart's evidence?

EILEEN. — I say, uncle, that Miss Hart is a lady whose nervous imaginations and excitability are most mischievous.

MISS HART. — You hear her, Major. She insults her faithful governess.

MAJOR. — Eily, if I hear any more of this impertinence I shall confine you to your own room upon bread and water diet.

EILEEN. — Do so, uncle, if you please; only first, sir, call the servants and hear what they have got to say.

MAJOR. — Call the servants, indeed, — a pretty proceeding! Do I not know that every one of them is in league with the ruffians who broke last night into this innocent dwelling, barbarously murdered or tried to murder a defenceless lady, wilfully and maliciously injured the property of their landlord, and ferociously intimidated every one of the inhabitants? Ahem! That is the exact wording of the telegram I sent to the Castle.

EILEEN.— Then, uncle, you have a grievous sin to answer for.

MAJOR. — Heyday, Miss Impertinence! I suppose you too belong to the

Fenian band! Do I not remember how you defended the rebellious fellows who came here asking me to reduce their rents?

EILEEN. — Yes, indeed I did. Last year they were starving, and this year they have other debts to pay besides yours.

MAJOR (*throwing up his hands*). — Unnatural young woman! Who would rear children? It is true I never did, except this one, who is none of mine. O my brother, why did you leave me such a thorn in my side, such a legacy of impudence? She must inherit it from her mother, though, for the O'Flatterys never were known to forget their own interests.

EILEEN. — I am sorry I vex you so much, uncle.

MAJOR. — No, Miss, you are not. Did you not also side with those lazy, dirt-loving rascals who refused to go and live in the neat new houses I built for them, who preferred to continue living in the company of their pigs?

EILEEN. — Because you asked for the new houses a rent they had no possible means of paying. What is the use of living in a good house if you cannot give your children as much as a potato to eat?

MAJOR (*plunging about*). — Hear her, ye gods! Madam, you are a *pétroleuse*, a *tricoteuse*, a Charlotte Corday!

EILEEN. — No, uncle, but I am brave enough to risk your displeasure by telling you that your rule of the people is tyrannical, and that, if there is disorder in the country, it is more your doing than theirs.

MAJOR (*gasping*). — Will somebody — Miss Hart, will you have the goodness to undo my neck-cloth?

MISS HART. — Willingly, dear Major. Kind, gentle Major! alas, that I should see you so —

Enter KATTY, *courtesying demurely.*

KATTY. — Plaze, sir, we're boycotted.

MAJOR (*stuttering aghast*). — Boycotted!

KATTY. — Plaze, yes, sir. The men 's all goin', an' the women too. There's nobody in the fields, an' the gardeners is puttin' their coats on to be off.

MAJOR. — Where is my gun? I will be after them! [*Exit.*

MISS HART (*shrieking*). — Oh, oh, oh! Carry me to my bed!

KATTY. — Faix, no, ma'am. We got enough by doin' that for ye last night. This time ye may carry yerself. [*Exit* MISS HART, *tottering and screaming.*

EILEEN. — And are you going too, Katty?

KATTY. — Sorra one o' me, asthoreen! Whisper! Sure, between ourselves, did n't they give me lave to stay? Says they, We're not the boys to lave Miss Eileen without a comrade woman to take care of her. Sure you know, Miss, *if it was you*, they 'd, put their hair undher your feet.

EILEEN. — That is all very well, Katty, but it is a bad business; a terrible business. Let us go and see what is to be done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Hall at Rath Flattery. EILEEN *alone, walking up and down.*

EILEEN. — It is quite true. They have all sent me word they want to bid me good by.

Enter in single file, NANCY, PEGGY, BRIDGET, HONOR, MARY.

EILEEN. — Well, Nancy, so you are going to desert me.

NANCY (*bursting into tears*). — I am, Miss, God help me! But sure I must obey the Laigue.

EILEEN. — And you, Bridget and Peggy and Honor and Mary, all going to turn your backs on me!

All in chorus. — Bohoo-oo-oo-oo!

EILEEN (*scornfully*). — Why do you weep over the matter? Is it not all your own doing?

PEGGY. — No, Miss Eily, honey; it 's the Laigue.

BRIDGET (*mopping her face*). — It 's the Laigue!

HONOR (*clasping her hands*). — The Laigue!

MARY (*sobbing*). — The Laigue!

EILEEN. — And so the Land League is more to you than I am? Peggy, I was sure you loved me.

PEGGY (*weeping*). — Oh, Miss Eileen, asthore, you know I love you. But there 's one that 's dearer to me nor even you, an' that 's me poor ould bedridden mother. You can't stop the ruffians that 's goin' to fling her out on the bog, an' take the crowbar to her bit of a house; an' the Laigue has promised me to save her from that.

EILEEN. — Well, good by, Peggy, and may God take care of us all!

[*Exit* PEGGY, *howling.*

BRIDGET. — An' O Miss Eily dear, listen to me! Sure me brother was joinin' the Ribbonmen, an' maybe it 's a shootin' job they 'd be givin' him to do. An' Mick 's a good boy, only a bit passionate in his ways. An' he swore to me on his sowl he 'd never be a Ribbonman, nor touch a gun, if I 'd only do his biddin' an' belong to the Laigue!

EILEEN. — I see, Bridget; the times are hard on you. Good by, old friend. (*Shakes hands with her.*) [*Exit* BRIDGET, *crying bitterly.*

NANCY (*courtesying and sighing*). — Oh, Miss Eily!

EILEEN. — You too, Nancy! What have you to say?

NANCY. — Oh, wirra, Miss Eily, sure seven o' me family is all swep' away with the sickness after the hunger o' last year! Sorra one is left me but Shemus, my youngest brother, an' he 's a mimber o' the Laigue. An' I 'll folly him and stick to him, plaze God, if it should end in the hangin' o' me!

EILEEN. — I suppose you must go then, Nancy. Good by.

[NANCY *kisses her hand and goes out, groaning heavily, "Ochone! ochone!"*

EILEEN. — Now, Mary, what excuse have you?

MARY (*hanging her head*). — Sure the boy that 's promised to me belongs to the Land Laigue organoization, Miss Eily; an' ye would n't have me quarrel with him?

EILEEN. — Be off with you, then! [*Exit* MARY *in great confusion.*

HONOR (*courtesying, blushing, and twisting her fingers*). — Plaze, Miss, it's Pat.

EILEEN. — I see. Well, my good girl, you can follow the rest.

[*Exit* HONOR, *throwing her apron over her face.*

Enter a number of men, pulling off their caps.

EILEEN. — Well, boys, what is the meaning of all this?

BRIAN. — It 's the ordhers o' the Laigue, Miss Eily.

MURT. — The Laigue!

PAT. — The Laigue!

Others, in chorus. — The ordhers o' the Land Laigue!

EILEEN. — And so, boys, you are leaving us in a strait, and putting yourselves out of work, to obey the orders of a tyrannical League?

LARRY. — Faix, there 's two words to that, Miss Eileen! It 's thrue for you that we 're puttin' ourselves out o' work, and cowld comfort most of us is goin' home to; but as for tyrannical, — well, we 'll see! Sure, one tyrant 's as good

as another, an' sometimes betther. We thried one out, and now we'll thry the other. Not but we're sore cut up at lavin' you, Miss Eily; an' if it was anything else —

MURT. — The plain truth is, we're promised, if we stick to this, we'll have the praties all the year round for the childher by and by.

EILEEN. — Ah, Murt, did n't I sometimes help you?

MURT (*dashing off a tear*). — Ye did, ye did, Miss, dear! But sure, would ye always keep us beggars? A man with an arm like that (*thrusting out his arm*) ought n't to be cryin' out for crumbs from yer Honor's table!

EILEEN. — And you, Brian? Your children are not hungry.

BRIAN. — No, Miss Eileen; but I can feel for my neighbors. We're swore to stand to each other, and I'll do it if it was to cost me my life!

EILEEN. — A rash oath, Brian.

BRIAN. — It 's the oath o' sufferin' men.

All behind, in chorus. — The oath o' sufferin' men.

EILEEN. — Well, boys, if you must go, you must. Though you are doing me a great unkindness, I will shake hands with you all for old time's sake.

BRIAN. — Hurrah for Miss Eily!

All. — Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! (EILEEN *shakes hands with them all round.*)

MURT. — God bless ye, Miss Eileen, asthore!

BRIAN. — May the light o' glory fall on ye wherever ye step!

LARRY. — That the Heavenly Mother may keep a hoult o' you in her own right hand! [*Exeunt all the men, with sad, stern faces.*

EILEEN (*looking after them, sighing, and clasping her hands*). — God forgive you, uncle, for driving such friends as these from our door!

Enter KATTY.

EILEEN. — Well, Katty, have we got the house to ourselves?

KATTY. — Throth have we, ourselves two, only for Miss Hart that 's screechin' murdher up in her bed. The Major is runnin' round the fields outside with his gun, for all the world as if he was afther the crows!

EILEEN. — Katty, you must speak to me of my uncle with respect.

KATTY. — I ax your pardon, Miss. It 's meself never would be impident at all only for the little laugh that does be always breakin' out on me.

EILEEN (*tucking up her sleeves*). — Now, Katty, you and I have got to do the work of seven or eight.

KATTY. — You Miss Eily? Oh, faith, no! I'll do it all meself.

EILEEN. — That is impossible. I shall take it as good exercise. Besides (*turning up her skirt and pinning it behind*), active occupation will prevent me sitting down to mourn over this very bad business. Bring me a large apron, Katty. [*Exit* KATTY.

EILEEN. — I feel like one of the working classes already. I am rising to the emergency. Hark! who is this?

Enter CHARLIE THOMOND, *dressed in laborer's clothes, wearing a large mustache, and with his front hair carefully combed into his eyes.*

CHARLIE (*pulling his cap and scraping an awkward bow*). — Plaze, can I see Miss O'Flatthery?

EILEEN. — You see her this moment. What is your business?

CHARLIE (*aside*). — By Jove, I do; and never saw her look more charming! The goddess of self-help! Squaring for her work already! (*Aloud.*) Sure, ma'am, meself heard of the Land Laigue flittin' that took place here this mornin', an' I 've come as a relief force, offerin' meself for a little employment!

EILEEN (*with dignity*). — We shall be glad to employ you. I did not think there was any one in the country not bound up with the League.

CHARLIE. — Och, bedershin! But I'm wan o' them that bothers little about Laigues, — not if it was the seven laigues that owned the boots that walked into the *goiant* and carried off his goold.

EILEEN (*aside*). — This seems a foolish fellow; but he looks strong, and will be very useful to us. He has a good countenance, and I will trust him.

Enter KATTY, *who hands a large apron to* EILEEN, *who puts it on, tying it round her waist.*

EILEEN. — Katty, here is a young man who has come to help us.

KATTY (*casting up her eyes*). — Then thank the heavens for sendin' us a man!

EILEEN. — Get him some breakfast, Katty, while I go to see Miss Hart. [*Exit.*

KATTY. — You can follow me to the kitchen, young man. [*Exit.*

CHARLIE. — So far so good. I think I am not likely to be suspected; not for some time at least. To think that I should have found out such a capital way of breaking up the enmity existing between my father and her uncle! Not that there is much of it on my father's side; he will be easily won over. This dear girl, who would not for worlds have disobeyed her tyrant by speaking to me, will now speak to me and look at me day after day. I shall obey her orders, and assist her in her occupations. Happy disorder, that makes such a state of things possible to a lover unreasonably proscribed by an old bear! Sweet Capulet, here is your Montague! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A hay-field. EILEEN, KATTY, *and* CHARLIE THOMOND (*as* "DAN") *engaged in tossing the hay.*

DAN. — I beg your pardon, Miss O'Flatthery, ma'am, but you 're not doin' the fulness o' justice to the hay, the darlin'! an' sweeter hay I never smelt. (*Taking her rake out of her hand.*) By yer lave, Miss! Shake the crature this a way (*shakes*), an' let the sun get through an' through it, the jewel!

EILEEN. — Thank you, Dan. I 'm afraid if we have to be so very particular we shall not get this field done by evening.

DAN. — Oh, faix will we. I wondher now where the Major is rampagin' to. Could n't he give us a hand?

KATTY. — Arrah, sure ye would n't ax him to hould a gun with one hand and a rake with the other? an' he would n't part with the gun no more nor his life.

Enter MAJOR.

MAJOR (*plunging up and down with his gun*). — Very strange that no one has tried to shoot me yet.

DAN (*pulling his cap*). — Then sure, sir, av ye *want* to be shot, it 's meself 'll do it handy. I engaged to make meself ginerally useful, so I did, an' if you lend me the gun, an' promise not to get me into throuble afterwards —

MAJOR. — Sirrah, who are you? Eily, where did this insolent rascal come from?

EILEEN (*whispering*). — Do not notice him, uncle: he is a simple fellow, but very useful; he takes everything one says quite literally, and I dare say he thought you were anxious to be shot.

MAJOR. — Madam, I suspect you. This pretended simplicity will not impose on me.

EILEEN. — Indeed, uncle, I am in earnest. If you quarrel with him too, what will become of us?

MAJOR. — I believe him to be an incendiary in disguise. But hist! I hear sounds! It is probably some miscreant come to attack me! (*Clutches his gun and rushes across the stage.*) [*Exit.*

DAN. — See that, now! Well, what a great sojer intirely the Major would make av he had only inimies enough to keep him goin'! It 's lost he is in this back place! Troth, if meself was the government, it 's to war I 'd go if it was only to give the Major employment!

EILEEN (*with dignity*). — Please don't speak like that, Dan. Attend to your work.

DAN. — I 'm attendin' beautiful, Miss O'Flatthery, ma'am; but it 's a little way I have, a kind of a propensity, that I niver do rightly work unless I can be talkin' a bit along with it. I know it 's mighty good of a young lady like you to let me work in your presence; but as I was a-goin' to say, Miss O'Flatthery, would ye plaze tell me where does them big plantations be where the slaves does be whipped an' kicked so handy an' nobody havin' the liberty to ax a question?

EILEEN (*shuddering*). — That is all over, Dan, I hope. There are no slaves now in America, at all events.

DAN. — There now, that accounts for it! Sure nobody could blame the poor Major when all lawful ways is closed to him! Must n't he be exercisin' his natural ganius somewhere?

EILEEN (*aside*). — I must pretend not to hear him. He seems a simpleton, and cannot understand my feelings. But I believe him good, and find him helpful. (*Aloud.*) Katty, I am very tired, and shall go and make some tea. No — I will make it myself, if you will stay and go on helping Dan with the hay-making. Tea-making will be easier for me. I will fetch some for you both presently. [*Exit.*

DAN (*looking after* EILEEN). — Then, Katty, but that 's the jewel of a young lady!

KATTY. — Ye may well say it! An' to see her heart-scalded as she is, all through the uncle o' her! Och, wirra, but it 's a pity she has n't a friend to come an' take her bodily out o' his hands!

DAN (*aside*). — She has that friend. O Eily, Eily, may it be permitted to me to lift you out of this confusion into happiness? (*Aloud.*) See now, Katty, how you 're goin' all through with the hay! What for need ye be botherin' yer head so much over throubles that 's none o' yer own? What 's the use o' your breakin' yer heart about things that is n't yer business?

KATTY. — Oh, then, you 're the nice boy to come axin' to toss a body's hay! An' you with the cowld heart all the time, not carin' what becomes of a darlin' like that!

DAN. — I 'm better anyways than thim that desarted her.

KATTY. — No, ye 're not. There was n't one o' them boys that is n't grievin' for Miss Eily.

Enter EILEEN *with tray of tea.*

EILEEN. — Now, Dan, here are some refreshments for you; really you have done a capital morning's work. Katty, you had better go into the house and take some tea to Miss Hart; she will not speak to me.

KATTY. — Yes, Miss. But troth she has cruel bad taste, an' she does n't desarve the tea that yer purty little hands has made. [*Exit.*

DAN. — Yer health, Miss Eileen. (*Drinks.*) Bother this big mustache! it 's in the way! (*Looks carefully round.*) No one in sight! (*Takes off mustache and wig, and tosses up his own short curls with a smile.*) Eily!

EILEEN. — Charlie! Oh, what is the meaning of this?

CHARLIE. — Meaning? Why, darling Eily, the meaning is, of course, that I have sworn to get you out of this preposterous mess if I have life.

EILEEN. — What will uncle say if he sees you?

CHARLIE — Anything he likes. His remarks are not always of the pleasantest.

EILEEN. — But, Charlie, it is not right; it is deception. And you know I am bound to obey him.

CHARLIE. — We shall see about that, by and by. At all events, my love, you are not accountable for this. Since that day when he quarrelled so unreasonably with my father, and carried you off from our house, forbidding you ever to speak to us again, I have been longing vainly to catch a glimpse of you.

EILEEN. — Dear Charlie! Indeed, I too have been very unhappy. But will your father not also be angry at your taking such a step as this?

CHARLIE. — Father bears no malice toward Major O'Flattery. He is willing to be friends. I confess I have not yet told him of this little escapade. But I have got another, even more powerful person, as an accomplice.

EILEEN. — An accomplice! O Charlie, such dreadful language!

CHARLIE (*laughing*). — Awful, is n't it? And this terrible accomplice is — whisper — my mother!

EILEEN (*laughing merrily*). — Your mother! Oh, how delightful! But how you frightened me!

CHARLIE. — That execrable old bear — forgive me, dear, but truth will out — has worried you into downright nervousness. You are afraid of your shadow. Well, you can hardly be afraid of my mother.

EILEEN. — Oh, no, the darling! But what can she do?

CHARLIE. — Take you out of this, after we have driven the Major out of the country.

EILEEN. — Your mother drive my uncle out of the —

CHARLIE. — That will be my part; but I am not going to hurt him. By Jove, here he is! Come, Dan, you have been idling long enough! (*Puts on his wig and mustache and falls to work;* EILEEN *also begins to rake the hay.*)

Enter MAJOR O'FLATTERY *and gun.*

MAJOR. — *Exceedingly* singular that nobody has fired at me yet.

DAN. — Oh, thin, Major, I was goin' to give ye a warnin'. There 's six men, to my sartin knowledge, ambuscadin' with revolvers behind different hedges and bushes in the grounds.

MAJOR. — Ha! I thought so. (*Frowns, and strides a few yards.*) Let me go and face them!

EILEEN (*clinging to him*). — Oh, dear uncle, do not stir from here till the guard of police arrives. You know you sent for one.

MAJOR. — Aha, would you make me a coward? Madam, I suspect your motives.

Enter MISS HART.

MISS HART. — Ah — h — h! What do I hear? Six men are on the watch to take the Major's life! Cruel, heartless niece and young man, to stand by unmoved! *I* will protect him. (*Stands before him, holding out her skirts as a screen.*)

MAJOR. — Ah, Miss Hart, I always said you were the most womanly woman of my acquaintance. Would that you could have communicated your tender yet heroic spirit to your pupil here! But I shall not need your protection.

The police are coming. Meanwhile, can you give me the key of the coal cellar? I wish to see how the coals are lasting.

MISS HART. — Certainly, dear Major, certainly. Come with me. (*To* DAN.) Let us know when the police have arrived. [*Exeunt* MISS HART *and* MAJOR.

DAN. — Ye see, Miss Eily, the Major will niver be safe till he 's out o' the counthry. Sure ivery hedge in the place 'll be growin' bullets for him instead o' roses, an' the very larks in the skies will be shootin' down at him with their songs!

EILEEN. — Oh, Charlie, Charlie, I don't know whether to laugh or cry!

DAN. — Laugh thin, jewel!

SCENE V.

A potato-field. EILEEN, KATTY, *and* DAN *at work digging potatoes. Enter the* MAJOR, *surrounded by six policemen.*

MAJOR (*marching up and down, and looking left and right*). — Are you sure there is no one in sight, fellows? Keep close around me. Wellington Lycurgus O'Flattery would be a loss to his country. Very singular indeed that I do not hear a shot.

(*Six loud reports are heard, one after another. At each the* MAJOR *utters a cry and executes a hop. When the firing ceases he drops to the ground.*)

EILEEN (*flying to his side*). — O uncle, are you badly hurt?

FIRST POLICEMAN. — I don't think anything touched him. I did n't see anything.

SECOND POLICEMAN. — He 's only frightened.

MAJOR (*groans and murmurs*). — I am full of bullets. Send for the doctor and the lawyer.

THIRD POLICEMAN — I will go. [*Exit.*

EILEEN. — O uncle!

MAJOR. — Silence, Miss; don't disturb my last moments.

DAN (*wiping his eyes*). — Och, thin, it 's many 's the dhry eye will be afther him! — I mane wet.

FIRST POLICEMAN (*sternly*). — Young man, I am taking heed of your ill-timed levity. Consider yourself reasonably suspected.

DAN. — At your sarvice, peeler, honey. (*Sings:*)

* "A bunch o' peelers wint out one night
On juty and pat-rolling, oh!
And they met a goat upon the road,
And took him for a sthroller, oh!
Oh, marcy, marcy, cries the goat,
Do you take me for a robbier, oh?
I'm not a rogue, or prowling thief,
But just a common goatie, oh!
Gillia machree, no heart so true,
And the peeler he 's done over, oh!
Gillia machree — "

MAJOR (*springing up to a sitting posture, and shaking his fist at* DAN) — Ruffian, do you sing your ribald songs in presence of a dying man?

Enter LAWYER *and* DOCTOR. MAJOR *groans and sinks back prostrate.*

DOCTOR. — Where is the wounded man? This is a dreadful business. Miss O'Flattery, I condole with you. (*Kneels down and examines the patient.*) (*To policemen.*) Where did the bullet enter? Was there more than one? (MAJOR *groans heavily.*)

* Old song, popular in the West of Ireland.

FIRST POLICEMAN. — I don't know, sir. I did not see any.

DOCTOR. — I find no blood, no marks of any disturbance.

MAJOR. — I tell you I am full of bullets.

DOCTOR (*turns him over and examines him minutely*). — Then, my dear sir, you must have swallowed them.

DAN. — See that, now. Did n't meself hear him many 's the time called a fire-ater?

All the POLICEMEN (*fixing their eyes sternly on* DAN). — Reasonably suspected!

MAJOR. — Carry me to my room, and let me make my will.

DAN. — Arrah, Major, won't ye lave me your courage an' your owld arkway-bust?

FIRST POLICEMAN (*to* DAN). — Consider yourself arrested.

DAN. — At your sarvice. I 'm not in a hurry. I'll wait till you carry the Major to bed.

DOCTOR. — Carry him up, and I will make a further investigation of the case. [*Exeunt* DOCTOR, LAWYER, *and* MAJOR *carried by policemen.*

EILEEN. — O Charlie, do you think he was not really hit?

CHARLIE. — I'll swear it, my love, if it will make you more content. The shots were fired in the air at a considerable distance.

EILEEN. — To frighten him?

CHARLIE. — Yes, dear.

EILEEN. — But is not that intimidation?

CHARLIE. — I hope so. Looks very like it, does it not?

(*A noise is heard, and re-enter the* MAJOR, *followed by a small boy, who stands with legs apart, hands in his pockets, and head thrown back, and whistles vehemently up at the* MAJOR. MAJOR *stands at bay scowling at him.*)

MAJOR (*stuttering*). — What, what? Am I personally and derisively intimidated? This is the last straw. Police! police!

Enter the six policemen, three of whom seize the small boy, while the others stand round the MAJOR.

MAJOR (*pointing his finger at urchin*). — Let him lie in jail unquestioned for the next twenty months!

POLICEMEN (*in chorus*). — Yes, sir.

Enter HON. MRS. THOMOND.

HON. MRS. THOMOND. — Major O'Flattery, how do you do? I have been so sorry to hear of your troubles! Can I be of any service to you?

MAJOR. — Madam, you may mean well, but I do not forget that upon other occasions I have known you to sympathize with the miscreant population of this country; therefore, I reasonably suspect you.

HON. MRS. THOMOND. — Dear sir, I pray you to believe that I am sincere in my wish to be of use to you and yours I have no other motive in coming here. (*To* EILEEN.) Dear child! (*Takes her hand.*)

MAJOR. — Madam, my niece is in disgrace with me.

HON. MRS. THOMOND. — I am sorry to hear it. Cannot we forget all quarrels?

MAJOR. — Treason! Treason-felony, madam! You are in presence of the police. Every outrage in word or deed is telegraphed to the Castle as soon as it is perpetrated.

HON. MRS. THOMOND. — Indeed? It is well to be on one's guard.

MAJOR. — Yes, madam. You look upon a man whose cup of outrages is nearly full. A murderous attack was first made upon my house; then I was boy-

cotted; then fired into six times; then attended by a doctor (since reasonably suspected), who absolutely refused to extract the bullets; next I am derisively intimidated by this person (*pointing to small boy*); and lastly, bearded on my own premises by a lady who, from her high position in the country —

DAN. — Aisy, Major. aisy! Keep your tongue off o' the lady.

MAJOR. — Police, arrest that young man.

POLICEMAN (*seizing him*). — He is arrested. But we must send for an additional force; we are not enough for all that is to be done here.

DAN (*throwing off his wig and mustache*). — If I am to be arrested, let it be in my own name. Good morning, Major. Welcome, mother!

MAJOR. — What do I see? Even my relief force, who insisted on making my hay and digging my potatoes, proves to be an impostor! All England shall ring with this! I will away from so vile, so Bulgarian a land, and send around the hat among all the right-thinking people of the world! Policemen, drop the prisoners for the present, and escort me to the Holyhead packet!

[*Exeunt* MAJOR *and policemen.*

HON. MRS. THOMOND. — My dearest Eily! (*Embracing her.*) Come home with me.

CHARLIE. — Hurrah! We are all going to be happy at last!

CURTAIN.

STRANGE REVENGE.

THERE is a curious legend as to the origin of the Red Hand of Ulster. Rival chieftains were rowing for the shore, straining every muscle, as the first to touch the land would possess the soil. One who seemed likely to lose cut off his hand and flung it upon the beach, and thus by sacrifice and stratagem became the victor. We were reminded of the *Lamh Dearg* by an incident which occurred in Liverpool last Saturday. It seems that an old man, employed under the corporation, had a grievance. Years ago he lost one of his legs, and had to replace it with wood. Pedestrianism on such a support is not the most agreeable occupation on the smoothest of ways; but our venerable hero found Liverpool ruts and inequalities a continual and severe penance. He wrote to the mayor for relief, and pestered several other public men with his complaint. They do not seem to have extended him any relief. Respectful remonstrance, then, was of no avail, and some other course of procedure had to be devised. On Saturday the plan ripened, and was fully executed. The man came to the Town Hall full of the resolution of nursed wrath, and after enlisting the interest of several loiterers by the promise of a "scene," set himself leisurely to unscrew the useful substitute for a leg. Balancing himself next by the aid of the railings, and taking aim at one of the windows of the mayor's parlor, he sent the stump crashing through the glass. The mayor was inside, unconscious of danger; and we can easily conceive his Worship's sensations when such a missile came through so suddenly and unceremoniously. It might be a new bomb or other infernal machine, for all the worthy city father could tell at the moment, and some sinister Fenian might have stolen a march on the police. However, it did not explode, or even hiss, and the civic alarm soon subsided. But the owner, who had thus thrown his grievance at the mayor's head, was speedily taken into custody and himself laid "by the heel." The medical men found out that he was quite insane, and they had him removed to an asylum. There are a great many other people in the world quite as demented as this old man, though medical science does not place them within the category of madmen whom it is proper to restrain; and if there were less of such mental infirmity, there would be fewer crimes and outrages.

COMETS AND METEORS: A LECTURE.

Very Rev. J. B. Kavanagh, D. D., President of Carlow College, Ireland.

THEORIES OF THE FORMATION OF COMETARY TAILS.

HAVING thus determined the nature of cometary tails, let us see can we form any plausible guess at the manner of their formation. Their enormous length, their rapid development, and the incredible velocity with which they swing around the perihelion point, make the motion of cometary tails, and the manner of their formation, questions of no ordinary difficulty. The comet of 1843, as it approached perihelion, developed a tail 200 millions of miles long, in less than three weeks; the comet of 1680 developed a tail 54 millions of miles long in two days; and the extremity of the tail of the comet of 1843 described an arc 600 millions of miles in extent in two hours. There are several theories of the formation of cometary tails. I will dwell upon one, which I believe to offer the most satisfactory explanation. I adopt it the more readily as it accords perfectly with the discovery of Schiaparelli, which is now universally received in the scientific world. It is called the theory of cometary tides, and was first proposed by Monsieur Roche, Professor of Physics, at Montpelier, in France. Monsieur Roche assumes cometary matter to be of great tenuity, and without any motion of rotation. Supposing a mass of cometary matter to be under the action of the mutual attraction of its own particles, and the force of solar gravitation, as it approaches the perihelion point, Monsieur Roche proves, by strict mathematical analysis, that as the nebulous mass approaches the Sun, it must be elongated and assume an ellipsoidal form, and as it approaches nearer and nearer to the Sun, the mass must be more and more elongated, until at length, the action of solar gravity increasing as the square of the distance diminishes, the limiting surfaces of equilibrium of the mass open in the direction pointing towards the Sun, and in the opposite direction, and become planes, stretching indefinitely into space. As soon as this occurs, cometary matter must begin to be dissipated in these two directions, and to flow off along the planes into which the limiting surface of equilibrium has opened. It is precisely as if you removed the bottom of a vessel — the matter contained must begin to flow out. This is called the theory of cometary tides, because the action of the Sun, in producing the tail of the comet, is analogous to the action of the Moon in producing the tidal wave; and if the matter of the Earth was as rare as the matter of a comet, and if the Earth had no rotation on its axis, and if it approached the Moon as the comet approaches the Sun, and if the Moon's attraction on the Earth was as great as the Sun's attraction on the comet, in place of two tidal waves, one directed towards the Moon and the other on the opposite meridian, we would have the matter of the Earth, like the matter of the comet, streaming away into space in these two directions. You see how this theory accounts for the formation of cometary tails as comets approach the perihelion point; and you see also how this theory accounts for the streaming away of the cometary matter to be condensed into the meteoric showers with which four comets, at least, are accompanied; and you see thus how these two distinguished scholars, M. Roche and M. Schiaparelli, approaching this problem from different points and with different purposes, arrived at the same conclusion. This theory recommends itself to me because it accords with observed fact, because it makes no assumptions except the extreme tenuity of cometary matter, and because

it rests on the solid basis of strict mathematical analysis. We believe that cometary matter is nebulous matter; and a striking illustration of the inconceivable tenuity of nebulous matter is afforded by the nebula of which our own system was formed; for, when the solar nebula extended to the orbit of Neptune — and we know it must have extended indefinitely beyond it — its matter was 258 million times less dense than atmospheric air. The theory of cometary tides requires, as you perceive, that every comet should have two tails, one pointing towards the Sun, and the other in the opposite direction. As this does not accord with cometary phenomena, Mr. Faye asked M. Roche to introduce into his analysis a third force, and to work out the problem under the action of three forces: First, the mutual attraction of the particles of cometary matter; second, solar gravitation; and third, an impulsive force of solar radiation. M. Roche worked out the new problem, and found that in the direction pointing from the Sun, the limiting surface was not changed by the introduction of the new force; hence, the cometary matter should stream away as before, in the form of a tail; but in the direction pointing towards the Sun, the limiting surface of equilibrium, which was in the former analysis two parallel planes of indefinite length, became, under the action of the new force, of conical shape, so that the cometary matter, drawn forward by the Sun's gravitation, would be then bent back in conical shape by the impulsive force of the solar radiation, and, wrapped envelope-like about the nucleus, would then stream back and be united with the tail. This is what mathematical analysis proves should occur if the cometary matter, as it approaches perihelion, was acted upon by these forces by the mutual attraction of the particles of cometary matter, solar gravitation, and an impulsive force of solar radiation; and this accords perfectly with cometary phenomena, and was seen to occur in Halley's comet, on its return in 1835, in Donati's, in 1858, and in Coggia's comet, in 1874. The cometary matter was seen to rush first towards the Sun, and then to be folded back about the nucleus, and stream away towards the tail. But what is the force which thus acts antagonistic to solar gravitation, and bends back the cometary tail, which, under the action of the solar gravitation alone, should project towards the Sun?

CROOKES'S FORCE.

Various theories have been advanced. Olbers, Bessel, and Liais thought the force was electrical; but more recently, many think it is an impulsive force of solar radiation, and have labored with indefatigable zeal to establish its existence. Faye, Ruhmkorff, Fresnel, Bennet, Baden, Powell, and Forbes conducted lengthened investigations to establish the existence of this force. But the most eminent investigator of this interesting inquiry in physical science is Mr. Crookes, of London, who is the inventor of the famous radiometer, or light mill, in which the mechanical action of the solar rays was thought to be the motive power. Here is the little instrument which succeeded in deceiving the members of the Royal Society so, that at the conclusion of one of its sittings, there was a unanimous assent that Mr. Crookes had established the existence of a new force in solar radiation, and that besides the force of heat, light, chemical action, and electrical action, there was also present in the solar ray a power of producing directly a mechanical effect, that is, an impulsive force just such as we required to complete our theory of cometary tides, and to account for the formation of tails, fans, lateral projection, and of all other cometary phenomena. Prof. Stokes was present on the occasion, who is in Cambridge what Dr. Haughton is in Trinity, — their first man. Encouraged by his brilliant success, and by

the award of the Society's medal, Mr. Crookes continued his investigations, and thought he succeeded in weighing a beam of light. He constructed an exceedingly delicate torsion balance, and found that the flame of a candle, at twelve inches' distance, shining on two square inches of surface, produced in this balance a mechanical effect equal to the 444-millionth of a grain; this he called the weight of that beam of light. He said the mechanical effect of solar light was equal to the light of 1,000 candles. The mechanical effect, therefore, of solar light, on every two square inches of the Earth's surface, is equal to the 444-thousandth of a grain, that is, 32 grains in every square foot, two hundred weight on every acre, 57 tons on every square mile, and 3,000,000,000 tons on the whole Earth. If we had this force in solar radiation established, the phenomena of cometary tails were most satisfactorily explained. In the words of Mr. Crookes, we could reason from a pith ball to a celestial body, and substitute for the temperature of melting ice the cold of space, and for an artificial vacuum a stellar void. But recent investigations have cast grave doubts on the theory of Mr. Crookes, and seem to assign to other causes the effects which Mr. Crookes believed were produced by the direct mechanical action of radiation. Mr. Osborne Reynolds, on the Kinetic theory of gases, contends that motion is produced by condensation and evaporation at different sides of these fans. When the ray falls on the fan, evaporation sets in at its surface, and the expansion of the vapor propels the fan of the radiometer; similarly ice condenses the vapor, and the pressure of the vapor from the other side, where it is not condensed, propels the fan, and makes it follow the ice. Dr. Schuster applied the crucial test, and, I fear, so far at least, has shown that Mr. Crookes's experiments have failed to establish satisfactorily an impulsive force in solar radiation. Dr. Schuster made the fans of the radiometer fixed by means of a magnet, and floated the glass globe; and applying heat, as the fans could not move, the glass globe began to move in a contrary direction, which shows there is a reactionary force between the fans and the glass case enclosing them; and hence, the motion of the fans is not produced by the mechanical action of light, but by the expansion and condensation of the residual gas, *i. e.*, the gas which must remain in the glass after the most perfect exhaustion at present possible. The investigation of this most interesting point of physical science still continues, and the result of experiments conducted for the last twelve months by Mr. Stoney and Mr. Moss, and just laid before the Royal Society, tends to confirm the belief that the motion of the radiometer is produced by the reaction of the residual gas, and not by the impulsive force of radiation. Perhaps the most ingenious theory yet proposed to explain the phenomena of cometary tails is that put forward by Mr. Tyndall. He distinguished in solar radiation a threefold power. Solar radiation heats, illuminates, and produces chemical effects. The heating rays are confined chiefly to the red end of the spectrum; the illuminating rays occupy the central portion; whilst the actinic, or chemical rays are confined exclusively to the violet end. We know the violet rays are more refrangible and shorter, and it is to this property Mr. Tyndall appeals to explain their power of producing chemical effects. Chemical decomposition is caused by the cumulative force of the actinic ray, and in order that the force of the ray may accumulate, the strokes of the rays, if I may say so, must be repeated in unison with the vibrations of the chemical compound, — the intervals of the light waves must correspond with the intervals of the vibrations of the substance. This harmony exists only with the violet rays, and hence violet rays alone produce chemical changes. Adopting this theory, Mr. Tyndall

exhibited in his laboratory an experiment which he thinks explains the phenomena of cometary tails. He took an exhausted glass tube, and introduced into it a very small quantity of nitrate of amyl. The tube still appears a vacuum, but on permitting a strong beam of light to fall upon the nitrate of amyl, it is decomposed, and the tube is filled with what Mr. Tyndall calls a miniature actinic cloud. Let us see how, with his usual ingenuity and felicity of exposition, he applies this experiment to explain the formation of cometary tails. The tail of a comet, he says, is a cosmical cloud, caused by decomposition along the actinic rays, as they traverse the cometary atmosphere. At perihelion the tail is formed by the precipitation of new matter along the solar beam, and the whirling of the tail with such enormous velocity is accounted for without any motion of translation whatever. The tail is always turned from the Sun, and is developed and obliterated by two antagonistic forces in solar light, which he calls calorific and actinic. The actinic ray forms the tail, by precipitating the matter by decomposition. The calorific ray dissipates the tail by vaporization, just as the Sun's heat dissipates the mists of the morning. When the nucleus interposes, the calorific rays are absorbed, the actinic ray only passing through; hence, decomposition takes place in the shadow of the nucleus, and the tail is formed. As the nucleus moves on its orbit, the calorific rays fall upon the old tail, and dissipate it, and a new one is formed, as before, by the actinic rays in the shadow of the nucleus. By the preponderance of the actinic or calorific rays, Prof. Tyndall explains, or attempts to explain, the vignettes which project in front of the comet, the lateral streamers, and all the other features of cometary phenomena. In this theory, Mr. Tyndall does not explain the formation of the cometary nucleus: if formed like the tail, why is it not like the tail dissipated by the calorific rays? He does not explain why the nucleus stops the calorific rays, and permits the actinic rays to pass through. He cannot account for the curvature of the tail, nor for multiple tails, and still less for the tails which are projected towards the Sun, and are thus exposed to the full power of the calorific rays; and, finally, his theory supposes that the nucleus of a comet is surrounded by an atmosphere in all directions to the distance to which cometary tails extend, an hypothesis which we rejected when discussing Cardan's theory; and, finally, he supposes this atmosphere to consist of some peculiar chemical compound which the actinic ray decomposes. Cometary tails also expand beyond the shadow of the nucleus. These numerous assumptions seem to us to be fatal to the adoption of this theory, and unless Mr. Tyndall can offer some reasonable solution of these difficulties, founded not upon conjecture, but observation, I think his theory of cometary phenomena will never be received as a scientific hypothesis. There is yet another theory proposed by Prof. Tait, of Edinburgh, and it is the last to which I will refer. It is found in his lectures on the recent advances in physical science. He thinks the tail of a comet is a cloud of cosmical dust, illuminated by the light of the Sun, and appeals to Saturn's rings and the Zodiacal light as illustrations of his theory. Clerk Maxwell, in the Adam's Prize Essay, has proved that Saturn's rings could not be solid nor liquid matter, and must be formed of discrete masses of matter moving with a common velocity. Mr. Tait accounts for the bright line spectrum of comets by supposing the discrete masses of which they consist to move with unequal velocities, and to come into collision, and, like the impact of cannon shot, or of other bodies impinging with great velocity, to produce incandescence, fusion, or glowing vapors, and thus give the spectrum of cometary light. Cardan, a physician of Milan, proposed a theory of cometary tails which was adopted by Galileo,

and for a time by Kepler, and was elaborately explained by Saigey, in his work, *Physique du Globe*. The passage is found in Cardan's work: "De subtilitate qua fit, ut clare pateat cometum globum esse in ælo constitutum qui a sole illuminatus videtur et dum radii transeunt barbæ aut caudæ effigiem formant." Cardan thought the tail of a comet was condensed sunlight, refracted by the nucleus of the comet. If the nucleus is a double convex lens, as Cardan supposed, the divergence of the pencil is in the wrong direction. No matter how intense sunlight is, it remains invisible until it has something to shine upon; therefore, the rays of light refracted through the head of the comet could not form the appearance of a tail unless within the limits of a cometary atmosphere capable of reflecting sunlight. Cometary tails have extended two hundred millions of miles, and as we cannot suppose comets surrounded by atmosphere of such vast extent, we cannot receive Cardan's hypothesis. The nucleus of a comet appears to have no refracting power, for stars seen through it are not displaced in the slightest degree. There is a dark space behind the nucleus where the light should be brightest in Cardan's hypothesis. Kepler, Euler, and Laplace thought cometary tails were formed by the impulsive force of the Sun's rays. Olbers, Bessel, Herschel, and Liais thought that all cometary phenomena were produced by electrical forces. Heat develops electricity. The Earth, under the action of solar heat, is a vast thermoelectric pile, and by the electrical currents produced, becomes a vast electro-magnet. Similarly, the intense heat to which comets are exposed as they approach the perihelion point must develop in their mass vast electrical forces sufficient to account, they believe, for all cometary phenomena. Newton explained the development of cometary tails by supposing a resisting medium, in which cometary matter, as it was vaporized by the Sun's heat, was retarded in its velocity, remained behind the comet, and formed a tail, precisely as the smoke of a railway train streams behind when moving against a gentle current of air; but as the tail projects before the comet after perihelion, this hypothesis cannot be received.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN COMETS AND METEORS.

I must leave this part of the subject, where so much is conjecture and theory, and proceed to the concluding part of the lecture, the connection between comets and meteors, which is, perhaps, the most interesting discovery of recent times. There are at present 700 radiant points, which means that there are 700 meteor systems revolving about the Sun, which are visible from the Earth. The number of meteors, like the number of comets, which enter our atmosphere, is inconceivably great, and if such myriads cross that little line in space which constitutes the Earth's orbit, what must be the numbers scattered throughout the whole solar system? Mr. Stoney tells us 300 millions of meteors enter the Earth's atmosphere daily, of which 7½ millions are visible to the naked eye. Professor Newton, of New Haven, says the Earth, each year in her orbit, meets 2,700,000,000 meteors; and Mr. Proctor says, about 400,000,000 fall each year to the Earth. The largest meteorite ever known to have reached the Earth, if we except the meteoric masses found in Greenland, fell in South America, and weighed 15 tons. One fell in Siberia which weighed 2,000 lbs.; one fell at Kuyahinga, in Hungary, which weighed 800 lbs., and was accompanied by about 1,000 smaller meteorites, which were strewn over a space nine miles long and three miles wide. At L'Aigle, in Normandy, there was a shower of meteors on the 26th of April, 1803; 2,000 fell within a space of fourteen square miles. Meteors move with great velocity in their orbit, — about twenty-seven miles per second; and when they meet the Earth moving in an opposite direction with a

velocity of eighteen per second, they enter the atmosphere with the velocity of forty-five per second; their motion is retarded by the friction of the atmosphere, and is changed into heat. They become incandescent, and are changed into glowing vapor, which leaves that train of light across the sky which we call a falling star. The smaller ones are dissipated in the atmosphere, and the larger ones, which are not completely vaporized, reach the Earth. The report which is heard is not caused by any explosion of the meteorites, but by the concussion of the air in the vacuum, which is formed behind the meteor by its rapid motion through the atmosphere. Haidinger, a German, who wrote on the subject of meteors, explains the formation of the ball of fire which appears around the meteor, by supposing that the air becomes luminous, being condensed by the rapid motion of the meteorite. This compressed and luminous air rushes backward around the sides of the meteor, scintillating into a pear-shaped vacuum, formed behind the meteor by its rapid motion, and there appears as a ball of fire. This accounts also for the glowing train which meteors leave behind them in their path. Then either the motion of the meteor is arrested, and it falls to the Earth, or if a small one, it is vaporized and dissipated in the atmosphere, or it pursues its path, having penetrated the higher regions of the Earth's atmosphere. By knowing the distance of a meteor, and comparing its brightness with the brightness of a known quantity of ignited gas, astronomers approximately calculate the heat evolved by the combustion of the meteor. This heat is caused by the impeded motion, and is its measure, and the motion is measured by the product of the velocity and mass. Knowing the velocity, they thus obtained an approximate value for the mass of the meteor. In this manner they calculated that some of the August meteors weigh from five to eight pounds; but Schiaparelli says that the average weight is not more than fifteen grains. Nature, as if knowing we were going to speak on this subject, sent us a splendid specimen a few evenings ago; and Mr. Fenelon, who saw it, has supplied us with a very interesting drawing of the appearance it presented. I was not so fortunate as to see it, but I am informed that it moved from northeast to southwest. If so, it moved in the track of a brilliant meteor, which appeared November 6, 1869. This meteor of 1869 was seen in Galway, in Dublin, and along the west coast of England. It was at an altitude of about seventy miles. It moved with a velocity of thirty-eight miles per second, and disappeared about twenty miles south of Land's End. Dr. Burke, the vice-president, who saw the meteor, on Friday evening, says it dissolved like a rocket, and exhibited various tints of color. This appearance shows the meteor was vaporized and dissipated in the atmosphere. As meteors consist of several elementary substances, and as the glowing vapors of these elementary substances have each a different tint of color, white, red, pink, yellow, etc., hence whenever a meteor is vaporized in the atmosphere, all these hues must appear. One gentleman assured me the meteor returned on its path. This I must regard as an optical illusion. I could explain this appearance only in one way. A meteor leaves a train of glowing vapor in its track, sometimes seventy miles in length. This train of glowing vapor might be drifted by the wind, and cause an appearance as if the meteor left its path and pursued a different orbit.

M. Sorby, in a lecture at South Kensington, a few evenings since, says that some meteorites are like rocks consolidated from volcanic action, but that others are unlike anything met with on our Earth. In the crystals of meteorites he has found no case of fluid cavities, which are found in rocks of aqueous deposition, but many had glass cavities, which indicates their igneous origin. There are perfect glob-

ules of glass in meteorites, which are not found in igneous rocks or volcanic products, and indicate that the melted material of the meteorites was blown out into an atmosphere so hot as to keep the material melted until it assumed the globular shape. He found that the iron of meteorites was largely combined with carbon. For several years meteors have been objects of great interest, and occupied the attention of several distinguished astronomers. Prof. Newton, of New Haven, investigated the history of the November meteors, and traced their several successive returns back to the year 902. He determined more accurately their radiant point, and showed that they were moving around the Sun in one of five orbits; that this orbit was changed twenty-nine minutes every revolution by planetary perturbations; and that if the perturbations of these five different orbits were calculated, the calculation would determine which was the orbit the meteors really describe. Prof. Adams, of Cambridge, after months of labor, solved this most difficult and complex problem, and showed that the orbit of the meteors extends a little beyond the planet Uranus, and that the meteors describe it in thirty-three years and three months. The next great step in this wonderful discovery was made by Le Verrier, of Paris. Le Verrier, seeing that the orbit of the meteors intersects the orbit of Uranus, but, in consequence of its inclination, does not intersect the orbits of Saturn, Jupiter, or Mars, calculated back, and found that the planet Saturn and the meteoric shower were both at the intersection of their orbits in the year A. D. 126, and not since. We may suppose, therefore, that in this year a mass of nebulous matter, of which the comet and the meteors are formed, entered the Solar System in a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit, which, if it had not encountered the planet Uranus, would have carried it around the Sun in this direction, and again conducted it into the stellar depths. But just at this point the nebulous mass was met by the planet Uranus, and drawn from its parabolic or hyperbolic orbit, and, by the united attraction of the Sun and planet, was swung into this elliptical orbit which it has since continued to describe, making one revolution in thirty-three years and three months. The comet which accompanies this meteoric shower is called Temple's comet, from the name of its discoverer. It is fast passing into a stream of meteors; but the dissipation of the matter is still incomplete. The meteoric stream does not extend over the entire orbit, like the meteors of the August shower; hence, we infer that this cometary matter entered the Solar System more recently than the matter of the autumn meteors, because the autumn meteors extend over the whole orbit, and are encountered by the Earth each year on the 10th of August; but the November shower is not yet extended over the whole orbit, and is encountered by the Earth only once in every thirty-three years and a quarter. But this meteor stream is so long, that it is three years passing the nodal point of the Earth's orbit. It is 1,700 millions of miles long, and is three years marching past, at the enormous velocity of twenty-seven miles per second. Each year this meteoric shower will be more and more elongated, until, like the autumn meteors, it will extend around the whole orbit. The Earth will meet it then each year in its path, at the intersection of the Earth's orbit with the orbit of the meteors. And if these meteors were sufficiently close together, and sufficiently deep, they would be seen as a band of light around their whole orbit, like Saturn's rings; for Clerk Maxwell has proved that Saturn's rings consist of discrete masses, precisely analogous to meteors, but more closely packed together.

Schiaparelli, the director of the Observatory of Brera, near Milan, has identified the orbits of the August meteors and of the comet No. III., 1862. This comet also is dissipating its matter, and passing into a shower of me-

teors; but the dissipation is not yet complete, for the dense part still appears as a comet, and returns once every 120 years. But it is older than Temple's comet; the dissipation is more advanced, and the meteoric stream more elongated, for it extends over the whole orbit, whose major axis is 11,000 millions of miles long. The Earth meets this stream every 10th of August, and is six hours passing through it, moving with the velocity of 18 miles per second. This stream of meteors, therefore, must be nearly half a million of miles thick.

D'Arrest and Weis have also identified Beila's comet with the meteoric shower which the Earth encounters in its path on the 27th of November and first days of December. In the year 1798, on the 6th of December, the Earth encountered a meteoric shower at the nodal point of the orbit of Beila's comet; the comet was then moving in its orbit 200 millions of miles from the nodal point. Again, in 1838, the Earth encountered another meteoric shower at the nodal point of the orbit of Beila's comet. The comet was then approaching the nodal point, but was 300 millions of miles distant. Again, in 1872, the Earth, for the third time, encountered a meteoric shower at the nodal point of Beila's comet; but on this occasion the comet had passed the point, and was 200 millions of miles distant from it. We see, therefore, that Beila's comet is accompanied by a cluster of meteors, which project 3,000 millions of miles before the comet, and extend 200 millions of miles behind it, and that the whole stream is at least 500 millions of miles long. It was on the occasion of the Earth encountering the meteoric shower on the 27th November, 1872, that the interesting incident occurred between Prof. Klingerfues, of Göttingen, and Prof. Pogson, the director of the Observatory at Madras. Prof. Klingerfues, of Göttingen, observing the meteor shower of the 27th of November, 1872, and comparing it with those of 1838 and 1798, inferred that we were in close proximity to Beila's comet, and that the comet would be visible at an observatory sufficiently far south. He, therefore, sent a telegram to Pogson, director of the Observatory of Madras, *via* Russia, which arrived in an hour and a half. The telegram was: "Beila touched Earth on the 27th — search Theta Centauri." Pogson searched for the comet as directed, and said he saw it twice on the 2d and 3d of December. Whether Pogson saw Beila's comet is disputed among the learned; Tupeman, Oppolzer, Bruhns, and Hind holding various opinions on the point. If Beila was not seen by Pogson, it has not been seen since 1852, though its period is a little over six years.

Galle and Weis have also identified the orbit of the April meteors with the orbit of the comet of 1861; so that we have, therefore, the principal meteoric streams of August, November, April, and December, describing orbits which coincide with the orbits of four comets, — the comets of 1862, No. III., the comet of 1861, and Temple's and Beila's comets This fact strengthens the inference of Schiaparelli, that cosmical streams are the result of the dissolution of cometary bodies. Schiaparelli, director of the Observatory of Brera, near Milan, is the author of this most interesting discovery, which identifies comets and meteoric showers as portions of the same nebulous mass in different states of condensation. He co-ordinated the observations of Peters, of Altona, Bruhns, Oppolzer, of Vienna, and Le Verrier, and framed this interesting theory on the origin of meteoric showers. Nebulæ, says Schiaparelli, are cosmical matter in a state of extreme tenuity, in which there is yet no central point of concentration; they are also of vast extent. Thus, the nebula from which the Sun and the bodies of the Solar System were evolved when it extended to the orbit of Neptune, and filled all the intermediate space, was 258 million times less dense than atmospheric air, and the

nebula of Orion is a million times larger than the whole planetary world. M. Schiaparelli infers that comets and meteors are formed from masses of nebulous matter, drawn within the limits of the Solar System from interstellar space by the Sun's attraction; and he proved, by strict mathematical analysis, the fourth proposition of his thesis, "that whatever be the shape and size of the cosmical cloud, it cannot enter the central parts of the Solar System without being transformed into a parabolic current, which may occupy centuries, nay, thousands of years, in completing its perihelion passage in the form of a stream, extremely narrower in proportion to its length." Such streams, when the Earth encounters them in its annual revolution, present themselves as a shower of shooting stars, diverging from a common radiant point. And these shooting stars are, in reality, bodies of the same class as the fixed stars, and the term "falling stars" simply expresses the real truth. In this manner a nebulous mass is formed into a comet and a meteoric shower, which pays us a passing visit, or remains a permanent denizen of our system, as it describes a closed or an open curve around the Sun; and this will depend upon its initial velocity, its distance from the Sun, and the direction of its motion.

We have seen, in the case of Temple's comet and the November shower, that a nebulous mass which was describing an open curve was swung into an ellipse by the attraction of the planet Uranus. The same action of solar gravity which tended to elongate the nebulous mass, and transform it into a comet, still acts on the comet, — tends at each perihelion passage to dissipate the comet's matter and to change it into a ring of meteors; and the same force still continues to act on the cluster of meteors, and to elongate them more and more at each perihelion passage, until they are distributed along the entire orbit of the comet, and made, like the August shower, a complete ring of meteors: so that M. Schiaparelli's final conclusion is, that in the course of years the matter composing a comet which describes an orbit around the Sun must be dispersed over its whole path. "If the original orbit be elliptical, an elliptical ring of meteors will be gradually formed from the substance of the comet, of the same size and form as the original orbit." After comparing the comet of 1862, No. III., as computed by Oppolzer, of Vienna, and the orbit of August meteors, as computed by himself, Schiaparelli asserts that the comet of 1862, No. III., is no other than the remains of the comet out of which the meteoric ring of the 10th of August has been formed in the course of time. The portion of the cometary matter not yet dissipated returns once in every 120 years, and is seen from the Earth as a comet; but the meteoric ring, into which the matter of the comet is progressively being transformed, is seen only when the meteors enter the Earth's atmosphere, because the meteors are not sufficiently close together, being 460 miles apart, to become visible by the reflection of solar light. Schiaparelli reasoned similarly regarding the November meteors, and finally concluded: "It is worthy of remark that the two well-known meteor streams — those of August and November — have each their comet. Are we to suppose that it is the same with all the others? If so, we should be forced to regard these cosmical streams as the result of the dissolution of cometary bodies." Since these words were written by Schiaparelli, two other streams of meteors have been identified with comets, — the stream of the end of November and first days of December, with Beila's comet, and the April meteors with the comet of 1861: so that this conclusion of Schiaparelli seems almost irresistible. There are, however, some distinguished science scholars who dissent from this conclusion, who regard meteors of solar or stellar origin, and have devised a most ingenious theory

to account for the association of comets with meteoric showers. Mr. Johnston Stoney, in a most interesting paper read before the Astronomical Society, June 14, 1867, assuming that interstellar space is as thickly strewn with meteors as the space within the limits of the Solar System, says that a comet moving through interstellar space must aggregate to itself a vast cluster of meteors, for when they enter the cometary nebulosity, their motion will be retarded by the resisting medium; and if they are thus made to describe elliptical orbits in their paths around the comet, the orbit will be narrowed at each successive revolution, like the orbit of Encke's comet, until they are finally incorporated with the cometary mass. Coming, then, within the sphere of the Sun's attraction, like the comet and cluster of meteors which entered our system, A. D. 126, they would, if describing an elliptical orbit, be gradually elongated, and, like the August and November meteors, finally form a meteoric ring. I regret, however, I cannot assent to this most ingenious and beautiful theory. When I see comets approach our system from every point of the heavens, and that meteors pursue similar paths, inclined at every angle to the ecliptic; when I see all comets moving in orbits of great eccentricity, and that the orbits of meteor systems have the same characteristic; when I see interplanetary space studded with millions and millions of meteors, and see millions of comets entering our system to keep up the supply; when I see meteors moving in their orbits with cometary velocity, and find four comets followed in their orbits by meteoric showers; when I find, by mathematical analysis, that comets must dissipate their matter at each perihelion passage, and find, as a scientific truth, that the matter, when dissipated, must be condensed; when the spectroscope tells me that the tail of a comet is glowing vapor, and that carbon is largely present; when I find that carbon is largely combined with the meteors which have fallen to the Earth, according to M. Sorby's beautiful and searching analysis; when I can satisfactorily account for the absence of the lines of the iron, hydrogen, nickel, and of the other elements of meteoric matter, by the feebleness of cometary light, and can account for the presence of the carbon lines by the high illuminating power of carbon vapor; when I find the highest names in science regarding meteoric showers as the *débris* of comets, — I cannot resist the conviction that we have at length found a satisfactory solution of these wonderful phenomena. One principle, and one alone, is not yet satisfactorily established, — the existence of an impulsive force in solar radiation; but I venture to predict that the discovery of this force, or of an equivalent force, will repay the scientific ardor of the inquirers into this interesting point of physical science, and that the labors of Bennet, Fresnel, Forbes, Baden, Powel, Faye, Crookes, and Stoney will be crowned with success, and that the explanation of cometary phenomena will rest on the solid basis of scientific principles and mathematical analysis.

GORED BY A BULL.

A FARMER living near Livonia Station, named William Higgins, was gored by a bull owned by a neighbor, George Jackman, and so serious are his wounds that his death is momentarily expected. The infuriated beast took Mr. Higgins on his horns and attempted to upset a fence with him; failing in this, the beast threw him ten feet in the air and caught him as he fell. Thi is a more serious affair than that which occurred in a town not far from Boston. A bull attacked a Hibernian and tossed him over a fence. The bull began to tear up the earth, anxious to get at his victim again. The Hibernian remarked to his bullship: "If it was n't for your bowing and scraping, and humble apologies, faix, you brute, I 'd think you were in earnest."

AN IRISH MARTYR PRIEST.

The Universe, London.

THE recent arbitrary and unconstitutional arrest of the patriotic Father Sheehy, of Kilmallock, in the diocese of Limerick, showing that the "priest-hunter" is again abroad, has revived the memory of another Father Sheehy who, in 1766, was persecuted by relentless enemies even unto death. That holy martyr died on the scaffold in Clonmel, after a blasphemous scene of perjury which in bitter mockery was miscalled a trial, — a scene in which wretches who (to use Curran's terrible words of the informers of 1798) were ready to "dip the evangelists in blood," swore away the precious life of one of the noblest-hearted men of whom even the annals of the heroic priesthood of Ireland can boast. This disgraceful act occurred during the murky darkness of the penal days, when the grand old faith of Ireland was trodden under foot by a code of laws unequalled for barbarity in the annals of any nation in the world. As the latest clerical victim of English misrule in Ireland is said to claim kinship with the glorious martyr of Tipperary, it may not be out of place to sketch the leading facts connected with an event, the memory of which (though it took place 115 years ago) is still fresh amid the hills and vales of a noble country, gratefully enshrined in the hearts of the fellow-countrymen of the martyr-priest.

Father Nicholas Sheehy was born at Fethard, in the county of Tipperary, of parents who were in easy circumstances and were connected with several most respectable Catholic families. While still very young he was sent to France for education, as Catholics in Ireland were not then allowed to teach. This was one of the worst features of the infamous penal law, as it imposed shackles on the rising intellect of the land, and aimed a blow at the growing mind of a naturally gifted race. To colleges in France those Irish youths were chiefly sent whose parents were able to bear the expense, and thus it happenend that, at the time when the historic "Irish Brigade" was winning renown in many a hard-fought field where the shamrock and the lily were gloriously entwined, another Irish brigade was receiving that education in the halls of Louvain or St. Omer's from which by heartless laws they were debarred in their own native land. The link between Ireland and France was thus doubled, war and peace combining to strengthen the bond which even still links the two nations in a close and affectionate tie. In due time young Nicholas Sheehy, who was blessed with a vocation for the priesthood, was ordained and returned to Tipperary to discharge those sacred functions, the performance of which were so perilous in those dark and dismal days.

A few parish priests were, for certain cunning reasons of state, allowed by law to exist in Ireland; but for some time Father Sheehy, not having a parish, gave the consolations of religion secretly and with great danger to himself in some secluded glen or on some wild hillside. He was frequently arrested and tried, but by some accident always escaped conviction. At last, however, he was appointed to a parish, and entered on those duties, the fearless discharge of which endeared him to his people, but, unfortunately, at the same time roused the hatred of those whose miserable ambition it was to oppress their Catholic fellow-countrymen. Protestant ascendency was their god, and in order to support their alien creed they harassed the people with tithes, church-rates, "ministers' money," and other extortionate demands, while the landlords, being mostly Protestants, ground down their wretched tenants

with exorbitant rents. If a Catholic gentleman stepped forward to help his fellow-Catholics to resist any act of oppression, he was denounced as "disaffected," and, sooner or later, suffered persecution for his generous conduct.

Byron well says that "revenge and wrong bring forth their kind," and it is no wonder that the tyrannical conduct of the ascendency magistrates goaded some of the people into lawless acts. Accordingly it was about the time of which we write that the "Whiteboys" (so called from wearing a shirt over their clothes at night) commenced their unlawful work. Father Sheehy labored hard, and often with success, to prevent the terrible revenge which the Whiteboys sought to inflict upon the oppressors of the people. On one memorable occasion he, at great personal danger, saved a small military detachment from being massacred by a large body of infuriated Whiteboys who were thirsting for retaliation. Yet, strange to say, this did not appease those who had marked out the good priest for persecution. Several Protestant clergymen and other magistrates (for the parsons often held the commission of the peace) entered into a vile plot with some abandoned wretches, who were ready to swear anything for drink or money, to rob the Catholics of their protector and to rob that protector of his life.

The minute details of these fell and murderous machinations would occupy more space than we can afford. They will be found in Mrs. Sadlier's "Life of Father Sheehy" (Duffy, Dublin and London). A double-edged weapon was used, and two accusations — treason and complicity in murder — were concocted by the hellish conspirators. One of these was a magistrate named Bagwell, a circumstance of which a descendant of his heard more than he liked at a contested election a century after Father Sheehy suffered martydom for his people. When the good priest saw that perjured witnesses were ready to help his enemies to destroy him, he wrote to Dublin Castle offering to stand his trial in Dublin, where he had no personal enemies. His offer was accepted, and he proceeded under safe escort to the Irish metropolis. The Crown, however, had so little faith in the truth of the accusations against him, that he was allowed for nearly a year to walk about Dublin under a promise to surrender when called upon. He did so, and when tried on the charge of treason (because he was seen amongst Whiteboys, to whom he went to warn them against violence), he was, by the direction of an enlightened judge, at once acquitted. But his relentless enemies were resolved to have his life, and when he was acquitted of the charge of treason he was remanded to prison on the charge of being an accomplice in the murder of a man in Tipperary named Bridge, who some time before had been induced by torture to swear against the good priest. On this charge he was sent to Clonmel, and although there was no proof that any murder had taken place, which now would, of course, destroy the proceedings, his precious life was sworn away, and the noble-hearted Father Sheehy (whose witnesses were sent to prison by more perjury) suffered death as a felon in the front of Clonmel Jail. His head was severed from his body, and for many years it was exposed over the prison porch. The constant sight of this memorial of the martyred priest kept alive memories of injustice, perjury, intolerance, and oppression. At length it disappeared on one stormy night, having, it is said, been stolen by a devoted sister, who had watched long to secure the treasure. On this event a poet wrote some touching lines, supposed to be spoken by the priest's sister, beginning: —

"Head of the martyred priest, I now can hold thee,
Thus to my lips, and to my heart I fold thee!"

Father Sheehy's innocence was completely proved seven years after his execution. The man Bridge turned

up in Newfoundland, having been sent away before the priest was accused. The hallowed memory of the holy man so cruelly persecuted is still fondly cherished by the people of Tipperary as the memory of one who had the triple glory of being Priest, Patriot, and Martyr!

EXTRAORDINARY VERSATILITY OF WESTERN "DUSTERS."

A DAY or two ago a motherly looking woman of forty-five entered a Woodward Avenue clothing store, having a man's linen duster on her arm; and when approached by a salesman she said, "Some one in here sold this duster to my son, yesterday." "Yes, ma'am, I sold it myself," replied the clerk, as he looked at the garment. "Did you tell my son that this duster could be worn either to a picnic, funeral, bridal party, or quarterly meeting?" — "I did, ma'am, and so it can."—"Did you tell him it made a good fly-blanket when not otherwise needed?" — "I did." — "That it could be used as a boat sail, a stretcher, a straw bed, and a bed-spread?" — "Yes, ma'am, I did." — "And that many people used them as table-covers?" — "I did." — "And that they would last for years and then make an excellent rag carpet?" — "I did." — "And you only charged a dollar?" — "Only a dollar, ma'am." — "Well, when John came home last night and brought the duster, and told me all you said, I made up my mind that he must have been drunk, and I was a leetle afraid he stole the garment. I am glad it 's all right." — "It certainly is all right, ma'am, and since he was here yesterday we have discovered that the duster is a great conductor of sound, a preventive of sunstroke, and that no man with one on his back ever dropped dead of heart disease." — "Land save us!" she gasped, as she waited for the bundle; "but who knows that they won't fix-'em so 'fore long that they 'll raise a mortgage off the farm?" — *Detroit Free Press.*

OUR LADY'S MONTH.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASONS.

Cardinal Newman.

ALL is divine which the Highest has made,
Through the days that he wrought, till the day when he stayed;
Above and below, within and around,
From the centre of space to its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing, the universe smiled,
On the morn of its birth, like an innocent child,
Or like the rich bloom of some gorgeous flower;
And the Father rejoiced in the work of his power.

Yet worlds brighter still, and a brighter than those,
And a brighter again, he had made had he chose;
And you never could name that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources the Maker possessed.

But I know of one work of his infinite hand,
Which special and singular ever must stand;
So perfect, so pure, and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July and its passionate noon,
Munificent August, September serene,
Are together no match for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness when they are gone;
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first, and is pledge of the rest.

THE number of female graduates, or as they are styled by the papers "sweet girl graduates," turned out this year is unusually large. The country has a just reason to feel proud. Education has made within the last few years monstrous strides, and the nation's young men and women are becoming vastly intelligent, and soon we will not have a laborer in the land. There is nothing like education. It enables men or women to live without working and causes them to starve intelligently, winning the sympathies of neighbors on account of the adornments of some which they possessed. — *Lake Shore Visitor.*

PARNELL ON THE SITUATION.

The Land League was formed for the purpose of protecting our poor people against sentences of starvation. We were so far successful that we prevented the landlords by the force of public opinion, and not by terrorism and intimidation, as Mr. Forster has falsely represented, from evicting 1,300 out of 1,500 families, whose eviction Mr. Gladstone had anticipated. During the last six months of 1880 they turned out of their homes about 250 families. Mr. Forster, however, was disappointed at this result. In other words, he was jealous of the Land League because they had succeeded in doing what he and Mr. Gladstone undertook to do and were unable to do. He accordingly vowed vengeance against the Land League because they had saved those 1,200 or 1,300 from sentences of starvation. Parliament was called together early in January for the purpose of passing a coercion bill, which he said would enable him to assert the law of the land and put an end to the terrorism of the Land League. Well, it has enabled him to assert the law of the land, but it has not enabled him to put an end to the Land League. What has happened since? He so far humbugged Parliament as to obtain this bill from them on the supposition that it was directed against dissolute ruffians and scoundrels. We shall be told that a great measure of justice and concession to the Irish people is now occupying the attention of Parliament. If it were so, we should most willingly admit it. All Irishmen desire to see the land question settled. We desire to see it settled once and for all, and it is because the bill of the government lacks this element of finality; it is because it leaves the land question an open sore, that we have refused to make ourselves responsible for this measure, and to allow our position and that of the Irish people to be compromised by it, although we have offered no obstruction or opposition to it. Recollect the history of the land question in Ireland. The landlords were placed in Ireland centuries ago, and have lived at enmity with the people ever since, and they look to England for the maintenance of those unjust powers. They have remained there at enmity with the people from that time to this; and the cause of that war is that the landlords have claimed excessive rents, and the tenants have fought against them. But the landlords are still left to claim their excessive rents. Now, at the end of fifteen years we shall have the whole question raised again. We think that the least to be done is that the rents of the tenants should be definitely fixed once for all, and not be liable to come up as a source of dispute again in our country. But the government understands that so long as they can maintain a landlord class in antagonism with the rest of the people, so long will they be able to poison the minds of the English masses with false stories of agrarian outrages. Now, as to the establishment of the Ladies' Land League. A short while ago a rumor was spread about that the Irish Land League was to be forcibly suppressed, meaning that the secretaries, treasurers, and officers of the thousand and odd Land League branches throughout Ireland would be seized and put into prison if they ventured to persevere with open organization. Only two courses would then be open, — either that the Land League organization should be turned into a secret organization, or else that all attempts at organization should be given up. All of us who were engaged in the movement felt that we could not recommend the Irish people to betake themselves to any secret organization. Our officials all

over Ireland were willing to go into prison, and to fight the battle out openly and within the lines of the constitution, but we could not recommend the Irish people to betake themselves to secret organization as regards this land movement. The ladies then offered that in the event of all the branches of the men's organization being suppressed, they would carry on the organization as an open one until Mr. Forster had summoned up courage to put them in prison also. In this way we should probably have been enabled to have prolonged the fight for several months after the organization had been suppressed. Up to the present moment, although every indirect attempt has been made by arresting the most experienced members, no direct attempt has been made to suppress it as an organization, and therefore the full measure of usefulness of the Ladies' Land League has not yet come into operation. Up to the present they have simply confined themselves to looking after evicted families and taking care of the prisoners. Mr. Redmond told you that the cause of Ireland was very hopeful. That is so. I do not think anybody can look back and recall a time when the cause of Ireland appeared to be so near the goal of success as at the present moment. The sympathies of the thirteen millions of the Irish race in America are now practically enlisted on behalf of their mother country. That is of great importance to the success of a movement such as ours. In fact, I have reason to believe that that is the chief difficulty which the government feel in dealing with it. The Irish in America will be perfectly satisfied with whatever programme the inhabitants of Ireland may settle upon. We believe it is possible to abolish Irish landlordism. We believe we can get the Irish tenants to refuse to pay unjust rents, and to refuse to take farms from which other tenants have been evicted. We ask your help in this great struggle. It is exceedingly difficult to establish a healthy public opinion in England on any Irish question. It is one of the penalties which the English people have to pay through their undertaking to govern another nation. The money of the workingmen of England is being used at the present moment to inflict frightful cruelties upon the very poorest class in Ireland. I acquit the people of this country of any intentional desire to do wrong as regards the government of Ireland, but no nation ever had sufficient knowledge to govern another nation. Experience has shown us that the Liberals when out of office help us to prevent the Conservatives from obtaining coercive powers, and experience has shown also that when the Liberals came into office they united with the Conservatives to coerce Ireland. Therefore, as far as coercion is concerned, it is absolute protection to Ireland to have a Conservative government in power. And in view of a general election, which might occur at any moment, he would advise his fellow-countrymen, who had made such unexampled exertions to return the present Liberal government to power, to remember Father Sheehy, Michael Davitt, and John Dillon, and to execute justice upon the authors of the Coercion Acts of 1881. The Land League would not change one single inch from their platform. They felt confident they could carry it in its entirety, and they asked the Irish people at home and abroad to have confidence in them, and to trust in them; that if they had been able to bring the question to its present position, they should be able to carry it to a successful and glorious ending.

"GOING away this summer?" queried a bootblack of a fellow-mortal at the post-office yesterday. "Naw!" "Well, you need n't be so short about it." "Maybe I need n't, but the idea of our going off to Saratogy when we can't raise $10 to git dad out of the workhouse, does us injustice as a family."

THE END OF THE WORLD.

In spite of the words of Scripture that no man shall foretell the coming of the Lord, there are, it appears, many persons to give credence to the closing lines of Mother Shipton's prophecy, —

"That the end of the world will come
In the year eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

For another line,

"England shall be beaten by her own arms,"

we learn from a Cape newspaper that some of the Colonists see fulfilment in an episode of the late unhappy war in the Transvaal; namely, in the capture by the Boers at Bronker's Spruit, of the English manufactured weapons which were used by the rebels at Laing's Nek. Many people in the States and Canada were pretty badly frightened, particularly in the latter place, where the rush for the confessionals was so great that the priests could not hear all the confessions. The Montreal True Witness says on this subject: —

"The terrible 19th of June has come and has gone, and the earth swings as smoothly on its axis as before. Even Prof. Grimmer, if he has not committed suicide, is still alive, though perhaps disgusted at the non-fulfilment of his grim prophecy. Now that we feel pretty safe after the conjunction of the planets, it were useless to deny that a good many ignorant people, who are prone to believe in Mother Shipton and her commentators, were a good deal frightened during the hours that elapsed from Saturday at midnight until three o'clock on Sunday morning, and we can almost excuse the terror of Ottawa's enlightened citizens when they felt a shock of earthquake half an hour before the time when the world was to go into smash. It is a positive fact that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ordinarily sensible people, especially females, living in this good city of Montreal, refused to go to bed on Saturday night, lest they should be caught napping, until the dreaded hour passed by, and that consequently breakfast was late in a number of houses on Sunday morning. But what is to be done with those astronomers and professors and astrologers who play upon the systems of nervous people? What are our splendid lunatic asylums for if not to take charge of those moon-struck idiots, who, because they have learned enough to find out that certain planets will occupy a certain relative position towards our earth and the sun at a certain time, indulge in alarmist prophecies and drive foolish people as crazy as themselves? We would suggest that when next the 'prophets' go in for predictions, the authorities seize hold of them, and then if at the hour and minute specified their predictions are found to be false, their heads be at once struck off as a warning to future humbugs. This may seem bloodthirsty, but look at the numbers of people they drive into asylums for the insane, and then conscientiously name a lighter punishment."

The London Weekly Register regards it as an encouraging augury for the future of Europe that many of the Great Powers of Europe are anxious to re-establish diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Negotiations are still going on between Rome and Germany, and an ambassador from Russia has recently been received at the Vatican with all the formalities indicative that the Holy See has received assurances justifying the expectation that a more friendly attitude towards the Catholic religion will probably be adopted by the Russian government

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"That puts a different face on it," as the boy said when his ball struck the clock-dial.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF IRELAND.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, R. C. M. G.

THOSE who cannot have peace can at least have war, and during the contest between York and Lancaster, and in the still unsettled reign of Henry VII., the Irish pressed on the Pale with constant success. By one of those curious, and as it seemed providential, compensations which history discloses, the most successful leader of the most protracted conflict with the Pale was a descendant of MacMurrough, who brought in the Normans.[1] To him others succeeded with changeful fortune, but on the whole the natives prospered. Castle after castle, and town after town, pulled down the banner of St. George. When Henry VIII. was jousting in the Field of the Cloth of Gold within the English Pale in France, the English Pale in Ireland, which had once embraced six counties and stretched its offshoots deep into the South and deep into the North, was reduced to a territory which might be conveniently inspected in a morning's ride from Dublin Castle.

The Reformation suddenly changed the condition of the contest, and the parties to it. The English Crown, which claimed the lordship of Ireland under the authority of the Pope, was now at war with the Pope, and might be considered to have forfeited its original title. The little Parliament of the Pale, however, consisting chiefly of servants of the Crown, accepted the law already adopted in England, acknowledging the king as supreme spiritual head of the Church, and giving him complete control of its temporalities; and in another session barred the Pope's title by declaring Henry of right king of Ireland, and not merely Lord Paramount as theretofore.

The officials of the Pale might pleasure his highness, but the Irish and the old English were of a different temper. He could call himself king if he thought proper, but his pretension to determine such inflammatory questions as the mass, the sacraments, and the primacy of the Holy See the bulk of neither race would tolerate. Strange stories of Henry's levity and cruelty, of his plunder of religious houses, and of his ill-regulated passion for new wives and new opinions, came across the channel; and we may well believe that when this strange claim was canvassed at the board, or announced from the altar, it was heard with some such mixture of contempt and horror as the revelation of Mormonism excited in our own day among a people less prone than the Irish to reverence or enthusiasm.[2]

After the brief reign of Edward VI., the throne once again was filled by a Catholic sovereign. She employed herself hanging and burning the followers of the new faith, as her father had hanged and burned the followers of the old faith. In Dublin the Catholics were restored to power, and used their authority with singular forbearance. It is a fact, which stands alone in the history of that troubled century in Europe, that during the whole reign no Protestant in Ireland suffered death for his opinions. But so little did religion modify the fundamental relations between the two countries, that Catholic Mary and Catholic Philip confiscated the native lands in a wide district of Leinster, which still retains the names of the Queen's County and the King's County in memory of that transaction. Mary has left an odious reputation, and the

[1] Art. Kavanagh.

[2] This is not the last judgment pronounced on the subject. Writers of great authority, in our own time, declare that the Irish ought to have accepted the Reformation, and that they have been justly punished by all that ensued for their perversity in refusing to accept it. Our deference to the opinions of these eminent persons on the point is disturbed by a doubt whether after two centuries and a half further experience they accept a tittle of it themselves, or regard the authority of Henry and Cranmer with any more respect, at bottom, than the authority of Joe Smith and Orson Pratt.

horror excited by her cruelties is made a reproach to this day against the only people who, having power, did not imitate them.

The religious quarrel smouldered, or only broke out in turmoils till the time of Elizabeth. Laws were made to compel conformity, but they were ill-enforced; preachers of the new creed were appointed to convert the people, but they clung to the Pale and the strong towns; which the king knew how to convert without their assistance. Elizabeth, however, determined that all Ireland must be brought to submission, and two wars of unprecedented fierceness and duration were the result. The Geraldines, the most powerful of the Anglo-Norman barons, took the field in Desmond, and were joined by the bulk of the native chiefs in that ancient territory, but they had no concert with the Irish princes in the North, who sat still and aided neither party. The chiefs of Desmond maintained the contest with varying fortune for several years. The first English army was destroyed in two or three campaigns, but another was got on foot to take its place, and an expenditure, which for that age was enormous, incurred to equip it sufficiently. Carew, a stern, skilful soldier, was the commander in Munster, and partly by successful fighting, partly by unscrupulous intrigue, of which also he was a master, brought the war to a close. How he improved his victory in the interest of the Queen and the Church may still be read in his own triumphant language in the *Pacata Hibernia*. If the Mohawks had chronicles they could scarce match the grim enjoyment with which the tale of horrors is told. To comprehend the devastations inflicted on Munster, the reader will have to recall the atrocities in Bulgaria over which humanity shuddered in our own day. Old and young, men and women, were butchered indiscriminately. "Blind and feeble men, boys and girls, sick persons, idiots and old people," are enumerated in the Irish annals as among the slain. Those whom the sword could not reach, were deliberately given a prey to famine. The cattle were everywhere killed or driven away into strong places, and the crops and houses delivered to the flames. One of Carew's lieutenants boasted that in a wide and fertile district, he had left neither horn nor corn nor house unburned. When every show of resistance ceased, the slaughter did not cease. It is still only by modern examples that the spirit and scope of this war extermination can be understood. A French marshal in our day who stifled with smoke and fire a tribe of Arabs sheltering in a cavern, is denounced as a monster, but this device was repeatedly anticipated in the Desmond war by the soldiers of Elizabeth. More men, women, and children were killed by starvation in pursuance of the orders of the Lord President, when there was no longer an Irish soldier in arms, than perished in the three French revolutions by the crimes of the Jacobins, the Reds, and the Communists. Half the population of the island was destroyed, and Ireland was pronounced to be "pacified"; as in later times "peace reigned in Warsaw." [1]

Under the Tudors the assent of the sovereign was not a figure of speech; Elizabeth, the haughtiest and most exacting of a jealous race, personally scrutinized and sanctioned the measures adopted. She sent her thanks and even her blessings to her "faithful George," for his good services among the Munster Papists. Let the reader note how hard it is, even at this day, to harmonize the opinion of the two nations. These were the golden days of good Queen Bess, when the gallant Raleigh flourished as a type of adventurous chivalry, and Edmund Spenser was the greatest

[1] A single specimen of the *Pacata Hibernia* will suffice to indicate its character. An English expedition entered an Irish camp where, says the chronicler, "they found none but hurt and sick men, whose pains and lives by the soldiers were soon determined."

but one of the poets who have made the age illustrious. But the gallant Raleigh was in Munster during these transactions hunting for Irish lands; he got forty thousand acres of the Desmond confiscation, and paid for them by services worthy of Nina Saib; and the poet who was in attendance on his patron to pick up the scraps and fragments, got also a scanty meal of forfeited lands, and rivalled Giraldus Cambrensis in eagerness to serve the adventurers with the pen which wrote the Faëry Queen. Of the daughters of Henry, one has descended to posterity branded by the wrath of her subjects with the infamous title of the "bloody queen"; but it was not the lady who left Desmond without horn or corn or rooftree upstanding; she we know was the grace and glory of her age.[1]

When the Desmond war was long finished and a half million of acres of forfeited land distributed among the successful soldiers and their camp-followers, the northern chiefs renewed the contest on their own account. This time it was the Celt who took the field, and the half of the island which the former wars had scarcely reached was called to arms. The leaders of the northern revolt were the hereditary princes of Ulster, O'Neill, and O'Donnell.[2] Hugh O'Neill, who by age and capacity was the natural head of the confederacy, defeated the English in two great battles, and the whole of the north fell under his sway. He marched into Munster, and the remnant of the Irish clans, still left after the Desmond massacre, joined him. Elizabeth sent Essex against him with a great force, but Essex accomplished nothing, and returned to London to disgrace and death. Philip of Spain sent some help in men and arms, but help so feeble and tardy and under a leader so pretentious and exacting that it proved a painful embarrassment in the end. At length the Lord Deputy proposed terms which O'Neill deemed he could honorably accept. He and his allies were taken into the Queen's favor, confirmed in their possessions, and the free exercise of their religion guaranteed to them. Hugh was to lay down his title of the O'Neill, and content himself with that of Earl of Tyrone, while O'Donnell, in lieu of his Celtic chieftancy, became Earl of Tyrconnell; and it was conditioned that in future English sheriffs were to frame panels, and English judges to expound the law throughout Ulster, and the chiefs were to hold their land directly from the crown. There was great rage among the soldiers and officials of Dublin that there were no lands to be distributed after all. But there were better things in store for them than they thought of.[1]

While the submission of O'Neill was being completed, James I. came to the throne. There was great joy

[1] After describing scenes which he witnessed when the war was over, when the fugitives came creeping "out of every corner of the woods and glynnes on their hands, for their legges would not bear them," and for food "they did eat the dead carrion happy where they could finde them, yea and one another soon after," — the gentle Edmund proposes as a happy method of making an end of the race much sooner than could be otherwise hoped for, that they should not be permitted to till their land or pasture their cattle next season, and thereupon he felt assured "they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another."

[2] For the curious training of O'Neill and O'Donnell respectively, see a note at the end of the chapter.

[1] The substitution of a feudal tenure for the native *gavelkinde* (the tenure of the not utterly barbarous county of Kent to this day) had long been a main object with English statesmen. Henry strove hard for it. He desired, according to the eminent historian whom I have already quoted, "to change the loose order of inheritance for an orderly succession," and to confer upon the chiefs "a legitimate jurisdiction derived from the king"; for it was the interests of the chiefs the bountiful prince had in view. But while they had arms in their hands, there was no persuading the perverse Celts to accept this royal benevolence; now, however, the reform was duly accomplished. Under the Celtic tenure a chief was only joint owner with the clan; by this change he became in the eye of the English law absolute proprietor of the soil. It was a boon, like that which Satan in popular fable bestows on his dupes. When the chief possessed only a life interest, he could forfeit in case of attainder only a life interest; when he became proprietor in fee, he would forfeit the estate; and in good time, three fourths of the soil of Ireland was confiscated to the Crown under the operation of this royal bounty. With the sept it fared still worse than the chief; at one stroke from joint owners of the tribal lands they were reduced to the condition of tenants at will, and deprived of an inheritance to which their title was as good in the court of conscience as Elizabeth's to the throne of Henry. And tenants at will, for the most part, they remain to this day.

in Ireland at the accession of the young King of Scots, for while he was still a pretender he had assiduously cultivated the good-will of the Irish, as a prince of their own Milesian stock, and the son of a queen who was reputed to have died a martyr for the Catholic faith. Now, it might be hoped, the nation would have fair play at least, and even perhaps a gleam of court favor. But his English counsellors knew that he could scarce hold the English throne if he made concessions to Ireland, and one of his earliest acts was a proclamation announcing that liberty of conscience he could not grant. But though religious liberty must be refused, English law would be introduced to every part of the island, the sword be sheathed, and every man indiscriminately taken into the favor of the king's majesty.[1] In this happy era the Irish were destined to learn how much more destructive an instrument than the sword that was sheathed in the ink-horn, when it is placed on the council board to frame Acts of Parliament and orders in council. Though gallant adventurers could no longer, in the language of the *Pacata Hibernia*, "have the killing of some Irish" as a morning's pastime, they might still, if they were skilful, enjoy much the same recreation in the way of devising beneficial measures for the country.

Before quitting the Middle Ages it will be instructive to note, that during the era of the Tudors, their agents in Dublin Castle habitually practised arts which we are taught to associate exclusively with Italian nobles and Eastern despots. To cut off dangerous chiefs, some were trapped by proffers of friendship and made prisoners for life, some were poisoned with gifts of wine or food sent to them with profuse pledges of friendship; others were slaughtered on their own hearths in the exercise of hospitality to their assassins, and many were inveigled to public conferences that they might be more conveniently murdered in batches. Not the Irish annals alone, but the state papers of the period supply conclusive evidence of this system, and of the official authority under which it was practised. It helped, doubtless, to stamp on the native mind an ideal or Sassenach duplicity which Englishmen find revolting and incredible.

In the transactions now to be briefly described, and which form the foundations of our modern history, English writers in general are agreed that the paramount nation exhibited singular wisdom and benevolence. Through constantly changing and troubled times they were always right; right when they did in Ireland the exact reverse of what they were accustomed to do at home; right, by a singular good fortune, when they disregarded rules of morality and justice, which elsewhere are of permanent authority.

Lord Bacon was of opinion that a large settlement of English husbandmen in Ireland, able to guard as well as to till the land, would help to secure the interest of the Crown; the only question was where to plant them. O'Neill and Tyrconnell had proved dangerous adversaries; they possessed a fertile territory, and as their "loose order of inheritance" had been changed into "an orderly succession," they were quite ripe for confiscation. But they had been ostentatiously received into favor at the close of the late war, and some decent pretence for destroying them so soon was indispensable. It was found in a letter conveniently dropped in the precincts of Dublin Castle, disclosing a new conspiracy. Of a conspiracy there was not then, and has not been since discovered, any evidence worth recording; but where so noble a booty was to be distributed by the Crown, one can conceive how ill-timed and disloyal any doubt of their treason would have appeared at the

[1] Sir John Davies. It was at the opening of this new era that Sir John, then Attorney-General, made the conclusive admission regarding the previous government of the country.

Court of James, or of the Lord Deputy. They were proclaimed traitors, and fled to the Continent to solicit aid from the Catholic powers.[1] Without delay, James and his counsellors set to work. The king applied to the city of London to take up the lands of the wild Irish. They were well watered, he assured them, plentifully supplied with fuel, with good store of all the necessaries for man's sustenance; and, moreover, yielded timber, hides, tallow, canvas, and cordage for the purposes of commerce. The companies of Skinners, Fishmongers, Haberdashers, Vintners and the like, thereupon became Absentee Proprietors, and have drawn Irish rents from that day to this. Six counties in Ulster were confiscated, and not merely the chiefs, but the entire population dispossessed. The fruitful plains of Armagh, the rich, pastoral glens that lie between the sheltering hills of Antrim, the undulating meadow land stretching by the noble lakes and rivers of Fermanagh, passed from the race which had possessed them since before the redemption of mankind. It is not difficult to see in imagination the old race, broken by battle and suffering, and deprived, by a trick of state, of their hereditary chiefs, retiring slowly and with bitter hearts before the stranger. The alluvial lands were given to English courtiers whom the Scotch king found it necessary to placate, and to Scotch partisans whom he dared not reward in England. The peasants, driven out of the tribal lands to burrow in the hills or bogs, were not treated according to any law known among civilized men. Under Celtic tenure, the treason of the chief, if he committed treason, affected them no more than the offences of a tenant for life affect a remainder-man in our modern practice. Under the feudal system they were innocent feudatories who would pass with the forfeited land to the Crown, with all their personal rights undisturbed. It was in this manner that the famous plantation of Ulster was founded.

The method of settlement is stated with commendable simplicity by the latest historian. The "Plantators" got all the land worth their having; what was not worth their having — the barren mountains and trackless morass, which after two centuries still in many cases yield no human food — were left to those who in the language of an Act of Parliament of the period were "natives of the realm of Irish blood, being descended from those who did inherit and possess the land." The confiscated territory amounted to two millions of acres. "Of these, a million and a half," says Mr. Froude, "bog, forest, and mountain, were restored to the Irish. The half million acres of fertile land were settled with families of Scottish and English Protestants." The natives were not altogether content with this arrangement, and their perversity has been visited with eloquent censure by indignant critics down to our own day. There is reason to believe, however, that if a settlement of Irish Catholics had been made in England by Mary or James II., on whom the best lands of Norfolk and Suffolk, Essex and Sussex, Kent and Surrey, were bestowed, while the English were left only the forest, mountain, and morass, that that just and temperate people would not have entirely approved of the transaction, and might even be tempted to call it in question when an opportunity offered.

[1] In his "Flight of the Earls," the Rev. C. P. Meehan has painted with singular power and feeling the adventures of O'Neill and his associates at foreign courts, beseeching help in vain; till at length, weary of the hopeless task, one after another laid down his weary head in a foreign grave. It may be noted that the precise offence imputed to the chiefs to justify an enormous confiscation was soliciting aid against their lawful sovereign from Philip of Spain. James, who considered this offence worthy of so signal a punishment, received agents in his own Court from the Netherlands, soliciting his aid against the same Philip, who was the lawful sovereign of Flanders and Brabant quite as much as James was lawful sovereign of Tyrone or Tyrconnell. But one learns from a study of Anglo-Irish history to discriminate. When a Catholic nation invites the assistance of a Catholic prince, they are perverse rebels, properly punished with the heaviest penalties; but when a Protestant nation invites the assistance of a Protestant prince, they are generous patriots, vindicating the rights of conscience and of their native country.

The new-comers have been painted in unfavorable colors by critics not unfriendly to the plantation. In many cases they were good soldiers or skilful husbandmen, who under more favorable conditions would have been an element of strength to the country. But the settlement had the fever of usurpation upon it. The rightful owners were forthcoming, and the planters held by no higher title than naked force; good as long as the force was on their side, but no longer. Fences were erected, fruit trees planted, simple churches built, and after a time white-walled bawns rose in the midst of waving cornfields and rosy orchards. It was a pleasant sight to see them; but within a gunshot of the gay harvest and garden, the remnant of the native race, to whom the land had descended since the Redemption, were pining in misery and bitter discontent. The barren hills or frozen bogs to which they were banished yielded little food except the milk of their kine. "The mountany men," so the new settlers contemptuously named them, would have been more magnanimous than any race who have lived on this globe, if they acquiesced patiently in the transfer. They could not forget, any more than their kinsmen in the Scottish Highlands, that

> "The fertile plain, the softened vale,
> Were once the birthright of the Gael." [1]

If their efforts to "spoil the spoiler," [2] and "from the robber rend his prey," [3] do not thrill sympathetic boudoirs, and if the scenes of their exploits are not in the annual haunt of sentimental tourists, it is not because the exploits were different from those so favored, but because an adequate poet has not yet arisen to interpret them to mankind.[4]

The abolition of the loose method of inheritance (by which Irish lands used to pass to the right owners) was followed by another amelioration, without which it would have been incomplete. When a Catholic proprietor died, leaving children under age, the king, like a true father of his people, undertook the charge of the orphans. A Court of Wards was established for the purpose, and as James could not get a wife out of Spain for his son, on which condition he was ready to "kiss the Pope's panteufle," he became an ardent Reformer, and it was ordered that the children should be strictly educated in the Reformed religion. If they were girls they were provided with Protestant husbands by James of Buckingham. This device proved a most successful stroke of state policy, and with the favors and blandishments of the Court judiciously distributed, did more than the laws of Henry and Elizabeth to win over the old families. Education is stronger than natural instincts or inherited opinions. The Janissaries were Christian orphans, trained to be Mussulmen by the Sultan, and the most remorseless enemies of the Celt in the next generation were O'Briens and Butlers, Fitzgeralds and Burkes, who became more English than the English themselves.

The experiment in Ulster naturally provoked imitation. Charles I. was as eager to plant as his father. He was represented in Ireland by a trenchant Lord Deputy, remembered in that country as "Black Tom," and memorable in English history as Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. Wentworth resolved to make a settlement in Connaught to rival the settlement in Ulster. The first business was to clear out the owners in possession. The wildest inventions in "Candid," intended to illustrate human absurdity and wickedness, will not match the pretences on which the forfeiture of these estates was founded. In the

[1] Lady of the Lake. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] Such a poet may perhaps arise in unexpected places; for the Irish struggle has exercised a strange fascination over young, imaginative Englishmen. Lord Macaulay began his splendid experiment in ballad poetry by singing the Celtic resistance to the invasion of Strongbow; Lord Lytton's first published poem, "O'Neill," had for its hero that unconquerable Hugh who so long baffled the arms of Elizabeth; and Southey has celebrated with passionate sympathy Robert Emmet, the last Irish rebel who gave his life for his cause.

previous reign, when the king substituted "an orderly succession" for the Celtic method, the Connaught proprietors had duly submitted and paid him a heavy fine to have their new patents enrolled in Chancery. The officers of the Court, wilfully or ignorantly, omitted to make the proper entries in their books; and this misfeasance was declared by Court lawyers to have forfeited the lands of the province to the king. It is a maxim that no man can profit by his own fraud; but maxims are not made to bind sovereign princes. As the blessing of English law had been extended to the whole nation, it was necessary that this opinion should be confirmed by the judgment of a Court and the verdict of a jury. If a dozen of his fellow-countrymen found a Connaught proprietor's title bad, calumny itself must be mute. Wentworth marched to the West at the head of a formidable military force, as "good lookers-on," he said, and accompanied by the necessary retinue of judges and lawyers to perform the judicial ceremony. Some of the juries were frightened into verdicts; some were wheedled into them, for to sharpen the persuasive power of the judges, Wentworth secretly gave these learned personages a percentage on the forfeitures. But in Galway the juries were of opinion that, notwithstanding the misconduct of the officers of Chancery, the land did not belong to the king, but to the owners, and found accordingly. Wentworth's method of encountering this difficulty may help to mitigate our surprise that the Irish people did not cordially love the system of jurisprudence which has undoubtedly secured equal justice to many generations of Englishmen. The jurors who found a verdict according to their conscience, and not according to the wishes of the Lord Deputy, were immediately brought before the Castle Chamber in Dublin, and fined £4,000 each, and their estates seized till the fine was paid; a penalty the equivalent of which would impoverish many a noble of the present day. The sheriff who summoned the jurors was dealt with in a more decisive fashion; he was first fined and then flung into prison, where he was kept till he died of the process: an example to future officials to array their panels more discreetly.[1]

Nearly a generation had elapsed since the Plantation of Ulster, when the troubles between Charles and his Parliament approached a crisis. The Scots rose against the king and invaded England in the interest of the Opposition, and Charles summoned to his aid the army which Wentworth maintained in Ireland; an army recruited in part from Irish Catholics. In the House of Commons this project evoked a storm of resistance. It was permissible to call a Scottish army into England, and it was a natural right, which no one would be mad enough

[1] This was not Strafford's only experiment in manipulating juries. The House of Commons, on the occasion of his impeachment, cited among the catalogue of his offences in Ireland "That jurors who gave their verdict according to their consciences, were censured in the Castle Chamber, in great fines; sometimes pilloried, with loss of ears, and bored through the tongue, and sometimes marked in the forehead with other infamous punishments." Strafford, who was a wise tyrant, did other work in Ireland, however. He got flax-seed from Holland, and workmen from Belgium, and fostered a linen trade among the plantators, which is prosperous to our day. Fortunately for Ulster linen was not a staple of England. Strafford's most notable proceeding is still to be mentioned. Though Charles's character as a compound of egotism and faithlessness is one of the most familiar studies in English history, it may borrow a characteristic touch from Irish records. Before these transactions he appealed in sore distress to his Irish subjects for a grant of money; the Catholics took his wants into consideration, and offered the sum of £120,000, provided that no proprietor sixty years in undisturbed possession should be troubled respecting this title; and that Catholics should be allowed to practise as barristers without taking the oath of supremacy. Charles took the money and promised the graces (as they were named) which they desired. The Puritans, however, grew daily stronger, and to keep the promise of tolerating Popery even in so small a matter as not cheating them out of their estates, soon became inconvenient. Some of the bishops of the Irish Establishment transmitted a fierce remonstrance to England against any concession to Catholics, and as Charles was a good Churchman and loved his bishops, he was sorely perplexed; but above all there was the glory and profit of making a plantation of Connaught no longer possible if he kept his word. Wentworth saw an easy way out of the difficulty; let him simply not keep his word; and he, for his part, was willing to assist so worthy a purpose by bearing all the blame. Charles's whole character is painted in the two facts, that he broke his promise without scruple after he had spent the money, and thankfully accepted Strafford's offer to stand between him and the infamy he had incurred.

to dispute, to send an English army into Ireland: but if an Irish army were brought into England, on any pretence whatever, that was an outrage sufficient to release subjects from their allegiance. The Irish, who did not quite see the force of this distinction, began to bestir themselves. They heard of threats in the Commons that Popery must be extirpated; Pym, the leader of the Puritans in the House of Commons, boasted, it was said, that Parliament would not leave a Papist in Ireland; they noted the successful rebellion of the Scots, they saw their old enemies in conflict, and the time seemed propitious to regain their ancient lands, and to save such as remained from obsequious judges and panic-stricken juries. Roger Moore, a man greatly gifted both to project and to persuade, and whom contemporaries of all parties pronounce of unblemished honor, brought leading men together, kindled them with his own convictions, and in fine there was now a genuine conspiracy on foot to seize the seat of government, and summon the Irish race to arms. The servant of one of the conspirators betrayed his master, several of the leaders were seized, and the government in Dublin put effectually on their guard. But the North was beyond their control. There the clans who were pillaged by James, or their immediate descendants, rose on an autumn night, forty thousand strong, led by Sir Phelim O'Neill and other chiefs of their own blood, drove out the English and Scotch settlers, and repossessed themselves of their ancient tribal lands. This is the transaction known to the English writers as the "Great Popish Rebellion" and the "Popish Massacre." By whatever contumelious nickname it may be branded, what happened in Ireland is what would have happened in any branch of the human family. When a favorable opportunity offered, they "spoiled the spoiler." So the Saxons dealt with their Norman conquerors, as far as their power and opportunity permitted, and the Dutch with their Spanish conquerors, and the Sicilians with their French conquerors. Though there were dreadful excesses committed by both parties in the end, it is certain beyond all controversy that the first aim of the Irish was to regain their own without any sacrifice of life. On the night of the rising, and during the six days that followed, only one man was killed; a fact which stamps with complete certainty their original purpose. When blood is shed, it is like kindling the prairie; no one can any longer pretend to limit the devastation. But there are some signal instances of moderation; certain priests, it is recorded, concealed fugitives under their altars;[1] and a bishop of the Protestant Establishment, who had distinguished himself by humane conduct in his day of power, was permitted, in the very focus of the insurrection, to fill his house with English settlers, and sheltered them from all molestation. The contemporary accounts of the transaction are quite as untrustworthy as the narratives of Titus Oates and his confederates. The settlers depended absolutely on the support of England for maintaining their position. Many of them had suffered grievously, and the remainder were in danger of losing the fruit of all their toil and enterprise. What sort of stories they sent to Westminster under such circumstances, to inflame the zeal of their partisans, may be conceived. All Puritan England was ready to believe, and eager to hear, new marvels of Irish iniquity. Pious tears and rage were excited by a description of the ghosts of murdered Protestants appearing in broad daylight, day after day, on the bridge of Portadown, wringing their hands and uttering piercing shrieks for an avenger. One peculiarly stubborn ghost held its

[1] Leland's "History of Ireland." Leland was a Professor of Trinity College, Dublin, and a Chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant in the time of George III. The Scotch were treated with peculiar forbearance. The Irish made proclamation, on pain of death, that no Scotsman should be molested in body, goods, or lands.—Carte's "Ormond," I. 178.

ground for more than a month. A bishop was among the witnesses of these impressive facts; which exhibited, as one can conceive, heaven itself among the allies of the plantators. The theory finally adopted, by English and Anglo-Irish writers generally, with respect to this transaction, when the clouds of prejudice and misrepresentation were blown away, is perplexing to human reason. To seize the hereditary lands of the Irish race, and drive out the inhabitants from the pastoral valleys and rich alluvial plains which they and theirs had enjoyed since the dawn of history, was a wise stroke of statesmanship, it seems: but to seize the same lands occupied for a single generation by English settlers, and drive out the inhabitants, in order to replace the original population in their own possessions, was a crime of incredible greed and cruelty. Fairly judged at this day, it must be admitted that the transfer of the land back to its original owners was made with as little premeditated violence as in any agrarian revolution with which it can be fairly brought into comparison. Bloody reprisals were the custom of the age. In the Netherlands, in Italy, and in France, the faction of the Catholics and the faction of the Reformers killed and ravaged without remorse. That a race whose chiefs had been trapped like wild beasts, or assassinated in the very offices of hospitality, among whom the tragedy of the "Pacata Hibernia," and the kindred tragedy of the Plantation were performed, should have been stung into no deadlier a humor will be forever a marvel to men who have studied human history and human nature. The outrages shamefully exaggerated were no part of the original design. The rising, when it fell under the guidance of Roger O'Moore, finally swelled into a revolution, had its Parliament at Kilkenny, to which Charles sent ambassadors, and its armies in the field, to which, in the end, he would gladly have committed his cause, and conducted its measures with notable clemency and moderation.[1]

In the Irish Parliament, called the Confederation of Kilkenny, the Catholics of both races were fully represented. Owen O'Neill, known in Irish annals as Owen Roe, a soldier who had acquired skill and experience in the armies of Spain, came to the aid of his countrymen. Throughout the war he exhibited sagacity, soldiership, and patriotism, but he was constantly thwarted by the Anglo-Irish, who were more solicitous for the security of Charles than for the rights of the nation. It is the glory of Hampden and Falkland to have loved England better than they loved the king; and Owen Roe certainly loved Ireland better than he loved the king. The pope sent a nuncio to aid the Irish with his advice, and with the nuncio came some help in money and arms. It is not necessary to follow through its varying fortunes a war which the Confederate Catholics maintained for six stormy years.[2] They were fighting for freedom of conscience, as the Scots at the same time were fighting for it; as the Dutch, somewhat earlier, had fought for it. They did not succeed in escaping from bondage, but the wrath of their keepers at the attempt deserves the sympathy of mankind in the same

[1] Unless on the hypothesis that there is a separate scheme of divine and human justice, and a separate law of nature applicable to Ireland, it is difficult to account for the contradictory judgment which a man ordinarily so wise and just as Mr. Carlyle applies to nearly identical circumstances in Ireland and France. In Ireland, the agricultural population, driven wild by pillage and oppression, rose and repossessed themselves of lands recently taken from them, and in the process committed and endured cruel excesses: in France, the agricultural population, also long oppressed and pillaged, rose and burned the chateaux of the noblesse, who had possessed them for centuries, killed the owners wherever they could find them, and when their partisans were in prison, rose in conjunction with a city mob, and murdered them in cold blood. Of the Irish transaction Mr. Carlyle has written a vehement and unmeasured condemnation. Of the French massacre he says, "Horrible in lands that had known equal justice. Not so unnatural in lands that had never known it. *Le sang qui coule est il donc si pur?* asks Barnave, intimating that the gallows, though by irregular methods, has its own." — Carlyle's "French Revolution.

[2] Before the close of the war Owen Roe suddenly died; poisoned as it was somewhat rashly concluded. The age of poisoning was passed.

measure as the rage of a slave-driver, whose tranquillity has been disturbed by unexpected resistance to the lash.

When Charles was deposed and executed, Cromwell carried his victorious army across the Channel to conquer Ireland for the Commonwealth. His campaign was as coldly merciless as was Alva's in the Netherlands, or Carew's in Desmond. We are assured on high authority that he was in truth a humane and beneficent ruler, who only struck hard because it was necessary to execute divine justice on the authors of the Ulster rising. In pursuance of this meritorious policy he besieged Drogheda, which was held for the king, and put to the sword the entire garrison, and the population of all ages and both sexes, nobody being spared. The massacre continued for two days; it is admitted that between three and four thousand persons were butchered in cold blood; and a score or two of the inhabitants who alone escaped were sent as slaves to the tobacco plantations. Among the garrison was an English regiment, commanded by an English Cavalier, and as Drogheda always lay within the English Pale, where the native Irish were long forbidden to inhabit a walled town, the traders and citizens were almost without exception Catholics of English blood. What Cromwell actually did was to kill certain Englishmen and Anglo-Irishmen in order to punish the offence of O'Neills and O'Reillys, Maguires and MacMahons. The account of the transaction which he sent to England was that it was a righteous judgment executed "on the barbarous wretches who had imbued their hands in so much innocent blood." He repeated this lesson of divine justice at Wexford. There the garrison and population were Irish, but Irish of the South; there is no reason to believe that it contained one soldier or citizen who had ever crossed the Boyne, or been any more associated with Sir Phelim O'Neill than with Praise God Barebones. The modern justification for these massacres is somewhat defective in its foundation of facts.[1]

To be continued.

How the Money goes. — The Americans calculate that half a million of people will land in New York during 1881, and that they will carry in their possession at least $30,000,000. There are other ports of landing as well as New York, and they will receive their due share. Now, we may assume that at least 100,000 persons will emigrate during the year from Ireland. Judging those who will continue to go from those who have been going for the last couple of months, it is not an exaggeration to assume that somewhere between half a million and a million sterling will accompany them. Ireland is proverbially and notoriously poor at the best of times, and the succession of bad harvests which culminated in the famine of 1880 must have practically pauperized her; therefore the abstraction of so much of her remaining store of wealth can only have the effect which bleeding has upon a greatly debilitated patient. It is bad enough to lose the flower of the population, but an aggravation of the evil takes place when so much money disappears concurrently. Happy is a country like the United States, which has welcome and shelter for all, and to which the strength of Europe is feverishly wending its way upon the waves of the broad Atlantic; not so happy the lands which thus pour out their very life-blood. — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

During a recent debate in the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt called Lord Randolph Churchill "a little ass"; whereupon the noble lord returned the compliment by characterizing Sir William as "a damned fool." We thought it was only "the wild Irish" who indulged in such charming courtesies. — *The Catholic Union.*

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[1] See Cromwell's "Declaration for the undeceiving of deluded people."

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NED LYSAGHT.

Called to English and Irish bars. — Reasons for not practising in England. — Advice to Fox. — *Bon-mots.* — Offer to Mr. La Touche. — Meeting bill. — His encouragement to a bachelor. — Lines on the Kerry Riot. — Songs: "The Man who led the Van of Irish Volunteers" and "Kate of Garnevilla."

LEONARD MACNALLY.

His lameness. — Curran's *bon-mot.* — Macnally's Plays. — His narrow escape when engaged in a duel. — The Alphabet of the Bar. — Lines on Mr. Ball. — Lysaght's impromptu on Caulfield.

JERRY KELLER.

Singular countenance. — The washed bottles. — Lord Avonmore's patent. — Gravity and levity. — Pope and Pretender.

WILLIAM WAGGETT.

Recorder of Cork. — His character. — Great ability as an orator. — A litigious attorney. — Waggett refuses an increase in his salary. — Lines pinned to his wig.

DANIEL RYAN KANE, Q. C.

Recorder of Cork. — Counsel by prescription. — Rent in arrear.

PROFESSIONAL BON-MOTS.

Title *bon-mot.* — Lying book. — Precedence. — A teetotal tourist. — The Henn family.

NED LYSAGHT.

PLEASANT NED LYSAGHT, as he was popularly termed, was called to the English and Irish bars in 1798. He appears to have intended seeking the more lucrative range of English practice, instead of that of his native land; but his social habits and mercurial temperament were quite antagonistic to his success in that country.

He was soon made sensible of this. In conversation with a friend upon the subject, he said "he had not law enough for the King's Bench; he was not dull enough for the Court of Chancery; and before he could make way at the Old Bailey he should shoot Garrow [who was then the leading counsel for prisoners], which would be very unpleasant."

But though he was not distinguished at the English bar for legal lore, he gained fame in the English press for political squibs.

When the coalition between Charles James Fox and Windham was spoken of, Lysaght wrote the following advice to the great Whig statesman: —

"Charley Fox, take advice, and break off in a trice,
Subserve not to Windham's ambition;
He 's not your true friend, though to gain his own end
He covets a corrupt coalition.

"We honor your name; will you tarnish your fame?
With dignity act, and decision;
Tell Windham and those you were wont to oppose
That you scorn the corrupt coalition."

It is a pity one whose jests and *bon-mots* used, like Yorick's, to "set the table in a roar," had not left some one to fully record his sallies. I gleaned a few, which serve to show how rich was the ore in the mine.

He met Mr. La Touche, the Dublin banker, and knowing the extreme particularity of this descendant of the Huguenots respecting the character of his bank officials, startled the staid banker by saying, "when a situation among the officers of the house on Corkhill was vacant, he, Mr. Lysaght, would be ready to fill it."

"You, my dear Lysaght!" said the banker; "what situation in my establishment could possibly suit you?"

"Not only one, but two," replied the wit.

"Pray, what are they?" asked the banker.

"If you make me *cashier* for one day, I 'll become *runner* the next," was the wit's reply.

He was usually in monetary difficulties; but like Sheridan, few were capable of resisting his appeals for loans. Once, when a friend was accommodating him with his name upon a bill stamp, his friend said, "Now, Lysaght, I hope I may depend upon your meeting this bill."

"Indeed you may," he replied; "and the *protest along with it.*"

When the Munster Circuit met in Limerick, the bar were usually entertained by a hospitable gentleman named Flatly, who occupied a handsome suburban residence near Castle Connell.

Lysaght, being at one of these parties, where everything was arranged with exquisite taste, said to their host, "I really feel surprised that

you are allowed to remain a bachelor, and so near a city celebrated for the beauty of the fair daughters. Why is this?"

The host colored, and said "he often wished to change his solitary condition, but could not muster sufficient courage to pop the question."

"I tell you this," said Lysaght: "depend upon it, if you ask any girl *boldly*, she never will refuse you *Flatly!*"

When the bar mess were enjoying their post-prandial festivities in Tralee, their jovial banquet was disturbed by a sudden row breaking out in the room beneath. Glasses crashed, furniture was knocked about, loud cries resounded on all sides, when a terrified waiter entered the bar. Very soon he was interrogated as to the cause of the tumult in the room beneath, and replied: "'T is the Kerry Grand Jury is having a fight afther dinner."

When silence once more prevailed, Lysaght, who had been writing with a pencil during the hubbub, read the following impromptu: —

"Here we sit, like merry lads,
Laughing at all silly asses,
While below the Kerry cads
Are breaking their heads and glasses.

"Who cares for their bluster and riot,
No matter who 's right or who 's wrong?
While we sip our claret in quiet,
Mr. Lyne, come and finish your song."

Besides these fleeting verses, Lysaght wrote several songs, which have had more enduring form. One was in praise of Henry Grattan, "The Man who led the Van of Irish Volunteers." Some verses may serve as a specimen: —

"Just thirty years are ending since first his glorious aid,
Our sacred rights defending, struck shackles from our trade.
To serve us still with might and skill the vet'ran now appears —
That gallant man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

"He sows no vile dissensions,— good-will to all he bears;
He knows no vain pretensions, no paltry fears or cares;
To Erin and to Britain's sons his worth his name endears,
They love the man who led the van of Irish Volunteers."

His ballads of the "Rakes of Mallow" and his "Donnybrook Fair" were good specimens of his rollicking style, and it is not easy to imagine how the author of these humorous compositions could possess the refined taste which is displayed in his song, "Kate of Garnevilla": —

"Oh, she 's pure as virgin snows
Ere they light on woodland hillow,
Sweet as dew-drop on wild rose
Is lovely Kate of Garnevilla.

"Philomel, I 've listened oft
To thy lay on weeping willow,
But the strain 's more sweet, more soft,
That flows from Kate of Garnevilla.

"If poet's prayers can banish cares,
No cares shall come to Garnevilla;
Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,
And dove-like peace break on her pillow.

"Charming maid of Garnevilla,
Lovely maid of Garnevilla,
Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
On lovely Kate of Garnevilla."

LEONARD MACNALLY.

Among the contemporaries and friends of Ned Lysaght was Leonard Macnally, a member of the Irish bar. He had considerable literary as well as legal ability, and published some dramatic and legal works. Macnally's "Justice of the Peace" had great success at a time when few legal works were published in Ireland. He was employed very much in defending prisoners, and was what is popularly called a good "dock lawyer." He lived on terms of great intimacy with John Philpot Curran, and both were usually counsel for the prisoners during the state trials arising out of the Rebellion of 1798. The testimony of our eminent Irish authors, Dr. R. R. Madden and W. J. Fitzpatrick, has clearly shown that, while thus acting for the prisoners, Macnally was actually receiving a pension from the Irish government for secret service, which pension was kept secret until after his death, and no one exactly knows now for what special service it was granted.

Macnally walked with a limp, one leg being shorter than the other. When the barristers were enrolling their names in the volunteer corps,

Macnally asked Curran "if he should give in his name to join."

"If you enlist," said Curran, "you will shortly be tried, and perhaps shot for disobedience of orders."

"Why?" asked Macnally, rather indignantly.

"Because when ordered to *march* you will certainly *halt*," was the reply.

Parsons, also a barrister, who was lame, limping up to Curran, asked the wit, "Did you see Macnally going *this way?*"

"I never saw him going *any other way*," was the ready rejoinder.

Macnally was a man of varied talent. He wrote several comedies, farces, and operas, all of which, with the exception of "Robin Hood," were remorselessly damned. Being admonished by Lord Loughborough "to abandon the Muses and stick to the law," he gave up the idea of succeeding as a playwright, and henceforth devoted himself to his professional duties. He also fought duels, and was nearly shot by Sir Jonah Barrington, whose ball was fortunately arrested by the buckle of Macnally's suspenders. He fell to the ground exclaiming, "I'm hit!" The surgeon in attendance, on examination, found he was more frightened than hurt. Then discovering the cause of his patient's providential escape, exclaimed, "By Jove, there, you are the only rogue I ever knew *saved by the gallows*." *

Macnally wrote a poem called the "Alphabet of the Bar." I failed to obtain more than a couplet: —

"L stands for Lysaght, who loves a good joke,
M for Macnally, who lives by the rope,"—

alluding to his criminal practice.

Another specimen of Macnally's poetic talent was composed under the following circumstances: —

One of his brethren on the Home Circuit was Mr. Charles Ball, a strong-limbed, loud-voiced, hirsute barrister, holding a brief at the side opposed to Macnally. Mr. Ball was frequently interrupted by that zealous advocate, and, wearied out, he said, "Mr. Macnally, if you have any serious, well-founded objection to make, pray let me hear it, otherwise do not interrupt me. I'm like St. Paul, fighting with the air."

Macnally contemplated his long-haired opponent for a moment, and thus replied: —

"Says Charley Ball,
I'm like St. Paul,
A fighting with the air.
Says Mac to Ball,
You're not like Paul,
But, Ball, you're like a bear."

Lysaght, as we have already seen, was a noted wit. He, too, could extemporize, and was often in the habit of composing a rhyme to include all the guests at a party, as, in later days, Theodore Hook would do. Macnally asked Lysaght to compose some lines upon him, promising absolution for all sins of personality therein contained. On this assurance Lysaght recited the following: —

"There is a lawyer in our hall
Who dearly loves his brief;
He likes his fee, though large or small,
He'll take it from a thief.

"One leg is short, which makes him lame,
Therefore his legs don't tally.
And now, my friends, to tell his name,
'T is Leonard Macnally."

Lysaght very early in life displayed this talent for impromptu verse. When he was a student of Trinity College, Dublin, the fellow commoners considered themselves superior in position to the pensioners, and declined to play foot-ball with them. A pensioner named Caulfield, who wished to keep aloof from the pensioners and hang on to the more aristocratic set, rarely condescended to play foot-ball. One luckless evening he did so, and several of his fellow-students resolved to pay him off for his conduct. He was soon tripped and hustled about, greatly to the annoyance of this exclusive. Lysaght thereupon wrote the following lines, a copy of which was sent to each student: —

* A common term in Ireland for suspenders.

"Dear Caulfield, play foot-ball no more, I entreat,
The amusement's too vulgar, fatiguing, and rough;
Pursue the same conduct you've followed of late,
And I warrant erelong you'll get *kicking enough*."

This very pungent epigram roused the ire of Caulfield and his friends. They did their best to discover the author, and offered a considerable reward with that object. Lysaght then came forward and boldly stated that if the amount promised for the discovery of the anonymous author was given in charity, he would disclose who wrote the epigram. This was agreed to. He then affirmed the lines were written by himself. Some blustering took place, but as he declared himself ready to afford the satisfaction usual in such cases, and as he came of a fighting family, the affair, in parliamentary parlance, was speedily allowed to drop.

Another *bon-mot* of Ned Lysaght has reference to a fair lady, who, not finding the object of her affections where she sought him, took advantage of a carriage going back to town to cheapen her journey.

"Oh," observed the wit, "how blest the love that meets *return!*" He died greatly regretted in 1811.

JERRY KELLER.

A good many *bon-mots* are related of Jeremiah, or, as he was commonly called, "JERRY" KELLER, a barrister who held a foremost place in the social circle of Dublin. He had a singular twist of countenance, which of itself provoked mirth, and his powers of drollery were admirable. I give some of his *bon-mots:*—

A cousin of his, a wine merchant, supplied the cellars of the barship, and a supercilious junior thought to raise a laugh at the expense of Jerry Keller. At the bar mess-table the young barrister, addressing Keller, said, "It is very odd, Mr. Keller, that I have noticed the claret-bottles growing smaller and smaller each assizes since your cousin became our wine merchant, though, I dare say, there is no reduction in the price."

"Whist!" said Jerry; "don't you be talking of what you know nothing about. Of course 't is natural the bottles should be growing smaller, because we all know *they shrink in the washing*."

The shout of laughter extinguished the luckless junior.

When Barry Yelverton, who had been a popular politician, was raised to the peerage for voting for the Union, he invited some friends, among whom was Keller, to read his patent. It recited in the usual formula, "George of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," etc.

"Stay," said Keller, "is not that erroneous?"

"In what way?" asked the newly raised Viscount.

"Does not your Lordship observe," exclaimed the wit, "the *consideration* comes too early in the *deed?*"

Although Keller was a very excellent lawyer, he did not succeed in gaining any of the emoluments of office, or even very high standing at the bar. It is related of him that he was perfectly conscious his reputation for drollery militated against his preferment. When a dull member of the legal profession was promoted to a seat in the King's Bench, in 1817, Keller went to see the newly appointed judge, and exclaimed, with a sigh:—

"Ah, Mayne, there you sit. *Gravity* raised you *up* there, while *levity* keeps me down here."

A young barrister, named Norcott, seeing Keller eating fish on Friday, said, "Keller, I did not expect to see the pope in your stomach."

"If I have the *pope in my stomach*," replied Keller, "you have the *Pretender in your head*."

WILLIAM WAGGETT.

WILLIAM WAGGETT, Recorder of Cork, was a man of great talent. He was an admirable lawyer, and very eloquent. The following instance of his powers of oratory occurred during an assize in Limerick. The plaintiff's

attorney was a litigious practitioner, whose great delight was to promote litigation *per fas aut nefas;* and, perhaps Waggett's instructions were those said to have been briefed to a counsel in a case which had no legitimate defence, "Abuse the plaintiff's attorney." Be this as it may, Waggett did so unsparingly. No sooner had the counsel for the plaintiff informed the judge he had closed, than Waggett rose, and laboring under strong emotion, stood silent for a brief space. Then, instead of the usual opening of "My lord and gentlemen of the jury," he said in a loud, resonant voice, "'Long live the Sultan Haroun,' said the owl, in the Arabian tale." The audience in the county Limerick court-house were lost in wonder at this strange opening. All awaited with curiosity what would follow. Waggett resumed, "'Long live the Sultan Haroun,' said the owl. 'While he lives we 'll have ruined palaces and roofless cottages to roost in. Widows shall bewail their husbands, and orphans weep for their murdered parents. While he lives there shall be gloom upon the land, and the light of day shall shine upon desolation. Long live the Sultan Haroun,' continued the owl, 'in order that birds of ill-omen may brood over congenial gloom'; and long live Charley Carroll," cried Waggett, pointing with uplifted hand towards the plaintiff's attorney. "'Long live Charley Carroll,' says the professor of the law. While he lives clients shall be ruined, and litigation shall fill the courts with half-ruined suitors; while he lives there shall be endless contention amongst neighbors, and friends shall be made to hate each other. The father shall quarrel with the son, and brother shall turn against sister." He then continued in the same strain to denounce the attorney with invective till he left the court.

Waggett was a man of singular modesty, and when the Corporation of Cork nearly doubled his salary as Recorder, in consequence of his devoting all his time to the duties, he refused to accept a penny in addition to the salary at which he undertook to discharge the duties of the Recordership.

He became, latterly, very eccentric in appearance and conduct, dressing most shabbily, and caring nothing for society. During his life he was a most devoted fisherman, and might be seen, when not presiding in the Recorder's Court, whipping the river Lee with rod and line. He had very considerable practice as a pleader, and like Jonathan Henn, would have reached high rank at the bar; but his want of ambition, and contentment with his lot as Recorder of Cork, kept him away from the arena, when others, less skilful, gained the prizes.

That his great and varied talents were recognized and appreciated by the professional gentlemen of Cork was apparent from the respect paid him while living, and in which his memory is still held. To this day he is mentioned as a model lawyer, of whom the city may be justly proud.

The following poem, supposed to be composed by a brother barrister, who succeeded him in the office of Recorder, — the late Henry Bennett, Esq., — was found pinned to the bar-wig of Mr. Waggett: —

"Sometimes beneath this legal sign
Is placed a head of curious mould;
With noble thought and genius fine,
Oft swayed by passions uncontrolled.

"A brain with law and justice filled,
Estranged from every selfish view;
And in that tempered mercy skilled
Which gives the guilty wretch his due.

"For, with a true Shandean start,
He flings all gravity aside,
And bids the feeling of the heart
O'er law's harsh quibbling to preside.

"Still, ne'er beneath a Judge's wig
Did fate intend that such a brain
Should through law's rubbish daily dig,
Its mouldy precepts to explain.

"For better purposes designed —
With lofty soul and prouder aim;
The bent of such a noble mind
Should be the highest point of fame.

"But here 't is useless to repine —
Of such the instance is not rare:
With flowers which should with splendor shine,
To waste their sweets on desert air."

He died at an advanced age.

DANIEL RYAN KANE, Q. C.

Daniel Ryan Kane, Q. C., M. D., the present Recorder of Cork, has uttered some good *bon-mots*. Once, when an insurance case was being tried, a brief was sent to a young barrister whose father, a medical practitioner, was an important witness in the case.

"Who is he?" inquired a member of the bar of Mr. Kane, "is he a special counsel?"

"No!" replied Kane, "he's counsel by *prescription*."

In appearance Mr. Kane is large and stoutly built, "more like a *cudgel* than a *cane*," as a witty barrister remarked, but he is a right social, pleasant companion. Many of the *bon-mots* recorded in these pages are the result of his well-stored memory, and at his own hospitable board I enjoyed many pleasant reunions with the Irish bar

Walking with him one day, we met a mutual friend whose coat was much torn near the breast. Kane at once cried out, "Rents are enormous."

"Well," replied the wearer of the coat, "you cannot say it is *rent in arrear*."

There is no more estimable member of the Irish bar than Mr. Kane. His judicial qualities are of the highest order. He is a sound lawyer, and his great experience of the Quarter Sessions Courts enables him to dispose of the cases, whether civil bill or at the Crown side, with ability and despatch. He has the assistance of very able and honorable practitioners, both of the bar and attorney branches, and his new duties of Recorder of Cork are discharged in a manner to show him a worthy successor of William Waggett and the late Thomas Forsayth; and higher praise I could not give. I wish I could impart to his anecdotes given in these pages his pleasant voice and mirth-compelling smile.

PROFESSIONAL BON-MOTS.

Some *bon-mots* may not be very intelligible save to members of the legal profession. Such are the following: When the coach on which, and in which, as many of the Munster bar as could find room were seated, was proceeding on circuit from Killarney to Cork, it threatened to topple over. The coachman pulled up in order to arrange the luggage in better form. "Here, Bill," he said, addressing the guard, "take a good purchase * on this strap."

"If you don't secure it by *purchase*," exclaimed Mr. Kane, Q. C., "you 'll have it by descent." †

A legal *bon-mot* of one of the judges should not be omitted. A Mr. Grant, who, in early life, had been a servant, published some works containing alleged misstatements in reference to individuals. One of these complained to the judges, saying "there was no truth in these statements."

"Well, take comfort," replied the Judge, "you see this man used formerly to *lie in livery, and now he lies in Grant*." ‡

A very able barrister, named Collins, had the reputation of occasionally involving his adversary in a legal net, and by his superior subtlety, gaining his cause. On appearing in court in a case with the eminent barrister, Mr. Pigot, Q. C., there arose a question as to who should be leader, — Mr. Collins being the senior in standing at the bar, Mr. Pigot being one of the Queen's counsel.

"I yield," said Mr. Collins: "my friend *holds the honors*."

"Faith, if he does, Stephen," observed Mr. Herrick, "'t is you have all the *tricks*"

When Judge Crampton, a very steadfast total abstainer, was on a vacation ramble in Germany, some

* An epithet implying a secure hold.

† Those of our readers familiar with legal terms need not be informed of the significance of these words. To the uninitiated we may say that lands or tenements which come to a man from his ancestors are said to be his by *descent*, otherwise by *purchase*.

‡ The distinction between what lies in *livery* and what lies in *grant* is this: *Livery*, a contraction of "delivery," is the giving corporeal possession to one entitled to it; *grant* means a gift in writing of what cannot be conveyed by word only.

one inquired of Chief Justice Bushe "what Judge Crampton was doing in Germany."

"Merely," replied the witty Chief Justice, "making a *traverse absque hoc.*" *

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HENN FAMILY.

Henry Henn, Chief Baron in 1679. — William Henn, a judge of the King's Bench in 1767. — Resigned in 1790. — His son William a Master in Chancery. — The eldest son of Master Henn, also named William, a Master in Chancery, called to the bar in 1808. — His character. — His death in 1857 very sudden. — Jonathan Henn, Q. C. — His great ability. — His eloquence. — His marked superiority over the other leaders of the circuit. — His short speeches. — Fondness for fishing — At school near Lucan. — College career. — Eton grammar. — Called to the bar in 1811. — Slow progress at the bar — Joined the Connaught Circuit. — Refuses to get out of bed, and loses a brief. — Exchanged to the Munster Circuit in 1822. — Obtained great practice. — My estimate of his professional skill. — Solved a riddle. — A crying client. — Allusion to the Right Hon. F. Blackburn. — Retained by O'Connell during the state trials of 1843. — Was counsel for the Crown on the trial of John Mitchel. — Eloquent speech of Robert Holmes for the defence. — Henn's reply. — *Bon-mots* — His judicial style. — Death in 1874. — Thomas Rice Henn, Q. C., County Court judge.

Some families adopt special callings as a sort of hereditary preference. Thus we find, for generations, some devoting their sons chiefly to the church or the medical profession, the army or navy, or the law. To this latter avocation the family of Henn, of Paradise, in the county Clare, have given many most distinguished members.

The earliest legal scion of this house I can trace was Henry Hone (as the name was then written). His patent as Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland bears date the 10th of March, 1679. Since the year 1673 he had been one of the puisne barons, with, in 1676, a grant of a justiceship of the Court of Common Pleas.†

On the accession of James II. a number of changes took place on the Irish bench, and in 1687 Chief Baron Hone was removed, and replaced by a very eminent Irish lawyer, Sir Stephen Rice, who was appointed Lord Chief Baron. This station, however, he was only allowed to retain for three years; for on the accession of William and Mary, he in turn was displaced in favor of Sir John Hely.

A descendant of Chief Baron Henn, William Henn, was appointed one of the judges of the King's Bench of Ireland on Aug. 1, 1767. Some amusing anecdotes are related of him by Sir Jonah Barrington, but not being very authentic, are not worth transcribing. He resigned his seat on the bench in 1790, and his son, also named William Henn, became a Master in Chancery. This office was afterward conferred upon the son of Master Henn, William the third, upon the death of his father in 1822. This last-named William was maternally descended from the Lovetts of Lipscombe Park, Buckinghamshire, his mother being sister of Sir Jackson Lovett, Bart.

Two sons of this marriage became very eminent at the Irish bar, William and Jonathan. William the elder was called to the bar in 1808. He went the Munster Circuit, and continued to practise until appointed, as I have stated, Master of Chancery, and elected a bencher of the King's Inn in 1822. He was well qualified for his judicial station. He discharged its very important duties with marked ability and unremitting attention. Always courteous in manner, patient and kind in conduct, he earned and retained to the last the esteem of both branches of the profession and the confidence of the public. He continued in office until his death, which was very sudden. On Saturday, March 7, 1857, he sat and transacted business as usual. He entertained a party of friends at dinner on that day, and retired to rest about twelve o'clock. Early on Sunday morning he complained of difficulty in breathing, and his medical adviser, Dr. Langley, was sent for. Remedies were tried ineffectually; the malady increased, and during the day the

* A process in special pleading. The pun, of course, is on the word *hoc*(*k*).

† Smyth's Law Officers of Ireland.

patient grew worse. Toward evening he was speechless, and sank so rapidly that by midnight Master Henn was no more. He had reached his seventy-third year of active, useful life.

JONATHAN HENN, Q. C.

His brother Jonathan's career was even more distinguished; and though he never attained very exalted rank in his profession, every one admitted this was entirely owing to himself. The highest prize in the legal lottery was his, but he would not draw it forth. As a lawyer he stood in the foremost place. He had mastered all the great principles of British law almost intuitively, for as long as I knew him he certainly was constitutionally averse to drudgery. He did not care for practice if it involved much labor. His voice was harmonious and well modulated. No harsh or discordant tone marred the effect of his speeches, and what noble speeches they were! On occasions of more than usual importance, such as in actions for libel, breach of promise of marriage, assault, etc., his passions were stirred and his energies aroused; where character was to be shielded, or vice rebuked, or feelings to be enlisted in the cause of his client, he showed the vast superiority of his genius and excellence over all his brethren at the bar. We had many able men in our Munster Circuit at the time to which I refer,— Sergeant Jackson, David R. Pigot, Q. C., Stephen Collins, Q. C., George Bennett, Q. C., Harry Cooper, Q. C., — but Jonathan Henn soared above them all, as an eagle over crows. He was a very giant, while they were so many pygmies when compared with him. Jonathan Henn, when addressing the Court or jury, was brief and terse. What he had to say to the Court was put in the shortest and most lucid form. When he addressed the jury, he did so in the clearest and most forcible light. He never talked for talking's sake; when he stated his case he sat down.

Jonathan was a most zealous disciple of Izaak Walton, and enjoyed the sport of fishing with the greatest zest. I have been informed by his nephew, Mr. Richard Griffith, of Millicent, county Cork, that his uncle was for some time at the school of the Rev. Gilbert Austin at Lucan, near the river Liffey, and there he imbibed his taste for fishing, which never deserted him throughout his life. The late Duke of Leinster, Lord William Fitzgerald, and the late Judge Crampton were pupils of the Rev. Mr. Austin, but not contemporaries of Jonathan Henn. Crampton was subsequently Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and some school-boy rhymes inform us where he received his education:

"Come, let us sing of Crampton Phil,
He went to school to Austin Gil."

Though Jonathan Henn went through Trinity College, Dublin, I have not been able to discover that he distinguished himself there in any remarkable way. His nephew, Mr. Griffith, informed me: "When in college, instead of reading for honors, he spent his time chiefly in reading Shakespeare, but notwithstanding this, carried off several premiums, though he had not obtained a high place at entrance."

His nephew also mentions that "Having asked Jonathan some question of Latin grammar which my uncle was not sure about, he said 'he had studied the *Eton* grammar, and *eaten* grammar was soon forgotten.'"

His progress at the bar was slow. He was called in Trinity Term, 1811, and during the first ten years he did not, he said, "make as much as would powder his wig, and he paid his circuit expenses by whist playing," of which he was very fond. As his brother William went the Munster, Jonathan selected the Connaught Circuit. Perhaps no greater proof can be given of the strange freaks of fortune at the bar than the fact that circuit after circuit dragged its weary round without Jonathan Henn's masterly skill as an orator and advocate having been discovered. There is,

indeed, an anecdote related that possibly may be true. A Galway attorney went to his lodgings early one morning with a brief. The servant showed the attorney to Mr. Henn's sitting-room, adjoining his bedroom, but Mr. Henn had not left his bed. In fact, he had to be roused from a deep sleep to be told an attorney wished to see him. Thinking it a practical joke played by one of the wags of the Connaught Circuit, Mr. Henn declined to get up, and when the servant said "the attorney wanted particularly to see the counsellor," Mr. Henn petulantly told her, "Tell the attorney to go and be d—d, and take his brief to the d—l." The attorney left in a huff; and if he did not follow the drowsy counsel's directions, he took the brief to some more amenable barrister, and so Jonathan lost a chance on the Connaught Circuit When his elder brother William became Master in Chancery, in 1824, Jonathan exchanged the Connaught for the Munster Circuit. It was a fortunate change for him. Whether the ability and courteous manners of Mr. William Henn induced the attorneys of Munster to place confidence in Brother Jonathan, I cannot say; but he soon obtained considerable practice, and never was a more gifted advocate employed. I had abundant oportunities, during a period of twelve years, of estimating his great legal attainments, and can safely affirm that a more able and eloquent advocate I never heard.

Some one in the presence of Jonathan Henn proposed the riddle, "Why should the captain of a ship never be at a loss for an egg?" The riddle was a new one to all present, and Henn was the only person who solved it: "Because he can always lay to" (lay two). He was asked, "How came you, Jonathan, to guess that?" to which he promptly replied, "Who had a better right to guess it than a *hen?*"

Jonathan Henn was counsel for a Mr. Leader, of the county Cork, and portrayed the injury his client suffered in such pathetic words as caused the plaintiff to shed tears. On being asked what had occurred to make him cry, "Oh!" he said, "though I knew I was wronged, I did not know to what extent I was injured until Mr. Henn stated my case."

In the case of Butt *v.* Jackson, Mr. Henn, Q. C., was counsel for the defendant, who had sent Mr. Butt a hostile message; and Mr. Henn's address to the Court of Queen's Bench was so admirable that when he concluded, a burst of applause rang through the court. Mr. Brenton, Q. C., brother-in-law of the defendant, turning to Mr. Griffiths, said, "I had rather Jackson had gone to jail for a year than that Jonathan Henn had not delivered that noble speech." I remember when Mr. Blackburn (Attorney-General, afterward Lord Justice, and twice Lord Chancellor) attended as special counsel during the Cork Assizes. Mr. Henn, who was counsel on the other side, thus commenced his speech to the jury: "Little, gentlemen, can my poor client compete with the galaxy of talent arrayed against him on the other side. including, if a theatrical phrase might be indulged in, a star of the first magnitude, or rather, I might say " (the ministry had just resigned), "*a comet which had lost its tail.*" (*Laughter.*) When Blackburn returned to Dublin, he said he was "sent down to Cork to be laughed at by Jonathan Henn."

When the government prosecutions of 1843 were in preparation, O'Connell was so impressed with the importance of securing Jonathan Henn's advocacy before any other counsel, that he at once requested he should be retained for the defence. The traversers were very near being deprived of his services, for the government, fully aware of his value, were at first inclined to refuse granting him the license which, as one of her Majesty's counsel, was necessary should be granted; but ultimately

yielded, and his address to the jury on this occasion, which I heard, was fully equal to his greatest efforts.

The government were not late with their retainer. When John Mitchel was tried, Mr. Henn was arrayed for the Crown, and replied to the masterly and singularly eloquent address made on behalf of the traversers by the veteran leader of the bar, Robert Holmes. The powerful speech of Mr. Holmes on that occasion afforded us the best and only means of judging how very exciting must have been the speeches of the old Irish bar. Butt described Mr. Henn's speech on that occasion as a model speech for a Crown prosecutor, — powerful, calm, and dignified; and when he ceased, Sir Colman O'Loughlin, who was also one of the counsel for Mitchel, could not repress his admiration for his co-circuiter, but clapping Jonathan on the back, exclaimed, "Munster forever!"

It was Henn's speech which completely brought back the minds of the jury upon that trial. They were completely carried away by the impetuous strains, the burning eloquence of Mr. Holmes. Had not Mr. Henn reasoned with them, they had brought in Mitchel "not guilty." In fact, they thought it mere waste of time to address them, as their minds were so made up. They were impatient of delay; but when they heard the calm and judicial accents of Jonathan Henn, gradually, and almost imperceptibly, the attention of each grew more and more fixed, and finally was entirely changed by the profound statement of the law and the breach of it on the part of the accused. Greatly to the disgust of the disaffected party in Ireland, the jury found the prisoner guilty; and in reference to the charge of the learned judge and the speech for the prosecution, the wags said, "Judge Moore *spoke* to evidence, but Henn *charged the jury*."

He made many puns on his name. When late in life he was asked if he took much walking exercise, "I did formerly," he replied, "but now I am chiefly a *sitting hen*."

Having missed him from our circuit, when next we met in the Four Courts, in Dublin, I said, "Why were you not with us at the last Assizes?"

"Because," he replied, "I had to attend my Sessions in Donegal, and you see I could not be in two places at once, *although I am a bird*."

I could not fail to mark his great superiority to those of his contemporaries with whom I was acquainted. His reasoning powers were of the highest order, and brought forward with wonderful tact and skill. No weak or untenable points appeared; all was compact and methodically arranged. He grappled boldly with the case of his adversary. There was no skirmishing, no cutting off in detail. It was a treat to me to watch him conduct a case; the cool and gentlemanly bearing impressed juries in his favor before he uttered a word, and when he spoke it seemed impossible to imagine he could be counsel on the wrong side. There was a dignified calmness about him when stating his client's case, he put forth his claim with such force and clearness, and with such apparent conscientiousness, as if it was impossible for a jury to find otherwise than for him. And when he came to describe the injustice of his adversary, then his fine figure seemed to dilate, and the majestic tones of the orator glowed with indignation. His full, rich voice was always well attuned to the subject, and always commanded respect and attention. Having retired from practice at the imperative demand of age, he continued to reside at his house in Merrion Place, Dublin, until his death in 1874.

A son of Master Henn, and nephew of Jonathan (Thomas Rice Henn, Q. C.), is now County Court judge of Galway, and worthily represents the personal and professional fame of the Henn family.

To be continued.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

Cardinal Manning.

THE apostles were first of all ordained to be priests, and then consecrated to be bishops, and Jesus gave to them all pastoral care. There is a difference between a priest and a pastor. The difference is this: every pastor is a priest, every shepherd of souls is a priest; but every priest is not a shepherd of souls or a pastor, for the reason that a bishop may be consecrated and never have a diocese, so a priest may be ordained and never have a parish. Ordination and pastoral jurisdiction are two different things. How, then, is the charge of a parish given to a priest, or the charge of a diocese given to a bishop? Our divine Lord gave the supreme pastoral care of the whole flock to Peter, and then to the apostles. From Peter springs that succession which, unbroken to this day through two hundred and fifty-seven pontiffs, reigns over the world in supreme spiritual authority and in that indivisible unity of the Church. From the apostles springs also the episcopate. As Peter has had successors, the apostles have had successors, and they are the bishops of the Church; and as there was a college of apostles, as it is called, so there is a college of bishops. There is this difference, that Peter was the first to succeed his Master, and every pontiff succeeds the apostles, and is, therefore, the successor of Peter; but it is not so with every bishop. No bishop, save only the Bishop of Rome, succeeds to any bishops singly and one by one. The whole college of bishops succeeds as a whole to the body of the apostles as a whole. The episcopate is the apostolate perpetuated and expanded in all the earth, and therefore, they are successors of the apostles in a true and perfect sense, although they did not succeed to Thomas and John as the Roman pontiffs succeeded Peter. The pastoral care which was given to Peter descends, and is the inheritance of his successors; but that which was given to the whole body of the apostles does not descend individually and one by one to the bishops, but it comes to them through that natural head and chief to whom the care of the whole flock was committed. Each priest and bishop received his flock and diocese from the successor of St. Peter, and no man could have a charge of souls that did not come through the successor of St. Peter. There is a perfect unity of the pastoral office of which no man can partake who is not in communion and unity with the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the successor of St. Peter. Every pastor is a priest, because he must have the spiritual authority of binding and loosing and offering up the Holy Sacraments, but not every priest is a pastor. There is a close relation between a pastor and his flock. They are bound together, not by a mere human choice. It is not in the power of the one to say, "I will belong to such a flock," unless they transfer their dwellings and go to that place. The whole world is marked out and distributed to the pastors of the flock, and between pastors and flock there is a threefold bond. They are bound, first of all, by the bond of mutual knowledge. As our divine Lord said, "I am a shepherd; I know my sheep; they know me"; so every pastor knows his flock and his flock knows him. It is the duty of a pastor to know the poor of his flock, and he must not only know the poor, but the rich as well. But the work of the pastor lies most amongst the poor, and the brightest hours of his life are spent in their midst, for there is more true humility and more love of God amongst the poor than amongst the

rich. He knows the dangers and the temptations to which the poor are exposed. The second bond is mutual charity. The pastor loves those of his flock who speak evil of him, who are continually neglecting their duty. His heart is filled with love for them, for we must love our enemies. There is also the charity that binds the flock to the shepherd. They love him for his Master's sake, unworthy though he may be for himself. They know that he represents the Good Shepherd; they know that he has the priesthood of Jesus Christ in him, and they will love that priesthood even though they cannot love the man. They love the priesthood with the instincts of faith, and if faith be found in the hearts of any people it is in the hearts of the children of St. Patrick. If he be worthy, the flock love the pastor for himself, for they remember that it was he who baptized them, who opened to them the gates of the Kingdom of God, who gave them absolution when they had sinned. In all their temptations and trials he has been their counsel and friend; he has comforted a father, a mother, a brother, or a sister when they were dying, and he had comforted them, perhaps, in that moment when they needed comfort and hope. There is no change or vicissitude in this life in which the good and faithful pastor is not at the side of those who are suffering, and what can bind pastor and flock together more than this? Then there is the mutual bond of help between pastor and flock. He ministers to them in spiritual things, he gives them his time night and day, and sometimes lays down his life for them, for he goes amongst all manner of dangerous and infectious maladies in hospitals and close rooms. He is a poor priest or a poor pastor who in time of peril, whether it be war or pestilence, will not offer his life for his flock, whether his Master accepts the offering or not. On the part of the flock, there ought to be a constant readiness to do all in their powers to lighten in any degree the burden that rests upon him.

THE REVOLUTION. — More than ten years have elapsed since the revolution obtained one of its desired ends, that of depriving the pope of the last remains of his temporal sovereignty and placing the head of the universal Church in dependence on a hostile power. During this period of time, every means has been made use of to root out of the hearts of the Romans the affection and reverence due to the Roman pontiff, and to eradicate the very principles of Christianity from the belief of the people. Every day execrable journals publish in the capital of the Catholic world blasphemies against God, and abuse of the Vicar of Christ; every day shameless apostates invite the people to listen to their invectives against the Church of Rome, against that mother whom they have abandoned and betrayed; every day from professorial chair teachers paid with the money of a Catholic nation deride Catholicism and sow in youthful minds and hearts, in the name of science, incredulity and corruption. Nevertheless Rome resists this invasion of evil. The revolution has succeeded in opening a breach in the walls of the Eternal City; but it has not succeeded in opening a breach into the hearts of the Romans, who remain steadfastly faithful to their religion and its supreme representative. — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

THE New York Graphic recently published an excellent portrait and biographical sketch of Dr. Edward P. Huylar, the proprietor of Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian blood syrup. From this sketch we learn of the remarkable popularity of this remedy, the proceeds of which have enabled the proprietor to accumulate a fortune of $2,000,000 within ten years.

IRISH DRAMATIC TALENT.

THE Irish race, says a recent article in the New York Sun, has been very prolific in good actors. Wilks, Quin and Macklin stood in the first rank of the histrionic art, the equals in their day of Garrick. Mossop and Spranger Barry were actors of renown. Ireland has also produced famous and beautiful actresses, from Peg Woffington, the daughter of an Irish bricklayer, down to Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Abington. Miss Farren, afterward Countess of Derby, was the daughter of a Cork apothecary, who dwelt in those groves of the pool celebrated by the facetious Milliken. Mrs. Glover, that most accomplished actress, was an Irishwoman, and her humor was thoroughly racy of the soil. Then came the pathetic and beautiful O'Neill. Later we find Charles Kean, Macready, half Irish, and Lester Wallack, half Irish too, through his mother, the daughter of "Irish Jollinstone," then Brougham and Boucicault, besides a long list of actors of less distinction. The materials for a history of the Irish stage exist in a great variety of miscellaneous writers. Hitchcock's "View of the Irish Stage" brings it down to 1788, but that is a poor, dull chronicle. In the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy" there is an essay on the history of the Irish stage by Cooper Walker. More interesting are the numerous lives of actors. There is nothing more remarkable in these lives than the large space devoted to the Irish in the recollections of Fanny Kemble, Macready, Mathews, O'Keefe, and so many others, and the strong impression made on them by Ireland and the Irish. One of them very truthfully exclaims: "Ireland, the precious soil consecrated to every actor's memory by the dearest and merriest remembrances! Ireland, the proverbial green spot in the arid desert of the comedian!" The history of Irish theatricals begins with that of the famous Smock Alley theatre in Dublin. It had a long list of noted managers, including Sheridan, grandfather of the celebrated Richard Brinsley, and great-great-grandfather of the late governor-general of Canada, Lord Dufferin. In his day appeared the Woffington, the first of that long line of brilliant Irishwomen who have so well supported their country's fame for wit and beauty. Her father, as we have said, was a bricklayer. The spot where her mother sold fruit at the entrance of Fowne's Court, off Dame Street, is still pointed out. From such parents, poor and honest, unassisted by friends, unimproved by education till able to attain it by her own assiduity, that noted ornament of the drama and favorite of the graces rose to a station so celebrated as to be able to set the fashions, prescribe laws to taste, and beyond any woman of her time represent a lively picture of the easy, well-bred woman of society. Quin, the celebrated representative of Falstaff, of whom so many anecdotes are told, was first brought out by Sheridan. Quin was a son of the lord mayor of Dublin. Everybody has heard of his wit. As an actor Quin had great personal advantages. His figure was majestic, his countenance was expressive, his eye penetrating, his voice clear, full, and melodious. His utterance appears to have been somewhat cumbrous and monotonous, though weighty and impressive; for his faults were the faults of his age; for, until the coming of Garrick, the rolling, pompous manner of reciting was most applauded. Of the Irish actresses of Quin's time, Kitty Clive was the most eminent. All readers of Walpole's letters are familiar with her character, and Douglas Jerrold, in his "Story of a Feather," has given a lively picture of her. She was the daughter of Mr. Rafter, an Irish country gentleman, and married, when young, Mr.

Clive, a brother of Baron Clive, from whom she was soon separated. She is represented in all the criticisms as the most famous actress in her line that ever trod the stage. Her mirth was so genuine that, whether it was restrained to the arch sneer and the suppressed half-laugh, widened to the broad grin or extended to the downright honest burst of loud laughter, the audience was sure to accompany her. She excelled alike in chambermaids, the affected or capricious lady of fashion, country girls, romps, hoydens, superannuated beauties, viragos, and humorists.

NOBODY CARES.

THERE is a volume of truth in the following item, which is taken from the Western Watchman: Thirty-seven thousand dollars was collected for Methodist missionary purposes at one meeting in New York on Sunday, a short time ago, and about sixty poor churches throughout the West received sums varying from one hundred to a thousand dollars. We feel ashamed. Such a magnificent display of zeal is not to be thought of among Catholics. It would be wild to expect it. We are too selfish. To change a little the words of the apostle, each one of us seeks what pertains to his own parish; none works for the good of the whole Church in America. But the evil does not originate here; we must seek for it in our total lack of organization. The diocese of Cincinnati is bankrupt; and nobody cares. Mount St. Mary's College is in the hands of a receiver; and nobody cares. Indian agencies are gone over to the sects; and nobody cares. Catholic soldiers and sailors are forced to attend Protestant service; and nobody cares. Appeals to the superstition of our people are scattered broadcast over the land; and nobody cares. We cast organization to the winds, and still hope for prosperity. In this country everything is carried on by co-operation except the Catholic Church. But God is good and the Church is imperishable. Give us annual synods; quinquennial provincial councils; decennial national councils; retreats once a year; conferences once a month: and then a united clergy will move on to the conquest of the land. Until that is done our road to success will be narrow and difficult, and few will find it.

IRELAND will have to look to herself, or before the arrival of Home Rule she will find her representation in the Imperial Parliament diminished to a very considerable extent. The census year is pretty certain to be followed by a reform year, and of late the principle of population forming the basis of representation has been very generally agitated in England and in parts of Scotland. This bodes ill to Ireland. What with bad laws and other external evil agencies, Ireland has lost almost one fourth of her population! What used to be eight millions of people have come to be little over five millions, whereas almost everywhere in prosperous England the population has been on the increase. The registered electors in England last year numbered 2,501,676; in Scotland, 305,514; and in Ireland, 231,536. Ireland has less than a tenth of the number of electors of England, and the representation of Ireland is as 103 to 489. Scotland surpasses Ireland in number of electors by nearly a third, and has a third less of members. The total number of electors in all the Irish boroughs, including Dublin and Belfast, in 1880 was not equal to the number in Liverpool alone! The exact figures are 57,290 for all Ireland, and 63,946 for Liverpool; so that a Reform Bill on the population basis would leave Ireland very poorly represented indeed. — *London Universe.*

"WELL, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits" — "No, sir; you generally expanded them."

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Not his, what burning patriots feel,
The stern exaltedness of zeal,
Profuse of blood, untired in toil,
When battling on the parent soil;
He stood alone. *Byron.*

THE rebellion, meanwhile, was raging over the other parts of the country with varying success. The number of the insurgents was considerable. They were for the most part fairly armed, but the principal leaders having been all cut off through the treachery of the informer Reynolds, the chief command in the different countries for the most part devolved upon men who were as ignorant of the science of war as were those whom they led. There was a want of unity of purpose, and absence of endeavor to render mutual assistance in all the actions of these inexperienced captains, and hence of all the advantages gained by them none led to permanent results. Each country fought and acted independently of the others, not from choice, but from necessity, for there was no one in supreme power to direct the movements of all, so the great resources of the insurrection were never consolidated and brought to bear in all their strength on the government forces. And the Irish rebellion also, like that of the Highlands in '45, and that of La Vendée, afforded ample illustration that a mob army, however great and brilliant its achievements, cannot in a lengthened campaign prevail over well-disciplined troops. It must succeed at the outset, or else never. The Irish, like the Highlanders of Prince Charles and the Vendeans of La Rochejacquelein, after every great victory, dispersed and returned to their homes. They rarely were able to improve upon a victory; in fact a success was usually more ruinous to discipline than defeat. So it happened that Harcourt, after having beaten every enemy he had encountered, found himself after a month's war as far from ultimate success as ever.

The people of the adjoining counties being now up in arms, those in the shire of Sir Henry Damer were not slow in following their example. Orders were despatched to the baronet from the castle that the yeomen and militia of his district should be kept in readiness, so that they could take the field at a moment's notice.

The tranquillity and peace which for some time had rested on Damer Hall were now destroyed by the noise and confusion of military preparations; and at last a letter was brought from the general in command of the military regiments in the county requesting that Sir Henry Damer, with what force of yeomen and militia he could muster, would at once proceed to his assistance, as the insurgents in great force were reported to be marching to attack him. Sir Henry with a heavy heart threw down the letter; he immediately gave orders to assemble the companies, and half an hour later in full uniform and mounted on his charger at the head of a few hundred men, he rode off towards where the regular army was encamped. He had no enthusiasm for the cause in which he was to fight, but was determined to do his duty and to respect the oath he had taken.

Throughout that terrible day the utmost excitement, alarm, and anxiety prevailed at the hall. The dignity of Lady Damer had on several occasions already so far yielded as to allow her to notice her son's guests. Her haughty and aristocratic nature had been considerably softened by the beauty and grace as well as the dignified deportment of Agnes, and to the favorable impression so produced upon her she referred thus in a letter written to Miss Northcoate: —

"The girl seems much above her position, I assure you, my dear Louise; and Henry was correct when he described her as being handsome. What a pity she is low-born. However, I think if she were not a Papist she would be admirably suited for a place as lady's companion."

To-day, however, the feelings of the mother prevailed, and throwing off all reserve, she conversed freely with every one on the dangers to which her son would be exposed. Mr. De Vere and Mr. Mayville in vain sought to calm her. Her excitement was increasing as each hour flew by, and when at length evening had come and no tidings had arrived her anxiety was beyond all bounds. She denounced by turns the rebels and the government. The first she knew would murder her son, the second had sent him out to be murdered. She one moment invoked maledictions on the heads of those who had oppressed the people, and the next upon the people for having risen against their oppressors, and then against both for having engaged in this cruel war. So her mind bordering on distraction was ever changing, and vainly sought relief by shifting the blame of its miseries from one party to the other according as one or the other got the upperhand.

So passed the day. Night was far advanced when two yeomen came riding up to the door, and informed her ladyship that the government had lost the day. The soldiers and yeomen had been routed, and that Sir Henry was amongst those who had fallen on the field. Whether he was dead or not they could not say, as he was in the hands of the rebels. On this intelligence Lady Damer's state became indescribable. Agnes and the clergyman in vain sought to calm her. She broke from them and rushing through the house with a wild agonized cry of "My son! my son!" locked herself in her room where she indulged her grief in solitude.

Patiently Agnes, her father, and Mr. De Vere waited the arrival of more authentic information of the fate of the baronet. Stragglers coming now and then to the Hall only confirmed the first report, that Sir Henry had fallen and was in the power of the enemy. It was close on midnight, when a terrified Yeoman rushed in with word that the insurgents were in force approaching. The few Yeomen and soldiers who had taken refuge in the Hall at once fled in alarm. Some of the servants were considering whether they should not barricade the doors, though they knew how vain would be the attempt to defend them, but Mr. De Vere here at once calmed their apprehensions by informing them that he and Mayville would go out to meet those who were advancing, for neither his friend nor himself had reason to fear ill usage at their hands.

As the two gentlemen were crossing the demesne a number of persons approached them, bearing torches.

One who seemed captain of the party called out, "Who goes there?"

On giving their names, they were enthusiastically greeted by all.

"Long live Mr. De Vere, the good rector of Roanmoyle," cried a hundred voices. "He never levied tithes upon any man! He never robbed the poor! Long live Mr. Mayville! and three cheers for Sir Henry Damer, the good landlord, and may God preserve him and spare him long!"

"My good friends," asked Mr. De Vere, when the excitement subsided a little, "do you know anything of Sir Henry?"

"Sure 't is natural you should inquire, and 't is good news we have for yer Honor concernin' him. We found him on the field after the blackguards of Yeomen had run away and left him there, an' now we 're carryin' him home to his own house. Oh, what a misfortune it was he was n't known to every man in the fight! There was n't one of us would n't have let himself be run through rather than a hair of his head should be hurt."

"I am very sure of it, my poor men," said the clergyman, while his eyes filled with tears. "But in what condition is Sir Henry?"

"Much worse than we 'd wish him, sir, but, God be praised! he is still alive. The men carrying him will be up in a few minutes, an' if you send

out the servants to take him in charge here we 'll go no nearer the house. You may tell the Yeomen, if they are about, not to fear, for we won't molest any of 'em. Only for the young masther we would n't have come here at all. But here they 're bringin' him, sir. Aisy, boys; don't jolt him if you took an hour wid every mile. Come over now, Mr. De Vere and Mr. Mayville, if ye plaze, sirs. Hold a light here, some of ye, but don't let it shine too much in his eyes."

On a rudely constructed litter, stretched upon a number of coats, which the men who carried it had taken off their backs to make a soft couch for him, pallid and senseless but still breathing, lay the baronet, his uniform all soiled and torn, and his sash tightly bound across his breast.

"It was a pike thrust he got in the breast, yer Honor," said one of the men. "More shame on the bosthoon who did n't know him 'T was one of the Kildare boys gave it to him, I suspect, for they 're all strangers in this county. If all the landlords had been like him who lies there, God bless him, 't is n't covered wid battle-fields poor old Ireland would be to-day. Are we to take him to the house, sir?"

"Oh, yes, if you please. There is no danger of a fight; the Yeomen have all left."

"We 'll just leave him inside the door, sir, an' thin we 'll say good night."

Here a man came galloping up. "Captain, avick," he said addressing the last speaker, "the general is comin'. When he came back after huntin' the soldiers, and was told that Sir Henry Damer had been wounded, he went almost distracted. As soon as he has the men put in order he 'll follow us to the Hall."

They now resumed their burden, and moved toward the house, the gentlemen hastening on before them to calm the anxiety of its inmates, and ease the worst fears of Lady Damer. On the latter being informed that Sir Henry was still alive, her presence of mind seemed all at once restored and her courage revived. Quitting her room, and leaning on the arm of Agnes, she descended to the Hall, and patiently awaited the arrival of the litter.

At the sight of the moving torches in the lawn without, and the sound of the hum of voices as the men approached with their melancholy load, Agnes trembled and turned pale, but her resolution never for a moment deserted her. She stood by Lady Damer's side and supported her while the apparently lifeless body was being carried in, and with her approached, and gazed upon the white and death-like features. At the sight of her son in such a condition, all the fortitude of the latter again abandoned her. With great difficulty she was prevented from taking him up in her arms, an act that at such a time might be attended with fatal results. After much entreaty she was prevailed on by Agnes to retire.

When she next appeared she was calm and collected, and was quietly watching the effects of the endeavors to bring the sufferer to consciousness, when the sound of a horseman approaching was heard, and next moment a young man dressed in green entered the room, and anxiously inquired the condition of the patient.

"O Mr. Harcourt!" cried Lady Damer, recognizing the new-comer in his strange garb, "from my heart I thank you that they have brought him home alive to me; but oh! look at his present state."

"Your thanks are due to the brave fellows who found him on the field, Lady Damer," replied the young general. "It was not till half an hour ago that I knew he had been in the battle at all; his fellow-countymen discovered him amongst the wounded, and had borne him away before I knew anything of what had befallen him."

"How generous and kind!" cried her ladyship. "But surely these

poor men must be thirsty and hungry. Butler, supply refreshments to all those without."

But every one of the men gratefully declined the butler's tempting offer of beer and bread, saying that it might bring trouble on the house if ever it were found out at the Castle that rebels had been entertained there.

Harcourt knelt beside the senseless body of his friend, anxiously watched his faint breathing, and leaned over him and listened if he could hear any motion of the heart, and then as vainly as the rest used his efforts to restore him to life. After some delay the surgeon arrived; all then, except Mr. De Vere, Mr. Mayville, Harcourt, and Sir Henry's own valet, left the room. The wound was unbound, probed, and dressed, and though very serious, pronounced not mortal. The baronet was now conveyed to his sleeping-room, where the doctor directed he should be left to the most absolute quiet and repose, and prescribed certain draughts that were to be given him at fixed intervals. All then save the valet withdrew from the chamber and descended to the drawing-room, where Lady Damer and Agnes awaited them.

It was now that Harcourt, whose attention had so far been concentrated on the one object, for the first time noticed Agnes. Knowing she was not Miss Northcoate, and quietly wondering who she could be (for Damer had never alluded to any such lady in his conversations with his Dublin friends), he was tempted to inquire her name of Mr. De Vere, but feeling that the question at such a time would be out of place, he resolved to remain silent. There was a matter, however, on which he was most anxious to speak to some one; and considering that she would, from her sex and position, be the one least likely to forget its import, on the first opportunity that offered he addressed her: —

"If it should seem presumptuous of me thus to speak to a lady, present circumstances, and my deep anxiety for the welfare of one of my oldest and most valued friends, who now lies in a condition between life and death, will I trust plead my apology. The surgeon's orders were most peremptory, that the soothing draughts he has left for the patient should be regularly given. No doubt the other gentlemen heard his directions as well as I; but as I think a lady's memory is the surest to intrust with duties so important, I take the liberty of repeating his instructions to you."

"Many thanks, sir, for the confidence you repose in me in a matter so critical," replied Agnes; "I shall take care that the drinks are given at the proper times, for I shall watch in his room during the night."

"May God reward and bless you!" said Harcourt warmly. "My mind is now at peace. It is now time I take my leave."

Mr. De Vere here pressed him to take some refreshments, but he courteously refused, saying he should follow the good example of the men he led.

"These poor fellows have been fasting since early morning, sir," he added; "but they would not take the food offered, lest their doing so should ever bring trouble on Sir Henry or his house."

The clergyman's eyes filled with tears. "I fear these poor men's story is also your own, my dear young friend," he sadly rejoined. "Though I have never met you till to night, I have long known you by reputation; even if the nobleness of your character had not been so manifested as it has just been, from the descriptions given of you by Henry, my opinion of it would have been just as high."

"Poor Henry," said Harcourt with a sigh; "God in his mercy restore him to life, and grant we may all meet together in happier times."

He shook hands with the gentlemen and moved towards the door.

Agnes, whose admiration as well

as her sympathies had been excited by the deportment and bearing of the gallant young leader, offered him her hand as he was passing out, mentally breathing a prayer as she did so that Edward and the French would soon arrive to aid him. Harcourt warmly pressed her hand, and saluted it in soldier fashion, and ere he turned to depart said in a whisper, "I shall rest satisfied now that I know he will be under your charge"; and added in his mind as he left the house, "Never did fairer angel in mortal form watch over and alleviate human suffering."

Mr. Mayville highly approved of Agnes's determination to remain the night in the sick-room, as any neglect of the patient now might be fatal, and he had no unbounded confidence in the old nurse of the house; Lady Damer, thoroughly exhausted, had retired to bed.

"But I hope you will not overtask your strength, my dear child," said Mr. De Vere; "suppose you watch half the night, and I the other half, would not that be better?"

"A woman only is suited to the sick-room," said Mr. Mayville; "I don't intend going to bed myself, but I will stay down here where I can be within call if at any time required. Were I to remain up-stairs I am sure I should only be in the way."

Agnes smiled, and assured the clergyman she was quite equal to her task. That and many succeeding nights she watched by the sufferer's bed. In the morning she was usually relieved by Lady Damer, and in the evening she was again prepared to take her post. Two regular nurses had with great trouble been obtained, but to these she never intrusted the critical duties with which she had the first night been commissioned. When, after a long and tedious period, sense and consciousness returned, she was the first person he recognized of those round his bed. Henceforward everything he took was from her hand. He never objected to whatever she offered him; he desired that she should be ever present at his side. Often at night, when he lay awake and restless, he would ask for her, for now she retired to rest; and on being called she would at once rise, dress hastily, and return to his chamber, where she would arrange his pillow, and remain conversing with him until he fell asleep. As he grew stronger she would read for him all the day, and at times sing for him the songs he loved best. Lady Damer now completely changed in manner toward her, regarded her with all the affection of which her cold and selfish nature was capable, and sometimes expressed to Mr. De Vere her regret that the girl's station in life was not higher.

Day by day the baronet increased in strength and vigor. He was soon able to take drives in his carriage, and after a while short walks in the demesne; but nothing seemed to afford him any enjoyment, if Agnes was not near him. His mother, overjoyed at his recovery, noticed not, or affected not to notice, the development of these sentiments, which, considering the object that inspired them, she would at one time have dreaded most.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave,
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save;
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of or men of the Emerald Isle.
Dr. Drennan.

AFTER his great victory near Roanmoyle, Harcourt determined that he would next direct his march upon the capital. With this object he retraced his course into Kildare, taking with him all the artillery and the immense quantity of war material he had taken on the battle-field. He had now horses enough to mount 1,000 cavalry; but experience had taught him how far more formidable to the enemy were the footmen with the pikes, so he preferred to employ the captured horses to carry the baggage.

When he had reached Kilcullen, news was suddenly brought him that George Fitzgerald had the previous day been taken prisoner in Wicklow,

and was now confined in Dunlavin jail. He resolved at once to fly to his rescue; so, leaving the great bulk of his forces to remain where they were till his return, he selected a thousand of the best men amongst them, and with these started for Dunlavin.

Outside the town he found a regiment of Lord Kingsborough's militia and some companies of Yeomen drawn up to give him battle. The first charge of his cavalry put them all in disorder. A number of insurgents who had been watching from the hills, the moment they saw them attacked and dispersed, came down upon their rear; and the militiamen, being thus hemmed in on both sides, surrendered themselves as prisoners of war. To get possession of the prison, and release those confined in it, was now an easy task. The place where their prisoners had been in the morning was now occupied by the Yeomen and militia. Harcourt was overjoyed to meet his friend, whom he had not seen since the evening before he left Dublin. His men were fatigued after their forced march; and as he was very anxious for a long conversation with Fitzgerald, that they might compare notes on their late achievements, and deliberate upon their future plans, he decided to remain that night in Dunlavin, and early in the morning return to Kilcullen.

"You just saved us at the proper moment, Robert," said George, as they sat together at dinner in the little town inn. "But for your coming we would by this be on the march for Dublin; and once there — heaven help us!"

"Even were you in Dublin it would not be so bad. Were poor Lord Edward now alive, I would undertake that in three days he would be free and at the head of his army. Oh, my heart sank within me when I heard he was dead, but in the excitement of the times I had not leisure for grief! Have you lately heard from Alice and Cecilia?"

"Yes, they are both well; they send me messages from time to time. They have had to leave our house, which is now in the possession of the town majors; they are stopping with Alice's mother, Lady Pouncet. But, by the way, do you know what prisoners you have amongst Kingsborough's men?"

"No, I never thought of inquiring."

"Our old friends of the North Cork, Winn and Tom the Devil."

Harcourt laughed. "It was well they were not recognized by the people, or they might have fared badly!"

"One thing I can tell you," said Fitzgerald: "they will never escape with their lives if the Wexford men discover them. These people have been exasperated to madness by Kingsborough's last cruelties."

The young leaders went on conversing till far into the night. Harcourt related, to his friend's infinite amusement, the history of his escape from the college; and Fitzgerald was giving him in return an account of how he got through the toils of the town majors the same day, when they were both startled by the noise of a great commotion in the street, — the sound of many footsteps, mingled with angry cries and shouts.

"They have been found out," cried Fitzgerald, as they both in haste caught up their caps and left the room.

As they forced their way towards the prison-gate, the words uttered by the multitude became intelligible.

"Out with bloodthirsty Kingsborough and butchering Winn! Give us the scoundrels, till we tear them limb from limb! Where's Tom the Devil, till we roast him, and give him his first night in hell? Send us out the three; we'll ask no more."

Such cries as these were heard on all sides.

"What means this?" asked Fitzgerald in a loud voice, when he found himself amongst a party of his own followers.

"Hurrah for General Fitzgerald!

Boys afore there, make way for the gineral," cried the crowd, and a lane was immediately cleared for both the leaders to the gate.

"Hurrah for General Harcourt!" cried others. "'T was he let us out to-day. Hurrah for both the generals! They're the Protestant gintlemin who fight agin the Orangemin for the poor Catholics. More power to thim; they're comin' to see the villains hung."

The two in all haste made their way through the open gate, but at the entrance to the first yard they encountered a number of persons with torches, who were coming out of the prison, having Lord Kingsborough, Winn, and Tom the Devil in their midst, whom they dragged along with their hands bound behind them.

"O Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Harcourt!" cried Winn, when he recognized him for whose blood he had so long thirsted, "sure you're not going to see me murdered with all my sins upon my head: it is a terrible thing to send a fellow-being so out of the world! O general, I beg your pardon on my knees" (here he attempted to throw himself on the ground) "that ever I offended you; from my heart I am sorry for it. And yours too, Mr. Fitzgerald. Oh, spare me this once, and I promise to be the slave of both of ye for the rest of my life. It was Kingsborough and Tom who were guilty of all the murders, not I; I was most of the time sick in bed. If ye let me off I'll turn against the Orangemen; I hate all Orangemen; I'll be a Catholic. Long live the Pope! To hell with King William! Up with the Green! Down with King George! O generals, dear generals, do what you like with the rest, but spare the life of one who will be your faithful servant forevermore."

With a feeling of loathing indescribable, they both turned from the wretched creature; while Kingsborough and Tom the Devil, both shivering, but doggedly silent, glared upon him with eyes of fiends.

"Stand," said Harcourt to those who were about dragging out the three. "Were not these prisoners ordered to be kept in safety in the cells?"

"We want the villains out, general," rose from a thousand voices in one mighty shout.

"'T was them burnt the roof from over my poor old mother's head," cried one.

"'T was them blinded my father with boiling pitch," roared a second.

"They hanged our young priest," said a third.

"They drove a stake through the foot of a poor idiot boy that never harmed mortal," cried a fourth.

"Ho, ho! we're up to that, you murderin' scoundrel," shouted all, as Winn again set up the cry of "Long live the Green! Down with the Orange!"

Their fury seemed now to have reached a climax; they all rushed forward, and were dashing in through the gate, when Harcourt and Fitzgerald, with drawn swords, threw themselves in front and kept them back from their intended victims.

"Fellow-countrymen and fellow-soldiers," cried Harcourt, in a voice that instantly calmed the great surging crowd without, "I ask that you hear me for a moment. I may have a small claim upon your patience. I have fought against the foe by the side of many of you. Some of you I have helped to liberate from the position of these prisoners, whose lives you now seek. I think I have always shown myself the enemy of tyrants and tyranny, but never the friend of murderers and murder. My fellow-countrymen, what is it you seek? Is it the blood of men taken in fair fight, and so entitled to your protection while they are your prisoners by the honorable laws of war? You say that they have injured you and yours, and have been guilty of outrage and murder. Prove these acts against them at the proper time, when they are put on their trial, and

they shall receive just punishment. But granted that they are murderers, would you be murderers likewise? Would you follow the example of these men, or the example of Him who in dying taught us forgiveness of injuries? What have you learned from that religion in the cause of which we have together risked our lives often already, and in which we are prepared to risk it again? Is it not to forgive as on the last great day you hope to be forgiven? Do you think I will shed my blood in support of the damnable doctrine that man is his own avenger? Catholics, have not your priests taught you patience and forbearance under persecution? Will you show to the world that the religion they have risked so much, endured and sacrificed so much, through long years of oppression, in order to preach to you, has been preached to you in vain? I myself have suffered injury from some of those before you, but here I take my stand. I sheathe my sword. Never shall I turn against my fellow-soldiers. I stand here unarmed and defenceless between you and the objects of your rage. Let him who would harm them remember he must first pass over my dead body. The life which I have risked in the cause of liberty I am prepared gladly to sacrifice, if it may save my country the foul stain that is threatened upon her faith and upon her honor."

When he had concluded this speech, Harcourt folded his arms and stood facing the excited people, not one of whom attempted to advance. Suddenly a low, deep murmur ran through the distant part of the crowd, and presently an opening was made in its midst. In a few minutes there appeared a boy bearing a torch, followed by a priest, who held on high a cross, before which those on each side as he passed fell upon their knees. On reaching the gate the priest turned round, and raising up the crucifix, said, "My children, if you would be blessed by Him who died for you, say after me these words: 'May I be shown mercy before the throne of God, as I shall show it to my enemies this night.'"

As the thunder of distant waves rose the solemn response of the great multitude, as one and all they fervently repeated the priest's words. Harcourt and Fitzgerald, who had also knelt and joined in the prayer, seizing on the fit moment, hurried the prisoners back again to their cells, before which they stationed a guard of chosen men.

"Mr. Harcourt," said Winn, "could you manage at all to let me slip away during the night? I'll turn informer against the government, and will prove enough for you to hang Kingsborough and Tom the Devil."

"If you believe in a God," replied Harcourt, "return him thanks that he has so mercifully preserved you, and not suffered you to meet your deserts. Take the parting advice I offer you: offend him no more. If the chance again offers, return not to the work of butchery, for depend upon it such an escape comes not twice."

So saying, he left the cell, and the sentry locked the door. When he and Fitzgerald returned to the gate they found the crowd had dispersed, and the priest waiting for them alone.

THE HOTTEST CLIMATE. — The hottest climate in the world probably occurs in the desert interior of Australia. A thermometer was hung on a tree, sheltered from the sun and wind. It was graduated to one hundred and twenty-seven degrees, yet so great was the heat of the air that the mercury rose till it burst the tube; and the temperature must then have been at least one hundred and twenty-eight degrees, apparently the highest ever recorded in any part of the world. Nevertheless, in the southern mountains and table-lands, three feet of snow sometimes fall in a day. The heat sometimes, it is said, sets the forests on fire.

"GOING WITH A VENGEANCE."

THE DEPOPULATION OF IRELAND.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

UNDER some pressing exigency of the Irish executive, the census returns taken on the night of the 3d of April last were hastily called for, and a rough copy of results was prepared and forwarded to London with every possible expedition. From this we learn, amongst other facts and figures, that on the census day the total population of the country was 5,159,849. In the last decennial return, 1871, the total population was given at 5,402,759, and there is thus within the period a decrease of population of 242,910 persons. The total population of 1881 is made up of —

Males	2,522,814
Females	2,637,035

the proportion in 1871 being 2,768,636 females, and 2,634,123 males. The following are the statistics of decrease: —

Decrease in Leinster	60,261
Decrease in Munster	69,575
Decrease in Ulster	93,686
Decrease in Connaught	29,016

In other words, the largest decrease has been in Ulster, and the smallest in Connaught. It is dispiriting work to be recording the depopulation of our country, and the process becomes more gloomy the further we extend it. If we take a comparative view of the parallel enumeration columns in the census, we see that Ireland had a population of

8,196,597 in 1841,
6,574,278 in 1851,
5,798,967 in 1861,
5,402,804 in 1871,
5,159,849 in 1881.

That is to say, every decade continually there has been a decline, and in the five decades there has been a total decline of 3,036,784 of our people. One would suppose that this was depletion enough for a country that never was overpopulated; but many of our humane and patriotic philanthropists want to press the process much further, and to make old oppression and new legislation co-operate with the expropriation. The continued decrease in the population is easily explained by the fact that over 600,000 persons emigrated from Ireland in the decennial period ending 1881; in other words, about one ninth of the entire population in 1871 left the country within the next ten years. We can imagine nothing more terrible than this perennial drain from a fair and fertile land. It is in itself enough to account for all the miseries of the land. Those who go away are the young, the strong, the adventurous, the brave, the high-spirited. The old, the weak in body, the poor in spirit are left behind. The exodus still continues, the life-blood of Ireland still wells from the open wound. One social consequence of the emigration is the great preponderance of women over men; the presence in this country of tens of thousands of females, to whom, for numerical reasons, marriage is impossible, and who, in the humbler classes, as they get past the time for field labor, become, poor creatures, burdens on their friends. The continued depopulation of Ireland is a fact unique in history, pregnant with misery of every kind, and a burning verdict of infamy against the rulers of an island which Heaven meant to be the home of an abundant population of brave men and virtuous women. The religious portion of the return gives, as the preceding returns have given, some very suggestive figures. Thus, for instance, we have —

Catholics	3,951,888
Protestant Episcopalians	635,670
Presbyterians	485,503
Methodists	47,669

And other sects the remainder. The Catholics come to close on four millions of souls, while all other denominations bulked together come to nearly 1,200,000. In the census of 1871 the figures show thus: —

Catholics	4,141,933
Protestant Episcopalians	683,295
Presbyterians	503,461
Methodists	41,815

It is an exceedingly remarkable thing that the diminution in the Catholic and in the Protestant Episcopalian population is exactly at the same ratio; namely, at the rate of 4.8 per cent in the decade. The decrease of the Presbyterians was at the rate of 2.4 per 100. The Methodists, it will be seen, alone of the Christian bodies, have increased and multiplied in the ten years, which is accounted for by the fact that since the disestablishment a number of Episcopalian Protestants have joined this sect. In the present return the Jews number 453, which is nearly double what they were in 1871; they were in that year 258, — 120 females and 138 males. Of the population of the country, leaving out the 1,144 who refused to give their religion, 76.6 are Catholics, 12.3 are Protestant Episcopalians, 9.4 are Presbyterians, and 0.9 Methodists. The present census gives 994,579 families in Ireland, and 912,761 inhabited houses, as against, in 1871, 1,071,494 families and 960,352 habitations; that is to say, there has been a decrease within the period of 76,915 families and of 47,591 houses. One of the most curious facts shown by the return is that the decrease of the population is greatest in Ulster. Monaghan showed a greater decrease than any other county, and one of the counties in which the population increased was the impoverished county of Kerry. This is accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that in the very poor districts of the country the people are not able to get together the few pounds which would carry them out of this unfortunate country. In the midst of such general diminution and decay, it is perhaps satisfactory to see that our own city remains unaffected by the prevailing example. Dublin proper has increased 1.3 per cent, while her townships of Clontarf, Rathmines and Rathgar, Kingstown, Blackrock, and Kilmainham, have increased respectively at the rate of 22.3, 17.9, 11.3, 11, and 8.7 per cent. The total population of the city is 249,486, as compared with 246,326 in 1871; including the suburbs, the population is now 338,579, as against 320,735 ten years ago. The number of inhabited houses in the city and suburbs is 35,588. In 1871 the number was 32,285. Such is in bald and simple language a summary of the census of 1881. In every other country of Europe the numbering of the people shows a tale of gladness and prosperity, of two blades of grass growing where one grew before, of villages grown into towns and towns into cities, of homesteads multiplied, and the hives of industry multiplying apace. Here in Ireland, for four decades the census table has told the same sad story of misery, desolation, and decay. What can account for the terrible falling off in our population we now chronicle? No war has in the last decade swept the face of Ireland; no great pestilence has scourged her; and tremendous exertions prevented want from deepening into famine. The flight of 600,000 Irishmen and women in less than ten years is a proof that worse than war, and worse than famine, is the dull agony of foreign rule.

Mr. Jenkins of the British Agricultural Commission explains why the farmers of Holland are successful. One man works a farm of two hundred acres, with the aid of his wife, his daughter, four sons, and four hired laborers, and the sons work harder than the laborers. The old man is credited with possessing $125,000. One old lady of eighty-three does her own housework, and makes her own butter, and is worth $125,000.

ON CARDINAL NEWMAN'S 80TH BIRTHDAY,

FEB. 21, 1881.

Sister Mary Stanislaus, in Irish Monthly.

I.

"Thus would I have him to remain," was said
Long since of one, the favorite of his Lord;
And so the others passed to their reward,
Rejoicing, — while on John's beloved head
Wellnigh a hundred slow-paced winters shed
Their snowy blossoms. Why this exile hard?
Not his the flock of Christ to lead and guard,
But his to nourish with the Word's own bread.
Evangelist and doctor, priest and seer,
To pray, to teach, to write, he lingered here,
When Peter's self, when Mary passed above.
His the deep Future, the eternal Past, —
Yet hear his single lesson at the last:
"Love, O my dear ones; little children, love!"

II.

"A dreary gift of years." Ah! such, in sooth,
Seems thine, dear Father, kept beyond thy time.
Gone are the comrades of thy early prime;
Long gone the loved companions of thy youth;
And even those who followed thee, like Ruth,
Choosing to share thy worship and thy clime,
No longer darkly but in light sublime
See all made plain, ere thou, their guide to truth.
So swiftly now men live their lives away;
Almost two generations thou hast seen
Rise in their vigor, culminate, and wane,
And thou 'mong men a type of what has been,
Lone 'mid their reverent love, dost *Fiat* say
To Him who wisely wills thee to remain.

III.

Oh, yes, remain! so myriad voices pray;
Ad multos annos! far the echo rings.
Thou hast more subjects than the mightiest kings,
And all who own thy gentle, potent sway
Are calling down a blessing on this day.
But while they wish thee all God's choicest things,
From heart to lips one reservation springs:
We cannot spare thee yet, — dear Father, stay!
Stay for our sakes, — to be the joy, the pride
Of thine elected Church, thy native land;
Oh! stay to be the beacon-light to guide
More storm-tossed pilgrims to the welcome strand.
Long may we greet thee on thy natal day:
We cannot spare thee yet, — dear Father, stay!

OUR RACE ABROAD.

Says the Dublin Freeman's Journal: The success of Irishmen it is always our pleasure and our duty to record. England, America, Australia — the New World and the Old — afford splendid examples of our countrymen's capabilities and triumphs in every division of the battle of life. Every continent witnesses to their vigor of mind, bravery of heart, and bodily energy. To-day Asia in its India testifies to the engineering skill and business qualifications of Irishmen abroad. The Bombay Gazette devotes four columns to a full account of the construction and opening for traffic of the celebrated "Nerbudda" bridge, which has been carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Matthew, chief engineer of the Bombay and Barado Railway Company, and Mr. Hargraves, resident engineer; the contractors for the work being Messrs. Bayly & Co. Mr. Matthew is cousin to Justice Matthew, the new knight of the English bench, and nephew of the famed Father Matthew; and Messrs. Hargraves and Bayly are also Irishmen. Mr. Bayly was resident engineer of the company for over twenty years, and gave up this position to undertake the contract for the bridge, which he offered to construct for no less than £40,000 under the lowest contract sent in by English firms who tendered; and notwithstanding the frequent interruptions caused to the work by the heavy rains, he finished it within the stipulated period. This bridge crosses the river Nerbudda at a distance of thirty miles from its mouth, and was built to replace an older structure which was swept away by the floods of 1876. Some idea of the structure may be gathered from the fact that it is nearly one mile in length, or three and a half times the length of the Charing Cross Bridge in London. It is supported on twenty-six piers, which consist of cast-iron cylindrical columns, some of which had to be sunk to the enormous depth of one hundred and four feet beneath the bed of the river, which is supposed to be the greatest depth yet attained in bridge building; and it is not to be wondered at that some of the deeper columns took seven hundred and fifty days to complete. There is a total weight of over thirteen thousand tons of iron — cast and wrought — in the bridge, which took three and a half years to complete, and gave daily employment to 1,427 laborers. Its cost was nearly £400,000.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOSQUITOES.

Quassia is used in medicine as a powerful tonic, and the chips are sold by chemists at from sixpence to a shilling a pound. The tree is indigenous to the West Indies and to South America. A young friend of mine, severly bitten by mosquitoes, and unwilling to be seen so disfigured, sent for quassia chips, and had boiling water poured upon them. At night, after washing, she dipped her hands into the quassia water, and left it to dry on her face. This was a perfect protection, and continued to be so whenever applied. At the approach of winter, when flies and gnats get into houses, and sometimes bite venomously, a grandchild of mine, eighteen months old, was thus attacked. I gave the nurse some of my weak solution of quassia to be left to dry on his face, and he was not bitten again. It is innocuous to children, and it may be a protection also against bed insects, which I have not had the opportunity of trying. When the solution of the quassia is strong it is well known to be an active fly poison, and is mixed with sugar to attract flies, but this is not strong enough to kill at once.

Captain Boycott and his wife have returned to their residence at Lough Mask, county Mayo.

IRELAND AND AMERICA.

The Universe, London.

We observe with pleasure that the anniversary of the celebrated Declaration of Independence, which was signed on the memorable July 4, 1776, and led to that historic struggle which caused England to lose the most valuable part of her possessions beyond the Atlantic, has been appropriately honored in Dublin. This is right and most appropriate, for there has long existed a strong tie of affection between the Irish nation at home and that now larger Irish nation which consists of those who, driven forth by adverse circumstances from their native land, found a welcome under the "Star-spangled Banner." Unfortunately, the happiness of the occasion has this year been marred by the fact to which the chairman made emphatic reference when he said that it was to be deeply regretted that the hand of the assassin had thrown a gloom over the 4th of July of 1881; but as the occasion of assembling in Dublin was not a festive gathering round the social board, but a solemn public meeting to express renewed confidence in the glorious principles of 1776, the proceedings went forward, and many able speeches were delivered to an enthusiastic audience, which filled to overflowing one of the largest rooms in Dublin, — the "round room" of the famous Rotunda.

It is well that Ireland should thus commemorate the gallant struggle in which many a brave Irishman shed his blood, battling on the side of those who, having long endeavored, by all constitutional means, to obtain the simple justice of being allowed to have a voice in the disposal of their own money, drew the sword, flung away the scabbard, and won their national freedom. They struggled, with raw recruits, for years under immense disadvantages, against the disciplined army and navy of a powerful nation, — a nation to which India, by discord amongst her sons, had recently become a slave. At last France, then ruled by Louis XVI., sent an army across the Atlantic, under Rochambeau and Lafayette, to assist the American cause; while in many a hard-fought sea battle it received valuable aid from the fleets of Holland and of Spain. The almost undisciplined soldiers of the illustrious George Washington taught some sharp lessons to the English generals. Burgoyne in 1777 had to surrender to the valiant colonists, and Cornwallis in 1781 had to submit to the same degradation. American independence was acknowledged by England in 1782 (the year of Irish parliamentary independence), and was ratified by a solemn treaty in 1783, when Benjamin Franklin (a strong enemy of English misrule in Ireland), who had, many years before, toiled as a working printer in London, appeared in the same city as the first ambassador to George III. from the United States. The splendid orations of Edmund Burke had long made the American cause familiar to the British public; and the same cause received noble aid from the fiery eloquence of the great Lord Chatham, who began one speech with the noble words, "I rejoice that America has risen, and that three millions of men of British descent have resolved not to be willing slaves."

Immortal Grattan drew his great national inspiration from the great principles of liberty developed during the American war. As Flood nobly said, "A voice from America shouted 'Liberty!' and the echo of that voice was borne to Ireland." O'Connell, who was born in 1775, in the parish next to America (as he used to say), often dwelt upon the thoughts which he borrowed from hearing in his early years of the great American struggle. "My boyish curls," said he, "were fanned by the breezes which came

over the Atlantic from America, then in the infancy of her nationhood." Washington publicly thanked the Irishmen in America for important assistance during the war, and he became a member of an Irish society in Philadelphia, known as "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," presided over by General Moylan, brother of a Catholic Bishop of Cork. This society subscribed more than £100,000 (in gold and silver) to help to pay the American troops, at that time (1780) in great want of provisions. The British general, Lord Howe, once sent large offers to some Irish soldiers in the American army who had a dispute at the time with their officers; but they rejected the tempter's bribe, trampled upon his gold, and refused to abandon the flag of their adopted nation in one of the dreariest moments of her historic struggle. The British government, it is well known, found it almost impossible to get recruits in Ireland to fight against America, although, of course, no sympathy could be legally expressed in any part of the British empire with those who were in arms against the king of England. Chatham was threatened, but he died soon after his noble denunciation of England's despotic conduct.

America has become the home of millions of the Irish race, many of whom have risen to high honor in their adopted country. Her generous hand has been open whenever Ireland required assistance. During the horrors of the famine of 1847, some of her ships of war had their guns removed and were sent across the Atlantic on an errand of mercy and charity. They carried not a cargo of "buckshot" or bullets, like the gunboat which lately entered into Bantry Bay, and one of whose crew shot (happily not with fatal result) a poor woman standing on shore; no, they bore food and clothing to the hungry and naked. Later still has America sent large help to Ireland, and even now it is chiefly by American aid that the land battle is fought, and that the victims of landlord oppression are saved from fearful sufferings. Long may the link exist which unites Ireland in friendly feeling with her gigantic friend beyond the Atlantic! When the terrible struggle took place some years ago, which threatened to rend asunder the United States, and thus to delight every foe to freedom, Ireland proved her gratitude in many a fierce conflict, and her brave arm did much toward the preservation of the rights of America, and that at a time when the majority of the English people were gloating over the prospect of America's fall. But the storm passed away and the mighty ship "righted," and now pursues her majestic course, if not in perfect calm, at all events without danger; and amongst the passengers, the largest number of those who have come from distant climes are the grateful children of "the Emerald Isle," who have found the colossal vessel to be to them truly an "ark of refuge."

Says the Chicago Tribune: "Archbishop Croke is the Daniel O'Connell and Patrick Henry of the Irish land reform movement. He is the first great orator that the agitation has developed on either side."

British Runaways. — It takes 64,000 British recruits every year to keep up a standing army of 36,000. The latter figures represent the number needed every year to recruit the general loss of the English armament on land, and to secure the 36,000 the authorities must enlist 64,000. The difference between these two totals is 28,000, the number of British soldiers who annually desert the flag of their queen and country. The expense of catching a deserter is £2 17*s.* 6*d.*, beside other charges. It is calculated that the soldier who deserts eight times, as many do, is a precious warrior at the price of £250. The loss caused by the desertions of the last eight years is £2,800,000.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MOTHER'S WAY.

Father Ryan.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall.
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together.
And in hushed and tender tone
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice could quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many, not the few;
If we share our father's bounty
With the needy day by day.—
'T is because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long,
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
And we rise to promptly say,
"Let us do our duty bravely,—
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of our day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

SAM, THE CLEVER CAT.

Some people think that cats have only so much sense as will enable them to catch rats and mice and birds. But we have found that well-bred cats have not only a great deal of sense, but that they can be taught to do many clever tricks, and to know what is said to them.

Now, as it is the nature of cats to prey upon birds, we were afraid to keep one, lest, if she got the chance, she should eat up our little pet canaries. One day, however, a pretty little lost kitten found his way into the house, and after we had given him milk, we told him to go home. But he came back again, mewing as though to ask us to keep him, and we knew if we left him to run in the street he would starve, or fall a prey to dogs, and die a painful death. So we made up our minds to let Sam stay with us, and try and teach him not to touch the birds. One of our canaries was very tame. He came in and out of his cage as he liked, and would perch on my pen as I wrote, and stand beside my plate at meal-times, waiting for any crumbs I liked to give him. As it would have been a great grief to us if this dear little friend had been killed by the cat, we at first kept a close watch on Sam. When Dickey was flying about the room we ordered Sam to sit still on his stool, and if he so much as looked at Dickey we gave him a pat, to teach him his duty. But after a time we found that Dickey would take care of himself, and that Sam knew our wishes too well to try to hurt our pet. After a time Dickey struck up a friendship with Sam, and the two used to have fine games together. Dickey would stand on the edge of the table and give Sam a little call-note. The cat would then put up his tail and make believe he was going to spring on Dickey, who would fly round and round Sam's head, and at last light on it, just over his nose.

It was the prettiest sight to see Sam trot gently round the room with the dear little bird on his head, singing all the time as though he enjoyed his ride. Sometimes, by way of reward for Sam's kindness, Dickey, before he flew back to his cage, would give him a little peck, on which Sam would shake himself and pretend to be angry.

In Sam's time we had a little white dog, named Tray. Sam seemed to think it was his duty to see that Tray kept her place; and if ever she tried to join in the fun, she got such a pat from Sam's paw as made her glad to creep into her bed and look on from that safe spot. One day Tray told Sam she would not be put upon, but would have her game with Dickey as well as himself. Sam stood still and

let Tray bark and put out her tongue, and look fierce; but he made Tray know, too, by the look of his eyes, that she might not dare to move near Dickey. As soon as the bird flew into his cage, Sam gave Tray such a look as though he would say, "You can leave off making that noise, I have done with you now"; and then, with as much pride as a cat can show, with a slow step walked away.

And now I will tell you a very clever thing Sam used to do, and it will prove to you how much sense some cats have. It was the duty of one of the servants to turn on the gas every morning; and as she knew there would be waste if she put it on to the full, she was careful only to turn the key half-way. Sometimes, however, she found, to her great surprise, that in an hour or two the gas was turned on to the full. Everybody in the house declared they had not done it, and we all felt it was very strange. At last, one day the maid saw Sam jump on the shelf close to the gas-key, and then with his paw push it as far as it would go. When he had done this, Sam jumped down and went straight to the stove, looking very pleased with himself and the extra heat. How Sam found out that by giving the gas-key a push he could get more warmth from the stove, we never knew, and it was by far the most wonderful thing we have ever known done by a cat

Sam lived to a good old age. He saw Dickey and Tray and other friends die, and his way of mourning them was never to take any new friends in their place. After Dickey died, Sam used to turn his head away when he passed the cage with a new bird in it; and he took no notice, either good or bad, of the nice little dog we had in the place of Tray. But as Sam had a heart full of love, when his bird and dog friends were dead, he grew more and more fond of his mistress, and he was never happy unless by my side. He used to follow me in my walks through the village, and the only way I could induce him to leave me was by telling him I was going to church. As he had once followed me in, and had been turned out very quickly, he knew he could not be allowed to go there. You will not wonder that we missed Sam sadly when he died, and that we felt we could never have such another faithful cat friend as Sam had been.

RELY ON YOURSELF.

It is related of Stephen Girard that he had a favorite clerk, and he always said he intended to do well by Ben Lippincott. So when Ben got to be twenty-one he expected to hear the Governor say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage. "I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are," said the old millionnaire, "and my advice is to go and learn the cooper's trade."

This application of ice nearly froze Ben out; but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting-room. Old Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar each," said Ben, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough! Make out your bill."

The bill was made out, and old Stephen settled it with a check for

$20.000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story: —

"There, take that and invest it in the best possible manner; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you will have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

SHE'S HUNGRY, SISTER.

THE Nun of Kenmare relates this touching incident: "One of our sisters, in passing through the infants' school some little time before the classes had been begun, found a poor little innocent babe literally dying for want of food. The little child was moaning piteously and almost unconscious, but not one word of complaint was coming from her pure lips. Sir, these are things which one cannot see unmoved; these are facts which one cannot know without pangs of indignation and anguish. The facts are simple enough, and — God help us — common enough. The father of this child is a laborer, — an honest, decent, sober man. His children only came to our schools recently, as he came here to look for work, which is almost impossible to get. There are six children; this child is about three years old. The man is not strong, and cannot do a hard day's work; and so, of course, even if there was work for him to do, is less likely to be employed than another. The sister who found the child asked an older sister what was the matter, and never to her dying hour will she forget the piteous, patient look in her eyes as she answered, 'She's hungry, sister.' Then it was found that the children had had no food whatever from an early hour on the previous day, and all they had then was a small piece of dry bread. The elder ones were able to bear the fast; the little one would most assuredly have died in a few hours had not the sister in all haste brought her some bread and milk. She ate it so ravenously as to terrify us, though she was given it as slowly and cautiously as possible. Her little body was perfectly stone-cold, and she fell at once into a half-comatose state. We left her carefully watched near a fire till twelve o'clock, when she was lifted up cautiously and fed again. She brightened up a bit after, and the next day she was able to move about."

"GO TO SLEEP, MY CHILD."

A WRITER in the Christian Register, the organ of the Boston Unitarians, gives this point for reflection: "We have never seen a finer bit of sarcasm than the following from one of our town papers: 'A little Shelbyville boy, who is in the habit of saying his prayers before going to bed, the other night asked his mother, "Mamma, how long will it be before I'm big enough to quit saying my prayers? You never say yours, do you?" And the mother said, "Little boys should n't ask so many questions Go to sleep, my child."' But what makes the sarcasm more sad and caustic, it would apply to a vast multitude of mothers and fathers and big brothers, too, who have long since 'graduated' from Sunday school and church, and never attend except as 'visitors' or spectators of some sensation or 'performance' that is likely to attract a crowd. And as to saying their prayers or bowing their heads in thanks at meat, why, this is about as rare as old-fashioned bread and milk for supper. Strong men, 'smart' young men, some 'professional' men, and fashionable women seem to act as if such forms of piety were only becoming to sickly little girls and grandmothers in their dotage." "Just here," adds the Baltimore Catholic Mirror, "we might remark, by way of addenda, that the way in which some of our Catholics make the grand old sign of the cross is simply shameful. It would be hard to describe the effort, — if it may be called such, for the figure takes anything but the shape of a cross; it looks more like an attempt to brush away flies. To many, who make neither sign nor prayer, the

remarks of our non-Catholic contemporary should serve as a reproach."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Father Michael Muller, in his book on "The Sacrifice of the Mass," relates a touching incident that occurred on board a vessel which sailed from Ireland some years ago. The emigrant ship was full of passengers, and set sail with a favorable wind; the sky was clear and the sun shone brightly. But suddenly the heavens grew dark. A fierce storm arose; the winds howled around the vessel, which was hurried on, on, till it was dashed against the rocks. The wild, surging waves rolled over and split it in twain; part remained suspended amid the rocks, and the rest sank with those on board beneath the waves, far down into the depths of the sea. The storm continued to rage for several days. At last, when the wind had subsided, some hardy fishermen who lived on the coast, rowed in a skiff to the wreck. They entered the remnant of the vessel still suspended between the rocks. They opened the cabin door. They heard distinctly the wailing of a child, and rushing in they found a little babe lying upon the breast of its dead mother. The child was sucking the blood which oozed from a large wound in the mother's breast. She had died of cold and hunger, but amidst her fearful sufferings she did not forget her child. She took a sharp knife, and with the wonderful love of a mother's heart made a deep gash in her breast, in order that her child's life might be preserved by drinking her own heart's blood.

MESMERISM IN A SCHOOL.

A travelling mesmerist who visited Paterson, N. J., lately caused a good deal of excitement, and the boys began to try mesmerizing each other. One schoolboy found himself possessed of animal magnetism sufficient to make him a good operator, and he gave a public exhibition. Now the boys may be seen in all the streets trying to mesmerize one another. A few days ago a boy in one of the schools mesmerized another in the temporary absence of the teacher, and set him to dancing on the platform. The children were in ecstasies of delight over the performance. When the teacher suddenly returned, they sank into their seats and appeared to be diligently studying their lessons. But the lad who was doing the hornpipe on the platform kept right on. The astonished school-teacher ordered him to stop, but he paid no attention. Then she tried to put him off the platform, but he kept on dancing. She threatened to summon the principal to punish him, but that had no effect. Finally some one said that the boy was mesmerized; and it was not until the mesmerizer stepped forward and snapped his fingers in his face and called out, "All right," that the dancer stopped. He said he was utterly unconscious of what he had been doing.

COOKING.

The London Universe commends good cooking: —

Cooking is a far more important matter than the general run of people suppose. Married men sometimes come to realize the importance of the question when, unfortunately, it is too late to apply a remedy. An American lady of Chicago, Miss Ewing, has been lately lecturing on the subject to some purpose. She says that "The wife of a devoted husband is always a good cook. Intemperance, profanity, disgust of home life, — all are born of bad cooking." To a very great extent all this is true. Let any married man ask himself the question, and deny our assertion if he can. To our young men we say, let your beloved one be handsome, ugly, accomplished, or ignorant, or what she may; but, above all things, let her be an adept in cookery. A good cook, at the head of a family, is a joy forever — a prize beyond all value — a preserver of peace and good-will in the family circle, whose importance could not be overrated.

Useful Knowledge.

WATER POUND CAKE. — One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one half pound of butter, four eggs, and one cup of warm water. Use prepared flour, or put into the flour before sifting it two even teaspoonfuls of any good baking powder. The cup of water must be quite warm, but not really hot. Beat eggs separately.

WHEN, from sedentary habits, the muscles are emaciated and the digestive system disordered, the best method for restoring the patient to health and full weight is for him to be charged with electricity, applied through the handle of a spade, a hoe, an axe, or some similar instrument. Apply it daily, and for some hours at a time.

WHEN the excellence of rice as a diet is fully understood, its use will be more frequent and of daily occurrence in every household. At this season of the year especially, it may properly be classed as superior to any of the cereals which are in such general use for the morning and midday meals. No other food is so easy of digestion, and at its present cost it is cheaper than potatoes, oatmeal, or grain grits of any kind.

BAKED FISH. — Take any nice fish, boil it, remove the bones, and chop considerable parsley very fine, with one small onion. Have about as much bread crumbs as fish. Take a pudding dish and butter it, then lay in a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of fish, ending with the bread crumbs. Mix your parsley and onion with salt and pepper through your bread crumbs. Put lumps of butter over the top, a very slight grating of nutmeg, and pour over it all sweet cream, or very rich milk, till it rises nearly to the top. Bake in a quick oven till it has a nice, rich brown crust.

PLUM PUDDING. — The quantity given here will serve for a mess of five or six. One cup of molasses, one cup of beef suet, freed from fibre and chopped fine, one cup sweet milk, one cup raisins, nicked, seeded, chopped, and dredged with flour; three cups sifted flour, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful ground cloves, one half teaspoonful soda, one egg. Put soda into molasses and stir very hard; beat the egg well and stir it into the molasses, then add the flour, salt, spices, suet, and fruits. Put into prepared bag and boil three hours.

So much are we the slaves of the world that we sometimes hesitate to do an action which is prompted by the heart, fearful that it may be mistaken by others for folly.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES. — The best buckwheat cakes are made with an addition of corn-meal flour and oatmeal flour to the buckwheat, in this proportion: Six cupfuls of buckwheat, three cupfuls of oatmeal flour, or if this cannot be obtained, substitute Graham flour in its place, and one cupful of corn-meal flour; to this add a dessert-spoon evenly filled with salt, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and lukewarm water sufficient to form a batter. Stir through the flour well four teaspoonfuls of baking powder before wetting; but these cakes are much better raised over night with yeast.

APPLE MÉRINGUE PUDDING. — One pint of stewed apples, three eggs, — whites and yolks separate, — half teacup white sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful essence of almond (for the méringue). Prepare the apples as for a pie, and stew till almost a pulp, sweeten and spice, and while hot stir in the yolks of the eggs gradually. Beat very light, pour into a buttered dish, and bake for ten minutes. Cover, without drawing from the oven, with a méringue made of the beaten whites, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and the almond flavoring. Spread it over with a tablespoon, evenly and quickly, close the oven again, and brown very slightly. Serve either hot or cold, as preferred.

KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN. — Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician, who has spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases; but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda-water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after one thorough washing of the hair. The hair should be thoroughly dried afterward, and avoid draughts of air for a little while.

The Humorist.

ORIGIN OF "YANKEE."—The origin of the word Yankee is now difficult to trace. The old spelling was "Yankey." Some have said that it was coined in Europe, and used to designate all persons in the American colonies. Others have argued that it could be traced to the Indians, who in their attempts to pronounce English called them Yanghees. The learned Dr. Thatcher declares it was first used by one Jonathan Hastings, a farmer of Cambridge, Mass., as a cant word to express excellence, as a Yankee good house, or Yankee good cider; just as the people of Louisiana, when recommending anything for sale at New Orleans, declare it is real Creole butter or Creole eggs. At any rate the word Yankee has become a famous word, and while our Southern brethren point indiscriminately to all Northerners as Yankees, nevertheless the genuine Yankee will continue to be found "down East," where he was first discovered. When he is found in any other quarter of the country he may be recognized, but he is away from home.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

AN Irishman, finding his cash at low ebb, resolved to adopt "the road" as a professional means of replenishing the exchequer; and having provided himself with a huge horse-pistol, proceeded forthwith to the conventional "lonely common," and lay in wait. The no less conventional "farmer returning from the market with a bag of money," of course, soon appeared, to whom enter Pat with the regulation highwayman offer of choice, "Your money or your life!" a remark fortified by the simultaneous exhibition of the fire-arm in the usual way. The farmer, who was a Quaker, essayed to temporize. "I would not have thee stain thy soul with sin, friend: and didst thou rob me of my gold, it would be theft; and didst thou kill me, it would be murder. But hold! A bargain is no sin, but a commerce between two honest men. I will give thee this bag of gold for the pistol which thou holdest at my ear." The unsuspecting amateur Macheath—yielding, perhaps, to the Quaker's logic and solicitude for his spiritual welfare—made the exchange without a moment's hesitation. "Now, friend," cried the wily Ephraim, levelling the weapon, "give me back my gold, or I'll blow thy brains out!" "Blaze away, thin, darlint!" said Pat. "Sure, there's niver a dhrop of powther in it!" The result was a sold Quaker.

A MAN with a very large bald head was complimented on the fact that his caput was analogous to Greenland. "Why so?" he asked. "Because it is a great *white bare* place," was the reply.

STREET preacher: "I now ask, brethren, what can I do to move you? what shall I do to move you in this world of wickedness?" 'Arry: "Send round the 'at, guv'nor,—that 'll move 'em."

"SAM, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on top of the measure and the little ones below?"—"Same reason, sah, dat makes de front ob your house marble and de back gate chiefly slop bar'l, sah."

THERE is no worse occupation for an honest physician than to listen to the complaints of people who pretend to be ill. A well-known doctor, who was called upon by one of his patients for nothing about once a week, ended by inquiring, "Then you eat well?"—"Yes."—"You drink well?"—"Yes."—"You sleep well?"—"Certainly."—"Wonderful!" said the doctor, as he prepared to write a prescription; "I am going to give you something that will put a stop to all that."

"I AM GONE!"—An English minister, who is in the habit of warning his congregation on special occasions against the machinations of the Evil One, was delivering a discourse on his favorite theme, when suddenly a large window-blind and roller behind the pulpit lost its hold, falling right over the preacher, and completely concealing him for a time from his flock. In its descent the roller smashed a number of window-panes, and the clatter of the falling glass added panic to the already terrified condition of the enshrouded preacher. Ignorant of the cause of the sudden darkness and horrible noise, he thought that he might have exceeded the bounds of discretion in his denunciations of the devil, who had thereupon arrived hastily in person, bent on retaliation. A frightful shriek of "I am gone!" echoed through the church; and the maddened preacher, with one bound, cleared the pulpit, nor ever stopped until he reached the extreme corner of the edifice. It may be well imagined that the suddenness of this alarming incident and its dramatic nature exercised a most powerful effect on the nerves of all who witnessed it.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE chief subject of conversation in Irish circles of late has been the "dynamite" scare. It appears that the British Admiralty, attaching too much importance to several wild statements in the press, hastened to accuse the Land League of complicity with the blowing up of the "Dotterel." Such a crime was instantly and indignantly denied, for it is simply absurd to represent the vast majority of Irishmen as in any sympathy with a mode of warfare compared with which the scalping knife of the savage would be honorable. Besides, to give Mr. O'Donovan Rossa his due, he has certainly exculpated himself from the charges made directly against him; and the public both in Great Britain and here are satisfied that Ireland herself has had nothing to do, as a nation, with such a use of explosives as is forbidden by all the laws of civilized warfare. As we have frequently intimated to our readers, they cannot be too cautious in accepting the statements of the English press, and it is a notorious fact that some of our influential American journals are disgustingly snobbish in their admiration of England and contempt of Ireland. Even when they appear to wish to do justice to Ireland, they fall into a tone of patronage or pity. Let our readers take with a very large pinch of salt all rumors about Irishmen who, engaged in shipping or working on wharves, devote their time and energy to stowing away dynamite in the holds of British ships. We are too shrewd to suppose that such a method of working up the cause could do us the slightest benefit. Were Ireland to resort to such an expedient as the hidden and cowardly employment of terrible explosives on board ships, she might bid adieu to any sympathy from mankind. War is war, but let not Ireland lose the stainless lustre of her bravery by any course which can be only stigmatized as the lowest barbarism.

PIUS IX. is persecuted even in death. The occasion of the transference of his remains to their last resting-place was made the signal for a demonstration of fury and irreligion of which Hottentots would be ashamed. The funeral rites of all nations are held in respect, and even bitter enemies respect their dead foes. But because the pope, even in death, retains the prestige of the sacred office which he filled, he is held in detestation by the enemies of Christianity. There was no attempt made on the part of the papal authorities to create a "scene," or to give any political point to the entombment of the late Sovereign Pontiff. It was simply and only a funeral. That the mourners should be hissed and hooted, and the cortége at several points impeded by rioters, indicates the presence of a reckless infidelity in Rome which argues ill for the government, for such men care nothing about human or divine authority. It is gratifying to know that the outrage was deplored by the press of Europe, with the exception of that class of sheets whose editors, whilst continually advocating the use of dynamite and the assassin's knife against rulers, manage to lead very safe and peaceful lives within their *sanctum*.

PRINCE BISMARCK complains of receiving letters threatening him with assassination. It seems strange that he never questions himself whether he is not giving

cause for much of the dislike with which he is regarded by all classes in Germany. His policy of blood and iron threatens his country with depopulation. Every seaboard town is crowded with immigrants. This is a sign of poor statesmanship. The policy of repression which is Bismarck's glory has had its day. Senates to-day cannot be bullied nor individual liberty overawed. We may draw a fair conclusion of the tyranny which prevails in Germany from the reflection that the people are naturally slow to anger, and will put up with bad laws which would put France or England in a flame in a day. It is unfair and ungenerous to treat a nation of this temperament in the high-handed and insolent style of a military despot. The legislative enactments of the German Reichstag have been frequently and contemptuously set aside by the imperious Chancellor, and one of the blackest stains in German history is his utter disregard of the rights of conscience. As personal grievances are generally the result of the neglect or violation of general laws, there can be no doubt that Bismarck has made many a bitter personal enemy, nor that men who have been compelled by injustice to flee from their native land look upon him as the author of their misfortunes. The trials of the German immigrant here are manifold, not the least being his unacquaintance with our language and institutions, and he is exposed to the machinations of sharpers and adventurers whom immigrants from Great Britain easily detect and foil.

THE President's illness has served to bring out the genuine kindliness which exists in the American disposition. There could be no disputing the sincerity of the sympathy which was felt for him or the gladness with which the news of his convalescence was received. As sickness is the real trial of a man, the people were forced to admire the patience and cheerfulness of the President throughout the trying time, and his courage in submitting to painful operations. Catholics were particularly pleased at the grateful acknowledgment made by the President of the prayers offered up by them for his recovery. It was only a few days before this dastardly attempt upon his life, that Pope Leo in an allocution had warned the world against the spirit of anarchy which is abroad, and which seeks its ends, not in the reformation of government or society, but in their annihilation. The general feeling among Catholics was one of congratulation that it was not a degraded member of the Church that aimed the blow at the President's life. On the contrary, Guiteau is a bitter hater of "Romanism," and no doubt is proud of his descent from the Huguenots. He thanks God in one of his books that there is not a drop of Catholic blood in his veins; so we thank God there is not.

THE next meeting of the I. C. B. Union will be held in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 28th of September.

MR. JAMES O'CONNELL, a scholastic of the Jesuit Order, was drowned on Tuesday, July 5, at St. Inigo's, in St. Mary's County, Md. Mr. O'Connell was from Missouri, but had been stationed at Woodstock to complete his course of theology. A few weeks ago he went with the other scholastics of the order to spend the vacation at St. Inigo's.

THE HOME SAVINGS BANK, of Boston, is now counted as one of our soundest and most successful financial institutions. The management of the bank is not only energetic and liberal, but is also careful and prompt in attending to all trusts confided to it. The president, Charles H. Allen, Esq, is widely known in business circles as a sagacious and prudent financier of great ability.

THE Ninth Massachusetts Regiment purposes to visit Yorktown next October, to participate in the centennial celebration of the surrender of the English forces to Gen. Washington. There are but two distinctive Irish-American regiments in the United States to-day, — the Ninth Massachusetts and the Sixty-ninth New York, — and it was thought by the officers of our gallant Massachusetts regiment that the people of the Irish race in America ought to be represented at so significant a celebration. There is every indication that the gallant Ninth will go.

For buying a half-pint of castor oil from a boycotted storekeeper, an Irish farmer was made to swallow it himself, though he wanted it for a sick cow.

Two babies were born in the same house at Oakland, Tenn. The mothers were sisters, closely resembling each other, and the infants were both girls. In the excitement of the occasion the little ones got mixed, and now neither mother knows which is her own child.

The Land Bill passed the House of Commons on the night of the 28th of July. Mr. Parnell's amendment to the Land Bill, adding to Clause 44 a proviso that an action for rent, pending at the same time as an application for fixing judicial rent, be suspended until the latter is determined was assented to. The majority of the Conservatives and some Parnellites, including Mr. Parnell, abstained from voting. The bill is now before the House of Lords.

Monsignor Seton, of Jersey City, is reported by the New York Sun to have said in a recent sermon: "I will tell you what is forbidden by the bishop of the diocese; by the archbishops of the United States, assembled in plenary council at Baltimore; forbidden by the Sovereign Pontiff, the Pope: it is forbidden to build a $100,000 church and a magnificent residence for the pastor, and to have no Catholic school in the parish. I say, 'Take the beam out of your own eye before you presume to take out the mote in my eye.' When I came to this parish I found a good school, with four hundred children. I thank God I have been able to raise it up so that you have seven hundred children. If I lived in a magnificent priest's house, opposite a $100,000 unpaid-for church, and had no Catholic school in that parish, I would go with my two curates and hire three little rooms, and I would turn my palatial priest's residence into a Catholic school. You see the little brick house where your three priests live Every high wind that blows shakes that tottering brick house. We have been urged to buld a better one. Why have we a good school? Because the bishop of the diocese has said there should be a Catholic school in every parish; because the bishops and archbishops of the United States, in plenary council assembled, have said, 'Let there be a Catholic school in every parish'; because the head of the Catholic Church, our holy Sovereign Pontiff, the Pope, has told us that there should be a Catholic school in every parish."

Summary of Irish evictions for April, May, and June: During those months there were evicted 5,262 persons, representing 1,065 families. Nearly one half this number of families were readmitted as "care-takers," or in other words, to temporarily occupy the lands until tenants could be found. The tenants who were unconditionally evicted occupied lands that were officially valued at £5,708, but on which the yearly rents claimed amounted to £8,876, or nearly forty per cent in excess of the official valuation, which is by no means a low one.

Rt. Rev. John McMullen, D. D., was consecrated as bishop of the new diocese of Davenport, Iowa, at the Cathedral of the Holy Name in Chicago, on the 25th of July. Archbishop Feehan was the celebrant, and was assisted by Bishop Spalding of Peoria, and Bishop Baltes of Alton, while the consecrating sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of St. Stephen's Church, New York, who was formerly a school-fellow of the bishop-elect. Dr. John McMullen was born March 8, 1833, in the town of Ballanahinch, in the county of Down, in the North of Ireland. The family removed to America in 1837, settling in Lower Canada on a farm, and did well, the father afterwards being appointed, upon removing to Chicago, the executor of the great Walsh estate, estimated to be worth $4,000,000. His son John, the future bishop, a short time after the arrival of the family, entered the College of St. Mary's of the Lake and graduated with high honors in 1853, when in the twenty-first year of his age. In the same year he accompanied a young man, afterwards the Rev. Dr. McGovern, to Rome, where he entered the college of the Propagandi. Here he spent two years in the philosophical course and three years in the theological course. In 1858 he was ordained a priest and received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In the same year, in August, he returned to Chicago and was appointed the pastor of St. Louis's Church. He became president of the University of the Lady of the Lake, which he had built in 1861, removed to Wilmington, Ill., in 1869, and was recalled to Chicago by Bishop Foley in 1870, and was by him appointed administrator of the diocese. The newly created bishopric of Davenport, whose creation was ratified by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. on the occasion of the feast of St. Joseph, May 8, is cut from the great diocese of Dubuque, which has hitherto included the whole State of Iowa, now the tenth State in the Union in population.

THE Church of the Precious Blood, Woonsocket, R. I., just completed by the French Canadian population, was dedicated Sunday, July 17. The seating capacity is 1,800, and the cost of construction about $65,000. Rt. Rev. Bishop Hendricken, assisted by Bishops Laflesche, of Three Rivers, and Moran, of St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., and twenty-five priests assisted at the dedication.

A CABLE despatch to the Freeman's Journal makes these announcements: The diocese of Newark has been divided. A new see with its bishop's throne in Trenton has been erected. As its first pastor, the Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, of St. Peter's Church, New York, has been appointed. The old see of Newark has had given to it as bishop a priest of the diocese, whose name has not been publicly divulged.

AGRICULTURAL LABORERS. — The report of the registrar-general for Ireland for 1880, relating to migratory agricultural laborers, is of great value. From it we learn that last year 27,659 harvestmen were conveyed over the Midland Great Western Railway system on their way to England. From another source we learn that last year a return was obtained of 22,900 migratory agricultural laborers in Ireland, of whom 950 were from Munster, 967 from Leinster, 5,209 from Ulster, and 15,774 from Connaught, and of these last 10,198, or nearly two thirds, were from the single county of Mayo. Similarly, 2,435, or nearly one half of the 5,209 of migratory laborers in Ulster, are from the single county of Donegal. The report states: —

"In Connaught, therefore, the proportion of migratory laborers is so great that their movement and the amount of their earnings must have a very considerable influence on the social and financial condition of the whole province. In Ulster the effect must be but slight, and practically confined to its northwestern portion; while in Leinster and Munster the number of laborers who habitually emigrate is too small to have any appreciable effect on these provinces generally."

The following four counties stand highest in this migratory labor movement: —

Mayo,	41.7	per 1,000	of the population.
Donegal,	11.2	"	"
Roscommon,	11.2	"	"
Leitrim,	10.1	"	"

Were there a wise and liberal scheme of laborers' dwellings, the industry of all these people might be utilized for the spread of contentment and rural health, and the great advancement of agricultural prosperity.

SAYS the Catholic Columbian: Why should we glory in our possessions, as if we had not received all we have from the hands of God? If it be his pleasure to deprive us of anything we have, he only takes what his is own, and we should therefore neither murmur nor complain at his visitation, but accept the privation resignedly to his holy will.

ST. MICHAEL'S HALL AND SCHOOL, Springfield, Mass. — The Springfield Herald gives the particulars of the laying of the corner-stone of a grand building in that flourishing city, on the 17th of July. Bishop O Reilly, with a large number of the reverend clergy, performed the ceremonies. The sermon was delivered by Rev. T. J. Conaty, of Worcester.

The building will have a front on Elliott Street of one hundred and twenty-six feet by fifty-four, with two wings extending back forty feet. It will contain ten school-rooms, six of which will be on the first floor, two in the wings of the second floor, and two in the wings of the third floor. St. Michael's Hall, situated on the second floor of the main building, takes in the full dimensions thereof, viz., one hundred and twenty-six feet by fifty-four. Owing to its lofty ceiling, it occupies the same height as two stories in the L's. This part of the structure will supply a want long felt by the parish, by affording ample accommodation for meetings, entertainments, and the like. The hall will be fully supplied with every modern appliance to make it suitable for scenic representations. The stage will be forty feet wide by eighteen feet deep, and will be placed at the centre of the back wall of the building, flanked on either side with large dressing-rooms, etc. The seats in the hall will be arranged in a semicircular form, entered from a passageway at both ends of the hall as well as a broad one in the centre. The proscenium opening will be arched, as will also the ceiling of the hall, which will be thirty-three feet high in the clear, thereby insuring the best of acoustic effects; while the large number of lofty windows with which the wall is pierced will not only afford a superabundance of light, but the best possible ventilation. The seating capacity of the hall will be increased by the erection of galleries at either end, the whole insuring accommodation for more than 1,000 persons.

On the corner-stone is this inscription, *Quis ut Deus?* (Who is like God?) Mr. James Murphy, of Providence, R I., is the architect.

McGRATH and McKEVITT were convicted at Liverpool of attempting to blow up the town hall in that city, and the former was sentenced to penal servitude for life and the latter for fifteen years.

THE Catholic Knights of America, in convention at Cincinnati, passed resolutions of sympathy with Ireland, decided to hold the next convention at St. Louis, in 1883, and elected the following officers: President, W. J. O'Neil of St. Louis; vice-president, W. S. Russell of Louisville; treasurer, J. L. Herckman of Grafton, W. Va; secretary, N. D. Rogers of Louisville; trustees, J. W. Jennings of Philadelphia, Dr. J. A. Auerbeck of Covington, and J. J. Duffy of Memphis.

CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE. — In reply to a correspondent who interviewed Rt. Rev. Dr. Croke, that prelate said: "I think the state of the country may be said to be fairly progressive in almost every sense of the word; that is to say, the people are better fed, better clad, better lodged, more intelligent, better educated, and I believe more practically and reasonably religious than they have ever been before. But they are more discontented; and if you should ask me why, I should say the reason was pretty obvious. Hitherto they have been satisfied to live on offal, to be housed like pigs, clad in tatters, and they thought they had hardly a right to anything better. But now they feel their needs and know their rights, and are determined accordingly to assert them."

NEW CHURCH IN GLOUCESTER, MASS. — The dedication of St. Ann's Catholic Church occurred on Sunday, July 31, Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, of Boston, officiating. Rt. Rev. Bishop P. T. O'Reilly, of Springfield, and many of the clergy from different parts of the State, were present. The three marble altars were consecrated in the morning by Archbishop Williams. The dedication ceremonies commenced at ten o'clock and terminated at half past twelve. Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield, delivered a very able discourse which made a profound impression upon the audience, half of which were composed of Protestants. The services terminated by the Te Deum, which was admirably sung by the choir. The church is a magnificent edifice, the finest in the city, and was built at a cost of $100,000 by the untiring efforts of the present pastor, Rev. J. J. Healy, who has been settled over the parish about ten years. The Archbishop, Bishop O'Reilly, and the reverend clergy were entertained at the pastoral mansion.

P. W. CROWE, the alleged manufacturer of the infernal machines to blow up John Bull, is said to have confessed to a Peoria, Ill., reporter that he made the deadly missiles with a full knowledge of the plot to destroy British ships and British government buildings by their use. He claims that he has the same right to manufacture explosives that others have to make fire-arms. The government investigation with a view to the apprehension and punishment of the guilty parties in the United States is still in progress.

UP to the first week of July. Mr. Egan acknowledges the receipt of £82,154, or $412,000, for the cause of Ireland. Of this £61,077 were given for agitation purposes, and £21,077 for the defence of Mr. Parnell and his associates The League had at the same date $265,000 remaining, of which a considerable portion was invested in four per cent United States bonds. Besides these amounts, America contributed about $300,000 for the relief of the Irish people during the prevalence of the famine.

THE addition of 660,239 to our population by immigration during the year that closed June 30 shows, among other things, that is well we have a big country, and are in no immediate danger of being crowded. It is noted as a significant fact to Bismarck and iron rule in Germany that the largest number, 209,500, came from the German Empire. Quite as significant a fact to England is the footing showing 118,664 immigrants into the United States from the Dominion of Canada, and 70,000 from England and Wales, — within 2,300 of the emigration from Ireland. If there is n't some brain bother abroad over these statistics, we miss our guess. The total increase over last year is 208,337.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. — The Sisters of Charity have been in Boston nearly half a century. It is proposed to celebrate the event next May, the fiftieth anniversary of their advent in our city. We hope it will be made an occasion of rejoicing by the whole Catholic community. The institutions particularly under their charge should make great efforts to make the celebration a success. The asylums under the charge of the Sisters are deeply in debt. The celebration, if properly managed, may be made a source of revenue to help to pay these debts, and let each share alike of the profits arising from the celebration.

Events of the Month.

THE price per word for telegraphic messages between this country and Europe has been reduced to twenty-five cents.

SIXTY THOUSAND acres of land on the line of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad has been purchased by the Catholic Colonization Society.

THE census shows that Ireland now has fewer people to the square mile than Belgium, Holland, France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, or Asia.

OVER one thousand native women and children were massacred recently at Tapitawa, in the Fiji Islands, at the instigation of a native missionary named Kubu, who led his followers in person.

THE liberality of Irish Catholics, when subscribing to religious objects, is almost unrivalled. The collection in Drogheda, Ireland, after the sermon, on the occasion of the Plunkett centenary, amounted to £700.

THAT is a very wise provision by which the new Irish Land Court is empowered "to quash all leases concluded since 1870 which it finds to contain unfair terms, and to have been forced on the tenant by threat of eviction or undue influence."

THE body of Lady Blanche Murphy has been brought home from America, and interred in the chapel adjoining Exton House, Rutland, by the side of her mother, the Countess of Gainsborough. The proceedings were of a very private character.

AT the next French elections M. Gambetta will have a strong opponent in a man whom he once designated his "master." M. Jules Simon has manifested his intention not only of making an anti-Gambettist tour in the provinces, but also exposing Gambetta's defects and aims to the electors of Belleville, whom he himself once represented.

BOYCOTTING A GAS COMPANY. — One of the most novel features which boycotting has yet presented is now to be seen in the town of Mountmellick, Queen's County. The gas company there has a man in their employment who owned some cattle, and it is alleged took some land for grazing, the tenant having been evicted. The gas company, it is stated, were asked to dismiss the man, which they refused to do, and the consequence is that they are boycotted. In the great majority of the shops and houses the gas has been turned off, and lamps and candles have been used in its stead.

OF the three hundred and twenty-seven Catholic priests who were in this country in 1834, but four are still living. They are Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Archbishop Henni, of Milwaukee; Rev. James Filton, then of Worcester, Mass.; and Rev. Father Havermans, of Troy, N. Y.

A PRELIMINARY report of the census of England and Wales, laid on the table by Lord Carlington, shows that the population is now 25,968,286, being an increase since 1871 of 3,256,020. The population of the metropolis has increased during the same period by 560,311, having now reached 3,814,571.

THE telegraph announces that two Sisters of Charity were burnt to death at Leavenworth, Kansas. It seems that the habit of two novices of the order took fire; the flames were, after some exertion on the part of the other, extinguished. The one badly burned has died, but the other novice still survives her injuries, which are reported very light.

THE assizes in Ireland have not produced anything to justify the loud cry of horror that has rung through the English press. Not only have the accusations been fewer than was expected, but the police reports to the judges have also disappointed Ireland's enemies. Everything tends to the belief that if justice be done to Ireland in the Land Bill, a great amount of discontent will soon disappear.

AT the Longford Assizes, Chief Justice May had to tell the Grand Jury that there were but *three* cases for trial, and the general condition of the county was most satisfactory. Nevertheless, Col. King Harman, the foreman, insisted that the judge was wrong, and that there were offences which the police had not reported. It is from Col. King Harman's class that Mr. Forster receives his inspiration, and its value may easily be understood.

MESSRS. C. S. PARNELL, JUSTIN MCCARTHY and T. P. O'CONNOR have signed an appeal to the Irish electors of Great Britain, which is now being circulated. Owing to the approach of the period for the registration of votes, there is, they say, scarcely a town in England in which some of their countrymen have not taken refuge, driven from their homes by unjust and devastating laws; and thus there is scarcely a town in which the Irish exiles may not do something to advance the Irish cause.

EVEN Palestine feels the impulse of modern progress. A new city is going up on the west side of Jerusalem, outside of the gates. Along the turnpike to Jaffa runs the telegraph wire, and on the plain of Sharon stands the large "Jewish Agricultural College," surrounded by a model farm and thrifty nurseries. Bethlehem is a thriving town, — largely it is nominally Christian, — and it carries on extensive manufactures in mother-of-pearl.

THE roof of a church at San Mateo, Mexico, fell in during morning service recently, killing over thirty of the worshippers present, the greater number being women. The church was being partially rebuilt, and while a party of men were working on the roof one fell through, and the sudden rush of all the others at the same time, in their endeavors to get off, caused the remainder of the roof to collapse. Twenty of the workmen were killed and several were fatally injured.

THE emigration clause has been allowed to remain in the Land Bill, but so altered from its original shape and so circumscribed as to be gloriously ineffectual in carrying out the designs of those who heartily approved of it as it stood originally. Canada disappears as a special destination for emigrants, and only £200,000 sterling are to be set aside for emigration purposes, but one third of which sum can be expended in one year, and this in assisting societies already in existence.

MR. CHARLES DAWSON, M. P. for Carlow borough, has been nominated Lord Mayor of Dublin for 1882. No better choice could be made. He is a Catholic, true to all Catholic interests, a patriotic Irishman, an eloquent speaker, a fine writer (his poem "Finola" proves that), and an ornament to the Catholic University. His career in the Dublin corporation has been marked by many beautiful speeches for "faith and fatherland." He is to inaugurate the O'Connell monument and to join in other historical matters.

THE LATE FATHER SECCHI. — The city of Reggio (Emilia), where the great astronomer, Father Secchi, S. J., was born, is about to raise a monument to his memory. This monument is to take the form of a monster telescope, which will be made like that lately erected in Vienna, and will have glasses seventy centimetres in diameter. Many scientific men will contribute to the fund for the erection of this telescope. The Jesuits, who were deprived, on the death of Father Secchi, of their observatory at the Roman University, have now constructed another observatory in the villa on the high ground above the church of Sto. Spirito in Sassia.

POLITICIANS, BEWARE. — Mr. Neale, of Charles County, Md., who was a fellow-member of the lower House of Congress and a room-mate of Mr. Buchanan, late President of the United States, relates that in conversation on the subject of the Catholic religion, Mr. Buchanan turned round and earnestly said to Mr. Neale, "Mr. Neale, you will be the cause of my damnation." "Why," said Mr. Neale in astonishment, "what are you saying?" "You will," said Mr. Buchanan, "for you have convinced me of the truth of the Catholic religion; but I am a politician and I cannot embrace it, and consequently I will be lost!" Oh that those who are eager to enter upon political life would reflect upon the dangerous whirlpool into which they would plunge themselves!

THE ESCAPE OF STEPHENS. — John Harrison, a participator in the escape of the Fenian Stephens from Richmond Prison, Dublin, has printed a card explanatory of the rescue. He states that Breslin and Byrnes were at the time warders of the prison, and they had charge of the interior arrangements. It was agreed that fourteen men should meet at the Bleeding Horse Tavern at eleven o'clock at night, and these concealed themselves in an adjoining ditch. Friends inside gave the signal, and hoisted the rope ladder over the wall. Stephens being safely outside, six of the band acted as a special guard to prevent surprise or recapture, the remainder following at some distance. Four of these men are now in New York, — Devoy, Dugan, Kelly, and Harrison. Others are on British territory.

ATTEMPTED SEIZURES FOR RENT. — A large force of military and police proceeded to assist in effecting seizures for rent. Bogs had to be crossed and mountains climbed to get to the houses, each of which was found to be locked, and no cattle could be found on the farms. Finding such to be the case, the sub-sheriff took possession of the farms, and announced he would shortly sell the tenants' interest thereon in Enniskillen. Large crowds assembled on the hills and followed the troops along the fields. Mr. Harvey reminded them of the district being proclaimed, and had the crowds dispersed by the police several times. No resistance to the law was offered. On one or two occasions the Hussars rode a long way through fields and lands to reach backward houses. On their return to the main body they found all the lanes built

across with walls and bushes, the rivers were dammed up, the gaps had been closed, and in fact everything possible was done to render their return difficult. Most of the horses suffered from the thorns, and were cut in jumping the walls.

CARDINALS MANNING and NEWMAN attended the state funeral of Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey. This is the first time these Benedictine cloisters have resounded to the tread of two princes of the Church these many years It is needless to say they were in the part of the building farthest from the altar.

FOREIGN MISSIONS FLOURISHING. — Whilst the France of Gambetta and Jules Ferry is endeavoring to efface Christianity from its teaching and from the hearts of the people, it is consoling to note that the missionary spirit increases rather than diminishes. The Society of Foreign Missions, which counts so many martyrs amongst its priests, is composed of no less than 26 bishops, 374 French priests, 374 native priests, and 1,630 catechists.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST, 1881. — This pleasant Irish visitor is, as usual, bright and entertaining, and as its green covers indicate, full of fresh and wholesome news. The report of Bob Ingersoll's sermon puts all that quasi-philosopher's arguments and views into a nutshell. The selections are interesting, both in prose and verse, and its items concerning the dear old "Isle of Saints" are always gladly welcomed by its Irish readers, while science, wit, religion, and patriotism, all reflected upon its pages, furnish a pleasing variety to its readers of every nationality. — *The Morning Star and Catholic Messenger, New Orleans.*

WE call the attention of our readers to the BLANCHARD SERIES of concentrated and semi-digested liquid Foods. These FOODS are extracts from *Wheat*, *Beef*, and *Milk*. They are adapted to build up the physical system, strengthening at once the mind and body, and repairing all conditions of Debility of the Nervous tissue and Digestive organs. *Let it be borne in mind that* these foods are *curative*, but no *medicine or drugs* enter into their composition. All conditions are built up by these simple, easily digested and concentrated foods. New England Offices, 28 School Street, rooms 13 and 14, Boston, Mass.; *Sample* and *Retail* store No. 8 Tremont Street, near the Museum. J. Jay Watson & Co., General Agents. *Beautiful Advertising cards free.*

PRESIDENT GARFIELD is gradually improving, and every hope is entertained of his recovery, thank God!

CATHOLIC COLONIZATION IN THE WEST, by William J. Onahan, will be given in our next Magazine.

BY the will of the late Dr. Stewart, of Eccles Street, Dublin, about £34,000 is to be devoted to charity, irrespective of creed or party.

THE chief of police of Rome has been dismissed for neglect of duty, in connection with the disturbances on the occasion of the translation of the remains of Pius IX.

ONE of the hopeful signs of the times for the Church is the growing interest educated Protestants are taking in the concerns of the Catholic world. At the recent commencement at Harvard, one of the graduates, a Protestant, read a paper on the progress of Catholicism, and dealt with the Church very liberally, nay, partially. Another flattering paper was read on "Cardinal Newman as a Preacher." Both essays were favorably received.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for August opens with a portrait and sketch of Archbishop Croke, which will prove acceptable to the numerous readers of that popular publication. "A Sermon by Rev. Robert Ingersoll, Abbot of Unreason," as reported (?) by Rev. Henry A. Brown, D. D., is an able satire on "Bob." The Magazine is chock full of good and useful reading that deserves to be preserved for future use. No more popular magazine for Irish-American readers than Donahoe's; only $2.00 a year. — *The Catholic Herald.*

THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF AMERICA assembled in Boston on the 3d of August, and after two days' deliberation, adjourned to meet at St. Paul, Minn., next year. Services were held at the Cathedral and Church of the Immaculate Conception on the 3d and 4th; a mass meeting at Faneuil Hall on the evening of the 4th; and by invitation of the mayor the delegates enjoyed a delightful sail down the harbor, landing at Deer Island, where, after examining the institutions, the company partook of a bountiful collation. The new officers are: Rev. J. B. Colter of Minnesota, president; Rev. P. A. McKenna and the Hon. R. J. Ritchie of New Brunswick, vice-presidents; treasurer, Rev. J. D. Bowles of Ohio; secretary, Philip A. Nolan of Philadelphia.

LORD O'HAGAN will be the president of the Social Science Congress which is to sit this year at Dublin.

THE assessed valuation of real estate in Boston has increased $18,000,000 since last year, and that of personal property $8,000,000. The rate of taxation per $1,000 is reduced from $15.20 last year to $13.90 this year. This falling off of $1.30 per $1,000 must be gratifying to heavy taxpayers, many of whom cannot carry their property with them to Nahant. The financial and industrial condition of the city is excellent.

WE had the pleasure of a visit from W. J. ONAHAN, Esq., of Chicago, lately. He was accompanied by Rev. FATHER SMITH, pastor of the Catholic colony of Nebraska. Both were travelling in the interests of the Catholic colonization movement. Mr. Onahan's stay was brief, but Father Smith will remain for some time, and will explain to those desirous of locating in the Catholic colonies the advantages to be derived therefrom.

VIRGIL'S nineteenth century will be celebrated next year, and the periodical I. Papato, of which Mgr. Tripepi is director, believing that Catholics ought to avail themselves of the opportunity to do honor to the Holy See, which has been since its establishment the great upholder and promoter of Latin literature, announces its intention of giving on the occasion a gold and silver medal for the best and second best hexameter Latin poem in praise of "some glory of the Pontificate of Leo XIII." Catholics of any nation may compete. Here is a chance of honorable distinction for our *savants* — clergymen and others.

"DR. LOGUE, the Bishop of Raphoe has given us," says the Dublin Nation of July 16, "some additional information about the effort made to obtain the appointment of a Papal Nuncio at London, through whose hands the entire business of the Irish Church should pass. The silver jubilee of Dr. McGettigan, the Primate of all Ireland, was celebrated, and his Grace was entertained at a banquet by the priests and people of the Raphoe diocese, over which Dr. McGettigan ruled prior to his being transferred to the See of Armagh. Dr. Logue presided at the banquet, and in proposing the health of the Pope, stated that the suggestion as to the appointment of a Nuncio to London was made by the English government. The Pope placed the suggestion before the Irish prelates, who at once opposed it, and in deference to their wishes in that matter the appointment was not made."

THE release of John Dillon from Kilmainham jail on Sunday, Aug. 7, was a surprise both to the agitator and the Land League. He will at once resume his seat in Parliament. Mr. Forster stated in the House of Commons that Dillon was released because further confinement would endanger his life.

MR. TIMOTHY MICHAEL HEALY, a member for Wexford, has become a student of Gray's Inn, of which society the Duke of Connaught has just been elected a bencher. Mr. O'Connor Power, who has been for some considerable time a student at the Temple, will be shortly called to the bar.

EMIGRATION IN 1880 AND 1881. — It is assumed, but without foundation, that the emigration in 1881 is greater than that of last year. From the official returns before us we find: —

	Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	Total in five months.
1880.	3,086	3,976	8,489	18,885	19,284	53,720
1881.	1,728	2,422	5,898	15,526	15,833	41,407

As, therefore, much more than half the number of emigrants leave during the first five months of the year, the exodus in 1881 must fall considerably below that of last year. Upon the basis of the population of 1871, 176 to every 10,000 of the Irish people emigrated in 1880; in which Leinster was represented by 121, Ulster by 153, Munster by 220, and Connaught by 242 in every 10,000 of their respective populations. So that although Connaught shows the least relative decline in population during the last ten years, it contributed last year the highest rate of emigration.

CARDINAL MANNING AND THE LAND LEAGUE. — Cardinal Manning has been saying some significant things about the Land League and the agitation in Ireland. The deputation from the laborers which waited on Mr. Forster, had an interview with the Cardinal, when he referred at length to the political situation in Ireland. Unlike a great many of his English fellow-countrymen, he did not look with disfavor on the Land League. That organization, he said, was a perfectly lawful one, and as long as it continued to work within the law it would never have one word of discouragement from him. The cause of the laborers had his entire sympathy, and he regretted that the Land Bill did not deal fully with their claims. He strongly condemned emigration, and asserted that there was not a single mouth in Ireland that might not be fed nor a single hand that might not be employed. These are cheering words coming from such an authority; and they add another proof to the many we have already had of the friendly interest taken by Cardinal Manning in Ireland's welfare.

CARDINAL MANNING AND IRISH LABORERS.

On Sunday evening the Irish deputation which on Friday waited upon Mr. Forster at the Irish Office, in respect of the interests of the agricultural laborers, as regards the Irish Land Bill now before Parliament, had an interview with Cardinal Manning at his residence, Westminster. The deputation comprised Father Kennedy, Kilmeedy, Limerick; Mr. Upton and Mr. Enright, Limerick; Mr. Kissane and Mr. O'Leary, London.

The deputation, having stated their views with regard to the bill, mentioned that the counties of Cork, Waterford, and Kilkenny were represented

Cardinal Manning said: There are three members of my flock in this deputation who will, I think, give you assurance that my heart has always been with the Irish laborer. About ten years ago my friend Mr. Kelly came to me and said that whenever there was a strike amongst the artisans the laborers were always the immediate sufferers, that they were all at once thrown out of employment, and that it was therefore proposed to have a Laborers' Union. I most heartily approved of that, shared in the proposal, and gave it every encouragement in every possible way. I assure you that I believe that every class has a perfect freedom and right to associate and band themselves together for that which is their common interest.

I have always felt, too, that what they call "trades-unions" are legitimate associations to protect the common interests of the men. I have also felt, and not only felt, but written and published, my opinions that the Land League, operating within the limits of the law, human and divine, is a lawful association; and I have always in every way, as those who are near me now well know, regarded the Land League as a legitimate organization, and one which, so long as it does not transgress against the laws of God or man, should never have one word of discouragement from my lips. I limit my words most carefully, therefore, distinctly within those limits.

. . . . . .

The state of the laborers in England as well as in Ireland has been a subject which has had my most earnest sympathy, and those who know me in London here know that I have given evidence of it. I know that so far as regards the Irish Land Bill, good though it may be, it cannot deal effectually with the question of the laborers. It was disappointing that the laborers were not more closely identified with it. I am no politician. I speak as an independent pastor of the Church, and I know that that bill is so large, so unwieldy, and so complicated that it must be impossible to introduce so awkward a subject as that of the Irish laborer. It would be most imprudent to attack the Land Bill as the representative of the laborer.

I believe the question of landlord and tenant is sufficiently large to engage a session, and therefore it is better for you that the subject of the laborer should be a matter entirely reserved for the future I think that a royal commission should be issued for the purpose of taking evidence as to the state of the laborers only. Now I think if you ask me as to the way in which a royal commission should be sought for, it would be your wisest course to pursue and seek it in the next session of Parliament. I have expressed my views: the cobbler ought not to go beyond the last.

I, for one, decline to enter into questions of political economy. But I will say this first of all, that it is quite obvious that a certain amount of land being left to any individual, that that individual is entitled to the receipts, and entitled to live by the proceeds, and entitled to live upon it. I believe this, that there ought to be hereafter, when I trust this land commission is in full exercise of its powers, or when there should be local county government on a larger scale, there ought to be a sanitary commission. I should rather that that commission should be upheld in connection with a land commission, and not wait for a new session of Parliament.

I think that there should be a law to compel those who possess interest in the land to provide, under certain conditions, proper houses in which the laborers should be able to live in comfort. I am not going into the question of political economy. My belief is this, that there is not a single mouth in Ireland that might not be fed, nor a single hand that might not be occupied. I know that those who have lived on the soil have been compelled to seek a livelihood elsewhere. Notwithstanding all this, I would be the last in the world to see one man leave Ireland until the soil intrusted to him had been carefully tilled.

His Eminence afterwards expressed his strong approval of the action of the Land League, although he deprecated to a certain extent the course which that organization had pursued.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father Murphy, S. J., of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., left for Europe July 23.

Rev. Bernard O'Regan has been appointed Rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in place of Rev. John B. Smith, deceased.

Rubinstein gets £600 for each afternoon recital at St. James's Hall, London. Patti receives £240 for singing at a private house, and Albani £180.

Most Rev. Daniel McGettigan, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, celebrated the twenty-fifty anniversary of his consecration on July 7.

Signor Fabrini has recently arrived in the United States. He is a Catholic artist, well known in the musical world, having first won his spurs as a member of her Majesty's Opera.

Very Rev. Michael D. Lilly, O. P., formerly prior of the convent of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York, has been elected Provincial of the Dominican Order in the Eastern Province of the United States.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has returned from his sojourn in the South of France, and was in the House of Commons recently. The right honorable gentleman is preparing the last volume of his great work on Young Ireland, and it is expected to appear in November. He is looking remarkably well.

The physicians of Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., now announce that he is not only in a fair way of recovery, but that, with care and discretion in the exercise of his rare abilities as a preacher, there is no reason why he should not continue, for years to come, to do the good work which has made his name a household word on both sides of the Atlantic.

We are pleased to announce to our subscribers that James A. Reilly, D. M. D., who has just graduated from the Harvard Dental School with very high honors, has opened elegant dental parlors at 60 Chambers Street, Boston (West End). Dr. Reilly passed a brilliant examination, is at present dentist to the Boston Dispensary, and is in every way competent to perform first-class dental work. We gladly recommend him to those needing the services of a competent and skilful dentist.

The affliction of that "child of many prayers," the little Earl of Arundel and Surrey, is now unfortunately beyond a doubt. There has been a long suspense, for in early babyhood blindness cannot be gauged with certainty, especially when, as in the present case, there is a slight sensibility to light. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk have not given up all hopes for their child, in whose eyes no exterior defect is visible, but whose general development is of course greatly retarded by the absence of a sense.

The Empress Eugènie — In passing through Germany, on her way to Switzerland, the Empress Eugènie, who travels as the Countess Pierrefonds, first drove to the new palace, in order to view the rooms in which the late Princess Alice lived, and afterwards proceeded to the Royal Mausoleum, where she was met by the Hereditary Grand Duke and the Princesses Irene and Alice. The Empress then knelt before the tomb of the lamented Princess, and after passing some time in silent prayer, placed several wreaths upon it.

The Very Rev. Canon Patrick Power, Administrator of the Archdiocese of Halifax, N. S., during the recent visit of his Grace the Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr Hannan, to Europe, has been promoted by our Holy Father to the dignity of Private Chamberlain. The honor has been most deservedly bestowed on a devoted and worthy priest. The news of his elevation, with privileges of a Roman prelate and entitling him to the use of the purple, will be hailed with joy by all creeds and classes in Halifax and throughout the maritime provinces.

The fortunes of the descendants of the "Wild Geese" are followed with deep interest by Irishmen at home and abroad. We are therefore glad to announce that the marriage of the head of the McMahon family in France — Marquis McMahon to Mlle. de Vogue, daughter of the ex-embassador at Vienna — was solemnized the other day at Church of St. Pierre de Gres, Paris. Amongst the descendants of these Irish chieftains, whose bones lie whitening "from Dunkirk to Belgrade," that assisted at the nuptials was the Duke of Magenta. What wonder that the Irish shamrock and the French *fleur de lys* are indissolubly intertwined ?

THE MARTYRED OLIVER PLUNKETT.

CELEBRATION OF THE SECOND CENTENARY.

On the Sunday (July 10) within the octave of the bicentenary of the martyrdom of Archbishop Oliver Plunkett, an event took place of the deepest interest to all Catholics. His Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland blessed the foundation of the new memorial church about being erected in Drogheda, to the sainted prelate whose pure and precious life was so ruthlessly and so ignominiously sacrified two hundred years ago. The design provides for a thirteenth-century Gothic building, comprising nave, aisles, transept, side chapel, and tower. The entire length will be 155 feet by 66 across the nave and aisles, and 91 across the transept. The nave and aisles will be divided by arches, supported on polished granite pillars. The site comprises the ground upon which the present Church of St. Peter stands. It may be mentioned that in order to secure an edifice worthy of such great associations, the work was submitted to public competition, and out of twenty-five plans sent in, that of Messrs. O'Neill & Byrne, of Dublin, was chosen, and when erected it will be one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in the country. The Earl of Fingal, who subsequently laid the foundation stone of the new church, Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, M. P., Viscount and Viscountess Campden, Mr. Bellingham, M. P, and Lady Constance Bellingham, Mrs. and Miss Dease of Turbotston, Mr. and Mrs. Taaffe, Mr. and Mrs. McCann, etc., were amongst the congregation. High Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Church. His Grace the Lord Primate presided. The celebrant was the Most. Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh. The following prelates were also present: His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin; the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath; the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory; the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin.

After the last Gospel, the Most Rev. Dr. Moran preached the sermon of the day, selecting as his text the words, "Be mindful of your prelates who have spoken to you God's word; considering the end of their course, emulate their faith." He said that in the ages of our faith Ireland was enriched beyond other nations with great sanctity and an abundance of peace. Many came from afar to her schools, and her gifted sons went forth from her shores, true soldiers of Christ, to win back the fairest churches of Europe from barbarism and renew in them the worship of the living Christ. These ages of sanctity were followed by centuries of the deepest gloom, yet Ireland did not cease to cling to her faith; and when in the sixteenth century the storm of persecution fell upon her, her children were found true. To-day, as of old, the missionaries of Ireland went forth to other lands to preach and convert, whilst at home her clergy renewed the beauty of God's house. And to whom were they indebted for these special gifts and blessings of God? He did not hesitate to say that under Heaven they were indebted to those chief pastors, the successors of the Apostle of Ireland in the Primatial See, — men full of the spirit of God, men raised up by God to guide the Irish Church; and they should all rejoice to commemorate their heroic deeds To-day there was one great name foremost in their hearts and upon their lips, — the name of Oliver Plunkett, who by the heroism he displayed at Tyburn spread undying lustre on the whole Church, and the second century of whose triumph they that day celebrated. Ireland had been renewing her strength. She had cast off the fetters of her slavery and had asserted her rights as an independent nation in 1641 A thrill of joy went through the nation when the descendants of the old Irish chieftains — the men of the Pale — met together in Tara's royal hall, and there plighted their faith to combat together under one standard for their faith and their country. A change, however, came: discord and dissension arose; treason and false friends had done their work. The name of this Church of St. Peter recalled a scene for which they would perhaps seek in vain a parallel. In that city there was a garrison of 2,500 men left without provisions. A picked army of 15,000 men, with artillery and cavalry, were led on by Cromwell before the walls. All hopes of defence vanished, and truce was offered and accepted, and the city surrendered. So long as the garrison held their arms that promise of truce was kept: but no sooner were their arms laid aside than an order was given that young and old, citizens and soldiers, men and women, should be put to the sword; and thoroughly was that order obeyed, for during the three days that followed no mercy was shown. All that was fairest, purest, and noblest of the city had gathered together within St. Peter's Church, hoping that the sanctity of the place at least would stay the assas-

sins' hands. The maidens were clustered around the altars, mothers clasped their infants in their arms, when the soldiers rushed in, and with sword and dagger slayed those helpless ones; not one was spared. Two venerable priests, who were found to have concealed themselves in some edifices, were put to death,—one being tied to a stake in the market-place, and used as a target for the soldiery. It was then that Archbishop Plunkett hastened to Ireland, and fearlessly and faithfully discharged his duties as a good pastor. Being summoned to attend his illustrious relative, the Bishop of Meath, he proceeded on his mission, and was arrested in December, 1679. At that time the anti-Catholic hatred in England was at its head. The absurd and unfounded charges of conspiracy that were brought against the good Archbishop were so ridiculous that no Protestant jury in the country could give credit to them; but it was necessary to gratify the spirit of hatred that existed in the breast of Lord Shaftesbury and his friends, that Plunkett should be accused and cast into prison and put to death. Before he died he prayed that God, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, would show mercy to England, and he kissed the rope he held as though 't were his sacerdotal stole. Let them imitate the virtues of Archbishop Plunkett, and emulate his faith, and may God bestow his blessing on them all.

A collection was made after the sermon, and over £700 was subscribed.

The formal laying of the foundation stone was then effected by the Earl of Fingal, the stone being solemnly blessed by the Lord Primate.

In the evening the sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. W. Plunkett, C. SS. R.

BOB INGERSOLL, in a late interview on his visit to New Mexico, says of the natives: "The Pueblos are all Catholics, and have been turned over, by the Interior Department, to the Presbyterians. It seems to me almost cruel to take advantage of a poor Indian in that way. It is bad enough to be a savage; but to be a savage and a Presbyterian is too much. The Pueblos are now a good sort of folk, but after the Presbyterians have had them in charge for a few years they had better be watched."

THE ASSASSIN.

HIS ANCESTORS TRACED TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Honesdale (N. Y.) Independent.

HON. F. P. PENNIMAN, of this place, years ago, while living at Utica, N. Y, was well acquainted with the grandfather of the man who attempted the assassination of President Garfield, and also with other members of the Guiteau family. Among other personal recollections, he relates the following:—

In 1792 three brothers of this name removed from Massachusetts into Oneida County, N. Y. Their names were respectively Francis, Calvin, and Luther. Francis and Luther were physicians, while Calvin was a surveyor. Francis settled at Deerfield, a mile from Utica, and about half a mile west of the farm now occupied by Hon. Horatio Seymour, and his medical practice was mainly in and around Utica. Calvin settled in Utica and died there. Luther settled in Trenton. They were well educated, and enjoyed the very highest personal and social reputation. The father of these three men was Dr. Francis Guiteau, Sr., who was a physician first at Pittsfield, and afterwards at Lanesboro', Mass. The progenitor of these Guiteaus was a Protestant, who fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., Oct. 14, 1685, and soon found his way to Massachusetts. The senior Francis Guiteau at length returned to Deerfield, in order to be with or near his sons, and he died there. The junior Francis, in 1801, moved into Utica, practising his profession in connection with the prosecution of a drug business. About 1814 he removed to Whitesboro', four miles west of Utica. Some years later his sulky was overturned on frozen ground, and he was taken up insensible. He never afterwards recovered sufficient strength to resume attendance upon the sick. He died in 1823. He was six feet in height, rather spare in flesh, erect and active, of firm fibre, and well fitted to endure labor and fatigue. Of genial manners, he was, nevertheless, decided in his opinions, and free in the expression of them. He was a leading man in the Baptist denomination. He had five sons and five daughters. Only one of these sons was living in 1877. This one was Luther Guiteau, who settled at Freeport, Ill., where he was at that date, and for several years previously, cashier of the Second National Bank. He died in 1880, holding that position up to the day of his death. Charles Guiteau, the assassin of the President, is a son of the last-named Luther Guiteau.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Peter F. Collier, New York.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE: A Tale of the Irish Struggles of 1866, and of Recent Times. By Christine Faber. Price, $1.

We briefly alluded to this publication in our last issue. We copy from the New York Graphic the following notice of this very interesting book: —

"This is a tale of the Irish struggle of 1866 and of more recent times. It is the work of a young lady who chooses to veil her identity under the *non de plume* of Christine Faber, but who has no reason to be ashamed of her work. Her story is full of incident, the plot is well conceived and skilfully wrought out, the characters act and talk naturally, and there is an air of purity pervading the book which gives it a charm. In a few lines that serve as a preface to the book, its young and gifted author says that she wrote the story 'with the hope of contributing a little to that literature which seeks to delineate faithfully the Irish character, — the faults of which have served too often as a fruitful theme, while its virtues were either ignored or so caricatured that they failed to be appreciated or even understood.' 'While the genial and spontaneous humor of the Irish people,' she adds, 'remains almost without a parallel, that very humor sometimes seems to obscure or conceal the heart depths beneath it, — the spirit of sacrifice for loved ones, the intense affection for kindred, the heroic and in many cases cheerful endurance of wrongs they were unable to rectify. Such are some of the kindly qualities of the Irish, though marred by sad blemishes; but side by side with these faults are virtues rare and bright, and to depict these virtues, with the hope of winning just regard for a people so long suffering, has been the aim of the author,' — an aim which she has very well accomplished. Christine Faber can write a more finished and polished book than 'Carroll O'Donoghue,' but she can scarcely produce one of more natural and pleasing interest."

John B. Piet, Baltimore.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW, July, 1881.

The contents of this able quarterly are: The Religious Press; The Extent of Free-Will, W. G. Ward, Ph. D.; The Reorganization of our Army, M. Laing Meason; Recent Works on Germany in the Fifteenth Century, by Prof. Alberdings Thijm of Louvain; The Revision of the New Testament; Catholic Missions in Equatorial Africa; A Recent Contribution to English History; Some Reasons for not despairing of a National Return to the Faith, by the Bishop of Emmaus; Mr. Gladstone's Second Land Bill; Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals. Price per annum, $5.50. Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, can furnish it.

Sampson, Davenport & Co., Boston.

BOSTON DIRECTORY FOR 1881.

The publishers have issued this valuable book in good time. The labor in getting out such a book is great, and the accuracy with which it is issued is deserving of all praise. No business house can get along without it. We advise all who have not yet furnished themselves with copies to do so immediately.

Miscellaneous.

A CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR 1880–1.

Parents desirous of sending their children to this famous seat of learning, where all the branches of a thorough education can be obtained, should send for a catalogue to the president, Rev. Patrick J. Healy, S J., Georgetown, D. C.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS, FACULTY, AND STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR 1880–1.

Since the rebuilding of the University, new life has been infused into every department, which makes it second to no college in the country. A catalogue will be sent to any one by applying to the president, Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Meet me, Lassie, down by the Gate," ballad, by H. J. Bennett. "The Day is all Our Own," ballad, by same author. "The Children of the City," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by Stephen Adams. "Hear our Petition," by L. Marshall. "God Save our President," words by Geo. R. Jackson, music by E. H. Baily. "Mother's calling Baby Home," song and chorus, by Sam Lucas. "Some Day," words by Conway, music by Wellings. "Children, I'm gwine to Shine," comic song by Sam Lucas, Waltz song, by F. Paolo Gosti.

Instrumental: Sailors' Hornpipe, from "Billee Taylor." Uncle Josh Whitcomb's Reels, Nos. 1 and 2. "Sparkling Waves," original theme and variations, by E. H. Bailey.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever, they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

At St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburg, July 9, Rev. Joseph P. McSteen, aged twenty-five years. He was born in Philadelphia, and was ordained by Bishop Tuigg in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Pittsburg, in February, 1880.

Rev. Father Conway, Professor of Theology at St. Viateur's College, Kankakee, Ill., died suddenly on the morning of July 11. He was ordained Christmas, 1875, and was twenty-eight years of age at the time of his lamented death.

Rev. Matthias Cobbin, assistant priest of the Church of St. Philip de Neri, died recently in Philadelphia. Father Cobbin was a most exemplary priest; and if the prayers of the poor avail, Father Cobbin has already received the reward of his service.

Rev. J. V. Daily, an eloquent Dominican missionary, died on Sunday, July 3, at the convent of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York City. Father Daily was born near Enniskillen, County Tyrone, Ireland, Dec. 20, 1816. He came to this country in his early youth, and soon after his arrival, enetred the Dominican Convent of St. Joseph, Perry County, Ohio. Some time after his religious profession, he was ordained by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati. From time to time he held various positions of trust in his order, but it is as a missionary that he will be best remembered. Two days before his death, he celebrated his last mass. His last hours were peaceful and happy — brightened by fore-gleams of the reward promised to those who leave all for Christ.

Death of the Very Rev. Patrick Power, P. P., Dungarvan. — It is with feelings of the most profound regret that we have to announce the death of the above-named reverend and distinguished ecclesiastic, which took place on Friday, June 17, at the residence of his brother, the Very Rev. Roger Power, P. P., Tramore. His last illness was as severe as it was unexpected but a short time before, and soon showed that it would end fatally. Fortified by the sacraments, and comforted by all the care that loving, tender hearts could give, his last days were peaceful, and he passed calmly to his reward. Father Power was a native of Cappoquin, and belonged to a family that gave very many good, holy, and distinguished priests to the service of the Church. He was born in 1817, and in early years manifested a decided fitness and inclination for the ecclesiastical state. After passing, with credit, through his preparatory studies and college course, he began his missionary labors in the parish of Ballyneale. In a short time he was advanced to the more arduous duties of the Mission at Carrick-on-Suir. There he spent the best years of his life, and exhibited, in a remarkable manner, those fine qualities of a priest that endeared him to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance. There, too, in the midst of his manifold missionary duties, he found time to prepare that excellent work with which his name shall remain imperishably identified. "Father Power's Catechism," though unpretentious in its title, is a work of great merit, containing a clear and correct exposition of the truths of faith, of the means of sanctification, of the Church's ceremonial, and the moral law. The many editions through which it has passed, and the great circulation it has obtained, not only in foreign countries, but also in America and the colonies, bear ample evidence to its great practical utility. In 1870 Father Power was appointed to the pastoral charge of his native parish. On the 20th, the remains of the faithful priest and good pastor were conveyed from Tramore, accompanied by a large number of mourning relatives and sorrowing friends, to find their last resting-place amongst those for whose welfare he had worked so long, who loved him so dearly. On the 21st a Solemn Office and High Mass were offered up for the repose of his soul in the church of Cappoquin. His brother, the venerable bishop of the diocese, presided, and priests from all parts, who loved him in life, thronged around the bier to offer a last sad tribute to his memory. May he rest in peace.

SISTERS.

Sister Mary Felicienne, of the convent school of Notre Dame, in Salem, Mass., died on Saturday, July 9. She was born in Luxembourg, May 15, 1851, and came to this country in 1852, entering a convent at Cincinnati. She has been engaged in conducting the Sisters' school in Salem, since 1855. De-

ceased was the daughter of a Belgian Count.

Sister Philomena, of the Academy of Notre Dame, Lowell, Mass., died Tuesday, July 26, at that institution, aged sixty-two. She was a native of France, and her secular name was Rosalie Dodane. She had long been connected with the academy in Lowell.

LAY PEOPLE.

On Saturday, July 9, Judge Manly, of Newbern, N. C., died at his residence in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was an eminent lawyer and a stanch Catholic.

It is with sincere sorrow we hear of the death of Dr. Ward, who sat in the last Parliament in the Home Rule interest for the city of Galway. The deceased was but in the early prime of manhood, having barely attained his thirty-sixth year. He leaves a young widow to deplore his loss. Dr. Ward went out about a twelvemonth since to Demerara, where he was employed in the government medical service, and where his death occurred. May he rest in peace.

Sudden Death. — Dominick Hunt, of Fort Howard, Wis., was found dead in his room at the Parker House, Friday morning, July 29. He came to Boston with the members of the Wisconsin Board of Charities, to attend the conference meetings at the State House. Mr. Hunt was about fifty-two years of age, was born in Sligo, Ireland, and has lived in the West for many years. He was elected the third mayor of Fort Howard, and at the time of his death was treasurer of the city. He was actively interested in the charities of Wisconsin, and had arranged to visit the several Catholic charities of Boston. The cause of his death was apoplexy. Mr. Elmore went to Mr. Hunt's room, and not receiving any reply to his repeated knocks, tried the door, which he found unlocked, and entered the room. On the floor near the bed was the prostrate form of the deceased, as he had evidently fallen, shortly after entering his room for the night. Mr. Hunt had only removed his coat, and was otherwise fully dressed. When discovered, the body was cold and rigid. The body was conveyed home. The deceased leaves a widow residing at Fort Howard.

The Irish Land League is to hold a national convention at Dublin, on the 15th of September, to consider the best means of obtaining Irish land for Irishmen.

The English Land Laws. — A somewhat remarkable indication has been incidentally given of the extent and scope of the measure which Mr. Gladstone intends next year to submit on the land question. A few days ago the Lord Advocate gave notice of a bill with reference to the law of entail in Scotland. Shortly after, this notice, to the surprise of the Scotch members, disappeared from the paper, and there has been much speculation as to the cause of its withdrawal. The fact, I believe, is that Mr. Gladstone objects to dealing with the law of entail in a piecemeal fashion, and that he has intimated that he hopes to legislate on the whole question on a comprehensive plan next year.

The value of pasture land in the West of England is sinking to zero. Mr. George Nicholls sold twenty acres of pasture in Somersetshire a fortnight ago for £340; and we now hear that that gentleman, one of the most enterprising agriculturists in that part of the country, has taken an estate of nearly 15,000 acres in Wiltshire, upon a term, at 10s. an acre, the first year free. The estate is within five miles of the town of Westbury, and therefore within easy reach of the Great Western Railway. There are thousands of acres in Wiltshire which cannot be let even upon these terms. The English land problem is solving itself.

A good many people will remember a short correspondence between the Archbishop of Cashel and certain English Biblical scholars as to the meaning of St. Paul's words to Timothy, "The husbandman that laboreth must first partake of the fruits." Dr. Croke now points out that his rendering of the passage is supported by the Revised Version of the New Testament, in which the passage runs, "The husbandman that laboreth must be *the first* to partake of the fruits."

Michael J. O'Farrell

RT. REV. MICHAEL J. O'FARRELL,

BISHOP ELECT OF TRENTON, N. J.

Rev. M. J. O'Farrell was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1832, and is now forty-nine years old. He commenced his studies at All Hallows College, Dublin, in 1848, and finished at St. Sulpice, Paris, where he received deaconship; he filled the chair of dogmatic theology for one year at the latter place. He was ordained in 1855. For several years he was one of the Faculty at the Montreal Seminary. From Montreal he came to New York, and has been connected with St. Peter's since 1869. He became its pastor in 1873. Bishop O'Farrell is a mild, unassuming gentleman, a profound scholar, an earnest and devoted churchman, and an ardent Irish patriot. He is worthy of and in every way qualified for the great honor which it has pleased the Holy Father to confer upon him. He has been especially distinguished for his zeal in behalf of Catholic schools.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VI. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1881. No. 4.

WE hope, some time in the not far distant future, to have one or two training schools in the diocese, where under competent, educated, and experienced teachers, those who feel themselves called to the profession of teaching either in or out of the religious state may be duly trained and practised in all that pertains to pedagogical art and science.—RT. REV. BISHOP RYAN, of Buffalo, N. Y.

"IT is necessary to use the most assiduous care and to make the most generous exertions, in order that the education and instruction of youth, the hope of the future, may be Christian, and in order that that worthy profession of Catholic may be held in honor among you, which is daily attacked by a shameless press and other means."—LEO XIII.

A TOUR THROUGH THE PRAIRIES.

IT was on a very sultry evening in July, we left St. Louis by rail, and arrived in Leavenworth, Kansas, next morning about ten o'clock. It is a beautiful city of over twenty thousand inhabitants, a most genial and hospitable people. We took the next train on the Kansas Central for Butler City, Pottawatomie County, ninety miles northwest of Leavenworth, passing through a most beautiful country. Dear reader, have you ever been in Kansas? If not, lend me your attention while I attempt to give you a rough, hurried sketch of the most majestic scenery in the West, an "antique world in its first flowery youth."

"Not half a century since they,
The red men, traversed here,
And o'er these pleasant hills and vales
Pursued the bounding deer."

If you have seen

"The quiet sea,
That like a giant resting from his toil
Sleeps in the morning sun,"

you can form an idea of the vastness of the prairies as they stretch out before one's view,—"boundless, endless, and sublime"; and the comparison is still better verified as waves of land succeed each other till they seem to touch the horizon. The sunset on the prairies exceeds in grandeur any scenery I have ever beheld. Sapphire clouds tinged with rosy light envelop the western hills, reflecting a soft yet brilliant hue such as defies the painter's skill. Add to this a beautiful moonlight, when —

"Far-gleaming hills and light in weaving streams,
And sleeping boughs with dewy lustre clothed,
And green-haired valleys, all in glory dressed,
Make up the pageantry of night."

On such a night we sat down on the rich grass and thought, —

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this land!
> Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony."

Washington Irving thus writes of his tour on the prairies: "It was a bright, sunny morning, with a pure, transparent atmosphere that seemed to bathe the very heart with gladness. . . . Our march this day was animating and delightful. . . . The weather was in its perfection, — temperate, genial, and enlivening; a deep-blue sky, with a few light, feathery clouds, an atmosphere of perfect transparency, an air pure and bland, and a glorious country spreading out far and wide in the golden sunshine of an autumnal day. . . . For my own part, I lay on the grass under the trees and built castles in the clouds, and indulged in the very luxury of rural repose. Indeed, I can scarcely conceive a kind of life more calculated to put both mind and body in a healthful tone." Charles Sumner thus spoke in the United States Senate: "Take down your map, sir, and you will find that the Territory of Kansas more than any other region occupies the middle spot of North America, equally distant from the Atlantic on the east and the Pacific on the west, from the frozen waters of Hudson's Bay on the north and the tepid Gulf Stream on the south, constituting the precise territorial centre of the whole vast continent. To such advantage of situation, on the very highway between two oceans, are added a soil of unsurpassed richness, and a fascinating, undulating beauty of surface, with a health-giving climate calculated to nurture a powerful and generous people, worthy to be a central pivot of American institutions."

We arrived at Butler City at 4.30 P. M. It is beautifully situated on the rolling prairie, and though still a miniature city, it bids fair to be quite a business centre. It owes its existence to the Catholic colony founded four years ago by the "Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of America," under the direction of Father Butler, now of St. Louis, in honor of whom the town was called. The colonists live within a radius of three miles from the city. They are Irish with one or two exceptions, and a more happy and contented colony is not to be found. The history of this colony presents a lesson well worthy of studying. — a lesson of practical wisdom, befitting statesmen and political economists, — and a remedy to many social evils growing out of the present disorganized state of society and of the moral degradation prevailing in large cities; and I might add, of that necessary evil, Irish immigration. Who that ever adverted to the great problem "Labor and Capital" will not see here a grand scheme of social equalization? Who that ever visited the poor in cities, battling with poverty, intemperance, and other moral evils, in the tainted atmosphere, hovelled away in tenements in smoky, dusty, dirty alleys, will not see in this a most efficacious means of social redemption? Who that considers the disadvantages immigrants, and especially Irish immigrants, are under on entering this country, strangers to the ways and manners of the people, and entirely ignorant of the means of rising to social independence, of which they

and their forefathers had been unjustly deprived, — who that considers all this will not see here a new Ireland, minus landlordism and English misrule? Here the poorest man can attain to the possession of a farm which he can call his own, and rear his family under Catholic influences. This is the great boon of Catholic colonization, and the end which its organizers have ever before their minds.

This colony numbers over one hundred families, all contented and comparatively happy, each possessing not less than eighty acres of good rolling prairie, well watered, the soil rich and black, from two to four feet deep, and very productive. Corn and grasses are most luxuriant products. During last year the colonists shipped at Butler City one hundred and twenty car-loads of corn, not to mention the shipping of live stock. This country is peculiarly adapted to stock-raising, by reason of the abundance of corn, grass, and water, easy transportation, cheap lands, and mild climate, admitting of almost perennial grazing. Corn is the staple crop, and gives a yield of forty to sixty bushels per acre, aggregating for the county an annual yield of 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 bushels. Oats give an average yield of thirty-five bushels per acre, Irish potatoes ninety bushels, sorghum one hundred and ten gallons, tobacco six hundred and seventy pounds, broom corn seven hundred and fifty pounds. Barley, buckwheat, sweet potatoes, castor beans, cotton flax, millet (common and Hungarian), timothy, clover, and garden vegetables are cultivated to some extent in this county.

A very good index to the growing capacity of the land, as well as to the untiring energy of the colonists, is seen in this: the men whom the Association sent on the lands about three years ago were poor; to-day they are for the most part independent, many of them having paid for their farms, and applied to the St. Louis Board for the purchase of an additional eighty acres. During our recent visit the Board negotiated for the transfer of about one thousand acres of colony land. The old settlers are put to shame by the surpassing energy of the new colonists. A gentleman from St. Louis, hearing that one of those old Grangers was willing to sell, called on him and inquired what he would ask for his farm. It must be remarked that the improvements were few, — besides, the land had been allowed to grow wild and to become infested with burrs,—and that the surrounding colony land ranges from $3.00 to $5.00 per acre. The Granger bade him view the surrounding landscape, the green fields and richly foliaged woods, to hear the waters gushing from the fountain spring; and after descanting a little on the beauties of nature, he remarked, "We have a good market, a railroad, church, and school almost at the door, a good community around us"; in view of which he would demand close on twenty dollars per acre for his land. The St. Louisian in a good-humored spirit took the lesson, but not the farm. I understand the same gentleman has caught some of the Granger's enthusiasm in his admiration for Kansas, and proposes to settle in the near future on that land flowing with milk and honey. The only drawback in this portion of the State is the scarcity of the timber supply; but this want is not felt by the colonists. They get enough for fuel at a very moderate price, and the

herd law renders fences unnecessary. The extensive cultivation of Osage orange hedges is only a question of time. Coal is to be found in many parts of the county, and the colonists offer every inducement to miners to sink a shaft in the vicinity of Butler City; and they are also anxious that some enterprising man should build a grist-mill in the town. Limestone of excellent quality for building purposes is abundant everywhere.

In reference to the rainfalls of Kansas, the report of the State Board for 1874 shows the rainfall of the eastern belt (in which the colony lies) averaged thirty-seven inches per annum, the middle belt twenty-four inches, and the western belt nineteen inches. It is plain, then, that there is abundance of rain in the colony to insure good crops.

They speak of the winds of Kansas as of African simooms; but the writer spent about twelve months in Kansas and in the vicinity of this county, and never "saw" such winds. I believe Missouri has been as often visited by cyclones as Kansas. Tales and stories of Kansas have been told which are now exploded: stories of the "Great American Desert," the home of the grasshoppers, etc. The Agricultural Report thus wittily refers to this class of adventurers: "In every new country will be found a sprinkling of loud-voiced individuals who never succeed anywhere or at anything, and who, through ignorance of practical farming, or 'organic weariness,' would inevitably starve on the best farm in America. To this class, seeking a pretext for returning to their wives' relations, a partial drought is a boon and grasshoppers a munificent godsend. They start, and 'back home' is speedily supplied with yarns thick as hawsers about 'the State what won't grow nuthin.'"

A fellow without brains, with light boots, a cane and white handkerchief, two brooches, and a ring on his little finger, had better disregard Horace Greeley's advice; at least he would be sadly out of place in this colony. Whoever contemplates leading a farming life must be a lover of noble labor; must

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed."

Many fail who owe it to themselves that they reap a scanty harvest. As the couplet has it, —

"The farmer's patient care and toil
Are oftener wanting than the soil."

And here is the secret of the prosperity of our colony: a finer, more industrious and persevering body of men cannot be found. They pursue Heaven's great ordinance, labor; and its noble insignia are far more honorable than empty military trappings. If agriculture is the true foundation of all trade and industry, and of individual and national riches, what honor and respect are due the honest farmer! Let me shake these hard hands, soiled though they be with the dust of the field; for I hate the idler as a stumbling-block to society. Every idler is a tramp, even though he be the possessor or inheritor of riches.

"What is life?
'T is not to stalk about and draw in fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun:
'T is to labor."

An immigrant settling in any other part of the State, not having a fair capital, runs risks which are removed by colonization. For instance, if you are not able to pay down for your farm, you are forced to go in debt and pay the usurer an exorbitant interest, — fifteen and sometimes twenty per cent; a failure in the crops may follow, as happens in every State: and lo! one fine morning you are seen plodding your weary way across the prairies, and instead of exclaiming,

"Farewell, happy fields,"

your canvas bears in bold characters the following usual notice: "To Kansas and burst." Had you entered on the colony lands, on eighty acres, and paid a little instalment and as often as you pleased, having to pay only six per cent and to deal with an association whose object is to build you up socially and religiously, and which, should adversity visit you, would never extend the ruthless arm of landlordism to throw you on the world's wide sea, you would be independent to-day. Very few of the colonists who do not owe it to the association that they and their children are growing up to be a little Christian commonwealth, where the blessings of religion and education can be enjoyed; where they can preserve their identity as a people, and above all a Catholic people; where the beautiful simplicity of faith will become the mould of a new generation of Irish Catholics, the glory and pride of the Church; and where, to crown the blessings, God sends a messenger to dispense his mysteries around.

Catholic colonization is the grandest, the wisest, the most charitable institution that grace ever conceived in the minds of men. It is the salvation of the bodies and souls of thousands of our poor people. It is the subject-matter for a sermon that ought to be preached from end to end of the country. As for me, —

"Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me, — could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe into one word," —

I would call on my countrymen to unite in love of faith and freedom by banding together in a Catholic colony, where alone the grand old faith will grow up a heavenly plant, safe from the weeds of sectarianism and heresy; where the good old customs and religious instincts, and the innocent songs of their childhood, will bring them back in thought to the old land far away, where "the very place is religion." Apart from the social and religious blessings accruing from Catholic colonization, I look on it as the surest channel to internal peace and happiness. An old Latin poet reclining under the shade of a humble roof on his Sabine farm thus wrote: —

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium
Paterna rura bubus exercet suis
Solutus omni fœnere!" — EPODES OF HORACE, 2.

("Happy the man who, remote from business, after the manner of the ancient race of mortals, cultivates his paternal lands with his own oxen, disengaged from every kind of usury.")

The writer has no worldly interest at stake; he has at heart the interest of every philanthropic and charitable scheme for the amelioration of his people, and he believes that here is a veritable Utopia under a wise and Christian government. He has endeavored in these humble words to awaken many of his countrymen to join in the march of empire to the West: to establish for themselves independent homes, instead of being the servants of others, "the hewers of wood and drawers of water," to save their children from the moral wreck of sin and vice, and to become the vanguard of the Church in the golden West. The capabilities of Kansas have been written up by abler pens, and yet untold wealth is awaiting the plough of the husbandman. One must say here, —

"Look round the habitable world: how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue!"

These thoughts have carried me beyond my intended limit. I have yet to speak of an event long to be remembered, — the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of a new church in Butler City by Father Butler, assisted by Fathers Hudson and O'Leary. The day was beautiful; a refreshing breeze blew up, and from early morning the colonists and surrounding settlers were seen wending their way to town. At ten o'clock mass was celebrated in the school building by Father O'Leary, at which Father Butler preached a very appropriate and eloquent discourse. It was an occasion which would inspire one with many grand thoughts. Here was a vast congregation on the distant prairies assembled to witness another evidence of the undying faith, heroic charity, and far-famed liberality of Ireland's exiled sons, who, on whatever part of the world they may fix their habitation, look first to the erection of a temple to the living God. Who could say on beholding that vast congregation, as they marched in line to the site of the new edifice, that the Church in America is retrograding? About eight hundred witnessed the ceremony. Father Butler, by special request of Bishop Fink, laid the corner-stone. It is to be a neat frame structure 30 x 60, of Gothic style, and is to cost near $3,000. After the ceremony a collection was taken up, amounting to $150. The members of the St. Louis Board kept up the honor of "the future great" by their princely generosity on that occassion. Father Hudson, the good pastor, was filled with a holy pride on considering the grand prospect of success that was revealed to him on that day. His heart and soul are in the grand work, and his people receive his word, "not as the word of man, but as it is indeed the word of God." Young and old revere him as their father, guide and friend. A few days afterward we set our faces homeward; and as for me, the pleasant memory of a tour on the prairies will remain like that of a beautiful story of Oriental life.

C. F. O'L.

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE VALE.

D. J. Donahoe.

THE homeless moon was moving up
The pathless field of light,
And not a cloud obscured the broad
Starred canopy of night.
A dreamy radiance overhung
The rill-divided lea,
And marked a shade to the gnarled oak
And the well-grown maple-tree.

Along the vale the streamlet wound,
Now sparkling in the ray,
Now glancing back the branching trees
That rose on either bray;
Trees where the cheerful cricket chirped,
In leafy bower hid,
While answered back in solemn guise
The harsh-toned katydid.

Here, old and quaint, a cottage stood,
Moss-grown and ivy-crowned,
A shady lawn, smooth-shaved, before,
A vine-girt garden round.
A white-haired man beside the door
Sat leaning on his staff,
And watched a little child whose play
Oft roused him to a laugh.

At last the little girl arose,
And drawing near his knee,
Said, "Grandpa, I am very tired,—
Come, tell some tale to me;
Not of the wars, or the Indians,
Or the spirits that people fear,
But such as you often told to me
When poor mamma was here."

He kissed the little blue-eyed child,
And checked a rising sigh:
The thoughts her words brought to his mind
Brought the mist to the old man's eye.
Yet he choked his grief and gayly spoke, —
"So you want to hear a tale?
Then listen, my dear, and you shall hear
Of the old house in the vale."

THE TALE.

In the good old days of long ago,
Upon the storied Tweed,
A lordly mansion reared its head
In splendor o'er the mead;
And there, upon a winter night,
The coldest in the year,
Two sons were born at a single birth
To Richard Waldemere.

All night with wassail rang the walls,
The ruddy wine went round,
And not in all the spacious halls
A heavy heart was found.
"Pledge me the boys," the father cried,
"With wine and nut-brown beer";
And oft the yeomen drank the toast
To noble Waldemere.

In after years, as the yeomen passed
The mansion gardens gay,
They paused approvingly to mark
Two happy lads at play;
Two dark-eyed boys whose merry noise
Made the rafters ring with cheer;
For in all the land no home more glad
Than the home of Waldemere.

And oft o'er the shimmering tide of Tweed
Their boats did lightly skim;
No mountain hawk more proud than they,
No deer more fleet of limb.
And oft they joined in the manly sports
With courser, gun, and hound,
While the wild wood roared with the glad-
some din,
And the trampling shook the ground.

So seasons rolled, and the mansion walls
Two boys no longer knew,
But brave young men, as straight as pine
In forest ever grew;
Their manly faces were dark with beard,
Their eyes with wit were bright,
Their long hair fell over neck and brow
In clusters black as night.

And now in the mansion gardens gay
Is one of gentle mien,
Fresh as the new-grown grass when wet
With morning dew-drop's sheen;
Her eyes are as blue as yours, sweet child,
And curling like yours her hair,
And her neck is as white, and her lips are as
bright,
And her pearly teeth as rare.

Sweet Rose, of Radcliff's noble house
Was the only living name:
Sir Edward fell to save his land
From Cromwell's guilty shame;
In the red field fell, and he called to him
His comrade Waldemere:
"I 'm dying: take my orphan child;
God speed the right; good cheer!"

And thus in the halls of Waldemere
A lovely child she grew,
As fresh as is the new-grown grass
When wet with morning dew;
And people blessed her as she passed,
And praised her matchless face,
And the children loved to imitate
Her modest maiden grace.

"She is fair as the morn," young Edmund
said,
"As sedulous as the bee;
No woman in all the land would make
A sweeter wife than she."
"A purer heart," said Walter,
"On this earth can never be;
I 'd give my birthright a thousand times
For such a wife as she."

And many a time in the orchard,
When the evening sun hung low,
They gazed upon her lovely face,
As she wandered to and fro;
And often when the moon looked down
From her feathery throne above,
They listened in raptures while she sang
Some old-time strain of love.

Thus days passed on, and every sun
That settled in the west
But left the love-light's warmer glow
In each admiring breast.
Her matchless beauty Edmund loved,
Her industry and grace;
And Walter loved the tender soul
Reflected in her face.

'T was morning, and the summer sun
Rose proudly in the sky,
When Walter left his sleepless couch,
Ere yet the grass was dry;
And soon repaired to where the brook
O'er its shingly bottom poured,
And there, in meditation, found
The girl his heart adored.

She starts, at such an early hour
A human step to hear,
And turning, meets the handsome face
Of Walter Waldemere.
"The night," he says, "sweet Rose, has been
A sleepless night to me:
My heart is full, — I cannot keep
Its burning thoughts from thee.

"My heart is full; its secret grief
No longer can I bear;
Oh, deign, sweet Rose, to soothe my woes,
And grant my fate to share."
Oh, modest looked she then, I ween,
As she answered brief and clear,
"Dear Walter, no: my plight is pledged
To Edmund Waldemere."

Naught Walter said, but sadly turned
And sought his chamber lone;
There many a sigh he heaved, I trow,
And uttered many a groan.
But soon his noble blood arose,
And tingled in his cheek;
And he left the lonely place at once,
His brother's bower to seek.

Alone in the orchard 'neath a tree,
Where oft, when night drew near,
They had listened to the fond, sweet voice,
Stood Edmund Waldemere.
"My brother, let me wish thee all
The blessings earth can give;
The happiest man in Britain now,
So mayst thou ever live.

"My life 's a dreary blank behind,
A wilderness before:
Farewell! Take all my birth awards, —
Farewell forevermore!"
He waited not the youth's reply,
But left him where he stood,
And presently was out of sight
Around the dark green wood.

For many a mile his course he sped,
Through valley, moor, and glade;
For many a mile he sped, and ne'er
For food or slumber stayed.
He journeyed still o'er stream and hill,
O'er mountain passes drear,
Until the ocean's surging roar
Fell harshly on his ear.

He has stepped upon a gallant bark
That waited on the strand;
He has bade farewell to his father's home,
Farewell to his native land;
Farewell to his birthright, and the joys
The good estate could give;
He has made resolve in solitude
Forevermore to live.

The round red sun was sinking
In the wide and weary main,
When the ship set sail with many a soul
That would ne'er return again;
And while along through the trembling wave
She ploughed her steady way,
The wanderer saw his native shore
Dissolve in the evening gray.

There is a vale where a streamlet winds,
Now sparkling in the ray,
Now glancing back the branching trees
That rise on either bray,
Trees where the cricket constant chirps,
In leafy bower hid,
While answers back in solemn guise
The harsh-toned katydid.

'T is here the wanderer sets his task
A humble cot to raise;
His nights he spends in study lone,
In labor hard his days.
He has planted trees on the smooth-shaved lawn,
In the garden green the vine,
And the ivy clings to the outer walls,
And the honey-breathed woodbine.

Now days and months and seasons roll,
Till years have passed away;
And his straight, lithe form begins to stoop,
And his beard is streaked with gray.
But his heart is as light as it erst has been,
For his well-kept garden lone
The favorite haunt of busy bee
And singing bird has grown.

All day the fiery sun poured down
His hot rays from on high,
And the only breeze that fanned the trees
Was the warm breath of July;
But ere evening came, huge rolling clouds
Rose up in the western sky,
And the day grew dark, and the lightning flashed,
And the thunder growled on high.

Then a cool breeze blew o'er the burning land,
And the rushing rain downpoured,
And the swelling streamlet chafed its banks,
And along the valley roared.
A rapid hoof-beat was heard without,
A gentle knock at the door,
And a lady fair in riding garb
Entered upon the floor.

Her tresses were fair, like yours, sweet child,
But were slightly touched with gray.
"I came," she said, "for shelter, till
The storm shall have passed away."
Naught spoke the astonished Walter,
But he gazed on the lady fair,
On her soulful eyes and lovely face,
And her wealth of yellow hair.

Silently gazed upon his guest,
With wonder-lifted brows:
"By Heaven! thou art no woman else
Than Rose of Radcliffe House!"
The lady screamed and started back,
But started not with fear:
"Am I so changed thou wouldst not know
The son of Waldemere?

"What news from my noble father's house,
From my brother what goodly cheer?"
"Ah! cold in the churchyard lieth the corse
Of Edmund Waldemere.
Three days had scarcely passed away
Since thou hadst left the land,
When with courser and hound he proudly joined
A gallant hunting band.

"All day both field and forest rang
With loud and gladsome sound;
And we heard the halloo in the distance die,
And the baying of the hound;
But when the night's black pall hung low,
And the world was chilled with fear,
The men brought home the mangled corse
Of Edmund Waldemere.

"Oh! heavy rolled, my Edmund, then,
The lonesome hours away;
The night was filled with horrors wild,
With gloomy fears the day.
In solitude my time was spent;
But ere the opening year,
I left the land my childhood knew,
The home of Waldemere.

"And years have flown since first I came
To yonder village fair,
And brought to my cottage a country maid
My maiden couch to share."
"Then, by my sooth! no longer I
Will live a hermit here:
But you, sweet Rose, shall bless my cot,"
Said Walter Waldemere.

Oh, the bells they are ringing in yonder town,
And the people come out to hear;
And they gaze at the bride who walks by the side
Of Walter Waldemere.
Yes, the bells they are ringing in yonder town,
And the people come out to hear;
And the happiest man in the broad, broad land
Is Walter Waldemere.

As days flew by in the pleasant vale
A little child was seen,
Fresh as the new-grown grass when wet
With morning dew-drop's sheen.
Her eyes are as blue as yours, sweet child,
And curling like yours her hair;
And her neck is as white, and her lips are as bright,
And her pearly teeth as rare.

And afterwards, when the swift-winged years
Like the autumn birds had flown,
And over the ivy-mantled cot
The verdant moss had grown,
A sweet young mother might oft be seen
Her dark-haired boy beside, —
A boy whose step was like the fawn's,
Whose heart was full of pride.

But his step it is tottering now, in sooth,
And his thin hair like the snow;
And his face is sere, and many a year
Is marked in his furrowed brow.
But people pause, as they pass his lawn,
For there a child is seen,
Fresh as the new-grown grass when wet
With morning dew-drop's sheen.

The old man lifted up his head,
When he ended thus his tale;
And the moonbeams fell on his withered face
As they lighted up the vale;
And he saw that the child was fast asleep,
And nestled close to his breast;
And he smiled, as he settled her in her couch,
And left her there to rest.

THE TACK-HAMMER AGENT. — He was a pale-faced young man from Cairo, and he had been trying to introduce a patent tack-hammer to the citizens of Detroit. His luck was poor. Some folks saw the dog run him out of the yard and grinned over it. Others replied that they always drove their tacks with the axe. Another class would n't buy because there was no corkscrew in the other end of it. A widow drove him out of her yard because she thought he said tax-hammer, and her taxes were already too high. Had Cæsar had the same luck he would also have got drunk. He lay like a turtle taking his rest, when an officer found him and pulled him from the puddle and held him up a weary mile to the station. "You have a patent tack-hammer, have you?" asked his Honor as the officer took his seat. "I have, and I shall be pleased to show you how it operates."—"Never mind that just now. Can this tack-hammer of yours walk out of Detroit before night?"—"Yes, sir."—"And take you along?"—"Yes, sir."—"Very well, I'll give it a chance. If you have any money you'd better go and hire half a dozen boot-blacks and brush-boys to get the mud off your boots and the spots off your back."—"Then I can't show you my tack-hammer?"—"No, sir, show me your heels."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TO MAKE BROWN GRAVY. — Ingredients: Juicy beef, pepper, salt, one dessertspoonful of butter, boiling water. Divide the meat into small pieces, season it, put it in a pan with the butter, fry it brown. To every pound of meat allow one pint of boiling water. Simmer three hours and strain it often. Let it cool, strain. When wanted, thicken if requsite.

AGES. — "No woman is worth looking at after thirty," said young Mrs A——, a bride with all the arrogant youthfulness of twenty-one summers. "Quite true, my dear," answered Lady D——, a very pretty woman of some ten or fifteen years older, "nor worth listening to before."

HOW TO DRESS.

Dress, and especially female dress, has engaged the attention and exercised the solicitude of the wise and the good of every age and of every people. From the day that Socrates declared vanity to be the tyrant of youth, and more to be dreaded than the sting of a serpent, to the time of Seneca, who reproduced that sentiment in other words, the philosophers, historians, and even poets of Paganism have declaimed against the extravagance and indecency of female attire, as destructive of domestic virtue and public morality. The inspired writers of the true religion, or rather the Holy Ghost through them, always insisted upon moderation and modesty of apparel. Fruitful matter of meditation upon this subject may be found especially in the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah; the former declaring that in punishment of the pride and the wantonness of the daughters of Sion, God would not only strip them of their ornaments, but tear the very hair from their heads, which should be bald, and that instead of their perfumery and elegance, he would leave them naught but stench and corruption.

OBJECT OF DRESS.

The object of dress is principally twofold, — decency and comfort. A secondary object is the distinction of rank, social or official. Hence St. Basil writes, "Propriety of dress depends upon time, place, and the character or occupation of the wearer"; and adds that "misplaced magnificence of attire only renders the wearer more despicable in the sight of God." "To dress beyond one's means or unbecoming one's condition," the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas, says, "is a lie"; for it is vanity, or worse, and all that is vain is false. "Some," writes St. Gregory, "imagine that vanity is not a sin; but were it not, never would our Lord have included the wearing of purple and fine linen among the causes for which the rich glutton was buried in hell." "He was buried there," says St. Bernard, "not for the use but for the abuse; for the excessive enjoyment of that which, if used in moderation, would have been blameless. And when this excess takes the form of love of dress, it is insatiable." "No fortune, however great," says St. Bernard, "even though it should flow as a river, can satisfy the cupidity of a woman."

ITS COST.

And how many vices follow in the train of this extravagance? To conceal from a husband or a father the price of a dress or a set of jewelry, lies are told and oft repeated; unworthy expedients, planned in sleepless anxiety, are adopted to avoid exposure when storekeepers send in their bills. The wages of servants and seamstresses are not paid when due; the poor are defrauded of the alms which all who are able are bound to give according to their means; the altar and the sanctuary are robbed of the contributions which should maintain the splendor befitting God's corporal presence; the souls of deceased relatives are pitilessly abandoned to their purgatorial sufferings, a heartless daughter saying to herself, if not to the public, "Let father and mother be satisfied with their robes of fire: my silks and satins and jewelry I must have and will have, for I cannot bear to be surpassed or equalled in dress and appearance by any one, nor will I forego the satisfaction of mortifying and humbling others by my elegance, when they attempt to rival and surpass me in prodigality and display." God has given his express command, as we read in Ecclesiasticus (xi. 14.), "Glory not in apparel at any time"; and those women defiantly answer, "We will glory in apparel at all times."

ITS STYLE.

Husbands and fathers are sometimes accessories to the criminal vanity of their wives and daughters, and thus whole families are involved in a common guilt, and are visited with a common punishment. To this family fault and its consequences our Lord refers, according to Oleasler and Silviera in their commentaries upon the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew, when he states that not only the servant who was unable to pay his debts was to be sold, but that his wife and daughters, through whose extravagance the debt was incurred, were also to be sold into slavery, that payment might be made.

St. Cyprian declares that they who are most anxious to adorn the body are least solicitous to beautify the soul; that the care of one and the neglect of the other increase in the same ratio; and that those who are too fond of purple and silk cannot put on Jesus Christ, as the apostle commands. All the other Fathers use similar language. St. Chrysostom, for instance, declares it impossible for a woman who indulges a fondness for dress to worship God in spirit and in truth, and that extravagant beauty and elegance of apparel are an unerring index of deformity and nudity of soul. Once, meeting a lady who was about to enter the church in gaudy garments, he thus addressed her: "Have you come hither for a dance? Will you make a show of yourself in the house of God? Is this the dress of a petitioner for pardon? Will the Almighty listen to your cry for mercy at the very moment that you are endeavoring to attract attention from him?"

A Sure Ending. — Overwork must inevitably end in the victim's breakdown; there is no way of preventing this except by seasonable rest. Yet men work while on the very brink of a collapse. I know of a man who was enormously wealthy. In addition to the constant employment which his own vast property gave him, he was trustee for ever so many widows and orphans and charities. He worked hard at accounts till the small hours in the morning. He would not hire a clerk, because he preferred to do his work himself. Presently he died in harness, leaving the wealth he did not know how to enjoy to others. A successful novelist once told the writer that he was going to take a six-weeks' holiday at the seaside. I was rejoiced to hear it. No man better deserved or more required such a holiday. Then he told me he was going to take his new book with him to the seaside, and hoped to have it ready for publication by the time his holiday was over. I expostulated with him. I explained that he was only exchanging one kind of hard work for a still harder kind; but he disregarded the advice, and died before the book was published.

Toads in France. — French industry and sagacity take the lead of the world in little things, if nothing more. Toad culture is a regular business there with economic people, and the demand for toads is great and increasing. The useful little animals are employed as insect destroyers, not only in the gardens of that country, but thousands of them are packed down in baskets of damp moss and sent to other countries to be sold to gardeners. The more observing horticulturists and floriculturists have long been aware of their value as insect destroyers, and have utilized them to a greater or less extent; and it is not much to the credit of American gardeners and farmers that they have never recognized the service of this innocent reptile. Nature conducts her operations by reciprocal means; and if she gives us the hurtful insect to eat up our crops, she also gives us the birds, toads, etc., to eat up the insect. The farmers should keep a close eye on nature, and seek to make her manifold operations helpful, instead of casting hindrance in the way by destroying her agents.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Oh, who can tell what heroes feel
When all but life and honor 's lost?
Moore.

NEXT morning the two leaders again separated: Fitzgerald to return to Wexford, there to reorganize his forces; Harcourt to rejoin his main army at Kilcullen, and march thence on to Dublin.

When the latter was but a few miles outside Dunlavin, he was met by a messenger who informed him that the troops he had left behind had dispersed during the night. They had received intelligence that Gen. Dundas with an overwhelming force was marching to attack them; and having no one competent to command them, they feared to give him battle. Had Harcourt now had all his army together, he would in spite of all disadvantages have awaited the enemy's approach; but as Dundas would in all probability be upon him long before he could collect again all his men, he thought that for the present his only resource was to proceed by rapid marches toward the west, and there either raise the province or await the first favorable opportunity for returning to Kildare. He therefore with his small party directed his course toward Connaught.

While on his route, each succeeding day brought him news of reverses sustained by the insurgents, who, now broken up into small companies, were easily beaten by the enemy. He heard of the surrender of a number of his Kildare followers to the humane and honorable Gen. Dundas, who granted them pardon and protection; of the atrocious and cold-blooded massacre of three hundred and sixty unarmed men on the currah by the treacherous Gen. Duff; then of the disastrous fight at Vinegar Hill, where the Wexford rebels were defeated, and their leader, Counsellor Harvey, taken prisoner: but his great anxiety for the safety of his friend was set at rest when he learned that Fitzgerald had fought his way back to Wicklow, and was now with the gallant Capt. Dwyer in the fastnesses of the mountains, where they could laugh at all the efforts of their foes.

Harcourt now saw plainly that to take the field again ere he had recruited a new army would be to expose himself to certain defeat. He therefore advised those who still accompanied him to fall away by degrees, and to remain concealed wherever they might until the time came when he should again summon them to arms. So day by day his little force diminished, until, by the time he gained the borders of the Shannon, he was attended only by his servant and three mounted followers.

He had now reached that dreary part of Galway which appears to have acquired in Cromwell's time the synonyme of "hell," and probably retained it up to the period of which we write; all over which, far as the eye can scan, there is nothing to be seen save loose stone walls and barren pastures, with here and there a human dwelling. As he was one day traversing a road through this bleak region a little in advance of his companions, he came upon two men who were engaged at a trench, one in digging, the other in directing the work, and both so intent on their occupations they did not notice his approach.

"Now, ye mind what ye have to do, Darby," said one. "You are to beat it close an' make it water-tight; my uncle says ye might just as well be buildin' a house of rotten onions as cuttin' a drain that would n't carry the water off."

"Thrue sayin' for him indeed, sir, an' 't is he has the wise head. But, Lord preserve us! Misther Michael darlin', look at the min in green comin' along the road."

"Aisy, Darby, avic, don't look round. I 'll just run in an' tell 'em at home. Ye can then make up to them an' ask 'em who they are; maybe one of 'em is Boneyparte himself."

"Bedad, an' maybe so, sir, but if they 're foreigners will they know what I 'm sayin' ? Had n't ye better talk to 'em in Latin, Mr. Michael?"

"Oh, no, Darby, but let ye just speak to them in English ; an' if that does n't do, try Irish. It might be bad for a body to let 'em pass without givin' 'em a civil word ; maybe it 's for the soldiers they 'd take us."

"No fear of that, sir, —we have n't red coats on ; but I 'll talk to 'em anyhow." Here the man rose from the drain, and for the first time perceived Harcourt.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said he, taking off his cap. "If no offence, might I ask you are ye the French?"

"No, sir," replied Harcourt, "we are the Irish ; but was not that Mr. Michael Dowell who has just left you?"

"Bedad, an' he is, yer Honor : however comes it you know him? just home from the Dublin College, God bless him! an' fit to talk wid the schoolmaster an' the priest."

"Aisy, aisy, Darby," said Dowell, for it was he, and his back was turned towards them. "Tell the gentleman 't was on account of the troubles I kem home."

"I am well aware of that, Mr. Dowell, and I left town myself for the same reason."

"Oh, Lord save us ! but is this Mr. Harcourt?" cried Michael, turning round. "Arrah, then, Mr. Harcourt, but where are you goin' at all?" he continued, as he approached with his hand extended for a hearty shake, "an' you dressed in such grand clothes?"

"To wherever I can find shelter from the bloodhounds that are swarming thick upon my track."

"Bedad, thin, Mr. Harcourt, you 've just come to the right place. The best board an' lodgin' we can give is at your service, an' make yourself at home wid us as long as you like."

"Thank you very much for your kind offer, my dear Mr. Dowell," cried Harcourt with emotion ; "but I cannot accept it. I would sacrifice a thousand lives ere I would be the means of bringing ruin on an innocent and happy family. You shall never for my sake incur the penalties for harboring an outlaw and a rebel."

"Oh, there 's no fear in the world for us," replied Dowell calmly. "My uncle stands too high wid all the gintlemin about, and Lord Clanricard always gives him the good-day. The yeomen or the soldiers would n't dare to search his house ; an' besides, there has n't been any war down here. Fightin' was never much in our way, or goin' agin the law. But even if they did, Mr. Harcourt, I 'm not the one to forget how you stood to me afore now."

"Oh. my dear friend," cried Harcourt, the tears brought to his eyes by this proof of mistaken gratitude, while a thrill of remorse went through his heart, "can you forgive me these thoughtless college jokes?"

"Aisy now, Mr. Harcourt, it was n't you was to blame at all. It was all the fault of that young lady that Mr. Fitzgerald has married since. You were quite right to tell me of the other boy that was comin', though be the same token she never married him ; maybe some one else druv him away. But now, by yer leave, I 'll just go across the field to the house to acquaint my uncle and my mother, that they may know of your comin'. If ye will follow Darby he 'll take ye by the boreen, an' ye 'll be a few minutes after me at the door."

Harcourt no longer hesitated, but determined he would accept the invitation so honestly given. Notwithstanding all his anxiety and heaviness of heart, he was yet glad of the circumstance that would lead to his introduction to Mr. Dowell's infallible guide in life, of whom he had heard for three whole years.

At the door of the house he was received by that worthy individual, who most cordially welcomed him. Mr. O'Daly —that was the gentle-

man's name — had all the appearance of a jovial, respectable, well-to-do farmer, shrewd and honest. Michael's mother courtesied to the ground before him.

"We're proud of your company this evenin', sir," cried Mr. O'Daly. "Michael has just told me he met you lookin' for a lodgin', and that you seem a little put about. We'll be honored by your remainin' with us as long as may be convenient to you. We're sorry we can't accommodate the other gentlemen here too, but we'll find them shelter in places about. Sally, agra," to Mrs. Dowell, "are you puttin' down the supper?"

"I will, avic, when I know what the gentlemen would like. Sit down here in the arm-chair by the hob, sir, an' take an airin' of the fire," said the good woman, addressing Harcourt, "an' let the other gentlemen sit round. Michael an' Darby will put your horse sup. Oh, but God bless you, you're a grand gentleman," she continued, "and such a lovely coat! Oh, 't is often Michael tells us about you, Mr. Harcourt, an' how you beat all the Orange blackguards that wanted to make him wear their ribbons; an' how you done your best once to have him married to a beautiful young lady, only that some one else come between 'em, an' that she is n't married yet."

As Harcourt smiled and reddened, Mr. O'Daly again spoke: "Aisy, Sally, say no more to the gentlemen till they've had their dinner. Put down all these chickens that are hangin' up. Here, Peggy," to the maid-servant, "bring down the large ham from the loft, an' put it with plenty of cabbage about it into the pot; then heap on the turf, and 't will be done in no time."

The wanderers enjoyed that evening the first comfortable meal they had had since their leaving Kildare. At bedtime Harcourt was conducted to his room. It was plainly furnished and had an earthen floor, but it was very clean and newly whitewashed. On the walls hung several rude prints, such as the pedlers of the time used to hawk in their packs; on a shelf over the fireplace were a few books, principally old classical and mathematical works.

"This room belonged to Mr. O'Ragan, sir, God rest his soul," said Mr. O'Daly; "the master who prepared Michael for the college. He died about two years ago. I suppose you often heard of him?"

"Indeed I did, from Michael, sir. I am sure he was a worthy man."

"You may say that indeed; he was the star of Galway. But I won't be talkin' to you of him, an' you so tired. Good night, sir."

The others were accommodated with a shake-down in the kitchen for the night, and next day were provided with lodgings at the houses of farmers about, on whose fidelity Mr. O'Daly knew he could rely.

During the rather lengthened time Harcourt was obliged to remain in the house, he had ample opportunities of judging of the high character enjoyed by his host, and the confidence reposed in his honesty, judgment, and sound sense by all the surrounding country. Many were the disputes and differences that were submitted to the arbitration of the worthy man, who never shirked the responsibility of dealing with matters of law as well as of fact, thus uniting in himself the provinces of both judge and jury; and from his decisions, whatever way given, there had never been a single appeal to the regularly constituted tribunals. Oftentimes, too, a young man would come to ask his intercession with the girl he loved. Another time a father came to consult him as to the choice of a husband for his daughter. Frequently the parents of a young couple about being married left it to him to say what they should respectively settle on their children. Then his advice was forever being solicited on farm matters. Cattle were sold and fields of corn were disposed of at his valuation. On the

whole, Harcourt was satisfied that his nephew was fully justified in citing him as an authority upon matters of shrewdness, intelligence, and common-sense, anywhere save within the precints of the Dublin University. "If I could only make Michael a little smarter, sir," he would often say to his guest, "and see him able to do for himself, and well married, I could die then in peace."

Meanwhile, the rebellion having by this been got under in the south and east of the country, all the horrors of the time preceding it were renewed with tenfold violence. The government, exasperated by the great cost of money and men (20,000 soldiers, it was computed, had fallen in the struggle), were determined to put it out of the people's power ever to attempt a second. Trial by drum-head court-martial night and day, hanging and shooting quickly following, were the business and pastime of the hour. Winn and his company were again in the field and at their old work with renewed vigor. Priests were being hunted down, districts given up to massacre and burning; and so things continued until the conquerors, glutted with blood and slaughter, and satiated and exhausted with outrages, rested awhile from their labors.

Harcourt in his Galway retreat used to smile as he read in the papers the large reward offered for his and George Fitzgerald's apprehension. On one occasion he pointed out to Dowell the notice of £1,000 to be given for the discovery of the rebel and traitor Robert Harcourt.

"'T is a pity they don't say £10,000 or £100,000, Mr. Harcourt," said Michael, "for a body would have some credit in refusin' it; but if they said ten millions it would be all the same with me an' my uncle. If 't was the last potato in the house, you 'd have your share of it. I hope I 'm mindful of all you did for me, but if you never had done anything for me I would n't touch their blood-money."

"I am very sure of that, my honest Michael; but if you can forgive me —"

"Aisy now, I tell you, Mr. Harcourt, you 're not to blame at all."

Five or six weeks glided by, and Harcourt still remained the guest of these simple-minded, good-hearted people. He now of course dressed in plain clothes, and generally remained in the house during the day, and went out for air and exercise under the cover of the night; and among all the anxieties, cares, and regrets of that perilous time, he was wont in after years to look back on those days, so peacefully passed, as not the least happy of his life.

One morning he was awakened from a sound sleep by voices speaking with unusual animation, considering the place, outside his window; listening attentively he caught the following conversation: —

"Aisy now, Darby; are you sure of what you say?"

"Divil a doubt of it, Misther Michael agra. I heerd it from Tim Gallagher, wha had it from Mr. Connell himself."

"Well, an' how do you know he knew?"

"Arrah, did n't he see the Yeomen and the militia, not to speak of the sodgers, an' they all shiverin' in their skin an' goin' off to meet 'em?"

"Then I suppose I may be goin' an' afther tellin' Mr. Harcourt to be gettin' up?"

"Troth an' you may, sir. This is no time for a general to be asleep."

In another moment Michael broke into the bedroom. "Oh, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Harcourt," he exclaimed, "I 'm afther comin' an' bringin' you great news. The French are afther landin' at Killala."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

See on what foot we stand! a scanty shore, —
The sea behind, our enemies before.
Dryden's "Virgil."

At the time when the horrors of the civil war were fast drawing to a close, and just when the Castle authorities

were sending despatches to the English minister to announce that the last vestige of rebellion had been stamped out, and that now a clear road remained to them toward the accomplishment of their designs, all at once the council at Dublin Castle were thrown into a state of the utmost confusion and alarm by the sudden news which came upon them amidst their deliberations like a thunderbolt, that a French war vessel had escaped the British fleet, and landed a hostile army on the coast of Mayo.

The generals, Humbert, Serrurier, MacMahon, and Bartholomew, with their troops amounting to about 1,060 men, were quickly landed. Their entry into the town was unopposed. During the day a considerable number of natives joined them, whom they provided with arms, and as well as they were able put in order for taking the field.

After a short delay at Killala, Gen. Humbert decided on marching on Castlebar, where the English army under General Lord Hutchinson had taken up a position. The command of the advanced cavalry he assigned to Col. MacMahon, and to Bartholomew Teeling the lead of the skirmishers; both these officers, being acquainted with the language of the people, were of course those best suited for discovering the route.

Harcourt, the moment he received the joyful tidings of this long-expected arrival, at once set about collecting what remained of his scattered bands; and that night by means of a monster bonfire — his usual signal — he got together a few hundred men, and with these next morning started in quest of the French. With all speed possible he travelled towards Mayo. On the way he encountered and routed a few militia regiments, and on the second evening he came upon Teeling with the first line of the French. Loud cheers broke from both parties as they recognized each other. Harcourt, who knew Teeling, rode up and heartily bade him and his companions welcome. The latter then returned with the Irish general and his force toward the main army, and introduced to him as they came up Col. MacMahon, Gen. Serrurier, and Gen. Humbert.

"We had almost given up the last hope of your coming, general," said Harcourt to the latter. "Had you landed two months earlier, you would have found the whole country in arms to support you; but now I fear you have, alas! but little assistance to expect from us. The people were unable to hold out for so long unaided, and have been almost completely crushed. However, your coming is better late than never."

"My dear Gen. Harcourt," replied Humbert, "I hope with our own force we may be able to hold our ground until the native troops are organized once more. We have landed, it is true, little over 1,000 men; but your countrymen, Wolfe Tone, and Napper Tandy, are following close with re-enforcements. In a few days my army will amount to about 5,000."

"If that number succeeds in landing, we will conquer Ireland yet; had they but come in May last, how many lives had been spared!"

"No one regrets our delay more than I; but procrastination in Irish affairs seems to be the rule with the Directory. In fact, but for the indefatigable exertions of Col. MacMahon in getting the men on board, and my coming away without waiting for formal orders, we would be at Havre still."

That night Harcourt spent with MacMahon in his tent, and related to him, Autrechamp, and Teeling all that he had witnessed of the rebellion, and gave them an account of the principal battle in which he had taken part. At the mention of Roanmoyle, Edward started, and anxiously asked him if he knew anything of the place.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "I was at Damer Hall, where I went to see an old friend, though at the time he was my enemy, — Sir Henry Damer. Poor fellow, he was badly wounded

in the battle, but I believe he is almost recovered now. I'm not surprised, considering in whose care I left him."

"In whose?" asked MacMahon, his heart beating fast, he scarce knew why.

"That I really cannot tell you, colonel," answered Harcourt laughing, "beyond that in every respect she seemed like an angel in a young lady's form. I know she was not his cousin, and — at that time, at least — not his wife."

MacMahon felt troubled and apprehensive, and spoke but little during the remainder of the evening. At early dawn the little army of Humbert was in motion, and on the march again for Castlebar.

During the three previous days Gen. Lord Hutchinson had held that place, with a force so considerable and so strong in artillery that he had little apprehension an attack upon the town would be attempted by the handful of French invaders. On the same evening on which Harcourt reached the French he was joined by Gen. Lake, the victor of Vinegar Hill, who, with large re-enforcements, had marched to his assistance. The latter, as senior officer, now resumed the chief command. A council was held immediately, at which it was determined that they should march out against, surround, and make prisoners of the little French detachment, and so bring the invasion to a close. What was then the surprise of the generals on their being awakened next morning and informed that the French were advancing to attack them! In all haste they called their men to arms, and marching out, occupied a strong position over a lake outside Castlebar, protected on one side by a wood, and on the other by a stone wall, which, as the enemy had no cannon, they deemed an impregnable rampart. They had scarcely got their artillery unlimbered and placed in order when the enemy appeared in their front, advancing towards the opposite shore.

As soon as Gen. Humbert had gained a position which commanded a full view of the English lines, and became aware how disproportionate was the force with which he had to encounter them, — they outnumbered him at least six to one, besides that their artillery swept the approaches, — he called a halt and summoned a council of war.

"What shall we do, gentlemen?" he asked of his officers. "To attack the enemy seems madness considering their numbers and and powerful artillery, against which we have not a single gun to oppose."

"Let us fall on them with the cavalry," cried MacMahon. "I will promise that in twenty minutes we put them all to flight."

"And I promise," said Harcourt, "that they don't give us a chance of coming hand to hand with them at all. I have had some experience of the same gentlemen before, and I can tell pretty well what stuff they 're made of. At present they are as gorged and as drunk as the Cyclops with the flesh and blood of innocent victims; their limbs are as benumbed as their senses, and they hardly possess the power to run away."

"You are very competent to speak as to the morals and discipline of the enemy's soldiers, sir," answered Humbert, "and you would promise us an easy victory if we attempted an attack on their position. But I cannot think I would be justified in doing so in the face of such desperate odds. I am responsible for my army to France. I cannot risk it on so rash a venture. However, we will reconnoitre a little. Gen. Serrurier, advance your cavalry on the right; Col. MacMahon, advance yours on the left; Gen. Harcourt, you will take the command of the native regiments we have with us, unite them with your own, and act as you deem best."

"Certainly, general," answered Harcourt, "and await your superior orders."

MacMahon's heart bounded within

him as at the head of his company he advanced toward where the English were drawn up. It seemed the long-desired moment of his life was at hand. Nothing was wanting but the signal, and he could throw himself upon his country's foes. As in a semicircular sweep he approached the enemy, some commotion was plainly perceptible in the ranks of the latter. In truth the royal troops, fully bearing out the character given them by the late commander, were so disconcerted by the sight of a hostile army, properly disciplined and fully armed, advancing towards them, that, utterly regardless of their own vast superiority in men and arms, they were seized with a panic and gave visible signs of alarm. "To the charge!" cried MacMahon, who saw the opportunity, and dashed forward with his division; whilst at the same instant Serrurier on the other side gave a similar command.

"*Mon Dieu!* the cowards, they fly, they fly! You were right, Gen. Harcourt; follow up the pursuit," shouted Humbert as the English, at the first sight of the French cavalry galloping toward them, leaving guns, baggage, and everything that could encumber their flight on the field, turned and fled full speed toward Castlebar. Humbert's reserve, Harcourt's horsemen, the infantry and all, now took up the chase. On went the fugitives pell-mell across the country, the cavalry riding down the infantry, and the mounted Yeomen the militia, as all rushed blindly on, not looking who were behind or who before them, in the excess of their flight. In Castlebar the foot soldiers surrendered themselves by hundreds prisoners of war, but the pursuit of the cavalry was kept up for miles outside the town. All the artillery, baggage, and other spoils of the battle-field fell into the hands of the French. The English dragoons never slackened their pace till they reached the town of Tuam. Even there they thought themselves insecure. With all expedition they left and took the road for Dublin; and those villages which they troubled by making a resting-place on their way were always speedily relieved of their presence by the inhabitants raising a sudden alarm that the French were coming.

Humbert, meanwhile, having led back his army from the pursuit, took up his headquarters at Castlebar. That evening his officers, with the gallantry which characterizes their nation, gave a ball to the ladies of the town in honor of their victory, — a victory that has been known from that day to this by the name of the "Races of Castlebar."

CHAPTER XXXV.

But now bear witness, earth and heaven,
That ne'er was hope to mortal given,
So twisted with the strings of life
As this, — to call Matilda wife! — *Scott.*

Whilst Gen. Humbert remained at Castlebar, to await there the landing of his auxiliaries, MacMahon, with Teeling and Autrechamp, and accompanied by Harcourt and his horsemen, started with his division in pursuit of the English. Close on the heels of the latter they entered Tuam, Kilconnell, and Ballinasloe; but at no time were they able to come up with them, or even to catch a glimpse of their coats.

MacMahon, for reasons the reader will well understand, was most anxious to push on toward Roanmoyle; and to his great satisfaction, Harcourt entirely approved of the step. "Your appearance in your native place in your full French uniform," said the latter, "would be sure to revive the enthusiasm of the people, and bring all who have escaped the massacre back in crowds to our standard; and Rathmoyle would be an excellent starting-point whence to direct our march, in conjunction with Gen. Humbert's, on the capital."

After a few days' rapid journey they reached a wood within a few miles of the town, and quite close to Damer Hall; and here for the first night they struck their camp. On Harcourt representing the probable condition of

Sir Henry, Edward determined that he would advance in sight of the house; but now that he was so near it, his anxiety to see or at least learn something of Agnes became almost insupportable. From the time he left Ireland, he had never revealed to any one except Gen Du Brurier the fond secret of his heart; but he thought that now the time had arrived when he ought to confide in Louis, and with him devise some means by which he could learn something that might set his troubled brain at rest.

Whilst he was thinking over what he had better do, Harcourt suddenly came up to him.

"What do you think?" he said; "Capt. Autrechamp has fallen into the hands of the enemy. He wandered too near the demesne, and some soldiers who were strolling about came down on him, and he is now a prisoner at the Hall."

"I really did not think there was a British soldier within twenty miles of us," said Edward laughing; for he attached no importance to the occurrence, "at least none that the French uniform would not scare away."

"You may be sure it would have, had there been another in his company; but the question is, What are we to do with regard to him?"

"I suppose he is well provided for the night. I would not think of attempting anything that would disturb Sir Henry. To-morrow we can either show ourselves or send a flag of truce."

"The course you suggest is the best one, I think, colonel, and trust me he will fare well at Damer Hall."

In the two months that had elapsed since the night of Harcourt's last visit to Damer Hall, great changes had taken place in the surrounding country. Sir Henry Damer's shire, like all the rest, had been overrun by the troops of Lord Cornwallis; and the Yeomen, unrestrained by the wholesome curb of the baronet's authority, had indulged their tastes to the full in murder, burning, and outrage. Roanmoyle chapel, the priest's house, and most of the surrounding dwellings were soon reduced to ashes. Hawthorn Hill sharing the fate of the rest. One evening, as darkness was closing in, Agnes had taken her usual farewell view for the night of her old home. There it stood, solitary and deserted. When she sought a first look at it in the morning, blackened walls alone met her view. Her father, as he gazed on the smoking ruins, thought with a shudder what might have been the consequences had he in his stubborn pride of heart held out against Sir Henry's generous offer of the protection of the Hall.

Slowly but surely the young baronet's recovery daily progressed. Agnes was still constant in her attendance on him. His mother visited him frequently as a matter of course, and was still very solicitous as to his state; but Agnes began after a time to remark that while her manner to herself and her father was still kind and courteous, yet with her son's restoration to health her old formal and dignified deportment, which had been cast aside while his life was in danger, seemed gradually to return.

One morning Agnes, after having accompanied Sir Henry on a walk through the orchard, was reading to him, and he lay, as was his wont after out-door exercise, on a couch in his private sitting-room, supported by cushions. In a short time his eyes were closed; so, supposing he had fallen asleep, she stopped reading.

After she had paused a moment, to her surprise he opened his eyes and looked up. "Miss Mayville," he said, "I have something to tell you — something to ask you — on which my future happiness depends. It was from the first day I saw you that I began to feel what it was to be great and noble. It was then that I pledged myself, with all my powers and my capacities, to the cause of my country; of that country, fighting against the liberties of which it has been my fate to fall. God above us knows by what arts I was entrapped to become a sup-

porter of the side of treason, perjury, robbery, and murder, but that cause I renounce forevermore. Your presence contributed more toward my recovery than could all the skill of man. It is the dream of a future shared with you that since that first day has cheered the darkest moments of my past life. Agnes, I ask you to accept me for your husband. My title, my affections, and all I possess I cast at your feet. I know how unworthy of you is all I can offer. All they have to recommend them is the true and honest heart which offers them, and *that* I trust may find favor in your sight. Remember, I beseech you, that on your answer now depends the happiness or misery of my future life."

Agnes remained for some moments motionless and silent, but deeply perplexed in mind. Were she to give the baronet's proposal a direct refusal, the effect on him in his present state might be fatal. While puzzled how to proceed, she looked up, and observed him gazing earnestly into her face, while a deadly pallor overspread his own. She then felt that any answer would be less agitating than the anxiety he at that moment endured, so she summoned resolution and spoke: —

"Sir Henry, it would be useless for me to express by words my sense of the high honor you have done me; but I feel that I can best show my gratitude by taking you into my inmost conscience, laying aside all maidenly reserve, and confiding to you a secret which, save from my dearest friends, has ever remained concealed. Just three years since, a young man left this country to seek on foreign shores the fame from which he was debarred at home. From infancy to youth he had been my playmate, companion, and friend. He was a few years my senior, and he had ever assumed toward me the part of protector and brother. We had never known a parting until the long and cruel one came. From that day I have not seen his face. On a few occasions I have heard from him, the last time after he had become an officer of France. Need I continue, Sir Henry? I feel I need not. All that I could add, your own heart will supply; and in your noble and generous nature I know I will find sympathy, friendship, and approval."

Damer kept his gaze riveted on her the entire time she was speaking, and drank in without visible emotion every word she uttered, although each was a death-knell to his hopes.

"And have you," he said, "for so long endured in silence and patience that which to me had been a state worse than death itself? Coward that I am! cannot I be equal to as much? Him whom you love you know not if you shall ever see more, and yet you can appear all joy and mirth to those about you. You can even devote all your care and attention to another. There are some, it is said, who can seem light-hearted and gay while the canker is gnawing at their heart. I'll try if I can be like them. My dreams of earthly happiness and bliss have been withered and blasted, but still I will wear a smiling face before the world. Miss Mayville, resume your reading."

"Oh, do not speak so, my dear Sir Henry, I implore you," cried Agnes. "All I can I will do to make you happy. Henceforward I shall ever regard, esteem, and love you as a brother. I never had a brother, and you shall be one to me from this time. And you will look on me as a sister, will you not?"

Damer's heart was touched and softened. He felt cheered and brightened with a new sense of pleasure. A new joy had taken possession and calmed his soul, and filled it with a holy peace.

"Come, my dear sister," he said with a bright smile, "let us take another walk in the garden."

At this moment a servant entered the room, and announced to Sir Henry the arrival at the Hall of a French officer, who had been taken prisoner

by the soldiers stationed inside the house.

"Let him at once be provided with refreshments," said the baronet. "As regards his custody, of course Capt. Graham has to do with that."

At the mention of a French officer being in the house, Agnes started. Henry, who noticed her agitation, whispered as they walked toward the garden, "Be patient: I will procure you an interview with this stranger to-night."

The English officer stationed at Damer Hall invited Autrechamp on that day to dine with his lieutenant and himself. Sir Henry's health did not yet permit him to see his guests at table. At an early hour Louis retired to his room, and as he declined to give his parole that he would not attempt to escape, a sentry was placed on guard outside his door. He then threw himself on a sofa, "accoutred as he was," for he thought it probable there might be a rescue during the night; and, fatigued and exhausted from the severe marches and short rests of the preceding week, he was soon buried in a sound sleep.

To be continued.

A WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES.

An event happened in our city [Richmond, Va.] recently, which contains a deep lesson for young ladies. A gentleman, an Ohio widower, advertised in the Hartford Churchman for a governess for his little daughter. A young lady of Richmond, of high attainments and connections, whose name we withhold, made application for the place, and her pastor and a jurist friend furnished the letters. The widower met the young lady, and was so charmed with her that instead of a governess, he made her his wife. The papers clapped their hands and made known the lady's good fortune. She was not only wedded to an estimable gentleman, but had received on her wedding morning a present from her husband of $30,000. Many a young lady read the Dispatch that morning and wished she had been the lucky one to read the advertisements, to have the high letters. But the story was not done. He is a swindler; his notes were forged; she is ruined, and the wretch has deserted her.

In the Catholic Church this could hardly happen; still, Catholic young ladies cannot be too much aware, unless the parties are intimately known, no marriage can take place in the Catholic church without the "proclamation of the banns," and if one of the contracting parties is a non-Catholic, the marriage cannot be performed until certain evidence is advanced of the "free state" of that party. Of course a rogue will slip occasionally through the strictest precautions, but it is impossible that as many swindles could creep in under Catholic discipline as are found in the lax marriage fashion among Protestants. If a marriage is an indissoluble contract, it certainly will not be celebrated without great caution; but if a little divorce can correct the mistake, there is of course no need of being too particular. Still, let not the Catholic young lady, in this security, fling away her guard, nor leave herself open in any way to the swindler's approach. Let her not dream of romance, nor accept offers of positions, much less of marriage, from any newly known party without her pastor's advice. Any one who ever observed these points was never betrayed. — *Catholic Visitor.*

A Nantucket correspondent writes: "I saw Charles O'Conor on the street the other day. He has grown ten years younger since he came, and walks like a man of thirty. He is greatly esteemed by the Nantucket people, into whose interests he has entered heartily. From the fact that his library has been brought here, it seems probable that he means to make the town his permanent residence. The schooner 'Onward' had to make two trips to bring Mr. O'Conor's books."

CHINA.

The Weekly Register, London.

It is announced that the Chinese government contemplate the introduction of railroads and electric telegraphs into that country, and are about to take steps to carry out this purpose without loss of time.

China has always been the real Asiatic mystery. The immense numbers of the people, the antiquity of their civilization, their absolute independence of all the rest of the world, their unbounded reliance on the wisdom of their forefathers, which has induced them hitherto to reject even the Christian faith because it was brought them by foreigners, render them the marvel of the world, a standing wonder of wonders to the end of time. We are not disposed to attach much credit to impressions made upon the hasty observation of travellers as to the alleged decadence of China. On the contrary, it seems more probable that the energy and industry of this wonderful people are still in full activity, and were never greater than at the present moment. Their population continues to increase, and is now estimated at four hundred and fifty millions, — considerably more than a third part of the inhabitants of our planet. The impression referred to is probably traceable to the number of ruins found in that country. But these ruins are most likely of great antiquity, coeval at least with the Roman remains in Europe. It is often less trouble to build a new bridge than to repair an old one; and a double advantage is gained, for the ruins of the old bridge remain as a memento of past times. China contains two thousand walled cities, comparable to Verona or Augsburg, but in many cases much more populous, surrounded by walls and towers, built on a vast scale, and which must have cost at least a million sterling in every case, and which, though erected in periods now very remote, are still generally in good repair.

The unexampled and enduring prosperity of China is founded on the excellence of its system of agriculture; and the basis of this system is the rule that the property in the soil is vested exclusively in the cultivator. China has no "landlords." This has given an immense impulse to agriculture; and agriculture is the basis of all other industries. Productiveness of the soil is followed, by a well-known natural law, by increase of population, — a law which wise men of our day have enunciated in the formula that population presses on the means of subsistence, but which Solomon stated long ago in the phrase that when goods are increased, they are increased that eat them. A country may still be fairly prosperous when the cultivator pays a rent or land tax to the state, or to a landlord representing the state, provided always that the sum total of rent and taxes paid by the cultivator does not exceed twenty per cent on the produce. This fact was known to the patriarch Joseph, and formed the basis of the land settlement under which Egypt maintained its prosperity until the Saracen conquest of that country. It is also the foundation of the land tenures of India; and there are extensive districts in the East Indies, once flourishing kingdoms, which have been almost entirely depopulated, owing to the neglect of this precaution on the part of more modern governments. Similar neglect has reduced Asia Minor to a desert. The principle in question is an absolutely necessary condition for the prosecution of agricultural industry; and when agriculture is abandoned, the inevitable result is too obvious to need to be stated. Probably the most rapid decline of population on record, from this cause, exists in the case of Ireland, which contained nine millions of inhabitants in 1848, and contains five millions in 1881. By the year 1911, if the same

system continues, it is to be presumed that there will be no inhabitants left in that island at all, or only so many as can subsist exclusively on salmon.

China is a world in itself, and produces all that its inhabitants require for subsistence or for comfort. It is entirely independent of foreign supplies; and its internal trade is of course enormous. But this trade consists in the transport of grain, silk, manufactures, and so forth, from one part of the country to another; and as the supplies are continuous, and the goods to be conveyed will bear keeping, speed is no object. It takes three months to convey a bale of silk from the South of China to the North; but there are plenty more on the road, and no one suffers from the delay. It is not for this purpose that railroads are required; and indeed the assistance which railways could afford in the internal traffic of so populous a country would be infinitesimal, unless something like a hundred thousand miles of rails were laid down. The railways are required for the exigencies of military service. The recently threatened war with Russia, now happily averted, has convinced the Chinese government that for the sake of the safety of the country some effort must be made to secure greater rapidity of transport for troops and munitions of war than any which exists at present. In case of threatened invasion, the security of the invaded country depends mainly upon its possessing facilities for the rapid movement of troops within its frontier. In this point of view, the resolution taken by the Chinese authorities, while it is an evidence of their own vigilance and determination, suggests also a very serious reflection. The Chinese are notoriously hardy, persevering, and fearless to the point of absolute recklessness of life; and they are now setting to work in earnest to study the military system of Europe. Should they become a military people, they will be by far the strongest in the world. One per cent on the population of any country is a moderate estimate of its military strength; and at this estimate China will always be able, without any exceptional effort, to send five millions of troops into the field.

NOVEL-READING.

Novel-reading is at best a dangerous amusement for boys and girls. They get false ideas of the world and wrong notions of duty. There are, of course, standard novels, which are written in a moral and beautiful style; but it is a question whether the reading of them does more good or harm. We speak not of the works of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or writers of that class, but of those vile productions of depravity which come from the promptings of Satan.

It is a pity that the law against indecent publications includes only those of the utterly undisguised filthy class. There are others, although not illustrated with disgusting pictures, that are but little less destructive to the morals of the young.

The reading matter in many of the weekly story papers appeals forcibly to the lowest passions of human nature, and is more dangerous in one view, as it makes its approaches under the guise of moral sentiment. These publications are particularly dangerous to young boys and girls. The trashy nonsense is devoured by thousands of the youth of both sexes, and creates an unhealthy yearning for the false heroic, and a dislike for their condition in life. Foolish sentiment, combined with discontent, invariably produces an unhealthy state of the mind, which reveals itself in all the hideousness of sin.

As the law is powerless to kill all the noxious weeds that crowd the literary field, a close supervision by parents and guardians over the publications which find their way into the family circle, and the exclusion of all of an immoral or of a sickly, romantic character, should be strictly observed.

BEES.

M. B., in Catholic Progress.

A visit to one of the most wonderful cities of the world, a city which may contain from twenty to sixty thousand inhabitants, will be by no means unprofitable. We shall find in it streets without pavements, and thousands of houses with doors but no windows. The houses are built regularly in tiers one above another, while standing out at the corners of the streets are a few royal palaces. The houses, which are just large enough to fit their occupants, are not all used as dwellings. Many of them are stores, where the inhabitants store their food in the summer for the winter months, during which they do not leave the city; and having no fires, they keep themselves warm by gathering together and never venturing into the open air. The population of such cities is always ruled by a queen, who, though she has so many subjects to work for her and wait upon her, works as hard as they do in the performance of her royal duties, and only on one or two state occasions ever leaves the city. When the weather is fine, from early sunrise to sunset during the summer months this city is full of life and bustle. Thousands pass in and out of the gates every hour of the day, though the gates are so narrow that only two inhabitants can go through at once. Some of them are bringing in building materials for new houses, or are laden with provisions for winter use; but among the busy throng perfect order reigns. Each has her appointed work to do, and cheerfully obeys the laws of the community.

A French naturalist, Francis Hubert, though quite blind, studied carefully the habits of these wonderful creatures, — of course it is bees that we are speaking about, — and with the assistance of his wife and man-servant, made extraordinary discoveries with regard to their habits and customs. He invented a hive which he could open and close at pleasure, and by putting a glass hive within it, the little creatures could be surprised at any moment at their work; for they cannot bear the light, and would, if continually exposed to it, soon have darkened the glass by layers of wax. Let us look a little into the habits of these interesting insects.

In a country garden on a fine morning in the month of May, there often may be seen a strange-looking object hanging from the bough of a tree. It will be found on approach to be a swarm of bees, each bee clinging with its two fore-legs to the hinder legs of the one above it. Sometimes as many as twenty thousand are hanging closely together, and so firmly that a bee from the very centre can disengage herself if she desires, without danger to the rest. In a short time they would find themselves a house somewhere, perhaps in a hollow tree; but in order to secure their honey a hive is generally brought to them, and the bough gently shaken till most of the swarm drop in; and in a few minutes the energetic little creatures set about arranging their new home. One or two thousand of the larger bees, however, wander about outside the hive, waiting for the others to feed and house them. They are the male bees, or drones, who only work two or three days in their whole life. Some of the working bees carefully examine the inside of the hive to see if there are any cracks to be filled up. If there are, they run and fetch a kind of gum from the sticky buds of some of the plants, and with it they close up the crevices, while others fly off in search of honey. Others form a body-guard round the queen-bee, who must be carefully watched and attended. She is distinguished from her subjects by a longer body and shorter wings. But the greater number of the bees go and hang in a cluster from the roof. One

of them, settling on the top of the inside of the roof, turns round so as to push the others back and give herself space to work. She then begins to pick with her fore legs a little wax from a sort of pocket. Holding this wax in her claws, she bites it with her front upper jaws, which move to and fro sideways, and kneads it with her tongue into a kind of paste, which will draw out like a ribbon, and places it on the top of the hive. Then she takes another piece till she has emptied each of her eight pockets, and flies out of the hive. Her place is then taken by another, who goes through the same process, till a large wall of wax has been made hanging from the roof of the hive. In the mean time the bees who have been out gathering honey come back laden; but being able neither to store the honey nor to build combs like the rest, because they have no wax in their pockets, they go and hang on the other bees for about twenty-four hours. During this time, part of the honey they have gathered is transformed into wax. Then they join the others, and in their turn plaster on wax to the hive. As soon as this rough wall of wax is formed, the "nursing" bees come to prepare cells for the young ones. One of them, standing on the roof of the hive, forces her head into the wax, biting through it as she moves her head to and fro. In this way she makes a round hollow, and then passes on to make another. A second bee takes her place and enlarges it, and so on, till perhaps twenty bees have been employed in completing one cell. On the other side of the wall of wax another set of bees are laboring at the same task; and thus a screen of cavities is formed back to back all over the comb. The industrious little creatures then begin to make the walls of the cells till the comb is ready to receive either honey or bee-eggs. No sooner have they finished one comb than they set to work upon another by the side of it, till the hive is full of combs. They leave a narrow lane between them, just broad enough for two bees to pass back to back as they crawl along. When the first comb is about five inches long, the honey-laden bees begin at once to store the honey in the cells.

How curious it is to watch the bee gathering her honey, — to see her settle on a flower, thrust out her small tongue-like proboscis, and suck out the honey! This she passes into a honey-bag which lies between her throat and stomach, and when she returns to the hive she empties it into the honey-cells. But honey is not all the bee carries away from the flower. She may frequently be seen covering herself with the pollen; and when she has brushed it off her body with her feet she moistens it in her mouth and rolls it into a tiny ball, which she packs into a receptacle in the front of one of the hind legs, which looks like a swollen joint. On reaching the hive the nursing bees take the balls, and either eat it themselves or mix it with honey to feed the young bees. If there is any over, they store it away in old honey-cells for future use. This is called bee-bread. It is the dark, bitter stuff often found in the honey-combs which have been filled late in summer. No sooner has the bee been relieved of this bread than she goes to one of the clean cells, and standing on the edge, places in it all the honey from the honey-bag. Each cell is large enough to hold the contents of many honey-bags. Thus the busy little creatures work on all day, filling cell after cell for the daily food; and when they find there is any to spare, they close up the cells with wax to preserve it till winter.

A day or two after the bees are settled in the hive, the queen-bee becomes restless. She goes out of the hive and hovers about for a while, and then returns home, for the bees at this time leave her free to follow her devices; generally she is closely looked after and not allowed to go outside. After she has in this way gone in and out several times she flies up into the air,

and her body-guard, the drones, fly after her. In a very short time she returns, and the working bees all gather round her, knowing that she will soon begin to deposit her eggs, of which sometimes she lays as many as two hundred in a day, — one in each of the cells prepared for their reception. Now the work of the nursing bee begins. In two or three days each egg has become a small white legless grub, or larva; and the nurses prepare for it a mixture of pollen and honey, which they put into its cell. In a few days the larva will have grown so fat upon this food that it will almost fill the cell. Then the nurses cover up the mouth of the cell with wax, made into little rings, having a tiny hole in the middle. When the larva is shut in, it begins to give out a white silken film, with which it spins a cocoon around itself, and remains in it for about ten days. At last the young bee, twenty-one days after the egg was laid, bites her way through the cocoon and waxen door and walks out of the cell. The nurses who have been waiting for her keep stroking her wings and feeding her for about twenty-four hours; and then she is ready to begin to take her share in the work, and flies out of the hive to gather honey like her companions. The empty cells are cleared out by the nurses, and filled with honey darker than that stored in the first cells, which is so pure and clear that it is called virgin honey.

The queen, after about six weeks, lays a few larger eggs in larger cells, from which the male bees or drones grow up like the others. About this time the working bees have been building on the edge of the comb a few curious cells something like thimbles, with the open side upward, and about every third day the queen deposits an egg in one of these cells. The nurses take extra care of these eggs, and fill the cells with a sweet, pungent jelly; for this larva is to be a princess, and perhaps a future queen. If any accident should happen to the queen, and she dies during her work, the nursing bees immediately take one of the worker larvæ, and removing it into a royal cell, feed it with jelly, and then it grows into a queen-bee. About sixteen days after the first royal egg has been laid, the princess tries to find her way out of her cell. During the process the old queen wanders about apparently in much alarm, for there cannot be two queen-bees in one hive, and she fears that her daughter, as soon as she comes out of the cradle, will seize the throne; and rather than have to fight for her kingdom, she goes off to seek a new home, taking with her a great number of her subjects. But she looks out for a sunny day; for bees will not swarm when it is wet, as the rain would clog their wings and spoil the wax which they carry about their bodies. Till the old queen is ready to start, the princess is prevented from getting out of her cell by the nurses, who, after supplying her with more food, close up the hole with fresh wax. At length, about ten or eleven o'clock on a bright morning, the queen-bee leaves her hive, taking with her about two thousand drones, and from twelve thousand to twenty thousand worker-bees, which all fly clustering round her till she alights upon a bough.

No sooner have they quitted the hive than the princess is set free, and the worker-bees collect round her and feed and watch over her. But she runs about trying to get at the other royal cells, and is only prevented by the workers from attacking them. Then she stands still, and beats the air with her wings, uttering a loud piping noise. Soon a low sound is heard coming from the cell of the next eldest princess. At this the new queen becomes terribly agitated, and whether the day be fine or wet, off she sets, accompanied by a great many of her subjects. Thus a second swarm takes place. But sometimes it happens that the two royal bees meet, when they fight till one is killed. When the victorious queen begins to reign, she manifests the same uneasiness as the other, be-

cause she knows there are other royal aspirants to be born. This time, however, the workers do not usually interfere; and the queen, darting at the first cell she comes to, stings and kills the young princess while still a prisoner. She then goes off to the next, and so on till she has destroyed them all. She is then happy, knowing that she cannot be dethroned. In a few days she takes a little flight with her drones, just to see the world, as it were, and then comes back to settle down for the winter. As the queen will not fly out again that year, the idle drones, who never work, are no more needed; and the bees, not caring to feed useless mouths all through the winter, fall on them and sting them all to death. The poor drones, having no sting, cannot defend themselves. After this, the rest of the dwellers of the hive settle down to feed the young bees and lay in fresh stores for the coming winter.

It is just about this time that their honey is taken. A well-stocked hive sometimes yields as much as thirty pounds, still leaving sufficient to supply the bees. The hive having now become quiet and settled, the work goes on regularly, and every bee has her task to do. Besides the nurses and the honey collectors, a certain number are appointed to ventilate the hive; for where so many are packed together, the atmosphere would become unwholesome. There being no holes nor windows to let in fresh air, they have a curious plan of bringing in a current of air by constant fanning. Some of the bees stand close to the entrance, their faces toward it, and opening their wings, they wave them quickly to and fro, producing quite a breeze. Behind these bees, and in fact in every part of the hive, others stand fanning in the same way, and thus all the streets and passages are supplied with air. Some bees are set to clear out the cells after the young bees have left them; others are sentinels, and guard the entrance of the hive day and night. They keep off the wax-moth, which tries to get in and lay its eggs in the comb, so that its young may have food. They also keep out wasps, snails, slugs, and other intruders. But if any of them should happen to make their way in, the bees rush on them and sting them to death. Sometimes, however, they find it impossible to get rid of the body of their victim after slaying him, it being too large and heavy to move. In this case they fetch gum from the plant-buds, and embalm or cement the body all over, and so prevent it from rendering their city unhealthy. Thus life goes on unceasingly in this wonderful city: building, storing, nursing, harvesting, ventilating, cleaning, all day long.

The queen-bee lives sometimes two years, having a family of many thousand children. The worker-bee lives about eight months only, and the young bees of the autumn survive till next year to carry on the work in the spring.

Bees seem to be less capable of finding their way about than might be expected. In some cases flies are certainly more intelligent. Sir John Lubbock describes how he put a bee into a bell glass, turning the closed end to the window. She buzzed about for a long time, when, seeing there was no chance of her getting out, he let her go. Two flies, on the contrary, which he put in with her, got out directly. But he found some bees more intelligent than others. One which he had fed several times, and which had flown about the room, when put into the glass flew out at once. Another bee, when he had closed the postern door, used to come round to the open window to take the honey.

It is now proved that bees are capable of distinguishing colors. Sir John Lubbock finds that bees are not only attracted by bright color, but that they know one color from another. He put some honey on slips of glass, with colored paper under them, and when he had accustomed the bees always to find the honey on the blue glass, he

washed it clean and put honey on the red glass instead. If the bees had followed only the smell of the honey, they would certainly have flown direct to the red glass; but no, they went first to the blue glass, expecting to find the honey on the usual color. It was only when they were disappointed that they turned to the red.

We have now seen how marvellously the "busy bee's" instincts guide her in all her daily life, leading her to do her own appointed work in the most regular and orderly manner, setting an example of constant industry, order, and patience.

CANDY-EATING IN AMERICA.

The amount of candy manufactured in the United States is far greater than is usually thought; the Americans — the women mainly — eating more, it is said, than all the rest of the world combined. New York has until recently made most of the candy; but now Boston is a large manufacturer. Within a few years many small houses, mostly French, have sprung up there, and reduced the price materially. Boston has three large manufactories, employing some three hundred workmen and producing over 4,000 tons of candy annually. Not more than one fourth of this is consumed in New England, the remainder going chiefly to the Provinces and the West. Boston makes altogether more than 5,000 tons, using something over 25,000 barrels of sugar for the purpose. New York, it is estimated, makes about 6,500 to 7,000 tons, which goes to all parts of the Union, a good deal of it being, it is said, exported to the West Indies, South America, and even to Europe. It has been supposed that French candies were the best; but Americans now make superior candy. Outside Boston and New York, not much candy is made, though the Philadelphia make has considerable reputation. The common people in Europe eat very few confections, but everybody in the United States eats a good deal. The children's tendency to indigestion has been traced to the eating of sweets; but this is probably not correct. They eat more candy than ever, but the national health is steadily improving.

THE DIGNITY OF BELLS.

With what strange and solemn memories have bells yet extant been associated! The long green bell in the leaning tower of Pisa, said to date back to the thirteenth century, which has rung for ages as the sad processions of criminals have passed over the bridge to execution; the very bell which, perchance, announced to the awe-struck Pisans that the wretched Ugolino, starved to death at the bottom of the tower, had at length ceased to breathe; the great Carolus at Antwerp, which first rang in 1467, when Charles the Bold entered the city; the storm-bell in Strassburg Cathedral, which still warns the traveller of the tempest, seen from afar sweeping over the Vosges; the small bell Horrida, the tocsin, 1316, covered with mildew, which hangs high up in Nôtre Dame at Antwerp, and is never rung, by reason of its age and infirmities; the gate bell in many an old fortified town, that still sounds at the shutting and opening of the city portals; the curfew which from time immemorial has rung over the flats of Cambridge and the fens of Ely, and still greets the ears of the Freshman, reminding him of the time when the neighborhood was one waste of perilous and poisonous marshes; the old Tourney bells, which from their city belfry greet the silent, colossal five towers of the grandest church in Belgium, and strike the ear of the traveller as he hurries along the high-road from Lille almost before the beacon-light on the summit of the belfry salutes his eyes: and these are chance specimens that arise in memory at random.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF IRELAND.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, R. C. M. G.

CROMWELL was now undisputed master, and a period followed which we are exhorted to recognize as the sole era when an authentic, God-given ruler made divine justice prevail in the land. Of his divine government of Ireland, the naked facts are these: Two years after the war was at an end, and when the fighting men of Ireland, to the number of forty thousand, had been encouraged to take service with Spain, he drove out by beat of drum the entire Catholic population of three provinces, excepting only hinds, useful to hold the plough or herd the flocks of the conqueror. Aged men and women, feeble and sickly persons, many who were protected by general treaties, others who were protected by special terms of submission, some who had received personal guaranties for personal services, were driven across the Shannon, to find a shelter, if they could, among the bogs of Connaught, and their lands divided among his soldiery. Peers and knights who had fought for the king, to whom they had sworn allegiance, were held by the representative of divine justice to have incurred this penalty. If they returned, they became liable to be hanged without trial. Of the children of the poorer people, seized in a rape like Herod's, he caused one thousand boys to be sold as slaves in the West Indies, and one thousand innocent Irish girls to be sent to Jamaica, to a fate which would scarcely be adequately avenged if the "authentic ruler" spent an eternity in the region to which Cavalier toasts consigned him. The admitted aim of the Lord Protector was to extirpate the Irish race, and his policy is still known among them as the "Curse of Cromwell." If this be indeed the art of divine government, it was afterward practised more successfully in the *fusillades* and *noyades* of the French Jacobins, and in the Bulgarian atrocities painted by a modern statesman; and it reaches its perfection in the management of a prize by pirates, when the crew are made to walk the plank, and the booty is distributed among the victors. Cromwell's conduct is still defended on the same fanatical pretences employed to justify the expulsion of the Huguenots from France, the Moors from Spain, the Jews from England, and the Christians from Japan; and the grounds are good for all these transactions, or for none of them.[1]

Before Cromwell's policy was carried to complete success, the Restoration brought back the Stuarts. Charles II., having compensated or reinstated a host of royalists ejected from their estates in England, turned his attention to Ireland. The enemies of his house were in possession of the lands confiscated under Cromwell; and the friends of his house, the original proprietors, who were the last to lay down arms for his father, some of whom had shared his own exile, were in penury and destitution. It was a case needing prompt handling, and Charles handled it with unusual promptitude. To pacify the Irish Puritans, he confirmed the settlement of property under the Commonwealth. That is to say, Cromwell had given to his soldiers the estates of the Catholic gentlemen who had fought for the House of Stuart, and the restored house of Stuart graciously confirmed the arrangement. Charles would probably have preferred doing justice, if justice could be done without much

[1] The difficulty of harmonizing the opinion of the two nations respecting representative men is not less striking in this era than in any that preceded it. The inspired eyes which saw the heavens opened could discern nothing but evil in Irish Catholics fighting for liberty of conscience, or in Irish Presbyterians when they were troublesome to Cromwell. The author of "Robinson Crusoe," born to delight the youth of all nations, makes it a bitter reproach to Oliver that he abandoned the scheme he had under consideration to expel the whole Irish race from Ireland.

personal inconvenience. But he loved his harlots and jesters too well to run risks; and to do justice in this matter was made difficult by a sentiment always powerful in England, a sentiment which has created a perpetual barrier between the two nations, and which while it exists will never suffer them to unite. His English Parliament, crowded with Cavaliers and returned exiles, would not have helped him to displace Englishmen, though they were Cromwellians, to make place for Irishmen, though they were Royalists. His impulse to do justice was at best not very strong. A slice of confiscated land remained at the disposal of the Crown, with which he might have made a provision for a few more of the worst cases of injustice; but his heart was touched with fraternal affection, and he gave the bulk of it — a hundred and seventy thousand acres and upward — not to Irish sufferers, but to his brother James.[1] Although the Cavalier Parliament did not give back their estates to its Irish allies, it is needless to say that it did not quite overlook them. It compelled the king to withdraw a rash indulgence by which they were permitted to practise their religion. It passed a Test Act, by which no person could hold any office, civil or military, without subscribing a declaration against transubstantiation; and as bullocks from Meath and Kildare lowered the price of fat stock in the English market, it declared the importation of cattle from Ireland to be a public nuisance.

This was the reign of the "Merrie Monarch," a time of national enjoyment and revelry in England, interrupted only by an English Popish plot and massacre, more deliberate and bloody than the plot and massacre in Ulster, over which history is so clamorous. The plot was the famous invention of Titus Oates; the massacre, the trial, conviction, and murder of his victims for eighteen months, whose execution went on merrily long after judges and juries had ceased to believe a syllable of the evidence. If the Catholic king who soon followed had been strong and merciless as Cromwell, if he had slaughtered the judges, juries, and spectators of this massacre, and their contemporaries indiscriminately for the offence of being alive at that period, if he had sent men in thousands to be slaves in the West Indies, and women to a worse fate, he would be qualified to-day, doubtless, to be recognized as a benevolent agent of divine justice.

When James II. embroiled himself with his English subjects by attempting to make changes by royal prerogative which could only be legitimately made by Act of Parliament, he sought support in Ireland. The Irish never loved James, but his present offences were not such as could reasonably be expected to move their indignation. He was a Catholic, and he sought to extend religious liberty to Catholics and Dissenters. If his method was harsh and arbitrary, the boundaries of royal prerogative were ill defined, and nations have never been slow to condone offences committed in their own interest. A little later the strictest Scottish Whigs forgave William for suspending laws by his royal authority in Scotland, though suspending laws by royal authority was the offence for which his predecessor had been driven from the throne. James selected as Lord Lieutenant in Ireland Richard Talbot, the head of an Anglo-Norman house which still remained Catholic, created him Duke of Tyrconnell, and gave him his confidence in a degree unusual to his frigid nature. Talbot is credited with a plentiful catalogue of vices by English writers. It is probable that he was boastful and profligate, and perhaps unveracious; but he was certainly

[1] There were nearly eight million acres to dispose of without interfering with the Cromwellian occupation. Two million and a quarter were given to Irish in possession, Irish of English descent, Irish declared innocent, or saved under provisions in the Act of Settlement; to English courtiers or soldiers there were given four million and a half. James got a great slice of the remainder. See Mr. Pendergast's invaluable "Cromwellian Settlement."

bold, resolute, and devoted to his master, and to the nation he was sent to rule. We must judge him by his age and his contemporaries. He was far from being so unscrupulous a partisan as Shaftesbury, the spokesman of resistance in England, and he was a generous and chivalrous gentleman compared to the hero of Blenheim and Malplaquet. When a conspiracy to bring in the Prince of Orange began to be talked of, Talbot disarmed a large number of Protestant gentlemen whom he suspected of sympathy with William, and armed and regimented the native population whom he knew to be friendly to James. What else, indeed, was an agent of James to do? The Protestant gentlemen were for the most part heirs of the Cromwellian settlers, and hated James as a Papist, and feared him as a king who might call in question their title to their estates. They themselves had taken much stricter precautions when they were in power: a Catholic was not permitted to possess the simplest weapon of defence (half a dozen Catholic meetings in Dublin or its neighborhood constituted an illegal assembly), and in country districts Catholics were not allowed to leave their parish except to attend the neighboring market. In periods of alarm the precaution has been taken by every government in Ireland before and since; but so singular are the canons of criticism applicable to Irish affairs, that a noble historian who was a Cabinet minister under Queen Victoria, when arms were taken from Munster Catholics and distributed among Ulster Orangemen, treats this precaution of Tyrconnell as a grave and exceptional offence

The principal employments, civil and military, in Ireland, were necessarily bestowed on native Catholics. "The highest officers of state, in the army, and in the courts of justice" (groans Lord Macaulay) "were with scarcely an exception filled by Papists."[1] It was an intolerable grievance certainly, in a Catholic country, under a Catholic king who had only a handful of Protestant partisans in the island, that Catholics were so employed. To be sure, in England when James's opponents got the upper hand, the highest offices of state, in the army, and in the courts, without a single exception, were filled by Protestants; but that was "*bien different.*" While the Prince of Orange, in correspondence with some of James's privy councillors and generals, was collecting on the coast of Holland an army of Dutch, French, and German troops to invade his kingdom, the king summoned to his aid a portion of his army in Ireland, recruited, like the army of his father, in large part from Irish Catholics. An army similarly recruited has since won memorable victories for England in Spain, Belgium, and France, in Africa, Asia, and Australasia; but the proposal was received with a roar of indignation and a deluge of libels. At the same time, two Irish judges, one of them recognized even by unfriendly critics as the foremost man of his race, were sent to London to make certain representations respecting the condition of Ireland. These officials would have been received with distinction at Versailles or the Escurial; in London the mob surrounded their carriage with burlesque ceremonies, among which potatoes stuck on white wands were conspicuous. The favorite jester of the present day, who ordinarily pictures an Irishman as a baboon or a gorilla, is scarcely more delightfully humorous; and the perversity of a people who do not love such charming pleasantries has naturally been the perplexity of English writers down to our own age.[2]

[1] Macaulay's England, Vol. II. p. 70.

[2] While James was meditating a flight to France, some good friend of the Revolution indulged in a playful device of a more practical sort. A crowd of fugitives, whose dress bespoke them ploughmen and laborers, rushed into London at midnight, shrieking the dreadful news that the Irish army were in full march on the city, burning houses and slaughtering women and children in their course. Letters containing horrible versions of this Popish atrocity were delivered in distant and widely sundered districts of the country at the same time.

James fled to France, and left his enemies in possession of England and Scotland. In Ireland Tyrconnell held the country for the king, and sent him advice to head a French expedition to Dublin, where he would be loyally welcomed and reinstated in his kingdom. Louis XIV. gave him officers, arms, ammunition, and a little money, but no soldiers; and with this poor provision he landed at Kinsale in the spring of 1689. The Irish received him in triumph; installed him in Dublin Castle, the traditional seat of authority; and the best men of the race tendered him their service. A Parliament was summoned. It necessarily consisted almost exclusively of Catholics. The Protestants elected amounted to about half a dozen. The Protestant peers who answered the king's summons reached about the same number, including three Protestant bishops; but small as the number was, it was certainly in excess of the proportion of Protestants in the country who supported James. The government was chiefly Catholic also, though James had several English Protestants in his Cabinet, but they were necessarily the minority.[1]

The Irish Parliament of James has been a standing target for slander down to our own day. Suddenly called together among a people who had slight experience of parliamentary forms, and who had grievous wrongs to redress, they conducted themselves with singular moderation and good sense. They created an army and a navy, they established religious equality among all Christian creeds, they made vigorous efforts to foster native manufactures, and were the first to declare the fundamental doctrine which the English and Irish Parliaments reaffirmed a century later, that the king, Lords, and Commons of Ireland were alone entitled to legislate for that country. This Catholic Parliament did not pass any law inflicting penalties on Protestants for their opinions. Their fathers had been mercilessly persecuted by the Puritans; they themselves and their children were soon to be mercilessly persecuted under a daughter of the king for whom they were in arms; their fellow Catholics in England and Scotland at the moment were under proscription and persecution: but they set an example of moderation and forbearance nearly unique in history. The tithes paid by Protestants were ordered to be paid to the Protestant clergy, the tithes paid by Catholics to the Catholic clergy; an arrangement which bears favorable comparison for substantial justice with a settlement of the same question made in our own day. They did not deprive Protestants of arms or the franchise; they did not exclude them from Parliament or the learned professions; they did not forbid them to acquire or inherit property, or to educate their

The citizens rose and armed in self-defence; and as no enemy appeared, they passed the time agreeably in sacking and burning the houses of Catholic gentlemen and tradesmen. The enemy never appeared, and the story turned out to be a pious fraud; a partisan of the Whigs afterward claimed the merit of having schooled the shrieking fugitives with his own lips, and written the letters with his proper hand. As the Irish army committed no offence, London was naturally indignant with them for having given her so much trouble for nothing.

[1] Lord Macaulay is disgusted at the number of O'Neills and O'Donovans, MacMahons and Macnamaras, who thronged the benches; a phenomenon as amazing as to see Russells and Stanleys, Smiths and Browns, in the Parliament of Westminster. Other modern writers have made the scanty representation of the minority a subject of reproach. How the Irish Catholics could have been so bigoted as to prefer intrusting their interests to men of their own race and faith is amazing to writers of a nation who, two centuries later, out of five hundred and fifty representatives of England, Scotland, and Wales, do not elect a single Catholic gentleman.

The peculiar and exceptional law to which Irish transactions are supposed to be subject is a marvel. James took his government from the rank of his supporters for the most part. "It was now," says Lord Macaulay, in a fine burst of indignation, "impossible to establish in Ireland a just and beneficent government, a government which should know no distinction of race or creed." This, it seems, was the sort of government which it was incumbent on James to set up in Ireland in the seventeenth century. In England a different system of equity was doubtless proper, for the noble historian records with entire approval, that all James's appointments of Catholics to office were immediately cancelled by William and Mary, that English peers who had become Catholics were committed to the Tower for high treason, that before James had reached Calais the Popish priests were in exile or in prison, that no monk who valued his life dare show himself in the habit of his order, and that finally Irish soldiers were not permitted to remain in England; in short, that distinction of race and creed was the cardinal point on which the action of the administration of England turned.

children in their own faith, nor tempt them by bribes to conform to the religion of the majority. These were wrongs which they did not inflict, but which in the end they were destined to endure. It is true they restored to the lineal heirs the estates which Cromwell a generation before had taken from them. But they accompanied the measure with compensation to innocent persons. In restoring the estates they followed the example of the English Parliament. Under Charles II. a few years before, the estates of bishops and chapters sold by the Long Parliament at fair market prices were resumed without any compensation to the purchasers, and the bishops and chapters reinstated in them. When William was established in authority, the same course was taken with the estates of Irish Catholics and Jacobites. It is indeed the course which any government or legislature in Europe at the period would have inevitably pursued. But in James and his Irish Parliament, it was a proceeding for which historical critics can find no conceivable excuse.

The Protestants naturally sided with William. It furnishes a significant commentary on the fatuity of human schemes, that the towns and fortified places in Ulster which James's grandfather had established to maintain his authority were now strongholds of William. The gates which James I. raised at Derry, Coleraine, and Enniskillen were shut in the face of James II. The transaction most honorable to the Protestant minority in all their annals is the fortitude with which they held Londonderry for more than three months against the arms of James. Neither the most painful destitution nor the most favorable terms could shake their constancy.

Fighting under the feeble lead of James, the Catholics were defeated at the Boyne by an army composed of veteran troops, Dutch and French, who had served in William's Continental wars, and the English Guards, accompanied by a handful of Irish Protestants. James fled to Dublin, and after brief delay back again to France. William got possession of Dublin, and took immediate action to strengthen his position. The train-bands of the capital were purged of all Papists, and it was ordered that only Protestants should be permitted to serve in them thereafter. This was a judicious precaution, and must not be confounded by a heedless reader with the action of Tyrconnell in disarming Protestants, which of course admits of no excuse. When James fled to France, the Irish, disencumbered of his timid and meddlesome counsels, stood gallantly at bay. The French officers recommended a capitulation, but they would not hear of submission. They maintained themselves for twelve months in Munster and Connaught, against the skilful soldiership of William and Ginkel, till they were able to make an honorable capitulation at Limerick. The siege of that city is a story of gallantry and devotion, embracing all classes and both sexes of the besieged; but the Irish annalists record with greatest pride an incident that marked its close. Before the city was actually delivered up, the arrival of a long-promised expedition from France, with men, money, and arms, was announced; but Patrick Sarsfield, who was in command, considered his honor and the honor of his race engaged in completing the capitulation, and completed it accordingly with a French fleet lying in Irish waters. The treaty of Limerick guaranteed the Catholics the same exercise of their religion which they had enjoyed under Charles II., and the maintenance of property as it existed at the date of the instrument. The bulk of the Irish army withdrew to France with Sarsfield; a handful who remained lived as disbanded soldiers have lived in every country, by scanty supplies from friendly natives, and predatory levies off unfriendly settlers. The new government gave them a fine lesson of humanity and moderation, for "every kern that was caught was

hanged without ceremony, on the nearest tree."

William's Parliament took back the estates restored to the Irish owners, and reinstated the Cromwellian settlers or their heirs. If the reader desires to be in harmony with the verdict of English history on these transactions, he must be careful to discriminate, for that verdict is a little puzzling and contradictory. It was right under James I. to take away the land from the undoubted owners in Ulster; but it was an atrocious outrage for the owners or their heirs to reclaim it. It was right and righteous of Cromwell to confiscate two more provinces; it was politic and proper under Charles II. to confirm this new confiscation by his enemy (though the contrary course was taken at the same time in England); and it was shameful and even fraudulent in James's Parliament to reinstate the original owners: but it would not at all have been wise or proper for William to have followed the example of Charles II. and confirmed the settlement made by his predecessor. On the contrary, he was clearly bound to drive out the owners once again. If a reason why be demanded, the reader is to understand that the improvements made by the English settlers created a title superior to the original ownership. They claimed by the right of a higher civilization: a plea which, if it be good, would justify Paris in seizing upon London, and London in seizing upon Liverpool or Glasgow. But he must not fall into the error of supposing that if the Puritan settlement in Ulster or Munster had been a French settlement in the weald of Kent, or if the chances of war had enabled Baron Haussmann to plant boulevards and open a Rue de Dorking in Westminster, the principle would be applicable in such cases. It is only in force in Ireland.

The treaty of Limerick guaranteed to the Catholics advantages which can scarcely be considered excessive. They were to retain such estates as they possessed before James II. came to the throne, and to enjoy the exercise of their religion as fully as they had enjoyed it under his brother. But when the flower of the Irish army had withdrawn to France, and the remnant could be hanged without ceremony, the concession began to look excessive and even inordinate. The Parliament of Cromwellian settlers in Dublin first passed a stringent statute depriving the Catholics of arms, and another ordering all "Popish archbishops, bishops, vicars-general, deans, Jesuits, monks, friars, and regulars of whatever condition to depart from the kingdom on pain of transportation"; and then proceeded to consider the treaty. They resolved by a decisive majority not to keep the condition affecting the Catholics. William, who had signed the articles of surrender with his own hand, struggled for a time to preserve his honor; but it is not convenient for a new king to be in conflict with his friends, and after a time he gave way. If the laws of public morality were not, as we know, suspended in the case of Ireland, the house of Nassau would lie under another imputation in this business not less dishonoring than the judicial murder of John de Barneveld or the massacre of the McDonnells of Glencoe.[1]

[1] For more than a century, the violation of the treaty of Limerick, was as common a reproach to England on the Continent as the partition of Poland has been a reproach to Russia in our own day. It wil not be necessary, however, to have recourse to the censure of foreign critics, or the recrimination of plundered Catholics, to understand the transaction. An Act of Parliament was passed, styled "An Act to confirm the Articles of Capitulation at Limerick," and its character is described in a Parliamentary record of permanent authority. The more moderate of the conquerors, and some malcontents who got none of the plunder, made a stand for public justice; and having failed to amend the bill, entered a protest on the journals of the House of Lords, signed by ten peers and four bishops of the Irish Establishment. This document declares that not one of the articles agreed upon between the king and Sarsfield was fully confirmed; that while it was the manifest intention of the treaty that they should be confirmed in favor of those to whom they were granted, the pretended confirmation placed the Catholics "in a worse position than they occupied before"; that words were inserted in the Act which were not in these Articles, and material words in the Articles were omitted from the Act, whereby their meaning and intention were altered; that one important clause, which affected the liberty and property of the Catholics, was altogether omitted. And as this anxiety about justice to conquered Catholics might seem a

Had this transaction happened in France, and the wrong been inflicted on the Huguenots, it is not improbable that the critics who have taught us to abhor the bad faith of the Bourbons and Bonapartes would have discovered another suitable text for moral indignation. But the ordinary English reader has not heard much of the capitulation of Limerick. Still less does he know that the disregard of public faith carried its punishment along with it, of which he has not altogether escaped a share in permanent public taxes. The bigotry which, by revoking the Edict of Nantes, drove an army of skilled artisans out of France, did not prove a more disastrous blunder than the bigotry which, by repudiating the articles of Limerick, drove a hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen into the armies of France during three generations; soldiers who under Louis le Grand and the first Napoleon baffled the policy of England, and changed the history of the world at Fontenoy and Austerlitz. The names of great Irish soldiers emblazoned on the walls of Versailles, among "*les officiers généreux morts pour la France*," and of statesmen and diplomatists buried in the cathedrals and colleges from Vienna to Madrid, and of a host of less conspicuous names, carved in cloisters and vaults in Rome, Louvain, Douai, and Valladolid, represent a formidable force, transformed by bad faith into irreconcilable enemies.

When Anne succeeded William, the minor provisions of the treaty, spared in the first instance, were one after another set aside by law. The Catholics were reduced to a condition closely resembling the bondage which black slaves endured in the Southern States of America. They were excluded from Parliament, from the magistracy, from the army, navy, and public service, from the bar, and finally from juries, and from the franchise, all of which they had possessed under Charles II. The nobility and gentry in general sought a career in Catholic states; the class who remained in Ireland and the children they reared were disabled from disturbing the supremacy of the conquerors by being reduced, not merely to poverty, but to the worse bondage of ignorance. Education was forbidden. To become teacher in a Catholic school or tutor in a Catholic family was a felony. To establish or endow a Popish school was strictly prohibited, and no Papist could become an usher in a Protestant school. Many youths were sent to foreign colleges; and to check this *abuse*, Catholics were forbidden to leave the country under heavy penalties.

Religion was more fiercely repressed. That no more priests might be ordained, all bishops were banished, and with them all the religious orders. To return, or to introduce any foreign priest, was made a capital offence. The secular priests already in Ireland were permitted to remain on obtaining a license from the government, but after a little this permission was subjected to the impossible condition of swearing that the Pope had no spiritual authority in Ireland. The means of necessary self-defence were taken away. Catholics were deprived of arms, and excluded from the militia; but a paternal sovereign enabled them to participate in the patriotic services of this force by paying twice as much as Protestants toward its support. They could not build or arm vessels of war for the defence of their coasts; but if the Pretender or any Catholic prince invaded them, the duty of making good the injury inflicted was assigned exclusively to them. They were forbidden to purchase or inherit land, or to hold it as lessees, except on a limited and imperfect tenure. Children were encouraged to become informers against their parents, by a right of succession granted to any

little unreasonable and ill-timed, the protest terminated by declaring that certain Protestants, who had purchased property or accepted mortgages on the faith of the Articles, would be seriously injured by the breach of public faith committed in the measure.

child of a Catholic who conformed to the state church; the betrayal of a Popish father or guardian being in the eyes of Parliament equivalent to baptism and confirmation. If none of the children conformed, the estate at least was broken up; on the owner's death it was divided among his sons in equal parts. The bulk of the nation were from that time a sort of tenants at will in their own country. But it is easier to enact a penal law than to enforce it. A few Catholics saved their estates by the aid of Protestant friends; for to the credit of human nature, there were always individuals more generous than the law. Priests and teachers were still found to brave all penalties, burses were established in foreign colleges for Irish students, and the law was not always strictly enforced.

The Puritans hated the natives with the same pious scorn with which the Castilian hated the Moor, and they were encouraged to indulge this passion without stint; but otherwise they were treated as mere dependents by the Crown. The population, whether Cromwellians or Catholics, were subject to the rule which long prevailed in all British possessions throughout the world, that the dependent state only existed for the benefit of the paramount state. If they wove their wool into broadcloth, they were not allowed to carry the fabric to any market but England. If they preferred to sell the raw material, they were not allowed to sell it in any market but England. They smuggled it a good deal to France and Spain, and their lawlessness has not escaped bitter reproach. But they still find apologists in Ireland, who insist that a bench of bishops, or the twelve apostles, would have smuggled under the circumstances.

The Protestants of the capital, who were of the religion of the court, and the Protestants of the Plantation, who were for the most part Presbyterians or Puritans, agreed ill. The courtiers detested the perversity which rejected bishops and deans, and might, it was suspected, on slight provocation, come to reject kings and nobles. The established church denied the validity of their marriages, constantly troubled them in the exercise of their faith, and deprived them by Episcopalian tests of a fair share in the ascendency they had helped to win. The planters, who had long kept watch and ward against the "mountainy men," despised the worldlings who spent their lives in witnessing stage plays and ungodly dances, or in intriguing for employment and favor in the Castle yard; and were never sorry to see church or king in a little trouble.

Among the Catholics, there was no national literature; no books of any kind, indeed, except a few pamphlets written by Irish priests or exiles on the Continent, and smuggled into the country. But an injured people have a long memory. By the fireside on a winter night, at fairs and markets, the old legends and traditions were a favorite recreation. The wandering harpers and pipers kept them alive; the itinerant schoolmaster taught them with more unction than the rudiments. Nurses and seamstresses, the tailor who carried his lap-board and shears from house to house and from district to district, the pedler who came from the capital with shawls and ribbons, the tinker who paid for his supper and shelter with a song or a story, were always ready with tales of the wars and the persecution. A recent historian, already quoted, cannot repress his disdain that in those times — for this was "the Augustan age of Queen Anne" — no great drama, or epic poem, or masterpiece of art was produced in Ireland; but it is not on the jailers in this penal settlement, but on their prisoners, that the critic's reproaches fall.

Under the House of Hanover, the penalties got gradually modified. The Irish Catholics took no part in the risings in favor of the Pretender: the memory of the Stuarts was stained with bad faith and selfishness, and

of all the Stuarts, James was the most odious; but though quiet at home their exiles had recently won the battle of Fontenoy, and it was discreet to tolerate them a little. Priests who could furnish the surety of two freeholders for their peaceful conduct, and did not outrage good taste by showing themselves in public, were permitted to perform their functions in by-streets and back places, — provided always that they were careful to ring no bell, and erect no steeple, these indulgences being absolutely incompatible with the safety of Church and throne.

The policy of the Penal Laws, it must be admitted, was entirely successful. There remained a Catholic people, but no Catholic nation. A host of historical families disappeared, and the few Catholic peers and gentry who retained some fragment of their ancient property were never heard of outside their demesnes. A hundred years after the battle of Aughrim, a Catholic merchant pleading for Emancipation declared that there was no longer any reason to fear a claim to the forfeited estates, as the descendants of the ancient possessors had sunk into the dregs of the people, and were laborers in the fields or porters on the quays of Dublin, or beggars in the streets, unable to read or write, or prove their legitimacy or trace a pedigree.[1] No institution remained to hold together the fragment of the Irish race except the national Church, which had braved constant persecution, and the humiliation which is harder to bear than persecution, to watch over its flock. The Catholics, like the Jews, excluded from political life, threw their energy into trade; and a race of successful merchants at length arose, who began in the time of George III. to make some claim to their natural rights. Their claims got listened to by statesmen and thinkers, but made no impression on the mass of English opinion, till circumstances forced upon the government the necessity of bidding for their sympathy. When the American colonists took up arms, it was noted that Irish Catholics, and still more Irish Presbyterians, were conspicuous among their leaders. There had been a constant stream of emigration from Ireland to North America for three generations; a movement probably destined to influence the course of its history, in the end, as decisively as the sailing of the "Mayflower." After a time the ominous words were uttered in the London Parliament, "America has been lost through the Irish," as a warning that Ireland might be lost by the same agency; and they marvellously stimulated the sense of justice among politicians.

The Irish of English descent, though they enjoyed a monopoly of power and patronage, had also grounds of discontent. Their manufactures were deliberately extinguished by the English Parliament in the interest of Yorkshire, and they had been wounded in their pride worse than in their interest. Their Parliament in Dublin could initiate no business that was not previously sanctioned by the English Privy Council, and was no better than a utensil for the minister in London. They had not been permitted to forget that these were oppressions, and that for such oppression there was a remedy. Swift in an anonymous pamphlet taught their ancestors the doctrine, obvious enough now, but startling in those days, that they were entitled to enjoy without exception all the rights possessed by Englishmen in England. A reward for the discovery of the traitor who broached so dangerous a sedition was offered in the Dublin Gazette, but no one dare betray the Dean. The philosopher Molyneux formulated the same claim in a famous treatise, which was duly burned in Palace Yard by order of the House of Commons in London. Lucas, a vigorous demagogue, who believed in popular liberty provided it was restricted to good Protestants,

[1] Speech of John Keogh at a Catholic meeting in Fishamble Street Theatre, March 23, 1792.

reiterated this doctrine in the Irish House of Commons, and had to fly from the wrath of the authorities on Cork Hill. The American contest turned a vague sentiment into a purpose and a passion. The coast of Ireland facing the Atlantic was swept by privateers bearing the flag of the United Colonies, and Paul Jones in their name carried off a prize in the narrow sea between Ireland and Scotland. The Irish executive were unprepared and helpless. They could only furnish "a troop or two of horse and part of a company of invalids" to defend Belfast, lying dangerously near to the least adventure, and they were compelled to allow that vigorous town to defend itself. They sanctioned the formation of a volunteer corps for the protection of the northern coast, on which a landing had been successfully effected by the French less than twenty years before. The example spread rapidly over all Ireland, and the Protestant peers and gentlemen, who were then supreme, soon found themselves at the head of fifty thousand troops, clothed, armed, and disciplined without assistance from the state. Citizen soldiers speedily came to have clear convictions on citizens' rights. It was such a native army which had enabled the American colonists to assert themselves, and gave solid weight to their opinions. The example was irresistible. A convention of volunteer officers held in the Protestant church at Dungannon pronounced that no power on earth save their own King, Lords, and Commons had any right to make laws for the Irish people; and they brought the force of the whole nation in support of their contention, by declaring at the same time for the immediate emancipation of the Catholics. In the Irish Parliament there were many men of experience and ability, and happily one man of genius and supreme patriotism. Henry Grattan, then in his thirty-sixth year, son of the Recorder of Dublin, by education and connections a Whig, invited Parliament itself to affirm the principle of independence proclaimed at Dungannon. Parliament assented in a delirium of enthusiasm, of which the whole nation partook. Free trade was next proclaimed, to the destruction of the sacred right of England to buy, sell, and carry for the Irish. George III. would have treated these proceedings as naked rebellion a little earlier; but the recognition of a new republic beyond the Atlantic was a lesson which penetrated even the dense prejudice of the king, and happily, at the moment, he had Charles James Fox among his advisers. The Lord Lieutenant was instructed to confirm the declaration of independence; but the Irish leaders to avoid future complications required the English Parliament to become a party to the resolution by renouncing forever all claim to legislate for Ireland. The English Parliament, noting the temper of the Volunteer army, and pondering doubtless on the stripes and stars which had so lately won a place in the heraldry of nations, accordingly resolved, "That it is the opinion of this House that the Act of the 6th of George I., entitled 'An Act for the better securing the dependency of Ireland upon the Crown of Great Britain,' ought to be repealed."

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was Catholic soldiers and statesmen who had kept alive the sentiment of nationality; this last victory was won exclusively by Protestant patriots.[1]

To be continued.

THE reason given by the colored man for not going too near the hind legs of a famous roan mule was so satisfactory that we can afford to adopt it as an excuse for not doing a great many other things. "De reason," he said, "why I nebber 'proach dat roan mule from de rear, is dat I'm too fond of my family, an' don't belong to no church nudder."

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[1] The idea of a National Guard in France is said to have been taken from these Irish Volunteers of 1782.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XX.

O'CONNELL.

Native of Kerry. — Born in 1775. — Educated in France. — Called to the bar in 1798. — His success on the Munster Circuit. — Compliment paid him by the late T. B. C. Smith. — Versatility of his powers. — Compared with other famous lawyers. — Articles for a race. — Race won by Rev. Mr. Dennis. — *Bon-mot* of Professor Barry. — Acquittal of Lucy the Whiteboy. — Hogan's hat. — A pugnacious attorney. — How O'Connell scalped a client. — Retort on Mr. Scriven. — The cap of good-humor. — A bad indictment. — A grateful cattle-stealer. — A philological triumph. — The mill stream. The ancient coins. — Colloquial encounter with Biddy Moriarty. — The Clare Election. — Comparison with West. — The sweet little cherub. — The Derby dilly. — The three colonels. — Death in 1847.

A GREAT many *bon-mots*, good, bad, and indifferent, are ascribed to Dan O'Connell. He was, as all the world knows, a native of the county Kerry, born near the coast, on Aug. 6, 1775. Denied a Catholic university training by the Penal Laws, he was sent abroad for his education, which he received chiefly at St. Omer's, in France.

O'Connell was called to the Irish bar in 1798, and rapidly obtained practice. D. O. Madden describes his professional character with great acuteness and correctness.*

He went the Munster Circuit, which in those days was thronged by men of great professional ability. But O'Connell ranked first amongst the first. His qualities as a professional man have perhaps never been sufficiently noticed.† Caution in conducting a case was his most prominent characteristic. He affected to be careless, but a more wary advocate never stood in a court of justice. Perhaps no great advocate ever had the same relish for the legal profession. O'Connell hunted down a case with the gusto of a Kerry fox-hunter in pursuit of Reynard. He keenly enjoyed baffling the Crown counsel, and bullying the witnesses against some trembling culprit in the dock.

In those times counsel for prisoners were not allowed to address the jury ;* but O'Connell had a great art in putting illegal questions to a witness, and in arguing for their legality made "aside" short interjectional speeches to a jury. "You see, my Lord, the reason why I put the question was because, if the witness answered in the affirmative, it would then be a manifest impossibility that my client could have been present at the murder; whereas, on the other hand, if the answer be in the negative, then the credibility of the whole statement of the Crown counsel would be impugned by that very answer: so then, my Lord, the jury would be obliged to acquit my client." He would often worry a judge by his pertinacity in shaping questions objected to, and banter the counsel for the Crown for their ignorance. He would start up and protest he could not have imagined any counsel to propound such law. It was monstrous and unconstitutional. He often assumed a most indignant air. Catching up his bag and dashing it upon the table, he would frown, and if the case was pressing very hard, and the judge inflexible, appear in a rage, and protesting "he would not attempt to defend his innocent client in the face of such injustice," fling his brief to his attorney and swagger out of court; then, as if growing cooler, return, mutter a sort of qualified apology to the bench, resume his seat, open his brief again, and browbeating all adverse witnesses, induce the jury, if they did not actually acquit, to disagree in their verdict.

While accounted the best criminal advocate of his time, he was also in great repute in civil cases. He went almost every circuit in Ireland as special counsel; and perhaps the greatest tribute paid to his skill was in a very important cause on the Connaught Circuit, Rutledge *v.* Rutledge, in which property to a large amount

* Ireland and its Rulers since 1829, p. 19.

† See "The Bar Life of O'Connell," Mullany, Dublin.

* The Prisoner's Counsel Act, 6 and 7 William IV. 67, had not passed until O'Connell ceased to practise.

was in litigation. The late Master of the Rolls, the Right Hon. T. B. C. Smith, was engaged as special counsel on the same side as O'Connell, and several leading barristers of the Connaught Circuit also held briefs. After a consultation, in which the marvellous tact and skill of O'Connell in conducting a case were displayed, Mr. Smith told a friend "We were all like babies in comparison with O'Connell."

Mr. Madden shrewdly remarks: "He had great knowledge of character, and dissected the motives of a plaintiff or defendant with inimitable skill. His combination of worldly knowledge and professional information, his aptness and ingenuity, his exhaustless supply of humor, his torrents of caustic ridicule, his zeal for his client, and untiring physical energies, rendered him altogether match less at the Irish bar."

Perhaps his greatest quality in a court of justice was his oblivion of himself. When addressing a jury he forgot everything around him, and thought only of bringing off his client victorious. No lust for oratorical display ever tempted him to make a speech dangerous to the party by whom he was retained. In this he showed his earnestness, and Mr. Madden contrasts O'Connell favorably with many of the leading members of the English bar. Sooner than have made such a speech as Brougham delivered in the case of Ambrose Williams, O'Connell would have thrown up his brief. He was *par excellence* the safest advocate ever intrusted with a case. For the union of great mental powers he stood unrivalled in the history of the legal profession. Curran and Erskine were finer orators, but they were shallower lawyers; Plunket had a more powerful understanding, and was superior to all contemporaries in sustained reasoning power, but he had little of O'Connell's versatility. If Sir Thomas Wilde had pathos and humor, he would be a sort of English O'Connell. Redoubtable as Garrow was at cross-examination, he was inferior to the great Irish advocate in the art of putting a prepared witness off his guard. Besides, Garrow had a set plan for approaching a witness, and seldom made those wonderful guesses at character by which O'Connell gained many a verdict.* As an instance of the versatility of O'Connell's talents, I may mention that he once drew up articles for a race. This took place at Tralee, in the year 1805, when he was seven years at the bar. The conditions of the race were these: —

"Sixty pounds will be given by the gentlemen of the law of the county of Kerry for all horses, mares, and geldings carrying nine stone, four-mile heats. Horses starting for this race must be *bona fide* the property of gentlemen who shall have, prior to the first day of the meeting, actually expended in fair adverse litigation the sum of £200.

"Horses, etc., of all persons who have expended the sum of £1,000 allowed three pounds. All horses to be qualified upon the honor of an attorney, if required by the stewards of this meeting.

"As this plate is intended solely for amateurs, no practising professional gentleman will be allowed to start a horse."

The race took place on the Tralee race-course on Thursday, Aug. 29, 1805.

From the peculiar nature of the conditions few were enabled to compete, and only three contested the race. It was closely struggled for, owing to the equal merits of the horses and the skill of their riders. A Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Dennis, of Wicklow, carried off the stakes. He claimed and was allowed the three pounds, which of course gave his horse so much advantage, for he had expended over £1,000 in litigation. The articles ex-

* Ireland and its Rulers since 1729, Part I. p. 22.

hibit some of O'Connell's caustic humor.

Apropos of horses, I may mention a *bon-mot* of the late Professor of Law in Queen's College, Cork, — Prof. Barry. He applied, on behalf of a man who dealt in horses and sugar-sticks, for an interpleader order. The learned judge (Ball) said, "Your client has a strange medley of trades, Mr. Barry."

"There is great affinity between horses and sugar-sticks, my lord," said Mr Barry.

"How so?" inquired Judge Ball.

"The more you *lick* them the faster they go," replied the witty counsel.

This gentleman related to me many *bon-mots* of O'Connell.

A very notorious Whiteboy, named Lucy, whose depredations ranged over the province of Munster, was caught at last, and his offences occupied no small share of the criminal calendar at the Cork spring Assizes. O'Connell was retained to defend Lucy, and while doing so in the criminal court a heavy civil cause, in which he was also retained, was proceeding in the Record Court. Several pressing messages were sent to O'Connell, whose absence was greatly deplored by his colleagues in the Record; but until he heard the satisfactory verdict of "Not guilty," which freed Lucy from the gallows, O'Connell refused to abandon the prisoner. He then left the criminal, and entered the civil court.

"O'Connell, why were you absent so long?" inquired Sergeant Jackson, in rather an irritated tone.

"I could not leave Lucy while his case was on," replied O'Connell.

"What was the verdict?"

"Acquitted."

"Then you have got off a wretch who is unfit to live," said Jackson.

The sergeant was remarkable for his piety, so O'Connell replied: —

"I am sure, my dear friend, you will agree with me that a man whom you regard as unfit to *live* would be still more *unfit to die*."

O'Connell defended a man named Hogan, charged with murder. A hat, believed to be the prisoner's, was found close to the body of the murdered man, and this was the principal ground for supposing Hogan was the perpetrator of the foul deed. That the deceased came to his death by violence the state of the body clearly showed, and O'Connell felt the case for the prisoner required the exercise of his utmost powers. The Crown counsel made a strong point on the hat, which was produced in court. O'Connell cross-examined the neighbor of the prisoner, who identified it.

"It is not different from other hats," said O'Connell.

"Well, seemingly, but I know the hat."

"Are you perfectly sure that this was the hat found near the body?"

"Sartin sure."

O'Connell proceeded to inspect the *caubeen*, and turned up the lining as he peered into the interior

"Was the prisoner's name, P-A-T H-O-G-A-N" (he spelled each letter slowly), "in it at the time you found it?"

"'T was, of coorse."

"You could not be mistaken?"

"No, sir."

"And all you swore is as true as that?"

"Quite."

"Then go off the table this minute!" cried O'Connell, triumphantly. Addressing the judge, he said, "My lord, there can be no conviction here. *There is no name in the hat!*"

The prisoner was at once acquitted.

O'Connell succeeded in silencing a most obstreperous attorney, whose face was indicative of his disposition. He bore on his inflamed countenance the defiant and pugnacious air of a bulldog. On either side of his head stood out a lock of hair, which seemed to defy brush or comb to smooth down. These locks rose like carved horns, and increased the combative cast of his countenance. Petulant and irascible by nature, he spluttered out his

words with a hissing, guttural sound, and being in politics a fierce Orangeman, bore particular hostility to O'Connell.

As O'Connell was employed for the defence, while this Irish attorney conducted the case for the plaintiff, the attorney constantly irritated the leader of the opposition by interrupting him while examining his witnesses, constantly addressing them as they came to be sworn, and altogether was most unruly and irregular. The barristers who acted with O'Counell did all they could to keep this attorney quiet, but in vain. He was ever jumping up, and seemed bent on provoking O'Connell. The latter was quite as resolved to keep cool, until roused by this obstreperous individual interfering when he (O'Connell) was pressing a hostile witness to answer a most important question, O'Connell bent on the attorney a stern look, and shouted, in tones that reverberated through the court-house, "Sit down, you *audacious, snarling, pugnacious ram-cat!*" The effect was electrical. Down sat the crestfallen attorney; while a shout of laughter, in which bench, bar, and audience participated, marked O'Connell's triumph. For once the judge forgot his gravity, and, struck by the apposite terms of O'Connell's reproof, literally rolled on his seat with laughter. The sobriquet of *ram-cat* struck to the attorney for the remainder of his life.

O'Connell took a rather amusing mode of being revenged on a farmer who cheated him of a fee. The man called on him at his lodgings in Patrick Street, Cork, and saying he had no attorney, stated very clearly a point of law on which he requested "the counsellor's adwice." O'Connell at once attended to the client, put several questions pertinent to his case, and then directed the farmer as to his course. He had just finished when a friend, Mr. Kellet, was announced; and while O'Connell was shaking him by the hand, the farmer slipped past to make his exit. He had reached the stair-head when O'Connell guessed his purpose. The farmer had commenced his descent when O'Connell, leaning over, with outstretched hand caught, not the retreating client's hair, but his wig. The farmer continued his descent, satisfied to lose his wig and save the guinea; but he was no match for O'Connell. Returning with the scalp, O'Connell greeted his friend Kellet with the whoop of an Indian chief as he held up his trophy. "Here, Kellet," he said, "is the wig of a rascal who has just bilked me of a fee"

"What will you do with it?" asked Kellet.

"Come and see," replied Dan.

He threw up the window of his lodging, and there w s congregated in the street below a crowd of the "finest pisantry of Munster," who always escorted the counsellor on his way to the Cork Court-House; for Dan at this time was emphatically "the MAN of the people." A cheer burst from the throng as they saw the smiling face of O'Connell.

"See, boys," he cried, "I have something to amuse you. This fine wig, this superfine wig, I just now took from the head of a man who has sneaked off with my fee." With shouts of laughter they received it, as O'Connell flung it from him, and they tossed it from one to another like a shuttlecock.

Soon after, the late owner of the wig issued from the door. He was assailed with loud groans and contemptuous epithets that, besides the loss of his wig, caused him very bitterly to lament having cheated O'Connell of his fee.

O'Connell was retained in a Kerry case in which the *venue* or place of trial (it being in law a *transitory* action) was laid in Dublin. O'Connell was instructed to try and change the bench, so that the case might be tried in Tralee. This motion was resisted, and Mr. Scriven, the counsel opposed to O'Connell, happened to be a gentleman of a very plain, even for-

bidding countenance, and of high Tory politics. He stated he had no knowledge of Kerry, and had never been in that part of Ireland.

"Oh!" replied O'Connell, "we'll be very glad to welcome our learned friend, and show him the lovely lakes of Killarney."

"Yes," growled Mr. Scriven, "I suppose the bottom of them."

"No, no!" retorted Dan, "*I would not frighten the fish*"

O'Connell's ready wit often caused him to give his brethren on the circuit a wholesome lesson in a good-humored way. He was opposed to a leading member of the circuit, named Bennett, who carried the use of legal opposition somewhat further than O'Connell thought the occasion demanded. As Mr. Bennett wished to pass into the next court, and had to encounter a cold draught of wind which was roughly blowing, he asked O'Connell to lend him his fur cap, then lying on the seat beside him. "You may take it with pleasure, George," replied O'Connell, "only as this is the *cap of good-humor, I fear it will not fit you.*"

The criminal law in former days was much more favorable to prisoners than now, when indictments may be amended. Many of O'Connell's legal triumphs in defending prisoners were owing to his skill in detecting flaws in the indictments. Thus, a man was charged with stealing a cow; the prosecutor swore that the prisoner was caught in the field where he left the cow to graze, but that the carcass was found in the next field. O'Connell submitted the indictment was bad, for when the cow was killed it was no longer a cow; and if the prisoner was to be tried for stealing a dead animal, it should be so stated. He relied on the dictum of Judge Holroyd that an indictment for stealing a dead animal should state it was dead; for upon a general statement that a party stole the animal, it is to be intended that he stole it alive.* And here the only evidence was, that the animal was dead.

The Court held the indictment bad, and directed the jury to acquit the prisoner. It was said the cow in question was the fattest of a number of cows, and the night on which it was killed was dark as pitch. The grateful cattle-stealer came in the evening to O'Connell's lodgings to thank him for having saved his life; for in those days cattle-stealing was punished by hanging.

"How did you contrive to select the fattest cow when the night was quite dark?" inquired O'Connell, wishing to increase his stock of useful knowledge.

"Well, your Honor, you saved my life," replied the culprit, "so I'll put you up to the dodge. When you go to steal a cow, and wish, av coorse, to take the best, — for 'in for a penny, in for a pound,' — be sure to take her that 's on the outside. The wakest craturs always make for the ditch for shelter, but the fat bastes are outside."

Disputes respecting fisheries have proved a great source of litigation both in Limerick and Cork. The great salmon rivers — the Shannon and Blackwater in Munster — have, from very remote times, had rights of fishery conferred on varying owners along the course of these rivers, and contests between them have caused repeated trials. On one occasion the plaintiff, for whom O'Connell was counsel, derived his title as assignee of a company long in occupation of a salmon weir on the Blackwater near Youghal. In ancient times a Danish company worked the fishery. It was then called the Lax Weir. The defendant's counsel contended the weir should be open, to permit the fish to pass at certain distances, and the name Lax implied an *open*, and not a *close* weir. This argument seemed to carry much weight, until some philologist in court wrote on a slip of paper, "In the North of Europe *lachs* or *lax* means a salmon." This enabled O'Connell to argue that the very word established his case, for the salmon weir was the

*Edwards's Case (Russell and Ryan, 497). *Vide* Roscoe's Digest of Criminal Evidence, p. 77.

Lax Weir; and thus, by the well-timed production of this bit of philological knowledge, O'Connell gained a verdict for his client and a great increase to his reputation as a skilful advocate.*

An action was brought for the diversion of a stream whereby the mill of the plaintiff was deprived of its requisite supply of water for milling purposes.

The plaintiff's attorney, a rosy-faced, red-nosed *bon vivant*, had a very great reputation for taking what was called a "big drink"; and when addressing the jury on the wrongs of his much-injured client, Mr. O'Connell could not avoid a joke on his attorney: "Gentlemen of the jury," he continued, "I can hardly describe how completely the defendant has intercepted this stream, which, for a long series of years, as we will demonstrate, has flowed, and still ought to flow, to turn my client's mill. I can most positively assert he has so entirely diverted this stream that there does not now flow in the old channel as much water as would make *grog for Fogarty*."

O'Connell did not confine his sly wit to bar and attorneys. The judges occasionally were the subjects of his wit. When the late Chief Justice Lefroy was sergeant, he was noted for his religious fervor, and took a very active part in the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. He had been attending one of these meetings, while O'Connell was at the same time busy in promoting his mission in aid of Roman Catholic Emancipation. The pious sergeant was appointed Judge of Assize on the Munster Circuit, and amongst the criminal cases for trial in Cork was the larceny of several ancient coins, some of the Hebrew kings and others of the Cæsars. O'Connell was engaged to defend the accused, and when the coins were produced in court,— for luckily they were all traced by the police, —Sergeant Lefroy expressed a desire to inspect them. O'Connell, laying stress on the words, said, "Hand his lordship the *Jewish* ones, but give me the *Roman*."

Throughout life O'Connell was addicted to the use of strong language: as instances, the expression calling the members of the House of Commons "six hundred scoundrels"; describing Mr. Disraeli as "the descendant of the impenitent thief"; alluding to Lord Alvanly as "a bloated buffoon." These vulgarisms pained his friends quite as much as they galled his enemies.

One of his most memorable encounters in the wordy war was with a notorious virago, who kept a small huckster's shop on the Quay of Dublin, opposite the Four Courts. She was named Biddy Moriarty, and acquired such reputation for the use of foul words that no respectable person would venture to accost her save in most peaceable terms. O'Connell's power as a master of rhetoric, when but a junior at the bar, induced some members of the bar to back him against Biddy; and entering into the joke, he accepted the offer, and promised to have a tongue-tilt with this redoubtable scold.

My friend the late D. O. Madden has thus related the dialogue: —

O'Connell was very confident of success; he laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it in practice. He resolved to open the attack. At this time O'Connell's own party and the loungers about the place formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack.

"What 's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you to say agin it? — and one and sixpence is the price of this stick; troth, 't is chape as dirt, so it is."

"One and sixpence for a walking-stick! Whew! Why, you are no bet-

* Temple Bar Magazine, Vol. VI. p. 112.

ter than an impostor to ask eighteenpence for what cost you twopence."

"Twopence your grandmother!" replied Biddy. "Do you mane to say it's chatin' the people I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal!*" cried O'Connell calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker than you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius;* anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the holy, if you say another word of impudence, I'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcass."

"Whew, boys, what a passion old Biddy is in! I protest, as I'm a gentleman—"

"Gintleman! gintleman! the likes of you a gintleman! Wisha, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin squeezer, where did a Madagascar monkey like you pick up enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy now, easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good-humor, "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whiskey-drinking *parallelogram.*"

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung with fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram, and a Dublin judge and jury will say it's no libel to call you so."

"Oh, tare and ounds! oh, you ruffin! that an honest woman like me should be called parrybellygrum to her face. I'm none of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird; you cowardly, sneakin', plate-lickin' blaggard."

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell. "Why, I suppose you deny that you keep a *hypothenuse* in your house."

"It's a lie for you, you robber; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindlin' thief."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *submultiple of a duplicate ratio.*"

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw, I'll—" But here she gasped for breath, while O'Connell proceeded:—

"While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery.* Look at her, boys; there she stands, a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! There she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *corollaries.* Ah! you're found out, you *rectilineal antecedent* and *equiangular* old hag; you porter-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection of a vortex.*"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he prudently made a timely retreat.

"You have won your wager, O'Connell; there's your share of the bet," said the gentleman who proposed the contest. O'Connell knew well the use of sound in vituperation; and having to deal with an ignorant scold, he determined to overcome her in volubility by using all the *sesquipedalia verba* which occur in Euclid. With these, and a few significant epithets, and a scoffing, impudent demeanor, he had for once impressed silence on Biddy Moriarty.

On the hustings, as in the court or the street, O'Connell's wit was ever ready, his merriment never flagged.

When his success at the great Clare election of 1828 caused the defeat of the Right Hon. Vesey Fitzgerald, the head of the Board of Trade, who expected a walk-over, never supposing O'Connell would venture to oppose his return, the speech of the successful candidate tickled the mob, and was quite suited to their taste. "Boys, where's Vasey Vigarald?" cried O'Connell. "Ochone, Vasey, I'm dull

without you. *Rimthigh, Mavourneen, Rimthigh,** and find him out; send the bellman after him. Here's the cry for you: —

"Stolen or strayed,
Lost or mislaid,
The President of the Board of Trade.'"

An answer soon took place at the hustings in Dublin, when O'Connell stood for that city, and was opposed by John Beatry West, Q. C., whose heavy features and clumsy figure were forbiddingly plain and most ungraceful when compared with O'Connell's finely proportioned frame and smiling countenance, his features set off by a well-oiled wig.

O'Connell never hesitated to use any epithets to gall his foe, so he nicknamed his opponent "Sou-West," which was soon shouted as "Sow-West," varied by "Ugly West."

Mr. West tried to retort by saying, "My learned friend has an advantage over me in the matter of hair; he wears a wig."

"I scorn any such advantage!" cried O'Connell, as he removed the work of the perruquier. "Now, boys, here we stand; compare us both, and where is Sou-West the beauty?"

"Three cheers for O'Connell!" declared *the state of the poll.*

He often relieved the monotony of the debates of the House of Commons and the drowsy influence of soporific speeches by appropriate *bon-mots.*

When the government of Lord John Russell † escaped shipwreck on some vital question, by the narrow majority of a few votes, O'Connell caused general merriment by exclaiming: —

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
And takes care of the soul of *poor Jack.*"

A general election having failed to return as many members to the House of Commons as Lord Derby's party calculated upon, when Parliament met O'Connell referred to the failure in a very triumphant speech, and the applause was increased when he said: —

"See, down thy hill, romantic Ashboure, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *six insides.*"

But by far his most successful hit was in reference to Col. Verner, M. P., Col. Gore, M. P., and Col. Sibthorp, M. P., the two former being devoid of any facial hirsute appendage, while the latter was remarkable for a beard that covered not only his chin, but his breast. When making a speech in the House of Commons on a debate upon which these three members had spoken violently on the opposite side, O'Connell said: —

"Three colonels, in three distant counties born,
Armagh, Sligo, and Lincoln, did adorn;
The first in direct bigotry surpassed,
The next in impudence, in both the last;
The force of nature could no farther go:
To *beard* the third, she *shaved the other two.*"

O'Connell's health was so impaired in 1847 — his once manly voice sunk to "treble pipes, and whistled in its sound" — that when he went to Parliament in 1847 he was inaudible in the gallery. He was ordered to try change of air, and set out for Rome; but death met him on the way, and in the city of Genoa, by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, on the 15th of May, 1847, Daniel O'Connell died. His remains rest in Irish soil, beneath the stately round tower which proclaims where he is laid, in the cemetery of Glasnevin.

To be continued.

THE Archbishop of Cologne has had a curious experience in a recent examination of children. "Is the Sacrament of Confirmation necessary to salvation?" he inquired of a boy. "No, Monsignor," responded the lad; "but when there is an opportunity of receiving it, we should not lose it." "Well said," replied the prelate. Then turning to a girl, he asked if the Sacrament of Matrimony were necessary to salvation. "It is not," was the quaint reply, "but when the occasion arises it should not be lost."

* Move about, dear, move about.

† This able and eminent statesman died on the 28th of May, 1878, in his 86th year.

IRISH MATHEMATICIANS.

Alfred Webb.

Sir William Rowan Hamilton, one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers since Sir Isaac Newton, was born in Dublin, Aug. 9, 1806. His father was an attorney; his mother was related to Hutton, the mathematician. Intended for an Indian appointment, he was, when a mere child, sent to study with an uncle at Trim. At four he had made some progress in Hebrew, and in the two succeeding years he acquired the elements of Greek and Latin. At the age of fourteen he was familiar with the rudiments of Hebrew, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Syriac, Arabic, Sanscrit, Hindustani, and Malay, and had written a letter in Persian to the Persian ambassador on his visiting Dublin. In mathematics he was almost self-taught. Entering Trinity College in 1822, he carried everything before him, and had mastered Newton's "Principia," the differential calculus, and La Place's "Mécanique Celeste" before he was nineteen. A paper containing original researches on curves of double curvature, and a memoir on caustic curves, read before the Royal Irish Academy in 1824, placed him in the front rank of scientific Irishmen. The astronomers of Europe were somewhat astonished when, in 1827, a young man who had not attained the age of twenty-two stepped at once from the position of an undergraduate to that of Andrews Professor of Astronomy and Superintendent of the Observatory at Dunsink, near Dublin, especially as he was not known to have displayed any talent for practical astronomy or observing. Until his marriage, in 1833, his sisters, women of uncommon abilities, resided with him at the Observatory, Dunsink. He early produced his great work on "The Theory of Systems of Rays," "which with its supplements is regarded as of the highest importance in relation to the geometry of optics. Chasles spoke of it as 'dominant tout cette vaste théorie.' Starting from the fundamental idea that light, whatever be its cause or constitution, must be amenable to the principle of least action (nature's economy in using up force), he arrived at most important deductions relating to reflection and refraction. One of his discoveries, literally made upon paper, was that of conical refraction, a thing neither known nor surmised by practical experimenters in optics." This discovery was first verified experimentally by Rev. Humphrey Lloyd. Mr. Hamilton was knighted by Lord Mulgrave in 1835, on the occasion of the first meeting in Dublin of the British Association. In 1837 he was elected president of the Royal Irish Academy, of which, from 1832, he was one of the most active members. His works on "General System of Dynamics," "Calculus of Quaternions," and his various contributions to philosophical transactions, besides stores of mathematical research left behind in MS., and to which it has been said the scientific world has not yet come up, are all monuments of his amazing genius and abilities. His "Calculus" is considered by mathematicians to be of great scope and power; it has been illustrated and developed since his death by Prof. Tait of Edinburgh. He declined becoming a member of the Royal Society on account of some conditions incident to membership. Poetry had a great charm for him: he numbered amongst his friends Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans, while his own poetical productions are of some value, "more, perhaps, as beautiful emanations of his character, evidencing the strength and generosity of his affections, and the loftiness of the aspirations and communings of his spirit, than as works of poetic art." A beautiful ode, commencing "O brooding spirit

of wisdom and of love," is given in his memoir in the Dublin University Magazine. He had little love of money, and was content to spent his days in the Observatory at Dunsink, on a small salary. He appeared last in public at the Dublin Exhibition of 1865, and died the 2d of September in the same year, aged sixty. His sister Elizabeth Mary in 1838 published a volume of poems dedicated to him.

Rev. Robert Murphy, a mathematician, the son of a shoemaker, was born at Mallow in 1806. When he was eleven years of age he accidentally fractured his thigh, and during his confinement to bed his attention was attracted to the study of mathematics; rudimentary books were with difficulty procured, and before his recovery he acquired considerable acquaintance with the science. Through the solution of some problems in a newspaper, he became known to a Mr. Mulcahy, who put him to school, where his progress was rapid. In 1824 he published remarks upon a pamphlet by Rev. John Mackey, of Maynooth, on the Duplication of the Cube. In October, 1825, he was by his friends entered in Caius College, Cambridge. In May, 1829, he was elected a Fellow; he took deacon's orders, and in 1831 was appointed dean of his college. He eventually fell into dissipated habits, was obliged to leave Cambridge, and spent the latter part of his short life as a teacher and writer in London. He contributed a number of papers to the "Penny Cyclopædia" and the "Cambridge Philosophical Transactions," besides publishing separate works on Electricity (1833) and Algebraical Equations (1839). He died of consumption, March 12, 1843, aged about thirty-seven. Some time before his death, he was appointed examiner in mathematics at University College, London. "He had a true genius for the mathematical invention"; his habits, however, made it impossible for him to give his undivided attention to researches which, above all others, demand both peace of mind and undisturbed leisure.

BOTTLING TEARS.

In Persia they bottle up their tears as of old. This is done in the following manner: As the mourners are sitting around and weeping, the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool, with which to wipe off his tears. This cotton is afterward squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man after every other means has failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. This custom is probably alluded to in Psalms lvi. 8: "Put thou my tears into a bottle." The practice was once universal, as is found by the tear bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb; for the ancients buried them with their dead, as a proof of their affection.

EFFECT OF SMOKING ON BOYS.

One of the medical journals records the observations of a physician who has been investigating with great thoroughness the effect of tobacco-smoking on boys. He took for this purpose thirty-eight boys from nine to fifteen years and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve of the cases there were frequent bleeding of the pose; ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect, until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

OLD ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE NEW ENCYCLICAL.

The Weekly Register, London.

The Encyclical of his Holiness Leo XIII., though addressed to Catholics and understood by them in the light of their own faith and theological knowledge, is commented upon by Protestants with the same unscientific conjecture which they generally apply to the study of the Scriptures. They should therefore be told that the recent Encyclical contains nothing new, nor even fresh; and that commentaries upon those passages which have offended them were written long ago by such eminent theologians as St. Thomas Aquinas, Bellarmin, and Suarez, a summary of whose opinions has been set down by Balmez. "The kingdom is not made for the king, but the king for the kingdom," says the Angelic Doctor, "for God has constituted kings to rule and govern, and to secure to every one the possession of rights; such is the aim of their institution: but if kings, turning things to their own profit, should act otherwise, they are no longer kings but tyrants." According to the same saint, "Whenever laws are unjust [and observe that in his opinion, says Balmez, they may be so in many ways], they are not binding upon conscience, unless for fear of creating scandal or causing greater evils. . . . Laws are unjust . . . because they are opposed to the common weal; or on account of their aim, as is the case when a government imposes upon its subjects onerous laws, not for the good of the common weal, but for the sake of self-interest or ambition; or on account of their author, as when any one makes a law without being invested with proper faculties; again, they may be unjust in form, as when the taxes are unequally divided among the multitude, although in other respects tending to the public good. Such laws are rather outrages than laws."

"Kings, princes, magistrates," cries out the venerable Palafox, "all jurisdiction is ordained by God for the preservation of his people; . . . for man's right, not for his injury." "When Louis XIV. said, 'I am the State,'" says the Spanish Abbé, "he had not learned the maxim from Bossuet, Bourdaloue, or Massillon. Pride, exalted by so much grandeur and power, and infatuated by base adulators, was here speaking by his mouth. How unsearchable are the ways of Providence! The corpse of this man, who said he was the *state*, was insulted at his funeral; and before the lapse of a century, his descendant suffered death on the scaffold!" Further, it is historical that Rome forbade the book (of course the precise reason for the prohibition is not explicitly stated) in which Don Felix Amat, Archbishop of Palmyra, makes use of these words: "Jesus Christ, by his simple and peaceable answer, *Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's*, has sufficiently established that the mere fact of a government's existence is sufficient for enforcing the obedience of subjects to it." "Every man," says Balmez, "who is jealous of his rights might acquiesce in the decree of the Sacred Congregation" with respect to such a book. "I have quoted remarkable passages," pursues the same author, "from a work of Suarez, written in refutation of a publication of King James of England. This king could not bear the idea of Cardinal Bellarmin's having established that *the power of kings does not emanate directly from God, but is communicated through the medium of society.*"

These are mere jottings from the mass of exalted Catholic opinion. The divine right of legitimate civil power, to whomsoever delegated, — King, President, or Senate, — is one of the most lofty and ennobling doctrines of the inspired and infallible Church of God; but "Divine Right," as some

of our Protestant contemporaries have accused us of upholding it, is the very burlesque of a high dogma, as obnoxious to the heart made free by truth as it is to the councils of the highest authority upon earth. Among the many instances of insurrection to which the words we have quoted give sanction, the case of America rising against the imposition of a merely selfish tax will occur to every mind. The Encyclical teaches politics fundamentally only. The Holy Father assuredly will not and cannot descend into the details of application, which are left to the collective conscience of the people, to the individual conscience of the legislator, the publicist, and the citizen. Nothing is so striking as the necessary reticence with which the Encyclical passes by the special cases of nations.

WEDDING FASHIONS.

Some years ago all brides wept. It was the correct thing. We had not quite emerged from the sentimental era. Mrs. Hemans's poetry was much read, and we all know how her brides behaved,—weeping on their father's shoulder and their mother's bosom, and reciting regretful parting verses. so that one wondered the bridegroom was not offended by so much grief, and did not jump into the "chariot" and leave her there. We are more practical nowadays. The bride always smiles when she leaves the vestry, and occasionally is seen to do so when she comes up to the church. This last may be "coming in," but is rather a venturesome thing to do just yet. She ought, strictly speaking, to hang her head down a little bit; not so much as brides did twenty years ago, but still quite perceptibly. There is no earthly reason why brides, as a rule, should hang their heads, but fashion decrees that they shall. They are going to marry the man of their choice. They are probably leaning on the arm of a father of whom they are proud. Why should they hang their heads? Perhaps fashion provides the custom in order to meet the case of the brides who really ought to hang their heads; those who are selling themselves for a title, for an establishment, for landed estates,—even for a home. However this may be, ten years hence the drooping head will have quite gone out.

MAKING A BEGINNING.

Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all-important things; they make a beginning, and therefore are a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning!

KEEP YOUNG.

Don't grow old, rusty, and cross, afraid of nonsense and fun. Tolerate the follies and crudities of youth. Gray hair and wrinkles you cannot escape, but you need not grow old in feeling unless you choose; and so long as your age is only on the outside you will win in confidence from the young, and find your life all the brighter from contact with theirs. But you have too many grave thoughts, too many weighty anxieties and duties, too much to do to make this trifling thing possible, you say. The very reason, my friend, why you should cultivate fun, nonsense, lightness of heart,—because you need them so much, because you are "weary with thinking." Then do try to be young, even if you have to be foolish in so doing. One cannot be wise all the time.

A GODLESS TOWN AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

During the latter part of July, a calamity occurred in New Ulm, Minn., which is almost unparalleled in history. A tornado struck the town, occupied by nearly three thousand people, completely demolishing nearly every building in it, and killing and wounding nearly fifty persons. The fatal result of the cyclone is thus described by eye-witnesses: —

Two tornadoes coming from opposite directions seemed to meet over the place, and the work of destruction was accomplished in less than fifteen minutes. The course of the cyclone could be distinctly discerned, and it seemed to be moving in separate volumes from the north and south at 4.30 o'clock. Black clouds gathered with great rapidity. The thunder and lightning were terrific, and the wind blew a hurricane, while the rain descended in blinding sheets. There was a moment's lull, and then the cyclone struck the town, almost destroying it in a minute. At the end of that time it disappeared as suddenly as it came. Its effects are almost indescribable. Some houses were struck by lightning; others were lifted up bodily by the violence of the wind; and others were demolished by the flying débris from other buildings. Scores of dwellings and stores were entirely destroyed. Very few escaped uninjured. Hardly a barn or a stable escaped, and it is estimated that over one hundred horses and cattle have been destroyed. The roof of the Merchants' Hotel was carried blocks through the air, and hurled against Jacob Miller's house, which it completely demolished; but fortunately the Miller family escaped before the crash came. J. G. Rudolph, the mayor of the city, estimates the total loss at $500,000, and the lowest estimate is $350,000. The scene during and immediately after the storm was fearful to contemplate, and beyond the descriptive powers of the most graphic pen. People who were out on the streets at the time were literally blown away; and numbers were wounded by the flying débris. Whole sections of tin roofing were sent sailing through the air by the fury of the storm, and twisted and crumpled up like paper. As the victims of the catastrophe are scattered over a comparatively large area, and as the population as a whole has just recovered its equilibrium, it is impossible to get an exact list of the killed and wounded. Scores of people were wounded or instantly killed by the flying débris or by lightning. As soon as the first shock was over, the citizens rallied grandly and vied with each other in their attentions to the wounded; the Sisters of Charity especially doing work which will be long remembered by all with gratitude.

HISTORY OF THE UNFORTUNATE TOWN.

Rev. Father Perrodin, who a few years since was pastor of the French church at Fond du Lac, wrote a book entitled "Conversations of a Catholic Missionary with Americans." The book was printed in Milwaukee, Wis., in 1868. We find on the very first page of this book an article on "irreligion," and special mention made of the stipulations by the infidels who built the town of New Ulm. We print all that part relating to the unfortunate town.

"IRRELIGION.

"'There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying: Where is the promise of His coming?' (2 Peter iii.)

"The scoffer's characteristic is a deep hatred of truth and holiness. He is an apostle of impiety, whose maxims we must abhor, for whom we must pray, but with whom it is of no use to reason. To dispute with a scoffer would be a waste of time and a folly, because

truth cannot be manifested to men whose mind is not calm, and whose heart is not pure. There are, unfortunately, many scoffers in America. We even read of some downright infidels who built a town in Minnesota. The proprietors stipulated that no church should ever be placed upon the town plot, on pain of the reversion of the land to the original owners. The settlers threatened that any preacher who should dare to come there, to disturb them with the gospel, should be hanged or thrown into the river. They danced and got drunk on Sundays, and revelled in all manner of ungodliness. On one Sunday they made

AN EFFIGY OF JESUS CHRIST,

and burnt it on the public street. The sink of iniquity where infidelity had thus gone to seed was called New Ulm. Before another Sabbath's sun had dawned upon this graceless village, the wild Indians assaulted it. The people fled from their dwellings in the greatest consternation, and stout men hid themselves in cellars, wells, stables, and wherever they fancied they could find protection. A few, braver than their comrades, attempted some defence, and even women, it is said, tried to shame the majority of cowards into some degree of strength and courage; but all availed little. The redskin flood swept over the doomed territory; from one hundred and fifty to two hundred houses, many of them of some pretensions to elegance, were razed to the ground. New Ulm was made a desolation. The dance-hall escaped the general wreck, to be used as a place of public worship by the volunteers who afterward were stationed to hold the place; and within its walls that Christ was preached who so short a time before had been scorned and insulted there."

"PAUL," exclaimed the fair daughter of a California bonanza king, addressing one of her suitors, "paw has settled $500,000 on me, and I thought there'd be no harm in telling you." "Florinde," he said, nervously fingering a few nickels in his waistcoat pocket, and striving to hide the evidence of the profound interest which the communication excited, "Florinde, do you think I'm so sordid as to let such a consideration affect me?" "No," she added nonchalantly, "I did n't suppose you'd care much, so I engaged myself to Mr. Slaker last night." It was a ten-strike, and he flopped; but she was a cool girl, and summoning a servant, told him to set the sufferer out on the back stoop until he felt better.

THE INSECT POPULATION.

IN 1849 Alexander von Humboldt estimated the number of species of insects preserved in collections to be from 150,000 to 170,000, Europe alone being represented by three times as many species of insects as of phanerogamous plants. Ten years ago Dr. Gerstäcker estimated the number of species of insects to be 225,000, — five times as many as the known species of all other animals together. If we assume that there exist in the whole world three times as many insects as there are phanerogamous plants, the latest estimate of which approaches 225,000, we arrive at the startling sum of 750,000. Bewildering as this estimate appears, it is probably too low. The oak alone gives shelter to four hundred and fifty species of insects, and the pine to more than two hundred, and one moth alone has thirty-five different species of parasites! Without going further in our calculations, we may safely assert that if the number of species of all other classes of animals should be doubled by new discoveries (which is rather improbable for some classes, and impossible for the vertebrates), the number of species of insects would be more than five times that of all other animals taken together.

WHAT OUR RACE DID FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

A DAY OF REJOICING FOR ALL IRELAND.

J. B. G. ("Richelieu") in Brooklyn Eagle.

"RICHELIEU" CONTEMPLATING THE ATTENDANCE OF DISTINGUISHED IRISHMEN AT YORKTOWN.

The only Copy of what should have been a State Letter, and its Postscript—John Barry, Washington's Commodore of the American Navy—Ephraim Blaine, Richard Butler, John Dunlap, George Ewing, Jerry O'Brien, Richard Montgomery, and a Host of other Irishmen whose Memories are kept green in the History of the Revolution—A Word for America and Ireland at the Centennial.

CONEY ISLAND, Aug. 20.

IT is proposed to make preparations for a grand entertainment, to be given here before the season closes, to the nation's guests, who are invited to attend the grand celebration of the centennial of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown in Virginia, on the nineteenth day of October, in the year 1781.

We shall undoubtedly have distinguished European representatives of our allies, who will probably arrive in New York some time in September, which will be presently upon us; and I suggest that the municipal authorities of New York and Brooklyn should unite in giving them a worthy reception here. There is no time to be lost.

If you will turn to the New York Herald of Tuesday last, you will see a very cordial letter, written by James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, to Andrew D. White, Esq., our minister to Germany, tendering, from the President of the United States, an invitation to the representatives of Baron Steuben's family, to attend the coming centennial celebration at Yorktown, as guests of the government of the United States, and asking that this request be communicated through the Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is understood that some relatives of Baron Steuben are now officers in the army that supports the Kaiser on his throne and the despotic Bismarck in his iron rule of despotism. It is also understood that there are several representatives of the family of Richard Montgomery in Ireland, as well as representatives of the families of William Irvine, Stephen Moylan, Daniel Morgan, Andrew Lewis, and Andrew Pickens, of the Revolutionary army, as well as of John Barry of the navy, all of them natives of Ireland, and Charles Stewart, "Old Ironsides," of our navy, the son of an Irishman and grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell. No American could think of inviting the representatives of the families of those who distinguished themselves in fighting for the colonies against England, without thinking of the above-named illustrious generals and commodores, and a hundred other native Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, who won our independence; and our celebration of the crowning victory of the Revolutionary war at Yorktown would be a mockery and an insult to the memory of the most glorious heroes of that victory, sons of Ireland, including Anthony Wayne and Henry Knox, if their families should be forgotten at the festival at which those of the illustrious Lafayette and Steuben were the nation's guests.

The following letter, which should have been written by Mr. Blaine, has not been hitherto published; but "Richelieu" is enabled to send to the Brooklyn Eagle the only copy furnished for publication. It will be seen by those who have read the letter to Andrew D. White that this letter, now furnished to the Eagle, and addressed to our minister to England, is nearly word for word and in date the same as addressed to our minister to Germany, except the names and the postscript.

A LETTER WITH A POSTSCRIPT.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30, 1881.

JAS. RUSSELL LOWELL, Esq., etc., London:

Sir, — During the darkest hours of our early struggle for independence, before it was known whether an undisciplined body of patriots could make a successful stand against the veteran troops of England, an Irish soldier of character and distinction tendered his sword in aid of American independence: Richard Montgomery joined the army of Washington in the memorable and disastrous winter of 1775. He attested the sincerity of his attachment to the patriot cause by espousing it when its fortunes were doubtful, its prospects gloomy, and its hopes, but for the intense zeal of the people, wellnigh desperate. Montgomery was received by Washington with the most cordial welcome, and immediately placed on duty by that illustrious chief as commander of the Northern Division of the Continental army. A detailed history of his military career would form an epitome of our early Revolutionary struggle, and with that of his illustrious countryman, John Stark, worthily occupies the most conspicuous pages of the first volume of Sparks's "American Biography." He had served in the war against France, under Amherst and his famous countryman, Wolfe, and had acquired, in the campaign against Louisbourg, Ticonderoga, Quebec, and Havana, the skill and experience so much needed by the untrained soldiers of the Continental army. The drill and discipline and effective organization which were at once imparted to the American army by the zeal and diligence of Montgomery transformed the volunteers and raw levies into veterans, who successfully met the British regulars in all the subsequent campaigns of the long contest. The final surrender of the British army under Lord Cornwallis occurred at Yorktown, Va., on Oct. 19, 1781. Though Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, the brave officers and men whom he had educated and disciplined bore a most conspicuous part in the arduous campaign which ended so auspiciously for the Continental army. It was Anthony Wayne, the son of an Irishman, who served so gallantly in Montgomery's retreating army, that opened, on Oct. 6, 1781, the first parallel at the investment of Yorktown; it was he who commanded when, on the 11th, the second parallel was opened; and it was he who, on the 14th, after dark, most gallantly sustained Lafayette in the attack on the two detached redoubts. The centennial of that great event in American history is to be celebrated with appropriate observances and ceremonies on the approaching anniversary. I am directed by the President to tender, through you, an invitation to the representatives of Richard Montgomery's family in Ireland to attend the celebration as guests of the government of the United States. You will communicate the invitation through the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and will express to him the very earnest desire of this government that it shall be accepted. Those who come as representatives of Richard Montgomery will be assured, in our day of peace and prosperity, of as warm a welcome as was given to their illustrious kinsman in the dark days of adversity and war. They will be the honored guests of fifty millions of Americans, a vast majority of whom have, as I have, Irish blood in their veins, and constitute the most worthy and valuable elements that make up the strength of the Republic; eight of our Congressmen, four in the House and four in the Senate, being native Irishmen, and a majority of both houses, with the Vice-President, of Irish descent. Intensely devoted with patriotic fidelity to America, they yet retain and cherish and transmit the most affectionate memories of the dear old Emerald Isle. To these the visit of Montgomery's relatives, or of his brothers, Alexander and John, or of his sister, who married Lord Ralegh, and had two sons Charles and Thomas, will have something of the revival of family ties; while to all Americans, of whatever origin, the presence of Irish guests will afford fitting opportunity of testifying their respect for that noble island, within whose limits are included so much of American sympathies for the island of saints and sages, of orators, poets, and patriots, and of devoted friends of the United States.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

POSTSCRIPT. — I am likewise directed to suggest that you also inquire for the representatives now living in Ireland of the following Irishmen, who dedicated their hearts and swords to the independence which was won at Yorktown.

John Barry, a native of Ireland, the first commodore of the American navy, appointed by Washington.

Ephraim Blaine, a native of Ireland, a quartermaster in Washington's army, from whom I am proud to trace my pedigree.

Richard Butler, a native of Ireland, one of five brothers who rendered distinguished services to Washington's army.

John Dunlap, a native of Ireland,

a brave officer under Washington, and publisher of the first daily paper in the United States; also the first printer and publisher of the Declaration of Independence. In 1780 he subscribed $20,000 to supply Washington's army with provisions.

George Ewing, a brave soldier in Washington's army, of a distinguished Irish family, resident in Cumberland County, New Jersey. He was an officer in the New Jersey line, and fought at Germantown and Brandywine, and spent the terrible winter of 1777 with Washington, at Valley Forge. His son was Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, Senator of the United States and member of President Harrison's and President Taylor's Cabinets. His granddaughter is the wife of Gen. Sherman, the head of our army.

My own cousin John Gibson, a native of Ireland, a renowned Indian fighter and major-general in our army. His brother George penetrated the forests from Pittsburg to New Orleans to supply Washington with powder from the latter city, then under Spanish rule. He fought in all our battles with England, from Trenton to Yorktown. His men were rifle sharpshooters, and were known as "Gibson's Lambs." This George's son George was commissary-general of the United States army for forty years; and his son John B. Gibson, whom Jeremiah S. Black, another son of Ireland, describes as "the most illustrious judge of his time," was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania for twenty-five years.

James Graham, who commanded in fifteen battles in our war with England, before he was twenty-three years of age. The youngest of his twelve children — whose mother was the daughter of John Davidson, another Irishman, who signed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence — was William A. Graham, a member of President Taylor's Cabinet, and a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Winfield Scott.

Edward Hand, Washington's favorite adjutant-general, a native of Ireland.

John Hazlett, a native of Ireland, who fell with Mercer at Princeton, and whose son was governor of Delaware.

William Irvine, a native of Ireland, who fought with Wayne under Gen. Thompson (both Irish), in Canada, commanded the advance troops at Monmouth, stormed Stony Point with "Mad Anthony," and was trusted and praised by Washington everywhere.

Henry Knox, major-general, and Washington's chief of artillery, and also Secretary of War and of the Navy in Washington's Cabinet.

Andrew Lewis, who was born in Ireland, but had to fly with his father, John, who shot an Irish landlord for evicting himself and family from their home. This John, who slew his Irish landlord, had five sons, all of whom distinguished themselves in our war with England. When Washington assumed command of our army, he requested that Andrew Lewis should be made one of his major-generals.

Andrew McClary, the giant patriot, a major commanding at Bunker Hill, where he fell.

David Porter, a naval officer of merit in the war of the Revolution, father of David Porter, whose career was "a blaze of heroism," and grandfather of Admiral David D. Porter, the head of our navy, who will have charge of the naval display at Yorktown.

Stephen Moylan, brother of the Catholic Bishop of Cork, one of Washington's favorite generals, and one of five brothers who fought in our Revolutionary army.

Daniel Morgan, a native of Ireland, who won the victory of the Cowpens over Tarleton, helped to defeat Burgoyne, and fought under Montgomery at Quebec.

Andrew Pickens, who fought at the Cowpens and elsewhere, and whose son and grandson were governors of South Carolina.

Jerry O'Brien, who fought and won our first sea fight with the British John Rodgers, whose father came from Ireland and served in the Revolutionary war and gave to this coun-

try one of its most illustrious families of naval heroes.

John Stark, who fought and won the battle of Bennington.

John Sullivan, one of Washington's favorite generals.

There are also some of the most illustrious heroes of our second war with England, who were born in Ireland or of Irish parents, whose descendants or relatives, if living, should be welcome guests at our centennial: Andrew Jackson and Alexander Macomb, in our army; Stephen Decatur, David Porter, John Rodgers, Johnston Blakeley, Thomas McDonough, Oliver H. Perry, and Charles Stewart, in our navy. If there are any of the families of these heroic Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, who served this country so well, now resident in Ireland, a warm welcome is tendered them, and particularly to the grandson of our gallant commodore, "Old Ironsides," Charles Stewart Parnell.

I need not tell you in what part of Ireland to look for the families of these illustrious friends of America, for every American should be familiar with the subject; but I may say that Conroy Castle, near Raphoe in the county of Donegal, is the birthplace of Montgomery, and is still in possession of his family. John Barry was born at a place called Tacumshane, in the county of Wexford. The Butlers were from Drogheda. John Dunlap was born in Strabane. Edward Hand was born at Clyduff, in county Kings. Hazlett was from Coleraine, and a gentleman of his name and family is now a magistrate there. Gen. Irvine was born near Enniskillen. About nine miles north of Enniskillen is the village of Irvinestown, and the family seat of the Irvines is called Rockfield. Gen. Irvine's grandson, William A. Irvine, who is proud of his Irish ancestry, is living in Warren County, Pennsylvania, at a place called Irvine. The Moylans were born in Cork. Gen. Morgan was born at the cross of Ballinascreen, which the English barbarously call Draperstown, after a London company who possessed themselves of a large portion of land in Derry, which the English also barbarously call Londonderry.

John Stark was from Derry; John Sullivan from Limerick; Stephen Decatur's Irish mother's name was Pine. Capt. Johnston Blakeley was born at Seaford, in the county of Down. Charles Stewart's father was from Belfast, his mother from Dublin; his grandson, Charles Stewart Parnell, lives in Wicklow, and another son has property in Armagh. Gen. Jackson was from Carrickfergus. It is probable that our minister and consuls in Great Britain might be more profitably employed in collecting information of the homes and families of these illustrious friends of America, than they are at present in trying to find excuses for our ancient enemy in keeping our citizens in prison without any charges specified against them.

It has not escaped the notice of the department that recently a young clergyman named Thomson was ordained at Maghera, in the county of Derry, Ireland, and that probably he is a relative of Charles Thomson, our illustrious and venerable secretary of the Continental Congress, who was a native of that village, and who was the most determined foe of England in our Revolutionary struggle. If any of his family are still living in Ireland, it is no more than what our people owe to this, perhaps the purest patriot of our Revolutionary days, that a national vessel should be put at their service to make us a visit. This would be more worthy employment for our navy than that to which they have of late been dedicated or desecrated.

AMERICA AND IRELAND AT YORKTOWN.

That was a grand spectacle for America and Ireland at Yorktown, the nineteenth day of October, 1781, when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. The American army was drawn up on the right side of the road lead-

ing from Yorktown to Hampton, and the French army on the left. Their lines extended more than a mile in length: Washington on his white charger, at the head of the American column; and the princely Rochambeau, on his splendid bay, was at the head of our faithful allies, the French. A vast concourse of people assembled to witness the ceremony. The vanquished British troops marched slowly between the columns of the allied armies. All were anxious to look upon Cornwallis, whose march through the Southern States had been one of cruelty and plunder almost as cruel as his subsequent career in Ireland as Lord Lieutenant. But he pleaded illness, and sent Gen. O'Hara to deliver his sword. Twenty-eight British regiments were to deliver up their colors. Twenty-eight British captains, each with a flag in a case, were drawn up in line. Opposite to them twenty-eight American sergeants were stationed to receive the colors. Col. Alexander Hamilton, foreign-born citizen of the young Republic, was the officer of the day. And amid these magnificent surroundings and in this august presence, these twenty-eight flags of the grand British army were surrendered to America, and the young ensign who received them was an Irish-American boy of eighteen years of age, — Robert Wilson, a nephew of Cap. Gregg, of the Irish Londonderry colony of New Hampshire, partially transplanted in New York. It was meet and proper that one kindred in blood to Stark and Wayne and Knox should be selected to received the spoils of the vanquished enemy whom these Irish-American generals had so bravely fought and conquered on many a hotly contested field.

That was a grand midnight scene for America and Ireland when young Lieut.-Col. Tilghman, of Maryland, Washington's aid, rode express from Yorktown to Philadelphia with Washington's announcement to Congress of Cornwallis's surrender. Riding express and galloping into the city at midnight, he reached High Street, near Second, where Thomas McKeon (the Irish-American president of the Continental Congress) resided, whom with violent knocking he roused from sleep to receive the glad tidings. The Irish-American watchman announced the flying hour: "Half past twelve o'clock and Cornwallis is taken." That Irish-American city started from its slumbers, and lights flitted through the houses like a crescent illumination. The old State House bell of liberty flung out its treble notes to the crisp October morning air, and the hoarse cannon thundered forth their double bass in reply. The Irish-American Congress came early together, and Charles Thomson, the venerable Irish-American Secretary of Congress, read with clear and inspiring voice the letter from Washington announcing the surrender of Cornwallis and his army to the Irish and French troops.

That, in fine, was a grand day for America and Ireland, — Sunday, the 25th of November, 1783, when Gen. Washington and Irish-American George Clinton, general and governor of the State of New York, with their suites, rode four abreast into the city which the conquered British had just evacuated, followed by Irish-American Gen. Henry Knox and other officers of the army, eight abreast. The governor gave a public dinner to the distinguished company, and the next day entertained at a dinner the French ambassador, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, followed next evening at the Bowling Green by the most brilliant display of fireworks ever as yet seen on this continent. On Tuesday, Dec. 4, the principal officers of the army assembled at Francis's Tavern to take a final leave of their beloved chief. Filling his glass, he turned to them and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy

as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." Having drunk, he added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but should be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand." Gen. Knox, his Irish chief of artillery, sat next him. Washington, in tears. grasped his hand, embraced and kissed him. With similar emotions and signs of love, he took leave of each succeeding officer. He passed through the corps of light infantry to Whitehall, followed by the whole company; and entering the waiting barge, waved his hat and passed to Paulus Hook, and thence to Annapolis, to surrender his commission to Congress.

The statue of George III. in Bowling Green had been overthrown; the British flag, which had been nailed to the staff, was torn down, and the American flag, worked by the fair hands of an Irish-American lady, was run up in its place: and so the volume of the Revolutionary war was closed, on which was written many a brilliant page by the brightest swords that Ireland ever unsheathed in the cause of freedom. Her sons will be ever welcome while we enjoy the liberties which their blood and bravery gave us.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

The present population of the entire globe may be estimated at 1,465,000,000. This is a number almost beyond the grasp of persons who are not very conversant with arithmetical calculations. Suffice it to say that the population of London, taken in its widest sense, is 4,000,000, and that consequently the whole world contains only three hundred and sixty-four times as many persons as the metropolis of the British Empire. If the numbers are arranged in the order of the great divisions of the globe, Asia with its 834,000,000 of inhabitants stands first on the list, followed by Europe with less than half as many, viz., 315,000,000; Africa has 205,000,000, and America only 95,000,000; while Australia and Polynesia contain 4,000,000, and the Polar Regions only 82,000. These numbers added together, with the fractions we have omitted, give the grand total of 1,465,000,000. If we inquire into the population of the different countries of Europe, we find that Great Britain and Ireland, with its 34,000,000, is by no means the most populous, for Germany is estimated at 44,000,000, Austria-Hungary at 38,000,000, and France at 36,000,000. Among the smaller kingdoms, Denmark has about half the population of London, viz., a thousand over 2,000,000; Switzerland has 500,000 more; Belgium, one of the densest populated kingdoms, has 5,500,000; Sweden, 4,500,000; Spain, 16,000,000; and Portugal, nearly 5,000,000. Russia is sparsely peopled in proportion to its extent, the whole population of its immense area only amounting to 88,000,000. But perhaps the most striking result of these investigations lies in the fact that the handful of British in Asia control the destinies of 240,000,000 of natives. In America the United States is by far the greatest power, the population being estimated at 50,000,000, the Empire of Brazil being next with 11,000,000.

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given him what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. — *Homeless Boy.*

THE JEW'S BEQUEST.

All the Jews in Lyons were invited to the funeral of Isaac Mosacker. What number of these Jews the city contained could never have been guessed by the lawyer who sent the invitations, had not the deceased left a list of them. He must have taken years composing this list, for there figured on it the names of Jews long dead, and of others but just born. The lawyer sent no invitations to the dead; but every living Jew, man or child, was bidden. From the richest banker in his gilded mansion down to the puling babies of the pedlers who hawked their wares among the poor weavers of the "Croix Rousse," all the Jews in Lyons received a black-bordered card bearing these words:—

"For the love of God, you are requested to follow the body of Isaac Mosacker to its last resting-place on Thursday, the 21st of January inst., at 6 o'clock, A. M. 'And He shall render unto you fourfold.'"

The winter happened to be exceedingly severe, and at the time the postman delivered the cards it was freezing hard, and the streets were swept by a cold northeast wind, cutting as a razor. It was not likely many Jews were going to turn out to trudge behind the coffin of a humble bric-a-brac vender; and Isaac Mosacker's invitation consequently excited some amusement. The richer Jews tossed it aside as a bad joke. Some of the poorer ones, who had dealings with Isaac, and knew him to have been a cross-grained churl hard to tackle, thought that if it had been summer-time, and if the burial had been appointed for the cool evening, they might have gone to it for brotherhood's sake; but six o'clock in the morning of a winter, with the thermometer seven degrees below freezing point,—no, thank you! Only one Jew in the whole city of Lyons decided that he must attend Isaac's funeral; and that was Reuben Manasses, who owed him money and could not pay. Reuben had an idea that if he did not render his creditor the supreme homage of mourning, Beelzebub might possibly look into the matter.

On the morning of the 21st, however, it snowed so hard that Reuben Manasses resolved to let the devil do his worst. There was really no going out in such weather. In the darkness, lean, shivering Manasses, peering undressed through his window-panes, saw the fleecy flakes falling in soft, ceaseless succession, and whitening everything, so that the roofs of houses and their eaves, the doorsteps, the roadway, all seemed covered with hoary frost. It has never been written that a debtor shall catch cold in honor of his creditor's decease, and lean Reuben Manasses was sadly liable to influenza. Let it be considered also that he had other creditors to think of, and he owed it to them not to let his health be imperilled: all of which explains why he crept back with chattering teeth into bed and dozed an extra hour's sleep, the cost of which he had cause to remember to his dying day.

Meanwhile the hearse had started from Isaac Mosacker's door, unattended and unmourned.

It was a one-horse vehicle, without trappings, plumes, or pall, and the sort of hearse that is used in sixth-class funerals; for Frenchmen can get themselves interred in six styles, not counting a seventh style for infants. A spindle-legged master of ceremonies shuffled before in cocked hat and cloak; and perched high on the box sat an aged coachman, who cut a wretched figure enough with his tall boots and benumbed fingers. These two, and a pair of mutes who had come to help to carry out the coffin, but not to follow it to the cemetery, cursed the presumptuous folly of the Jew who had wished to be buried at an earlier hour than the rest of the

world; and yet this Jew was not exceeding his privilege. At any hour between six in the morning and six in the evening has a man the right to be buried, nor will any amount of cursing on the part of those who are charged to see him safely laid under earth put him in the wrong.

So the hearse started quite noiselessly and slow. Its wheels turned quietly in the spongy snow, and its horse's footfalls trod on the white carpet with a muffled sound scarcely audible. The flakes continued falling, and a capricious wind blew drifts of them into the aged coachman's face. The master of the ceremonies had to keep his hand on his cocked hat to prevent it from flying off, and the wind took advantage of his comparative helplessness to inflate his cloak behind him like a balloon, or to whirl it between his legs at street corners, and in so doing dash little puffs of snow into his ears and down the nape of his neck; causing him to swear, for he was a man who stood much upon his dignity, and did not like to be rendered ridiculous by the elements. All the while there was not a soul in the street, — not a dog, not a cat; nothing but snow and wind playing their pranks in the darkness of a winter morning, amid thoroughfares so silent that it looked as though the whole city had gone to sleep never to awake again.

And yet, no; for at the turning of a street, a window, behind which a light had been burning all night, was opened, and the head of a young girl of twenty peeped out timidly into the darkness, the light in the room forming a golden framework at her back.

She was a seamstress, and had been sewing ever since morning the day before at a ball-dress that was wanted for a great lady who would not wait. On the stroke of six she had finished her last weary stitch, and had been deliberating whether she would not lie down and take a little rest before commencing a new day's labors, when an impulse — what impulse, and how to account for it? — had attracted her to the window to see what kind of weather it was. At sight of the hearse, looming like an apparition, so black and so melancholy in its solitariness, the seamstress gave a slight start; and the coachman fancied he heard mingle with the soughing of the wind an exclamation like "Poor soul!" Then the window closed, and a minute afterwards the young girl issued from the house like a shadow, tripped lightly across the road, and took her stand behind the hearse, to follow to his or her grave this unknown human being who had no friend.

She was of frail build, and held no shawl; but the snow, as it descended in light, pure flakes, seemed to wrap her with infinite tenderness in a cloak more dazzling than a wedding garment; and perhaps the white carpet which heaven had laid down was not too cold under kindly feet, and perhaps the winter wind made itself warm to play about her sweet young face, which two tears of pity had bedewed. Anyhow, she walked without appearing to heed snow or blast, but intent only on the deed of charity she was performing toward one whom she had felt to be in kinship with her, since his pauper's hearse proved him to have belonged when alive to the great brotherhood of the poor and miserable.

Still slowly the hearse proceeded, followed by its one young mourner, until at a new turning, where there was a baker's shop, a young journeyman, who had been working at the ovens all night, came out on his way home. To bakers, day is as night, and night as day. This journeyman, who was twisting a comforter round his throat, lifted his cap, at first unconcernedly, to the hearse; but as he did so, the light of a gas-lamp streaming on the seamstress enabled him to recognize her. Surprised, he darted at once into the roadway, bareheaded, and held out his hand.

"What, Marie, is that you? This is no relative of yours, I hope?"

"No, I don't know his name," said Marie, with an artless smile; "but it seemed so wretched to see him going to the cemetary in this cold, alone!"

"And so you followed him. Ah, that's just like your goodness! But you will be catching cold yourself, more likely than the dead man. Here, take this wrapper and my jacket."

"No, I don't feel cold," said Marie; "but are you coming too?"

"How can you ask?" answered the workman. "Of course, I will go wherever you go."

"Hush!" said Marie, gently; and they walked on together side by side, Isaac Mosacker having now two mourners instead of one.

Note that all this had been done and said without the cognizance or privity of the master of the ceremonies, who was too much occupied with the state of the roads in front of the hearse to pay any attention to what was going on behind. He was therefore astonished, almost mystified, when, on reaching the cemetery, he saw two young people step out from behind the vehicle, and watch with heads bent while the coffin was being lifted out and placed beside the grave.

A rabbi was in attendance,—a black-bearded man, with a long gown, who was not in the best of tempers at having been roused out of bed so early,—and he began to gabble prayers. At this juncture Marie pulled the sleeve of her companion.

"But they don't take him to the chapel, Jacques; and I see no priest."

"I think yonder man is a preacher," whispered Jacques; "the dead man must have been a Jew."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Marie, in a tone of distress; "but they don't have any holy water, or make the sign of the cross over him!"

She knelt down in the snow and recited over the Jew's coffin a Pater, an Ave, and the Credo of the Christian faith: then, when all was over, and when the rabbi, glad to have finished, was scuttling off shivering, with his gown drawn close around him, the young seamstress glanced around to see that she was unobserved, and pulling off a little silver cross that hung round her neck, let it fall into the grave. Possibly that little cross did the Jew no harm,—if he stood with it on the threshold of heaven praying for admittance.

Dawn was breaking as the sextons began to shovel earth on Isaac Mosacker's body, and as Marie and Jacques walked out of the cemetery, arm in arm. But at the gate a man met them, of smooth and polished manners.

"You have been attending the funeral of M. Isaac Mosacker?" he inquired, bowing.

"We did n't know his name," answered Jacques fumbling in his pocket, under a vague impression that alms were going to be begged of him.

"There can be no mistake, for there has been but one funeral yet this morning," replied the stranger, more and more courteously. "Well, if you will do me the favor of coming with me to my office, I shall have a message to give you. I am a notary."

"But I have work to do," pleaded Marie. "I have just begun a dress which is ordered for to-morrow."

The notary smiled.

"I think that is a dress that will remain unfinished," said he. "Here is my carriage; pray step in."

In the course of that day a very surprising rumor went about Lyons. It was circulated that Isaac Mosacker had left a fortune of one million francs, to be divided equally amongst all who should prove their regard for him by attending his funeral. A workman named Jacques and a seamstress called Marie were the only two who had been present, and so this made them a fortune of five hundred thousand francs apiece,—or rather they would have the million between them, since they were betrothed to each other.

And when this rumor came to be proved a fact, there were many Jews in Lyons who slept poorly; but one slept more poorly than the rest, and his name was Reuben Manasses.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POETS.

It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child without reflecting sadly on the fates of other families of our greatest poets. Shakespeare and Milton died without a son, but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakespeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child, a daughter, some five or six years at her father's death. She died, unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquhar left two girls dependent on his friend Wilks, the actor, who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the government, and having long outlived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children; one of the two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts of Abbotsford and Waverley are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue! The poet of the "Faerie Queene" lost a child, when very young, by fire. Some of the poets had sons and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's sons, of Dryden's sons, of the sons of Burns, of Allan Ramsay's son, of Dr. Young's son, of Campbell's son, of Moore's son, and of Shelley's son. Ben Jonson survived all his children. Some, and these among the greatest, died unmarried, — Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thomson, Cowper, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them.

NATURE'S MINUTIÆ.

A learned man tells us of an insect, seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only make an inch. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves, and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like the water through a sieve. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like cows in a meadow. Yes, even the ugliest plant that grows shows some remarkable property when closely defined.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

The first thing to be done is to catch him. Many a good husband is spoiled in the cooking. Some women keep them in hot water, while others freeze them with conjugal coldness; some smother them with contention, and still others keep them in pickle all their lives. These woman serve them with tongue sauce. Now, it is not to be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated this way; but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows: Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness, which all good housewives have on hand; place your husband in it and place him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear, above all let the heat be constant; cover him over with the spice of pleasantry; and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation.

THE BONANZA KINGS.

Boston Sunday Globe.

It has become the fashion for newspapers nowadays to describe the personal characteristics of millionnaires, not because their characteristics are worth describing, but because they are millionnaires; and to dilate upon and extol qualities possessed by them in common with millions of other men, as though these qualities were rare and exceptional and distinguished them above their impecunious fellows. Take, for example, the bonanza kings, — the "bonanza crowd," as they are known where they are known. Very good sort of men, as men go; very ordinary sort of men intellectually; very lucky men. Their only distinguishing feature is their fabulous wealth, and most of the estimates of what they are worth are entirely fabulous. They are fawned upon, flattered, told through the papers that they are not as other men, that they were originally intended by nature to be millionnaires.

If one of them happens to be particularly obstinate, he is said to be possessed of indomitable will. If he has failed several times, taken the market on the wrong turn, and at last made a lucky guess, he is wonderfully persevering and sagacious. If he can walk along the street without stubbing his toes against every curbstone or bumping against the lamp-posts, it is "with the sure, agile tread of the leopard." Not an action, a trait, a movement, a whim, but the worshippers of wealth will twist into something meritorious and *distingue*. We are told that Flood has in him "all that immense capacity for doing and daring which gave Broderick national fame"; that he "governs the Nevada Bank with a sure, splendid intellect that would make him a fine Secretary of the Treasury." Of John Mackay we are told: "He is well read, knows all about the outside world, keeps himself abreast of the current thought and literature of the time. There are few men better informed as to what the world knows and does than John W. Mackay. Of his generosity there are stories that remind us of Monte Cristo. Of his kindness and princely ways, all who know him can speak." Of James G. Fair similar trash is written, and the deceased O'Brien comes in for his share of fulsome praise, because he was the possessor of millions.

The truth about them all is that they are ordinarily intelligent, half-educated, lucky Irishmen, with nothing great or remarkable about them except their pocket-books. Flood and O'Brien were bar-keepers in San Francisco some years ago, and did n't know any more than hundreds of other bar-keepers. Nobody ever suspected them then of being great in any sense, there being not the slightest foundation for any such suspicion. They would have remained bar-keepers or proprietors of a saloon to this day but for a lucky speculation in the stock of a wild-cat mine on the Comstock. By "roping in" their acquaintances and selling their own stock at the right time, they made a stake and laid the foundation of their fortunes. Had the next turn of the market been the wrong way, the Nevada Bank would never have been heard of, and the world would not to-day be illumined by the light of Mr. Flood's splendid intellect. Mr. Flood is a selfish man, and made his money by luck and at the expense of other stock gamblers. He is not an educated man, nor is he one to be selected from the throng for any superiority of intellect. Others have made fortunes just as he did, displaying just as much sagacity; but their luck turned on the next deal or they lost their money through placing too much reliance upon the word of Mr. Flood, and they are not heard of.

Billy O'Brien was a frequenter of

saloons before he made his fortune, and he never was anything else to the day of his death. He was content to let his partners take care of his business, while he gratified his taste for liquor and bar-room companionship. John W. Mackay is a man of good hard sense, but it is simply absurd to say that he keeps himself abreast of the current thought and literature of the world. His conversation does not indicate it. He is rough and gruff in manner, taciturn to the extreme, and is liable to express his thoughts now as profanely as when he was a miner. He has strong prejudices, and in politics is apt to apply uncomplimentary names to those who do not agree with him. Yet John Mackay is a very good sort of man; is generous to his friends, and has the rare good sense of not being inflated with conceit because he is rich. But there is nothing of the Monte Cristo about him, and it is silly to attempt to make him out a hero or a romantic character in any respect.

The whole truth is that a lucky discovery made by miners in their employ brought the millions to the coffers of these men. The "bonanza crowd" are not men of genius or extraordinary ability, and it is all nonsense to credit them with anything more than a combination of good luck and native shrewdness. Were it not for their wealth they would be unknown; but the majority of mankind worship wealth, and its owners for its sake, and there will always be gushy correspondents to discover in millionnaires something above the ordinary man, and to praise them for not being born idiots and physical wrecks.

THE CHURCH AND THE REPUBLIC IN HISTORY.

Some people seem to think that the Church and the republic are strangers. It is ignorance, not a knowledge of history, that has left this impression. The republic of Venice was Catholic. From that republic, as Charles Sumner said, the American Revolution borrowed its essential doctrines, which are: "That civil government derives its powers from the consent of the governed, and that this power must be surrendered at stated times, by those to whom it is delegated, into the hands of the people, from whom it proceeds." The republic of San Marino — an insignificant little state — was under the protection of the popes for fourteen hundred years. All the republics in the world to-day — France, Chili, Peru, Mexico, Colombia, Hayti, Bolivia, Ecuador, San Domingo, and the Argentine Republic — are Catholic. There is not a republic in any land professing Mohammedanism, Buddhism, or Paganism. Nor is there one Protestant republic, if we except Liberia, which is really but a settlement of negroes from this country, the work of American philanthropists, and not a state, properly speaking, conceived and founded by the settlers themselves. In Spain they made an attempt to establish a republic. In Italy and other Catholic countries they did the same. How is it they never make an attempt, or even a decent half-attempt, to build a republic in Protestant lands? If Protestantism is favorable to democratic ideas, why, we ask, do not republics spring up in Protestant lands? How is it that no Protestant nation in Europe has ever yet shaken off the monarchy? The two historical facts of the closing decade are the birth of the French Republic and the consolidation of the German Empire.

After supper at a ball — He: "Without joking, Elise, I do adore you. When I look at you there is such a commotion in my breast!" She: "And in mine, too, Henri; it must be the lobster salad!"

Praise no man too liberally before his face, nor censure him too lavishly behind his back; the one savors of flattery, the other of malice, and both are reprehensible.

INSULT TO THE BODY OF PIUS IX.

THE following is a literal translation of the allocution delivered by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. on the events of the night of the 12th–13th of July: —

We have hastened, venerable brethren, to call your august college before Us, in order that the provision We have to make for several churches may afford Us the opportune occasion for opening Our mind and communicating to you the grief We have recently suffered because of the execrable and disastrous events which happened in Rome during the removal of the remains of Our predecessor, Pius IX., of happy memory. We enjoined upon Our beloved son, the Cardinal Secretary of State, that he should without delay report the unexpected and unworthy case to the sovereigns of Europe; nevertheless, the insult offered to Our great predecessor and the outraged dignity of the Pontificate absolutely oblige Us to raise Our voice to-day, in order that the sentiments of Our heart may receive public confirmation from Ourself, and that the Catholic nations may understand that We have done all in Our power to guard the memory of a most holy personage, and to defend the majesty of the Supreme Pontificate.

As you know, venerable brethren, Pius IX. ordered that his body should be buried in the Basilica of San Lorenzo fuori le Mura. Wherefore, having to carry his last will into effect, it was, in intelligence with those whose duty it is to guarantee the public security, established that the removal from the Vatican Basilica should be made in the silence of the night, and during the hours which are usually the most quiet. Similarly, it was decided that the translation should be made in the manner permitted by the present condition of Rome, instead of in the splendid form proper to the Pontifical majesty and the traditional usages of the Church. But the news was suddenly spread throughout the city that the Roman people, mindful of the virtues and the benefits bestowed by the great Pontiff, had spontaneously manifested the desire of rendering to their common father the last tribute of respect and filial affection. That manifestation of gratitude and affection was intended to be thoroughly worthy of the gravity and the religious sentiments of the Roman people, who had no other intention than that of associating themselves decorously with the *cortége*, and assisting numerously and reverently at its passing. On the day and at the hour fixed, the *cortége* moved from the Vatican Temple, while a great multitude of persons of all classes crowded from all sides. Many were around the funeral car, very many behind it, and all of tranquil and serious bearing. Intent on reciting the befitting prayers, they neither uttered a cry nor committed an act which could provoke any one or give cause in any way for disturbances. But, behold! from the very beginning of the religious accompaniment, a handful of noted miscreants disturbed the sad ceremony with riotous cries. Gradually increasing in number and boldness, they redoubled the clamor and tumult; they insulted the most holy things; saluted with hisses and contumely persons of the highest respectability; and with a threatening and contemptuous aspect they surrounded the funeral *cortége*, dealing blows and throwing stones at them. Moreover, what even barbarians would not have dared they dared, not respecting even the remains of the Holy Pontiff; for not only did they imprecate the name of Pius IX., but they threw stones at the funeral car which carried the corpse, and more than once was the cry raised to throw away the ashes unburied. Throughout all the long way, and for the space of two hours, the indecent spectacle lasted; and if they did not commit greater excesses, the merit is due to the long-suffering of those who, al-

though provoked by every violence and wantonness, preferred to resign themselves to the insults rather than permit their pious office to be saddened by more mournful scenes. From every side, letters of execration of such a disgrace and enormous misdeed reach Us daily. But above all, the deepest grief and pain caused by the atrocious crime rests upon Our soul; and inasmuch as Our duty constitutes Us the vindicator of all that is attempted to the detriment of the majesty of the Roman Pontificate and of the venerated memory of Our predecessors, We solemnly protest before you, venerable brethren, against those deplorable excesses, and We loudly denounce the insults, the entire blame for which falls upon those who did not defend either the rights of religion nor the liberty of the citizens from the fury of the impious. And from this also the Catholic world may judge what security there is left for Us in Rome. It was already well and openly known that We are reduced to a most difficult, and for many reasons intolerable condition; but the recent facts of which We have spoken have made this more clearly manifest, and together they have demonstrated that if the present state of things is bitter to Us, still more bitter is the fear of the future. If the removal of the ashes of Pius IX. gave cause for such unworthy disturbances and such serious tumults, who could give warranty that the audacity of the wicked would not break out into the same excesses when they saw Us pass along the streets of Rome in a manner becoming Our dignity, and especially if they believed they had just motive, because We Ourselves, through duty, went to condemn unjust laws decreed here in Rome, or to reprove the wickedness of any other public act? Hence it is more than ever evident that in the present circumstances We cannot remain in Rome otherwise than as a prisoner in the Vatican. Moreover, whoever pays attention to certain indications which here and there manifest themselves, and considers, at the same time, that the sects have openly conspired for the extermination of the name of Catholic, has reason to affirm that more pernicious intentions are being matured to the injury of the religion of Christ, of the Supreme Pontiff, and of the hereditary faith of the Roman people. We certainly, as is Our duty, follow with attentive watch the onward movement of this most savage struggle, and at the same time prepare the most opportune means of defence. Reposing all Our hopes in God, We are resolved to combat to the very last for the safety of the Church, for the independence of the Supreme Pontiff, for the rights and the majesty of the Apostolic See; and in such a combat We are resolved to spare no labor and to fear no difficulty. Nor shall We combat alone, inasmuch as in your virtue and constancy, my venerable brethren, We, in every respect, place the greatest trust. No small comfort and support to Us, also, is the good-will and the piety of the Romans, who, tempted in a thousand ways and by every art, remain with singular firmness obsequious to the Church and faithful to the Pontiff; nor do they neglect any occasion for showing how deeply those virtues are inscribed in their hearts.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

In Germany there is a belief that the four-leaved clover, on account of its crossed form, is endowed with magical virtues. The general form of the superstition is that one who carries the clover about him will be able to detect the presence of evil spirits, and will be successful at play. In Bohemia it is said that if a maiden manages to put the leaf into the shoe of her lover without his knowledge on going on a journey, he will return safely. The four-leaved clover in various regions is believed to protect one from witches and keep butter pure, on which account it is considered a good form for a butter mould.

NIALL LAMH-LAUDHER.*

M. T. Pender, in Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Down where the cean-na-bawn blooms on the lea,
Niall Lamh-Laudher is going.
Niall Lamh-Laudher a grazier is he;
O'er all the wide downs from the hill to the sea
His fair flocks are peacefully lowing.

Niall is stalwart and supple and strong,
Brown as the berry in autumn;
Pleasant he looks as he saunters along,
Humming a stave of a pastoral song
Maureen's own red lips had taught him.

There 's a green, narrow dell at the foot of the hill;
Thither Lamh-Laudher is going.
There 's a white fairy-thorn and an upleaping rill;
A well, where young Maureen is stooping to fill
Her pail from the bright wave o'erflowing.

Her hair, like a plume from the dark brow of night,
With a flame of red poppies is gleaming;
Her dusk eyes are shining with splendorous light,
Like stars in their beauty, as holy, as bright,
In the calm purple summer-night beaming.

The sunset shines goldenly into the dell,
And rests on the maid like a glory;
As she gathers her skirt up and stoops o'er the well,
A step comes behind her, — Lamh-Laudher could tell
How sweet was the rest of the story.

Perhaps 't was a bird in the fairy-thorn's shade
That chirped at the shepherd's sweet daughter;
Perhaps 't was the crimsoning sunset that laid
That swift sudden bloom on the cheek of the maid,
As her half-filled pail dropped in the water.

But little cares Niall what prying eyes see
(Of wild bird or wandering poet);
If the earth and the heavens, the air and the sea,
Proclaimed how he loved her, how proud he would be!
He thinks that all nature should know it.

He gathers his beautiful love to his breast,
He feels that no sorrow can wound him;
He looks in her eyes, where her soul is confessed,
And reads — happy boy — that his wooing is blest: —
All heaven seems hovering round him.

What pride of dominion, what prestige of birth,
What empire, or conquest, or capture,
What sword or what sceptre, ye great ones of earth,
E'er yielded your souls one delight that was worth
But half such a moment of rapture?

The sunset dies low where the cean-na-bawn grew,
And dark is the dell and the river;
The golden light fades from the heaven's cold blue,
But one pure, perfect ray of the glory it threw
Shall shine in two fond hearts forever.

*Niall of the Strong Hand.

THE CATHOLIC COLONY IN ARKANSAS.

We had the pleasure of a visit from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark., recently. He was accompanied by Rev. Father Moriarty, of Chatham Four Corners, N. Y.

The bishop visited Boston in the interests of the new Catholic colony in his diocese. He is in excellent health. We promise all those who embark for the new colony that both their spiritual and temporal interests will be zealously attended to by Bishop Fitzgerald. Already a priest has been secured for the new colony. The Catholic Review, which is well posted upon the colonization movement, says: —

"Bishop Fitzgerald, as the ordinary of the diocese of Little Rock, which includes the State of Arkansas, is more than familiar with the locality; and Bishop Spalding, as president of the association, has made it his business to acquire, by personal examination, a knowledge almost as intimate and extensive. Both strongly commend and approve the choice of the situation. It is half-way between Little Rock, the capital of the State, and Fort Smith, which is the gate of the wonderful Indian Territory and the key of the Southwest. Its climate is mild and beautiful. The farmer can work there twelve months in the year. The staples will be corn, cotton, fruit, and sorghum. To some extent wheat may be grown, and we see that the railroad reports claim that it is of an excellent quality. There is abundance of lumber, and the clearing of the soil is easy. Cattle raising is a special and profitable work of the region. In growing cotton, the industry of every member of a poor man's family can be profitably and healthfully employed. We asked Bishop Fitzgerald was the country unhealthy. 'Look at me,' was the only answer necessary. Certainly the labors, toil, anxiety, and years which the Bishop of Little Rock has devoted to his people seem to sit lightly on him. As to Arkansas being the hot-bed of fever that it is said to be, Bishop Fitzgerald replies that there is not more than the amount usual in all our new States, and that what there is is easily treated. Yellow fever is unknown. We reminded Bishop Spalding that one of the earliest Catholic colonies in America was in Arkansas, and that it was a failure. He replied that he had examined the history of that failure, and found that it was chiefly owing to the fact that it was premature, antedating the railroads. Many of the settlers who remained became quite prosperous. Both bishops relate with satisfaction the great success of the German Catholic colonies which three years ago were founded in this State. Bishop Spalding says that he never saw more genuine contentment than they display."

GIGGLING GIRLS AT CHURCH.

The merry, merry maiden, who finds it difficult to restrain her giggling until she reaches the outside of the church, is fortunately rarer than the lounger who stares at her from the sidewalk; but she exists, and more's the pity. Without her the lounger would fade away of slow decline, and cease to annoy religious and sensible people with his fixed and idiotic stare. The groups of girls who meet outside the church, talking frivolous nonsense with much effusion and gesture, stamp themselves at once as utterly lacking in those qualities that make a woman worthy of respect. To bow down before the Blessed Sacrament, contrite and devout, and then, within the same hour, to laugh and talk foolishly within view of the tabernacle, is unworthy of any woman not lost to all sense of propriety and religion. It would be untrue to imply that these unwomanly young women are numerous, for they are not. Catholic teaching is nowhere so apparent in its effects as in the modesty and recollection of deportment that it produces in woman. It hedges her around with a protection which, like the moss on a rosebud, only adds to her beauty. A little thought ought to convince any Catholic young woman, no matter how frivolous her companions are, that the glances of men who pose on the sidewalk after mass ought to bring a blush to the checks of a modest girl.

THE LAND BILL.

The Irish Land Bill has finally passed both Houses of Parliament and received the signature of her Majesty the Queen. The Dublin Freeman's Journal has the following article on the bill and its advantages to the people of Ireland: —

The parliamentary drama is ended. The much-debated Land Bill is now practically the law of the land; in a brief time it will be in full operation, with its Land Commission Court sitting in Dublin and its long arms radiating to the farthest isles of Connemara. The whole country will perceive a change; the entire population will be sensible that a new creative breath has passed over the land, casting down the old order of things and upraising a new. What (millions to-day will demand) is the prospect before us? They will feel as travellers proceeding into the heart of an unknown land, whose shores are white with the foam of bitter billows; for there is no longer any hope that they shall enter upon the benefits of the bill without a struggle, in which we fear many a man will suffer. In deference to the prejudices of the House of Lords, Mr. Gladstone consented at last to strike out Mr. Parnell's amendment, which would have stopped eviction for six months after the passing of the Act, so as to enable a judicial rent to be fixed. In vain did the Irish members plead for its retention, even in a diminished form; in vain did they demonstrate that thousands of tenants might be thrown out of house and home by merciless landlords if this saving clause were not retained. Something should be sacrificed to the Lords, and nothing could possibly be so grateful to their nostrils as the sacrifice of any clause which bore the name of Mr. Parnell. But the deed was not done without receiving one of the most emphatic marks of reprobation which has yet confronted a surrendering ministry. One hundred and sixty members voted against their meek majority of one hundred and ninety-six, — a fact most significant when it is remembered that the greater part of that gallant minority was composed of British Liberals, who saw that an ungenerous and a dangerous deed was being done to gratify the hereditary enemies of progress and liberality.

This was the most glaring exaction insisted on by the Lords, and conceded by the ministry; others, less striking but more insidious, followed, warranted to wound when the bill is being used. They are small in appearance, and technical in form; but they have been devised with subtle skill by the law adviser to the Upper House, and they are each and all, consequently, adverse to the tenant. The assault upon the Ulster Custom — an assault from which it has not escaped altogether unhurt — shows how gratefully Lord Cairns returns the regard of those who raised him to power, by seeking to destroy their ancient and righteous privileges. There cannot be a doubt that the Lords, although most of their mutilations were rejected, have damaged the bill not only in substance but chiefly in prestige. This, unquestionably, was one of the objects set before them when they resolved to enter upon a struggle with the Commons. It was not a contest between statesmen as to who should best shape the laws that a nation so urgently requires; it was a mere miserable party fight, in which the Tory section, embodied in the House of Lords, made an effort to upset or injure the Liberal party, represented by the Commons House, — wholly reckless of what suffering, what injustice, what ruin it might inflict upon the Irish nation. For at the present period the Tories understand that they have nothing to lose and everything to gain; therefore they played the game

of desperadoes, careless of the risk to others. A country's contentment was staked against the greed of place, power, and profit of a party which, knowing it must fail in the main issue, triumphs that it has troubled the peace and marred the general satisfaction.

This, indeed, is of one those victories which in the long run cost the victors most dearly. Here they have succeeded in discrediting portions of the bill which their political antagonists advocate; but for their own sakes, how short-sighted is their policy! The result of it necessarily will be that the bill shall no longer be regarded as final; on the contrary, every mutilation they have made, every concession they have secured, will be made the starting point of an agitation which will have all the strength of a popular plébiscite, delivered as a nation's judgment on an appeal sent up by the Irish representatives against the hostile prejudices of an irresponsible caste. They have not, however, been able to maim the great essential principles of the bill; these remain in full vigor. Chief amongst them stands unshaken the system of a peasant proprietary, the mainstay of the new law and the chief hope of the country. Many landlords, we cannot doubt, will ease themselves of all the burdens of property under which they profess to groan so wearily, accept the state as a bidder, and compound for valued rents by an expeditious sale. Others, wise in their generation, will hasten to induce their tenants to become fee-farmers, by agreeing to accept a sum in hand whereof the state will furnish a moiety. Not a few will endeavor to secure their tenants in a statutory condition for fifteen years. All over the country the rackrented cultivator will cite before the court the recalcitrant landlord, who, if he be not prudent in time, will find himself in the meshes of a litigation where he may be bound, like Gulliver among the Liliputians, by a thousand minute but tantalizing trammels. Lastly, there is no overlooking the fact that from the day the bill becomes law, every tenant in Ireland is re-endowed with his ancient right of free sale, which had been so long confiscated. This will make a substantial difference to any farmer who should think of parting with his land, and should give great heart to those — to all, we trust, with scarce an exception — who, knowing they have now a solid interest in the land, will bend their every energy to the development of the country's agricultural resources. Their only thought of change should be, not from this country to another, but from the condition of a secure tenant to that of a peasant proprietor. If indeed they desire to make that transition, and find a landlord willing to sell, the state will supply them with three fourths of the purchase money. If no such opportunity offers, they may yet obtain advantages approaching to such as accrue from ownerships by becoming fee farmers, the state coming to their aid with one half the sum required to reduce the rent. The landlord who tries to raise the rent by never so little fixes them in the soil for a space of fifteen years, so securely that he cannot trouble them for the entire length of that term. Between the Irish tenantry and the landlord's will now comes the law, expressed by a system of courts established for the special purpose of protecting the cultivators against unfair rents and insecurity of tenure. The fruits of their industry no man can again take from them. They may make the waste moor golden with grain, with the assured certainty that no sickle but their own shall enter on the harvest. Peasant proprietorship, fixity of tenure, fair rents, and free sale, are now established; the first fully, the rest in potential principle, which will demand earnest and vigilant care to develop and apply.

There being so sound a core within the Land Bill, it is lamentable that the Lords should have been permitted to surround it with bitter accretions.

For this, however, the government and not the country has made itself responsible, and therefore cannot complain if the Irish people discover that the land question has not been finally settled, and that its work is not fully finished. It is probable, indeed, that the country gains by this defect; for no man henceforth can say, as otherwise would have been alleged, that all its wishes were considered and all its wants supplied by a friendly party. Whilst we trust the Land Bill shall receive a careful trial, and that every useful proviso shall be brought into action, we cannot be blind to the fact that the Lords have left the leverage of a new agitation when they succeeded in marring a message of peace.

WHAT ARCHBISHOP CROKE SAYS.

He did not know what the exact provisions of the bill now were; but he had no hesitation in saying that if the bill was substantially what it was when presented to the Upper House by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, he would strongly recommend the people to give it a fair trial, and to accept it, — not, if they liked, as a final settlement of the land question, but at all events, as a great boon and a great blessing; as a bill calculated to do immeasurable good to the tenant farmers of Ireland. There were certain leading features of the bill on which he might congratulate the people. One of these was that, for the future, it would not be in the power of any landlord, any localized or imported tyrant, to impose at his pleasure a rent which for the time being they should pay, but which in most instances they were wholly unable to pay after a short time. Another great feature of the bill was that a court was constituted, — and under all the circumstances, perhaps fairly constituted, — with a good, honest, intelligent Catholic lawyer at the head of it; one who took an honorable part in the politics of '48, and who to his (the speaker's) knowledge had never renounced those politics. He thought they had every reason to be satisfied that such a man had been placed at the head of the commission. He thought they would be dealing ungraciously with Mr. Gladstone if they did not give his bill, which he had labored so hard to press through the two Houses of Parliament, a fair trial, and let them see what were its merits and what were its defects. By that course they did not commit themselves to anything. As he had said elsewhere, they would stand to their guns; they would stand to their organization; they would not dissolve any of their local land branches; they would hold on as hitherto on the defensive; their attitude would be an attitude of observation; they would see what good the bill was likely to do, but as it had been offered in a gracious, just, kindly, statesmanlike spirit, they should accept it with gratitude.

ANTIQUE TEA-DRINKING HABITS.

Queer stories are told of the advent of tea in the fashionable market. The ignorance of its preparation was illimitable, and fine ladies, determined to tread closely on the heels of fashion, were compelled to take lessons in the art of brewing it. One lady, before consenting to become a candidate for culinary honors, boiled several pounds and served it as a vegetable. Another, equally stupid, set forth her table with it as dried fruit, and naturally failed to relish it. At the tea parties in the seventeenth century, the leaves from which the tea had been drawn were handed around to be eaten, as a great delicacy, with bread and butter. To refuse was to affront the giver of this odd entertainment, and to stamp one's self an "outer barbarian" in the realms of gentility. Not so very long ago it was the general custom to carry to New England tea parties one's own cup or tea-dish. The latter curious vessel — from eight to ten inches square and an inch deep — gave rise to the phrase "a dish of tea."

THE WAY THEY MAKE SARDINES DOWN EAST.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Daily Advertiser gives an account of the way the Down-Easters are competing with the sardine manufacturers abroad: —

"If Connecticut is the land of wooden nutmegs, Maine must be the land of herring sardines. There are said to be twenty-two establishments on the Washington County coast, whereof two thirds are in this town, in which herring are put up as sardines, in tin boxes made here in imitation of those used by the French, bearing French labels, and preserved in cotton-seed oil, which is asserted on the cans to be choice olive oil. 'No admittance' is notified at the entrance, but the rule is not enforced. Herring are brought in from the bay in large quantities, and are unloaded at the several wharves where the factories are erected. They are carried in baskets into a large room provided with rough tables, where a gang of boys and girls from ten to fifteen years of age are waiting for them, each armed with a knife. Some of these children are dexterous. A single cut removes the head and from one to two inches of the shoulder of each fish, and at the same time draws the greater part of the 'innards.' The tail is more or less removed by another cut. The extent of the business done is indicated by the fact that the rejected parts of the herring at a single establishment frequently amount to several hogsheads a day. These parts are boiled, pressed for their oil, and the refuse is sold for manufacture into dressing for soil. It is not yet possible to manufacture olive oil and anchovy paste out of the heads of herring. The bodies and tails of the herring are washed, laid upon wire racks, baked in a great oven, packed in tin boxes by girls, and covered with cotton-seed oil; the boxes are soldered, heated again in the oil, and finally packed in wooden boxes for shipment. The process need not be described at great length. It does not appear to be a very cleanly process, but very likely it is as much so as that of putting up veritable sardines. The larger fish are put up in oval tin boxes, and are called 'sea-trout'; still other herrings are dubbed 'eagle-fish' on the covers; and finally, there is a process of putting up the fish in a spiced preparation which gives them the name of 'mustard sardines.'

"Makers of oleomargarine, I believe, sometimes eat their product on warm brown bread, and profess to like it. So some of the sardine canners here eat their herring and declare that it is good. Perhaps it is; but it is not sardine. The labels upon the boxes are all lies. The word 'Paris' upon them, and the head of the late Emperor Napoleon, suggest a falsehood. The assertion that the contents are sardines, put up in the best olive oil, is a direct and unqualified misstatement. If herring, put up in the oil of cotton-seed, make a palatable dish, very well: let those eat it who wish to do so. To put it up in imitation of something else is a barefaced fraud, which the law should forbid and punish."

NAPOLEON invaded Russia with upward of 400,000 men, and he led back about 60,000 or 70,000, most of whom, however, were invalids from the hardships they had suffered. Before reaching Moscow he had two sanguinary engagements. On the 17th of August, 1812, he took Smolensk, after dreadful fighting. On the 7th of September following he won the battle of Borodino, or Moskwa, which lasted two days, and was one of the most bloody of all his battles. There were 250,000 men engaged, and 1,200 pieces of artillery. As a result the Russian positions were carried, and no further resistance was made to his descent upon Moscow.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE LITTLE NEWSBOY.

HURRYING to catch a horse-car at a certain corner, late one stormy night, I was suddenly arrested by the sight of a queer-looking bundle lying in a doorway.

"Bless my heart, it's a child! Oh, John, I'm afraid he's frozen!" I exclaimed to my brother, as we both bent over the bundle.

Such a little fellow as he was, in the big ragged coat; such a tired baby face under the fuzzy cap; such a purple little hand, still holding fast a few papers; such a pathetic sight altogether was the boy, lying on the stone step, with the snow drifting over him, that it was impossible to go by.

"He is asleep, but he'll freeze if left so, long. Here, wake up, my boy, and go home as fast as you can," cried John, with a gentle shake and a very gentle voice; for the memory of a dear lad safely tucked up at home made him fatherly kind to the small vagabond.

The moment he was touched, the boy tumbled up, and before he was half awake began his usual cry with an eye to business.

"Paper, sir? Heral'! Freeman! Last —" a great gape followed up the "last edition," and he stood blinking at us like a very chilly young owl.

"*I* 'll buy them all, if you go home, my little chap; it's high time you were abed," said John, whisking the damp papers into one pocket and his purse out of another as he spoke.

"All of 'em? why, there 's six!" croaked the boy, for he was hoarse as a raven.

"Never mind, I can kindle a fire with them; put that in your pocket and trot home as fast as possible."

"Where do you live?" I asked, picking up the fifty cents that fell from the little fingers, too benumbed to hold it.

"Mill's Court, out of Hanover street. Cold, ain't it?" said the boy, blowing his purple hands, and hopping feebly from one leg to the other to take the stiffness out.

"He can't go all that way in the storm, — such a mite, and so used up with the cold and sleep, John."

"Of course he can't! we 'll put him in a car," began John, when the boy wheezed out: —

"No; I've got to wait for Sam. He 'll be along as soon as the theatre 's done. He said he would, and so I 'm waitin'."

"Who is Sam?" I asked

"He 's the feller I lives with I ain't got any folks, and he takes care of me."

"Nice care, indeed, leaving a baby like you to wait for him here such a night as it is!" I said, crossly.

"Oh, he 's good to me, Sam is; though he does knock me round sometimes when I ain't spry. The big fellows shove me back, you see, and I gets cold and can't sing out loud, so I don't sell my papers, and has to work 'em off late."

"Hear the child talk! One would think he was sixteen instead of six," I said, half laughing.

"I 'm most ten. Hi! ain't that a oner?" cried the boy, as a gust of sleet slapped him in the face; and then he peeped to see if Sam was coming. "Hullo! the lights is out! Why, the play 's done, and the folks gone, and Sam 's forgot me."

It was very evident that Sam had forgotten his *protégé*, and a strong desire to shake Sam possessed me.

"No use waitin' any longer; and now my papers is sold I ain't afraid to go home," said the boy, stepping down like a little old man with his rheumatism, and preparing to trudge away through the storm.

"Stop a bit, my little Casabianca; a car will be along in fifteen minutes, and while waiting you can warm

yourself over there," said John, with the purple hand in his.

"My name is Jack Hill, not Cassy Banks, please," said the little party, with dignity.

"Have you had your supper, Mr. Hill?" asked John, laughing.

"I had some peanuts and two sucks of Joe's orange, but it warn't very fillin'," he said, gravely.

"I should think not. Here, one stew; and be quick, please," cried John, as we sat down in a warm corner of the confectioner's opposite.

While Jack shovelled in the hot oysters, with his eyes shut up now and then in spite of himself, we looked at him, and thought of a little rosy face at home, safe in his warm nest, with mother's love watching over him. Nodding toward the ragged, grimy, forlorn-looking creature, dropping asleep over his supper like a tired baby, I said: —

"Can you imagine our Freddy, out alone at this hour trying to 'work off' his papers, because afraid to go home till he has?"

"I'd rather not try," answered Brother John, winking hard as he stroked the little head beside him, — which, by the way, looked very like a ragged yellow door-mat. I think Brother John winked hard, but I can't be sure; for I know I did, and for a minute there seemed to be a dozen newsboys dancing before my eyes.

"There goes our car, and it's the last," said John, looking at me.

"Let it go, but don't leave the boy"; and I frowned at John for hinting such a thing.

"Here is his car. Now, my lad, bolt your last oyster, and come on."

"Good-night, ma'am! Thankee, sir!" croaked the grateful little voice, as the child was caught up in John's strong hands and set down on the step.

With a word to the conductor and a small business transaction, we left Jack coiled up in a corner, to finish his nap as tranquilly as if it was n't midnight and a "knocking round" might not await him at his journey's end.

We did n't mind the storm much as we plodded home; and when I told the story to Rosy-face next day, his interest quite reconciled me to the sniffs and sneezes of a bad cold.

"If I saw that little boy, Aunt Weedy, I'd love him lots!" said Freddy, with a world of pity in his beautiful child-eyes.

And believing that others, also, would be kind to little Jack and such as he, I tell the story.

When busy fathers hurry home at night, I hope they'll buy their papers of the small boys, who get "shoved off"; the feeble ones, who grow hoarse and can't "sing out"; the shabby ones, who evidently have only forgetful Sams to care for them; and the hungry-looking ones, who don't get what is "fillin'." For love of the little sons and daughters safe at home, say a kind word, buy a paper even if you don't want it; and never pass by, leaving them to sleep forgotten in the streets at midnight, with no pillow but a stone, no coverlet but the pitiless snow, and not even a tender-hearted robin to drop leaves over them.

A DYING MOTHER'S LOVE.

The plague broke out in a little Italian village. In one house the children were taken first: the parents watched over them, but only caught the disease which they themselves could not cure. The whole family died. On the opposite side of the way lived the family of a laborer, who was absent for the whole week, only coming home Saturday nights to bring his scanty earnings. His wife felt herself attacked by the fever in the night; in the morning she was worse, and before night the plague spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbors. She knew she must die; but as she looked upon her dear little boys, she resolved not to communicate death to them. She had before locked the children in the room; and now snatched her bed-clothes, lest they should keep the

contagion, and left the house. She even denied herself the pleasure of a last embrace. Oh, think of the heroism that enabled her to conquer her feelings and leave all she loved, to die! Her oldest child saw her from the window. "Good by, mother," said he, with his tenderest tones, for he wondered why his mother had left him so strangely. "Good by, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window. The mother paused: her heart was drawn toward her children, and she was on the point of turning back; she struggled hard, while the tears rolled down her cheeks at the sight of her helpless babes; at length she turned from them. The children continued to cry, "Good by, mother." The sound sent a thrill of anguish to her heart, but she pressed on to those who were to bury her. In two days she died, recommending her husband and children to their care with her last breath.

KISS ME, MAMMA.

"Kiss me, mamma, before I sleep." How simple a boon, and yet how soothing to the little suppliant is that soft, gentle kiss! The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, the rosy lips part in a sweet smile, for the little heart is revelling in the bright and sunny dream of innocence. Yes, kiss her, mamma, for that good-night kiss will linger in her memory when the giver lies mouldering in the silent grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon light to illumine his desolate heart; for remember, life has many a stormy billow to cross, a rugged path to climb, and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no care or sorrow to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lips will become dewy again, as recollection brings to the sufferer's couch a mother's love, a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss that will endure even to the end of life.

GIRLS THEIR OWN DRESSMAKERS.

Every girl should learn how to trim her own bonnet, and cut and make her own dresses, no matter how well-to-do her parents may be. She may have a ball dress or an exceptionally nice walking dress made now and again by a dressmaker, but no more. She should be taught to economize, and she should be taught no better way than by being made industrious. A girl who is allowed $100 a year, and who understands how to make her own dresses and hats, could make it go as far as one who is allowed $200, who employs dressmakers, milliners, and the rest. Parents who are very well-to-do may not require to economize. In that case their daughter need not put her knowledge of dressmaking into practical execution. She may know how a dress should be cut, and her knowledge of dressmaking would be a check on the dressmaker. But most girls are not in that happy position. They have to cut their cloth according to measure. If they get married they generally like to economize all the more, and dressmaking gives them the opportunity of doing so. A good woman will always try and keep down household expenses. She will recognize the truth of the old proverb that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." Economy is one of the great secrets of happiness and contentment; there is no better way to teach economy than to make girls learn how to make their own dresses and trim their own hats.

CARE OF THE HOUSE.

A friend who has several small and careless children, who continually scatter articles about her sitting-room, keeps her house in order by "picking

up all the time." After several days spent in her home I saw that she really did this, but so deftly and easily that I did not at first observe it. The table-cover was straightened as she passed it for her thimble, and baby's toys were put in order as she stooped to pat him, and the disarranged ornaments of the mantel found their proper place by a move or two of her hand. I find that this constant care is the foundation of good housekeeping. George Eliot, whose views on some points were a good deal unsettled, yet struck a vein of good sense when she said, "It is better to know how to make home happy to your husband than to read Greek to him; and even music and singing, though very attractive to family visitors, cease to be a substitute for the commoner virtues after a time. Good cookery is a most valuable accomplishment in a wife's education after the first delusion of the honeymoon is over."

SECRETS AND GIRLS.

Secrets are things many girls delight in. My experience has taught me that the fewer secrets and mysteries girls have, the safer and more comfortable they feel. No girl should agree to keep a secret that she will have to withhold from her mother. If it is important and necessary that it should not be communicated to a third party, then she had better refuse to hear it at all. A great deal of unhappiness and misery has been done through small secrets, leading on from one wrong to another, until a web of deceit has been woven so complete and intricate that it has been nearly impossible to get disentangled from. Your mothers, dear girls, are the wisest and best confidantes you can have. Their love, you may be sure, will guide and counsel you aright; and although you may make many mistakes and blunders, you can never go very far astray if you tell mother everything. A girl whose first thought when committing any fault is, that mother must n't know of this, is standing on very unsafe ground. Hide nothing from your mothers. If you do wrong, go to them and own it; don't wait for some one else to tell them, and thus shake their confidence and trust in you. Concealment and deceit should never be tolerated; and in your intercourse and association with other girls, shun those who take pleasure in them, and seek the companionship of those with whom there need be no mysteries.

WONDERFUL FEAT WITH BEES.

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who manifested so much interest in the honey recently exhibited at the Kilburn show, has been presented with an American bee-hive. To Mr. Hoge, who explained the method of operating the hive, the Prince expressed an opinion that the stories recorded of Mr. Wildman's command over bees must, to a great extent, have been mythical; but Mr. Hoge assured his Royal Highness that he could demonstrate to him that they were quite correct and unexaggerated. Acting upon his assertion, he fumbled about for a little while among the swarm of live bees which he had with him, when they began to cluster about his right hand, assuming the shape and appearance of a huge bunch of grapes. He then worked among the bees with his left hand, and at the word of command they began to shift and settle upon it. Then, placing a little tube made of wire gauze between his teeth, the bees began to accumulate about his face and hang like a long beard from his chin. He then coaxed the bees back into the hive. Mr. Thurber, the great honey merchant, says that the secret of Mr. Hoge's, and also of Mr. Wildman's, control over their bees lies in securing the queen bee, which in Mr. Hoge's case was confined in a wire tube, which all the bees followed from one place to another.

Useful Knowledge.

A Remedy for Burns. — The Journal de Médecine, of Algeria, gives a simple remedy for burns. It consists in applying to the part affected a little powdered charcoal; in a moment all pain disappears.

Active Ideas. — There is no work done in the world which expends vitality so fast as writing for the public. It is a work which is never finished. It accompanies a man upon his walks, goes with him to the theatre, gets into bed with him, and possesses his dreams. If he stoops to kiss his baby, before he has reached the requisite angle a point occurs to him, and he hangs in mid-air, with a vacant face and mind distraught. "What's the matter?" says Mrs. Emerson, in the middle of the night, hearing her husband groping about the room. "Nothing, my dear, only an idea!"

The Care of the Ear. — Only the softest materials and the lightest pressure should be used in cleaning the ear. Dr. Wilson gives in popular form some very useful and practical information touching the removal of ear-wax. If the ticking of a watch can be heard at the distance of twenty-eight inches, the hearing is good. Each ear should be tested separately. Noises in the head, sometimes ringing, frequently are due to hardened wax in the ear. Sudden deafness is sometimes caused as follows: A small mass of wax, from ill-health or uncleanliness, becomes hard. A continued secretion of wax then blocks up the ear-tube still more. An injudicious attempt is then made to remove the wax by introducing, perhaps, a match-end, a pin-head, or pen-holder, which, instead of removing, pushes down the wax and packs it against the tympanum; or by sudden draught or the act of swallowing, the wax is suddenly pressed upon the membrane, and loss of hearing ensues, because the membrane can no longer vibrate. The removal of the wax is in some cases, especially those of longer standing, somewhat difficult; but with gentle treatment and patience may be finally accomplished and the hearing fully restored. The best means of removing wax, when not badly compacted, is half a drachm of sodic carbonate, dissolved in an ounce of water, applied lightly by means of a bit of absorbent cotton or sponge attached to a suitable handle. When the wax is much compacted it may be softed by means of water, quite warm, and a syringe.

Felon. — A certain cure for a felon is said to be to wind a cloth loosely about the finger, leaving the end free. Pour in common gunpowder till the afflicted part is entirely covered. Keep the whole wet with strong spirits of camphor.

Baked Sweet Apples. — These, with bread and milk, are an excellent addition to a Sunday luncheon or Monday dinner. They have a better flavor if baked dry; but if one dislikes to burn the tin, or the trouble of washing it, a half-inch of water added to the bake-tin when placed in the oven will nicely cook and will not burn them.

Catarrh. — A health publication says one of the most prominent causes of catarrh is the excessive use of salt and heaters, such as sweets, fats, condiments, and starch. This excess of carbonaceous food excites and inflames the mucous membranes of the throat, nasal passages, bronchial tubes, etc. It is also caused by indigestion and constipation. Headaches and neuralgia proceed from the same causes.

How to Milk. — A cow that is milked three times a day will give more milk and yield more cream than one that is milked at intervals of twelve hours. When the udder is filled a process of absorption goes on, and part of the milk secreted is thus lost. It will pay to take the milk from copious milkers at intervals of eight hours, as near as possible. A cow that is milked at five o'clock in the morning, one in the afternoon, and five at night will yield from ten to twenty per cent more milk and more cream than if milked twice a day.

Apples. — A more extensive use of apples as food at our meals, remarks Dr. J. H. Hanaford, will do much to diminish dyspepsia and biliousness. They are "loosening," and therefore tend to remove constipation, — a prominent cause of digestive derangements. The acid of this fruit — one of the very best known in aid of digestion — acts favorably on the liver, causing it secrete the bile, which is nature's cathartic, thus preventing this constipation. While eating them between meals must derange the stomach, — like the use of all food at that time, — they are really a very valuable food, demanded especially in warm weather. They may be too cooling in the coldest weather, while the more acid berries are better in the spring and summer.

The Humorist.

WHY is a spoiled child like a straw bonnet? Because it's the better for a *good trimming*.

WHY is a person that never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Because he is *no better*.

A MAN who is intimate on short acquaintance is very apt to be "short" on more intimate acquaintance.

IT takes 2,160 bees to fill a pint cup, notwithstanding a single bee takes up so much room in a fellow's trousers leg.

"I GO through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you're hard pushed," as the boy said to the needle.

YOUNG fellow! If you could raise a moustache as quick as you can raise objection, you would soon look more like a man!

BALTIMORE consumes more tea than any other city in the Union, and they don't plant it. Hence the word "Bawl-tea-more."

A CARELESS printer made a dancing master's card read: "I offer my respectful shanks to all who have honored me with their patronage."

THE other day a bishop, when travelling in a London 'bus, met one of his clergy. "My lord," said the latter, "I have seen many a bishop *in partibus*, but never till to-day a bishop *in omnibus*."

"YOUR meal is ready, sir," said a waiter to Hayseed, just from the rural districts. "Meal!" exclaimed Hayseed, contemptuously, "do yer think I 'm a hoss? Get me some corned beef and cabbage, yo ng man."

EVERYTHING in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

A WRITER on style says, "It is the fashion in France for ladies to take their tea in bonnets and gloves." One objection to this is that some of the new bonnets do not hold much more than a lump of sugar.

A LADY, who has long been recognized as an uncompromising opponent of the use of tobacco in any form, did actually account for early rising the other morning by saying she was "up to snuff" the early breeze.

A MAN fooled into buying a pinchbeck watch called it Faith, because it was without works, and therefore dead.

"MADAM," said a medium, "your husband's spirit wishes to communicate with you." "No matter," said the widow: "if he's got no more spirit in the other world than he had in this, it's not worth bothering about."

A GIRL heard her father criticised severely across a dinner table. The careless critic paused a moment to say, "I hope he is no relative of yours, Miss?" Quick as thought she replied, with the utmost nonchalance, "Only a connection of my mother's by marriage."

A SHOEMAKER was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," replied Crispin, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

"YOU look bad to-day, Gus. What's the matter with you?" asked Gilhooly of young De Smith. "I am in an awful fix," responded Gus; "I have lost all my appetite for whiskey." "Is that so? Well, I hope the poor fellow who finds it has credit at the saloons, or he will be in a mighty bad fix."

"I do believe, Mr. Heffelspin," said his wife, "that you mean to kill me with your everlasting conundrums. Why is a feline sitting up straight like Niagara? You knew I couldn't guess it." "Well, I will tell you," rejoined Heffelspin: "because it is a cat erect."

A GOOD story is told of a certain tea-pedler, who lives not a hundred miles from Napanee, and who was pushing his vocation in the back country. Having called on a poor woman and asked her to purchase a box of tea, she told him she was not able to pay for it, whereupon he proposed to take the baby that lay in the cradle in exchange for it; and she at once consenting, he took the baby and left the tea, thinking the woman would soon follow. When he came to the next house he told what he had done, and was informed that the baby did not belong to the woman, but had only been left with her the night before. He then concluded to return the child, but had to give the woman another box of tea to get her to take it back. He says he 'll not buy any more babies.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Land Bill has at length become a law. Its discussion formed one of the most memorable events in parliamentary history. The intelligence, intrepidity, and thorough honesty of the majority of the Irish members, during the whole course of the session, awaken the highest hopes for the future of Ireland. These are the men who are the true benefactors of their country. One good representative in Parliament exerts a greater power than a hundred conspirators, dodging behind hedges or mysteriously gathered in close conclave in an unfrequented lane. The Irish, always a romantic people, must lay aside that foolish tradition that patriotism, to accomplish anything, must necessarily hide its head. There are circumstances in which secrecy is of the utmost importance, but there is no necessity for this excessive caution in dealing with Ireland's demands for a better government. We have been made ridiculous by certain conspirators whose mysterious winks and dark threatenings keep everybody in a state of nervous suspense, until explanations are issued fully accounting for the failure of the plot that was to submerge England a hundred fathoms deep. If a plot fails, it is best to say nothing about it. Such excuses throw suspicion upon the general efficacy of plots, and make people exceedingly sceptical. The real battle-ground of Ireland is upon the floor of the House of Commons. John Dillon, a man in some respects the chief and crown of Irish patriotism, admits that the Land Bill gives great and tangible boons to the tenant, and that while it falls short of full justice, it is a marked concession to the agitation. Mr. Parnell admits that two years ago he did not dare flatter himself that the League could have gained such a favor, or rather right. Now, when two such men, wholly free from the least suspicion of self-interest in buncombe "patriotism," acknowledge the substantial good of the bill, the course for the Irish tenantry is to give it a fair trial; and this seems to be the prevailing opinion among them.

Once proper agrarian legislation is begun, it must go on improving. One of the most significant symptoms of a vital change in British thought was the howl of hatred and execration that greeted the Lords for their contemptuous allusions to the laboring classes and other "plebeians," whose condition in Great Britian came in for incidental discussion whilst the bill was before their Lordships. We should not be surprised if England, once aroused, would quickly abolish hereditary legislation. The progress in the study of politics for the past half-century has been marvellous, and the world no longer practically holds the old theory that the accident of birth gives authority to reign. Tom Jefferson did not believe that any man was sent into this world, ready booted and spurred, to ride *him*. The eyes of humanity are turned upon the United States to see whether our experiment of self-government is a success or not. This should impart to every man in the country a sense of responsibility, as carrying the destinies of the human family. Theoretically, a republic is the best form of government. The trouble has been in reducing the grand theory to practice. *We can*, if ever a nation could; and if through vice, political rascality, or indif-

ference, we allow our country to drift into anarchy, we shall deserve the curse of God and the execration of the human race, whose hopes and future our criminal failure will blast.

It is more than probable that the fate of the unfortunate Jennie Cramer attracts so much attention because it became *known*. Good people preserved by the mercy of God are happily ignorant of the seething ocean of vilest sin in which our society is plunged. A French gentleman told the writer that while France has a bad name for sensual vice, chiefly through the romances of ignorant scribes who do not even know the language, women of shameless lives are all known to the police, their names registered, and every effort made both by the state and religion to reclaim them. Here, the very freedom which American opinion allows to young women tends more to corrupt their manners than all impure temptations. It is far better to give a young girl a good box over the ear and send her to her room, than to allow her to gad abroad with any chance company she may meet at a ball or picnic; and we confess we have a great admiration for the old man's "boot," as applied to young Lotharios. The boot has often been the preservative of virtue, and we say, "More power to it."

The family being the very foundation of the state, all the safeguards possible should be thrown around it. Now, it has been demonstrated that the marriage laws of our States (and all of them considerably differ) need revision. Marriage, since its sacramental character has been denied by Protestantism, has rapidly deteriorated into a mere *liaison*, and any lawyer can tell you how easily its binding force as a civil contract may be evaded. With the Catholic Church, marriage is as much a sacrament as the Eucharist or Holy Orders, and it must be received with strict adherence to sacramental conditions. Such a scoundrel as the bigamist Merritt or Martin, who seduced no fewer than nine women under pretence of marriage, could not play his game with Catholics. The impediments which the Church makes are in reality safeguards. They protect each of the contracting parties. Outside the question of grace altogether, the matrimonial legislation of the Catholic Church is one of the most admirable specimens of judicial wisdom. In many parts of our country, two people utterly unknown to a preacher or a magistrate may present themselves before him and "get married." In some States living together constitutes marriage. Of course, the form or essence of matrimony is the *consent* of the parties. But then, has society no rights in the case? Is not every community affected by a new family relation? Have not the parents a say in the matter? Some theologians (and very good ones too) hold that the consent of the parents is necessary to the marriage, although this is not strictly of doctrine.

The godless education, the shameless freedom of manners, the excessive love of finery, the *abandon* of picnics and balls, and the loss of that maidenly reserve which should characterize the daughters of America, — for no purer women ever lived than the women of the Revolution, — have made countless Jennie Cramers. There is no purer or holier life for the generality of mankind than the married life. It brings all blessings with it; and its grace as a sacrament is given to *all* baptized persons, even those outside the faith, as was doctrinally defined by Pope Pius IX. Baptized Protestants receive the *sacrament* of marriage, because this union, by divine institution, is in itself sacramental and indissoluble.

"But I can't support a wife," is the cry of scores of young men who spend more on beer and cigars in a week than would feed a couple. "I do not love him," is another ridiculous sentiment. There are hundreds of happy marriages arranged in France and Ireland by the parents, and the young folks do not have a very long courtship. Dr. Johnson thought that if marriages were made by the Lord Chancellor, without regard to the preferences of the parties at all, they

would turn out just as happily as those that are made after long agonies of love. So let our young men and maidens learn to look upon marriage as something far nobler and diviner than infidelity or heresy would regard it. The horrid doctrine of Malthus, that marriage should be impeded in every way, because of the excess of population over the means of subsistence, is false, not only from his own standpoint, but it is injurious to God and destructive of human society. Ireland, for example, could support twenty millions of human beings; and if famine desolates her, the cause must be sought for, not in the will of God, but in the injustice and tyranny of man. There is truth in the old saying, God never sends a mouth without bread to fill it.

THE North American Review for September contains two articles on the Christian religion; the one by Col. Ingersoll, and a rejoinder by Judge Black. We were surprised that so sharp a fellow as Ingersoll would attempt to write an essay which would be subjected to scrutiny. In popular phraseology, "He has given himself away bad," for no such piece of rant and rhodomontade has appeared for a long time. It effectually kills Ingersoll as any intellectual or logical adversary of Christianity. Of course, Judge Black has no difficulty in disposing of him. Old "Jerry" neatly "sits on" the buncombe about "slavery, polygamy, and wars of conquest," which, in Ingersoll's argument, are approved of by the Scriptures, and so destructive of their inspiration. Bob himself was a warrior in a war of conquest against the South. Then the colonel weeps over the bloody sacrifices of ancient Israel, and bewails the goats and oxen slain in the old temple. Judge Black think that this is carrying sentiment too far, especially for a carnivorous American full of beef and mutton. Judge Black shows that the moral precepts of the old law are eternal, whereas, from the nature of the case, the local laws of Moses were temporary. He also sets forth, as a great lawyer can set forth, the evidences for the veracity of the apostles, the facts of Christ's life, the value of the evidence furnished by the willing death of countless martyrs, etc. He quotes a saying of Chief Justice Gibson, that "If the evidence for Christianity were submitted to a jury, it would return in its favor." What chiefly impresses a sensible mind in reading Ingersoll's effusion is the defective logic, the general conclusions drawn from one or two particulars, the utter lack of calm, scientific discussion. It is a roar; besides, there is a heaviness and obscurity about it which puzzles one to understand how Ingersoll came to be considered an orator. He should, however, keep to the stump and let writing severely alone.

AND now they *do* say that President Garfield is getting better because the Pope is praying for him. Well, the handkerchief of St. Peter we know cured the sick, as mentioned in the Acts. But then Dr. Bliss would rather get the probe at the poor President than let a scapular, blessed by the Pope, be put on him. Science, you know.

NOW that our schools are reopened for the fall and winter campaign, we would whisper in the ear of our good schoolteachers that they cannot afford to be without just such a magazine as ours. Not a month passes without our having gems of Catholic literature. We discuss living topics, and as children are the newest things in the world, they of course love novelty. Could you not vary the reading lesson with extracts from DONAHOE'S? You know good English when you see it. Don't you perceive that style differs in different epochs, and our modern style is just the one suited to the very form of our thinking to-day? Why keep the scholars poring over long, dull reading lessons, when you have at hand a magazine as fresh as your morning's milk?

Nothing rouses attention so quickly as that which is of the day. In your arithmetic classes, you no doubt give examples from yesterday's stock board. In your geography, you tell the children about the

countries at present in a state of war, or otherwise changing. Why not get the boys interested in our MAGAZINE? Could there be a better astronomical lecture than that of Prof. F. Kavanaugh's on the comet? Try it, and if your class don't improve in attention and quickness, sue us for damages.

ON the 27th of August, the British Parliament was prorogued until the 12th of November.

OUR MAGAZINE FOR THIS YEAR. — We have a few sets of our Magazine from the beginning of the year, which we can furnish to those who wish to begin with 1881.

MR. PARNELL writes to a friend in Cleveland, Ohio: "The question as to what duty I shall undertake this winter has not yet been considered by the executive of the Land League, and the report as to my intention of visiting America shortly is only a rumor which has been circulated by the newpapers."

WE regret to learn that the Catholic Banner, of Kansas City, has suspended publication. The Banner was a good paper, well edited, and published in a live city. It had a fair circulation, but we presume a great many were leeches, who subscribed but would not pay for it. It is strange so many of our Catholics are good enough to subscribe for a Catholic paper "to help along," but will unblushingly refuse to pay for it, and yet call themselves honest. The Catholic publishers should publish the names of these leeches of the Catholic press for mutual protection. — *The Western Watchman.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for September has a charming portrait of Rosa Mulholland, the Belfast girl, the greatest Irish literary lady of the day. "No God, no Government," by Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor, is an appropriate contribution from a learned pen on the state of society at the present day, that should be widely known for the excellence of its instruction and the strong array of facts adduced by the popular author. "Our Boycotting: A Miniature Comedy," by Rosa Mulholland, is written in the happiest, funniest vein of the author. The other original and selected contributions of Donahoe's Magazine for September are beyond the usual mark of excellence. — *N. E. Catholic Herald.*

THOSE who waxed indignant at the complaints of maiming of cattle in Ireland may be interested to know that six hundred and eighty-five persons were arrested in London during the year for cruelty to animals. The number of servants arrested for larceny in dwelling-houses was 1,747.

MR. DILLON. — A banquet was given at the Rotunda, Dublin, Aug. 29, to Mr. John Dillon. Mr. Thomas Sexton presided. Mr. Dillon, responding to a toast to his health, said he could not support the League policy of trying the Land Bill, and under the circumstances he would retire from public life for a few months, and leave those who believed in this policy to carry it out unembarrassed. Mr. Dillon said he was unprepared to acquiesce in Parnell's programme, and as he was unable consistently to co-operate therein, he felt it his duty to stand aside for the present.

VERY REV. W. BYRNE, D. D., president of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Md., has issued a circular on the financial condition of the college. The total debt has been reduced by donations of creditors and sale of part of the property to $86,500, $25,000 of which is in mortgages not yet due, leaving $61,500 to be paid. Of this amount $42,200 has been subscribed, leaving $19,300 yet to be raised. The college will then be free from embarrassment, with the buildings intact, and sufficient land for recreation grounds, farming, and gardening.

A WARNING. — In a recent sermon, Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark., said: "National calamities are the effects of national sins. We are a prosperous people, but can we say that we are really virtuous? Are there not great reasons to dread that we too shall not escape punishment as a people, if we do not correct in time those terrible abuses that are creeping into the body politic and destroying its wholesome life, — wholesale bribery and ever-increasing corruption? There is a manifest want of high principle and of honest public opinion. It was only this week that I saw one of the most prominent judges of this State in companionship with a noted gambler who only lately was released from State prison! The late murderous attempt on the life of our chief magistrate is a warning from the Almighty that it is time to correct the prevailing abuses that are gradually undermining the foundations of our great Republic; and let us earnestly pray God that the warning may not be in vain, but redound to the greater good of the entire nation."

THOMAS BRENNAN, late secretary of the Land League in Ireland, has received formal notice that he is to be remanded to jail for three months.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for September has a large and varied selection of articles specially interesting to Irish and Catholic readers. The article entitled "No God, no Government," from the pen of Rev. J. V. O'Conor, is an able review of the danger to society and to the state from the rapidly growing spirit of irreligion and lawlessness, which is unfortunately so prevalent at the present time. — *Connecticut Catholic.*

A FEW weeks since, the ex-Carmelite, "Merriman-Loyson" (as Louis Veuillot designates him), encountered upon the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, a general well known for his loyalty to the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff. To the great disgust of the brave soldier, Loyson gave him the military salute. A Frenchman, however, is seldom at a loss for appropriate repartee. Turning round, therefore, with a benign paternal expression forced into his countenance, at the same time raising his right hand as if to bless, "My poor child," said he to the ex-monk, "if you play soldier, I must play priest. Receive my benediction."

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, at North East, Pa., which was once a Protestant institution known as the Lake Shore Seminary, was lately dedicated to Our Lady of Perpetual Help by Bishop Mullen, of Erie, Pa. The edifice stands upon a square piece of land containing five acres. It is a three-story brick building of unique architecture. It is 160 x 40 feet, and elegantly finished inside and out. It will be used exclusively as a school for youths intended for the priesthood in the Redemptorist Order, who will be given a thorough collegiate and philosophical course, and will be then sent for their theological studies to Ilchester, Md. According to the Evening Herald of Erie, "the citizens of North East are evidently very much pleased with the establishment of this magnificent institution in their midst, for there were twenty Protestants in attendance at the ceremonies for every Catholic; and a day previous, scores of Protestant ladies sent in baskets of flowers and floral crosses, and offered their services in every way possible to promote the success of the dedication. The citizens are very much pleased with Father Superior Schwartz, who, like the other good fathers, is distinguished for his courtesy and hospitality. The school opened Aug. 15.

DELIGHTS OF SUMMER TRAVEL. — *Lodger at a Long Branch hotel, upon being presented with his bill:* Fifteen dollars for two days! *Polite Clerk:* Correct, sir; you read figures like a banker's clerk. *Lodger:* Do you take me for a bonanza mine on its travels? *Polite Clerk:* Far from it; but you had one of the best rooms in the house. *Lodger:* One of the best rooms in the house! Why, it was n't bigger 'n a coal bin, and I had to sleep with my legs out of the window. *Polite Clerk:* That 's just it, you see. When a guest sleeps with his legs out of the window we always charge him two dollars and a half a day extra.

CHURCH PROPERTY COMING BACK. — Amongst the losses which the Catholic Church is sustaining, and the severe trials which it is undergoing on the Continent, it is pleasant to have to record the fact that two grand ancient churches have lately been restored to Catholic worship: they are the great Dominican church at Basle, and the Dominican church at Venlo, in Holland. The former is a noble example of fourteenth-century architecture, and will require little but the removal of the floor, which cuts it in two. It has been desecrated for many years, probably ever since the Reformation times. It has been granted by the Town Council to the Catholics of Basle, who had only one church in the town. The church at Venlo is also an interesting building, and dates from the fifteenth century. It was desecrated at the commencement of this century.

MESSAGE FROM THE POPE: —

ROME, Aug. 15, 1881.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, *Secretary of State, Washington:*

As the Holy Father learned with painful surprise and profound sorrow of the horrid attempt of which the President of the Republic was the victim, so now he is happy to felicitate his Excellency upon the news that his precious life is now out of danger, and will ever pray that God may grant him speedy and complete recovery of his health, and long spare him to the benefit of the United States. The undersigned has the honor to join in these sentiments of sincere congratulations, wishes for complete recovery. L. CARDINAL JACOBINI.

To which Secretary Blaine sent the following answer: —

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.

TO HIS EMINENCE L. CARDINAL JACOBINI, *Rome:*

Please convey to his Holiness the sincere thanks with which this government receives the kind expression of his prayerful interest in behalf of our stricken President. Since your message was sent, the President's condition has been changed, and we are now filled with anxiety, but not without hope. The President has been very deeply touched by the pious interest for his recovery shown by all churches, but by none more widely or more devoutly than by those of the Roman Catholic communion.

JAMES G. BLAINE, *Secretary of State.*

THE elections in France have gone in favor of the Republicans and against the Orleanists and Bonapartists. The expulsion of the Jesuits was brought up against the government and lost them several members. Gambetta barely escaped defeat, and was hissed and hooted at Belleville.

PURCHASE OF A VALUABLE ESTATE. — Rt. Rev. Bishop Healey, of Portland Me., has recently purchased a most desirable property (in Deering), a few miles outside of the city, known as the "F. O. J. Smith Estate." The lot contains ten acres, with good buildings thereon, one of which is a substantial brick structure, which will be used for a chapel and orphanage. The bishop secured the property on the most favorable terms.

THE KNOCK MIRACLES. — A Ballyhaunis correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says: "The largest meeting ever held at the celebrated Chapel of Knock took place on Lady Day. Special trains came from all parts of the country, bringing large numbers of pilgrims and tourists. Eleven wonderful and miraculous cures are stated to have been effected at the church during the day."

POPE LEO XIII. is one of the most profound classic scholars in Europe, and well known for the elegant Latin verses wherewith he consoles himself in his rare intervals of leisure. During Lent of this year he wrote more verses than usual, and had them printed and bound in an *edition de luxe*, presenting a copy to each member of the Sacred College who came to wish him joy at Easter. — *The Sacristy.*

IRISH MANUFACTURE. — Irishmen of influence who are not engaged in political agitation are considering the revival of manufactures in Ireland with a good deal of spirit. But the task is a difficult one, as the foundation for most of the industries has been wholly swept away. Recently one of the guardians of the Dublin poor undertook to supply a workhouse with the products of Irish labor; but to his astonishment he found that of thirty kinds of clothing material required, only four were made in Ireland. Calicoes were imported from Lancashire, blankets from Yorkshire; and nearly every other article, except tweeds, linen, and flannel, was the product of English or Continental labor But a wholesome agitation is going on with a view to change all this, and induce Irish mechanics and craftsmen to copy something of English persistency, Belgian industry, French thrift, and American enterprise and activity.

DEAN STANLEY'S will has been sworn in at £90,000! The earthly possessions of the late Dr. Danell, the beloved and lamented Catholic Bishop of Southwark, were sworn to by the executors as under a nominal value. Comparison of these two documents teaches a lesson. To the reader who cannot see what that lesson is, comment would be useless.

As an instance of how the Irish people honor those whom England flings into prison as "suspects," lately 3,000 persons assembled to harvest the crops of a Mr. George Patterson, of Edenderry, King's County, who is in jail under the Coercion Act. The Leagues for twenty miles around were represented. In addition, though in prison, he was elected a poor-law guardian. This goes to show that the Irish people are not frightened by coercion, and are grateful to those who have suffered for the cause.

MR. JOHN GIVAN, an advanced Liberal member of Parliament for county Monaghan, has accepted the position of assistant commissioner under the Land Act. A Land League candidate will be put forward to contest the seat thus made vacant. The Conservatives and Liberals will also probably put forward candidates. A memorial on the detention of suspects will be submitted by the corporate bodies of Ireland, addressed to Mr. Gladstone, dwelling on the impossibility of obtaining a fair trial of the Land Act while suspects are detained.

CONVERSION. — It is stated that the Rev. John B. Eskrigge, who was some time assistant curate at the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton, England, has been received into the Church by Cardinal Manning. Mr. Eskrigge belonged to one of the most highly respected families in Stockport. His family were Nonconformists, Independents, but at an early period he associated himself with the Church of England, and soon became an ardent worker in that body. It is thought he will apply to be admitted to the priesthood. Mr. Eskrigge's father and mother are living. His father has been mayor of Stockport, and is a Lancashire and Cheshire and Stockport borough magistrate. His mother is niece of the late Sir Ralph Pendlebury, who bequeathed £100,000 to the borough for the education and support of orphan and destitute children. Owing to a decision of the legatees, Mr. Eskrigge will now, as a Catholic, be ineligible to take any part in the administration of this large sum. All Catholics are shut out by the same legatees from partaking of any of its advantages.

MR. LOWELL, United States minister to England, has asked Earl Granville, foreign secretary, to permit a medical inspection in the case of Mr. Walsh, the American arrested under the Coercion Act.

THE picnic in aid of St. Mary's Infant Asylum realized about $3,000. The first day was stormy, and the picnic was continued the following Saturday. Good Sister Mary worked hard, but the elements were against her.

THE vacancy in the representation of Tyrone, caused by the appointment of Mr. Lytton as a Land Commissioner, will find a Land Leaguer in the field. Mr. Parnell has addressed the electors, promising a candidate; and the Rev. Harold A. Rylett, a Unitarian minister, is the gentleman designated to carry the banner of the Land League. We have heard that Mr. Rylett is an Englishman, domiciled in Ireland.

WE give, in another part of this issue, an extremely interesting article, setting forth the services of our race in the war for independence. The Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, composed of Irish-Americans, will represent the Irish race at Yorktown at the coming celebration, the necessary funds to pay the expenses being generously subscribed by a few liberal citizens of Boston, principally Americans. We are sure they will do honor to the occasion.

CANADA shows a gain of only 655,484 in population during the past ten years, a ratio of increase less than half as great as that in the United States. The total population of the Dominion is returned at 4,352,080, but little more than that of Pennsylvania, and 700,000 less than the population of New York. The steady preference of European immigrants of all nationalities for the United States is traced by the New York Journal of Commerce to one all-important fact: "Canada is not a republic. She is not even an independent country. She is only a colony, and the appanage of a monarchy. This is her fatal defect, which no natural advantages can supply." And the bird o' freedom flaps his wings in the soaring remark that "full justice will never be done to the great possibilities of Canada till she passes on, by annexation, to her glorious destiny of union with the Republic of the West!"

THE cause that triumphed at Yorktown in 1781 entered America with the Maryland colonists in 1634.

FATHER RYAN, the pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Dubuque, Iowa, has been appointed Vicar-General of the Dubuque diocese by Bishop Hennessy.

REV. JOHN W. MCMAHON, of St. Stephen's Church, Boston, and brother of Bishop McMahon, of Hartford has been installed *locum tenens* of St. Mary's Church, Charlestown District, during the time that its pastor, Rev. Wm. Byrne, is engaged at Mt. St. Mary's College.

MADAME D'HUNOBSTEIN, of the family of Montmorency-Luxembourg, has taken the veil as a Sister of the Annunciation; Madame Cornudet of the family of De la Redorte, daughter of the Marshal Suchet d'Albufera, as a Sister of St. Thomas of Villanova; and Madame D'Escaro, daughter of the Countess Lebzeltern, as a Carmelite.

THE picnic for the benefit of the Carney Hospital, Sept. 1, resulted in aiding that institution to the amount of $3,000 or $4,000. The hospital seems to be on the high-road to prosperity. What with $4,000 from the Lyman estate and $4,000 from the picnic, the debt will be considerably reduced. We are glad of it. The energy of Sister Simplicia is above all praise.

ORPHANS IN LUCK. — Mr. William H. Vanderbilt is trying to buy the land on the east side of Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, New York, just opposite his new mansion. The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum occupies the ground now, and he has offered $500,000 for the property. His intention is, if he buys it, to remove the building and lay out an extensive garden on its site. It is said that the officers of the institution are willing to sell.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD STILL LIVES. — Bishop Elder has sent this circular to the clergy and religious of the diocese of Cincinnati: "The prayers offered last month for the President of the United States will be resumed. They are as follows: *Proquacumque tribulatione;* after Mass, five times the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary;* in the houses of religious, a Holy Communion and other devotions, according to the opportunity. In case of the President's death, the prayers will be continued for a week after it, for the welfare of the country."

Sir C. G. Duffy has written to the Freeman, stating that the London papers were inaccurate in describing his letter on the Land Bill as the programme of a new Irish party. He says he has no share in any design to found a new party.

Mormons. — The steamer "Wyoming," which left Liverpool Sept. 3 for New York, has five hundred and fifty Mormons on board. They are bound for Salt Lake, and probably they are in charge of Mormon agents who defray the expenses. It is an open question whether the landing of these immigrants could not be opposed on legal ground and as a matter of sound policy. Polygamy is a crime under the laws of the United States. Why should the freedom of our ports be guaranteed to the recruiting agents of this criminal system? — *Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Protests against the Roman Scandal. — No less than thirty-eight French archbishops and bishops have sent letters of protestation to the Holy See on the subject of the outrages offered to the remains of Pius IX. on the 13th of July; and solemnly declaring that they see in the incident an assurance that the Vicar of Christ is a prisoner in his own city. The letters being personal ones from the bishops to the Holy Father, the French government is unable to interfere. But the annoyance in high places is very great, and with the exception of M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who still perseveres in old-fashioned and respectable traditions, the other ministers are angry at the truth being so clearly known to the Catholic world.

Nationalities of Emigrants. — The nationality of the immigrants in this country is in itself an interesting study. By far the largest contributor to the swollen stream is Germany, which for the bare three months ended March 31 of this year poured into the United States no less a number than 2?,023 human beings. Great Britain is the next to Germany, her quota figuring at no less than 7,131 for the same period. Then comes Ireland with a total of 4,806. Italy is next in order, with a return of 3,007; then Hungary, at 2,225; Sweden following at 2 176. But if we take the continents represented by the immigrants, we have still more interesting matter for reflection. While Europe shows a total of nearly 57,000 persons fleeing from it, Asia almost immovable, gives only 1,825, and Africa barely 14. The total immigration from Australia was only 220, — a fact which speaks strongly for the prosperity of the antipodean colonies.

Bishop Nulty of Meath points out that the government only passed the Land Bill when it could not, with any regard to its own safety and dignity, withhold it a moment longer. The true spirit of the government is shown, he says, in its persecution of the men who made the passing of the Land Bill necessary.

The birth of an heir to the Marquis of Bute is a fortunate event for the poor of the island of Bute, as his lordship has signified his intention of distributing £199 among them, besides 10*s.* to each of his workmen, and a treat to all the children. The interesting event has caused great rejoicing among the Catholics of Scotland.

Bequests. — The late Richard H. Newton, of South Boston, directs his executors to pay to the Society of the Little Sisters of the Poor, $300; to the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, $300; to the Redemptorist Fathers, $300; to the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, attached to the SS. Peter and Paul Church, South Boston, $300. Catharine Harkins instructs her executors to pay the following bequests: To the Bishop of Londonderry, Ireland, $100, to be distributed among the poor priests of the diocese; St. Mary's Infant Asylum, Home for Destitute Catholic Children, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, St. Leonard's Church on Prince Street, and the Church of St. John the Baptist on North Bennet Street, $200 each.

The Yankees Going Ahead. — The St. John (N. B.) Freeman is alarmed at the approach of the Yankees upon the Dominion. It says: —

"The terrible Yankee invasion of Canada, so often talked of, so much dreaded, has taken another shape in which it insidiously makes progress. Yankees now occupy Campo Bello. Yankees have begun to build a railroad in Newfoundland, and so to acquire four million acres of the best lands of that island, including the most valuable mineral lands Yankees propose to build the railroad on Vancouver's Island and so get possession of the mineral lands of that island; and within a few days Yankees have contrived to get control of the Montreal Telegraph and the Dominion Telegraph Company's property and franchises, and they now control the whole telegraph service in these Provinces. Then it is asserted that the company which is to build the Canadian Pacific Railroad and control the Northwest is essentially Yankee."

Events of the Month.

CANADA'S new census shows a population of 4,350,933, against 3,670,435 in 1871, an increase of eighteen and one half per c nt.

THE G's have it. In Russia, it is Gortchakoff; in Greece, George; in England, Gladstone; in France, Grévy, Gambetta, and Galliffet; in Algeria, Grévy; in Italy, Garibaldi; in America, Garfield, and his would-be assassin Guiteau.

A PASTORAL letter from the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris severely censures the scandalous scenes enacted at Rome during the translation of the remains of Pope Pius IX. The prelate says, in one passage, "We were told that the head of the Church, though dispossessed of his states, still retained his entire liberty; that if he shut himself up in the Vatican, he was only a prisoner of his own free-will; that the honor due to his dignity and the security of his person were protected by the law of the new kingdom; and that he had nothing to fear from the hatred of his enemies. We have never believed these declarations, and the whole world now sees what they are worth. Can a living pope leave his dwelling when the remains of a dead one cannot traverse in peace the streets of the city that was his capital, and when orderly Christians risk their lives in their desire to pray beside a coffin?"

A GOOD SHOWING. — According to the semi-annual report filed with the State Superintendent of the Bank Department, at Albany, N. Y., that excellent financial institution, the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank of New York, is at present in a standing which, for reliable solvency, places it second to no other similar institution in the community, and is at the same time a tribute to Irish-American thrift and business tact. The following statistical figures from the report are of interest: Number of open accounts July 1, 1881, 44,938; accounts opened during last six months, 5,461; accounts closed during last six months, 2,760; deposits received during last six months, $4,058,-000 34; amount withdrawn during last six months, $3,153,384 94; interest credited and paid during last six months, $850,-240.11; rate of interest paid to depositors, two to four per cent; current expenses of the bank during last six months, $26,-991.59. This bank reported Jan. 1, 1881: Due depositors, $20,918,438.43; surplus, $3,001,869.46; open accounts, 42,238.

IT is estimated by the Agricultural Department that there will be a shortage in the yield of wheat the present year of 125,000,000 bushels as compared with 1880.

ABYSSINIA is a bad place for missionaries. Bishop Touvier, a Lazarist, who had been kept under arrest for some time, has happily been released, but with a condition that he shall not return to the territory. Times will change, we may be sure; the truth cannot be excluded forever.

A CERTAIN Constable Rogan, of Newcastle West, near Limerick, gives it as his firm opinion that whistling derisively is using "abusive language." He was whistled at by a Land Leaguer, the tune being "Harvey Duff"; and as there was evidently ridicule intended, he not only took out a summons for "abusive language," but swore repeatedly that the whistling was correctly described in the information. That constable deserves promotion.

A LEAGUE ORGAN. — As has already been stated, the Land League have purchased the Dublin Irishman, and will make it the organ of the association. The Irishman has been, since the agitation began, a secret enemy to its progress; and though cautious, when it found the people were flocking to the League organization, was never well disposed to the Parnell party. It was, in fact, purely national in tone, and maintained physical force as the only remedy for Irish wrongs. Its subscription list has not been large. There will, in fact, be two newspapers, and they will be published under the auspices of the Irish National Newspaper and Publication Company. The new enterprise will be called United Ireland, and will be a penny weekly paper, while the Irishman will be continued as a two-penny national organ. The great popular paper will, however, be the United Ireland, and its editor will be William O'Brien, one of the most brilliant writers on the Dublin press. While the League is interested in the enterprise financially, its editor will have the independent conduct of the journal. It is reported that after a time United Ireland may become a semi- or tri-weekly, and possibly a daily, but this will depend on circumstances. Its success as a weekly is assured, and the Irishman, under the new auspices, will also doubtless attain great success.

THE election of a successor to the late lamented Bishop of Kerry (Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy) took place according to the prescribed form. The voting of the clergy resulted as follows: Very Rev. Dean Higgins, V. C., Tralee, *dignissimus;* Ven. Archdeacon O'Sullivan, V. G., Kenmare, *dignior;* and Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, *dignus.*

THE appointment of Dr. Korum as Catholic Bishop of Trèves, Germany, is regarded as a victory for the Ultramontane party. But this is not the only victory of that party. The government has allowed the Catholic clergy to exercise their old influence on the public schools, the payment of salaries to clergymen has been renewed, and the rights of the religious orders in the matter of nursing the sick have been enlarged. It is expected that still further concessions will be made should the Conservatives have a decided majority in the next German Parliament.

ONE HUNDRED wooden boxes about two feet square and a foot deep each, containing over eleven tons of assayed gold, valued at over $5,000,000, was brought from New York to the Philadelphia mint the other day, and placed in a vault where some $300,000,000 are stored. There is but a single official in sight to guard this immense treasure, but the slightest alarm would bring a score of men with loaded weapons in their hands to the spot of danger if necessary. In England, when gold is brought from the mint to the Bank of England, it is placed in iron-bound boxes and drawn on gun carriages, with an advance guard of military, military on the carriages, and military behind, with military on either side.

SLEEPING OUT THE SIEGE. — The Count Napoleon Bertrand, son of the companion of Napoleon I. at St. Helena, died last week at the age of seventy-two years. The count was a very eccentric man, and every year he used to hire a room in a hotel, and go to bed for three months, after having given orders for food to be brought to him once a day, and not a word to be spoken by the servant. He was asleep during the siege of Paris. One day the bread was so abominable that he flew into a rage and forced the waiter to tell him what the reason was, — that the city was besieged by the Prussians. The Count Bertrand was stupefied for a moment. At last he got up and wandered about the hotel for a time, saying to himself, "Paris besieged! besieged! What ought a Bertrand to do?" And after a few minutes' reflection, he said, "I will go to bed." And he went to bed, and slept out the siege. He was an assiduous attendant at the Bonapartist masses.

STATISTICS show that in France there are now 100,000 lunatics, or one for every four hundred inhabitants. Two fifths of them are in public and three fifths in private asylums. Ten madmen come from the liberal professions to one from the agricultural population. Further, it is shown that one artist in every one hundred is mad, one lawyer in every one hundred and fifty, and one professor or man of letters in every two hundred and thirty.

A MAN'S ARM EATEN BY A HORSE. — A fearful and horrifying occurrence took place at Maynooth, Ireland, a man's arm having been gnawed by a cob horse which he was following. The animal belongs to a Mr. John Haughton, butcher, of Maynooth. The man who had been tending on the horse was named Macnamie. Yesterday morning the man was engaged with the horse, drawing hay to the haggard of a Mr. Buckley. He made several journeys, and was again entering the yard with a load, when suddenly the animal seized the man (who was walking by his head) by the left arm. Macnamie struck the horse about the head with a whip he carried in his right hand, but this seemed only to infuriate the animal. Holding the unfortunate man firmly between his teeth, it gnawed the arm from the middle of the fore part close up to the elbow. The cries of Macnamie brought a number of workmen, who were only a short distance, to his aid. They commenced beating the infuriated animal about the head and legs to make it let go its hold, but it held on and violently swung the man about, went down on its knees, and endeavored to jam the man between the wall and the shafts of the cart. It did not finally let go the man's arm until the bone was ground to pieces and the flesh fearfully mangled and torn. Macnamie, as soon as he was liberated, waited on Dr. Colgan, who bound up the wound to stay the hemorrhage, and sent him to the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital. Dr. Madden, of Leixlip, and another medical gentleman attended him on his way to Dublin in the train. Immediately on his arrival at the hospital, Surgeon Coppinger, assisted by Surgeons Thunder and Kennedy, amputated the shattered arm. Macnamie never lost consciousness, and is progressing favorably. He stated that the cob, which is about ten years of age, has always been exceedingly vicious. He had been following the animal about two years, but had left some four or five months ago, and only returned about two months back. Since the occurrence the horse has been kept in the stable, and no person will go near it.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE "suspects" are now imprisoned in Ireland.

THE Jesuits, who recently purchased the Hales Place property, near Canterbury, England, are about to convert the old manor house into an enormous college, at an estimated cost of £60,000.

A PILGRIMAGE is on foot among the devout women of France and England. The spread of atheism and various forms of unbelief among educated women first led the attention of some ladies of rank in London to the subject. They enlisted the interest of the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has lived in Jerusalem, has founded a Benedictine convent there, and has a retreat for herself on the slope of the Mount of Olives. This lady has placed herself at the head of the crusade, and it is said will travel through France, England, and Ireland, to persuade ladies of right principles who mourn the decay of Christian faith among women to join the pious pilgrimage. Several English and Irish ladies are now enlisting recruits.

OUTRAGE UPON PRIESTS IN PARIS. — Two Lazarist fathers belonging to the community of the Rue de Sévres were walking not long ago through the Rue Poliveau, when a man named Buchenot came suddenly out of a wine shop in a half-drunken state, and broke a glass on the head of the Abbé Dubois, who was carried off into a neighbouring chemist's shop bleeding and insensible. The good father was too ill to appear at the trial, and Buchenot was condemned to three months' imprisonment. Another ruffian named Huard rushed into the Church of St. Ambrose, and deliberately snatched the monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament from the priest who was carrying it in procession, and threw it upon the ground. For this outrage Huard was condemned to a fine of 100 francs without imprisonment.

EDUCATIONISTS, equally with scholars, have much to learn. Almost everybody thinks that three fourths of modern education is useless, especially in the case of girls. But we will be asked, What do we deprecate? Dr. John Hall, of New York, suggested some things that all common-sense people deprecate. Among these are traditionalism and superficialism. Instead of going on from question to question, attempting to hammer something into the head because the same thing was hammered into the head of a former generation, an attempt should be made to study the adaptability of students and fit them for their future work. In our schools an attempt is made to cram the pupils with too great a variety of educational food. Superficialism is the curse of the age, and our educationists should not pander to it, but fight against it.

THE deposits in the Post-Office Savings Banks of Canada, during the past financial year, were $4,175,042, nearly twice as much as in any previous year. The withdrawals were $2,072,289.

REV. LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON, son of Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven, has made a furious attack on the American Bible Society. He says the best way to distribute its Bibles is to put gunpowder under its building.

IT is an Illinois man named Crowe who knows all about those "infernal machines" shipped to England the other day. He confesses freely, according to report, that they were made out of the proceeds of the "Skirmishing Fund" by himself and O'Donovan Rossa. The best thing about such a story is that O'Donovan Rossa has never had a smell of the aforesaid fund, and disowns any connection with the "machines." Something is evidently out of joint. If Peoria is to be immortalized as the arsenal to blow up England, it must stop its *crowing* soon, or somebody will dance "Jim Crow" one of these days.—*Catholic Columbian.*

ENGLAND manufactured and sent over here torpedoes and cartridges to destroy the lives of Union men and help the Southern Confederacy. Now she howls at America to stop the Fenians from sending over infernal machines to do her mischief. England has deprived the people of Ireland of the means of self-defence, and what she suffers, therefore, she must lay to her own charge. As much as we discountenance all the aims of the skirmishers when innocent lives are endangered, we nevertheless have no sympathy with the murderous policy of England. She is the more guilty party. — *Catholic Columbian.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — We have received Donahoe's Magazine for September. It is about the best Irish-American magazine, and one that every Irishman will be proud to read. Under the able editorship of Patrick Donahoe, the magazine stands to-day in the foremost rank of American journalism. Among the many interesting subjects treated in the present number, we might mention an able article written by Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor, entitled "No God, No Government"; "Our Boycotting," by that gifted Irish authoress, Rosa Mulholland; a very interesting paper on "Comets and Meteors," by Very Rev. J. B. Kavanagh, D. D.; a "Bird's-Eye View of Ireland," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; and a host of other brilliant writers help to make the September number an enjoyable addition to American literature. — *New York Weekly Union.*

PERSONAL.

MADAME LOYSON never speaks of M. Loyson as "my husband," or "my spouse." She always says "the father." What delicacy!

THE ex-Empress Eugenie has derived much benefit from the baths she has been taking at Baden. She will return to England at the end of September.

A LETTER from a lawyer was brought before the municipal council, in an important suburb quite close to Sydney; and as no one seemed able to read it, it was unanimously agreed that the clerk should inform the writer that his communication "had been received."

REV. FATHER HENRI HUSON, S. J., has been appointed Superior-General of the Jesuits for Canada. He is the first Canadian Jesuit who has occupied such a high position. He is a native of Riviere Ouelle, and studied at St. Anne's College. A number of Jesuits, expelled from France, have arrived in Montreal lately. Father Huson is well known in New York, having been connected for many years with St. Francis Xavier's College, as Prefect of Studies, and Rector.

VERY REV. FATHER BECKX, the general of the Society of Jesus, has appointed Father Edward Kelly, of St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner Street, Dublin, Rector of Clongowes, in succession to Father Keating, who has governed the college for the last six years. Father Kelly will be gladly welcomed in Clongowes, where he was, as a boy and as a master, *primus inter primos* in his generation; and the rectorship of the premier college is perhaps a fitting crown for his arduous labors in the cause of education in the government of the colleges of Limerick and Dublin.

THE rumor is that the Duke of Norfolk's son, Lord Arundel, is afflicted with blindness, and that he is moreover idiotic. This rumor is naturally calculated to cause much pain, not only to the duke and duchess, but to many others. We are glad to be able to state, on the most indisputable authority, that it is entirely false. The little boy, who is exactly one year and eleven months old, is certainly not a strong child, but he has all his faculties. He sees, hears, and understands perfectly well, and he is now beginning to talk. In short, there is really no foundation in fact for the rumor in question.

MR. GLADSTONE, the British Premier, is in his seventy-second year.

AMONG the recent visitors who have come to lay their offerings before the Pope, and manifest their homage to the Church, was the king of the Sandwich Islands, who is an ardent Catholic.

CHANGES are likely to take place with regard to the Irish law officers which will involve the retirement of Lord O'Hagan, the present Lord Chancellor, and the appointment in his stead of Mr. Law, the present attorney-general.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Rt. Rev. Boniface Wimmer, mitred abbot, and the head of the Benedictine Order in the United States, was celebrated in splendid style on the 1st of August, at St. Vincent's Abbey, near Latrobe, Pa.

MR. PATRICK JOSEPH KEENAN, C. B., Resident Commissioner of National Education, Ireland, has been made a Knight Commander of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, for services in connection with education in Trinidad and Malta.

VERY REV. PRECENTOR SHEEHAN, of Cork, has been raised to the dignity of Domestic Prelate to the Holy Father, a position which gives him episcopal rank, and the distinguished title of Monsignor. Notification of his promotion has been conveyed to Monsignor Sheehan in flattering terms.

THE venerable Archbishop Blanchet, of Portland, Oregon, celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on the 18th of July. The aged prelate received the congratulations of Archbishop Seghers and many of the clergy on the occasion. The Catholic Sentinel joins in wishing his Grace yet many happy returns of the day.

WE are pleased to learn that William J. Kelly, of Taftville, Conn., was the successful competitor for the prize presented by the Prince of Wales for the best literary composition. The competitors, twenty-one in number, were chosen from the different colleges in Lower Canada affiliated to Laval University, Quebec. In order to compete for this prize, the students of the different colleges are obliged to obtain four fifths of the points in their previous examination for degrees. We congratulate Mr. Kelly on his success.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP HERMANN. — Rev. Father Hermann, of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, having been nominated by the Pope as Bishop of Honolulu, recently arrived in San Francisco for the purpose of being consecrated to the episcopal dignity. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, on the 21st of August, on which occasion his Grace Archbishop Alemany was the consecrator, assisted by Rt. Rev. Eugene O'Connell, of Grass Valley, and Bishop Raymondi, of Hongkong. The bishop elect is by birth a German, was educated at Louvain, and has been a missionary in the Sandwich Islands for nearly thirty years. He is accompanied by two other missionaries in the same field, — Fathers Aubert and Leonor, — all being members of the Order of the Sacred Heart. The family name of the bishop elect is Koeckemann, but he is known in religion as Father Hermann.

THE consecration of the new Bishop of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, took place in the church of Stella Maria, Pictou, N. S., on the 21st of August. The consecration was conducted by Bishop Cameron, of Arichat, and the solemn and impressive service was participated in by Archbishop Hannan, the Bishops of Newfoundland, St. John, N. B., Charlottetown, and Chatham, besides a large number of other clergy from the adjoining Provinces. Rt. Rev. Bishop McDonald, the newly consecrated prelate, has been stationed in Pictou for twenty years. A handsome church and convent have been erected, the latter opened only a few months ago during his ministrations there. The sermon on the occasion was delivered by Rev. Fr Ryan, S. J., of Montreal.

THE consecration of the Bishop of La Crosse, Wisconsin, took place on the 24th of August, at St. Francis Seminary, one of whose first students he was. The following bishops were inside the sanctuary: Archbishop Heiss; Bishops Grace of Minnesota, Dwenger of Fort Wayne, Ind., Krautbauer of Green Bay, O'Connor of Omaha, Hennessy of Dubuque, McMullen of Davenport, Iowa, Vertin of Marquette, Mich., and Seidenbush of St. John's, Minn.; Abbot Edelbrock, of St. John's College, Minn., Principal of the Benedictine Order; also Vicar-Generals Batz and Donohue, of Milwaukee archdiocese, Katzer of Green Bay, Mühlsiepen of St. Louis, Ryan of Dubuque, and Kampschroer, Administrator of La Crosse diocese. In the sanctuary and body of the chapel were also present one hundred and fifty priests. The sermon, delivered by Bishop Dwenger of Fort Wayne, was upon the great duties associated with the episcopal office.

Rt. Rev. Kilian C. Flasch, Bishop of La Crosse, was born July 9, 1831, in Retzstadt, diocese of Würzburg, Bavaria. In June, 1847, his family came over from Europe and settled permanently in Wisconsin. The venerable mother of the newly consecrated bishop was present to witness the elevation of her son to his now high office in the Church; also two of his sisters who are members of the Notre Dame Order, — one of whom, Sister Lorenzo, was the first candidate received into the community of this city. Mother Caroline, the *Commissariatus Generalis* of the Notre Dame Order in this country, was also present.

A HOMŒOPATHIC DOSE. — A gentleman called upon a medical man for advice as to a little child of his, four years old, who had a few minutes before eaten the contents of two bottles of homœopathic pills, each bottle containing over a hundred doses. One of the bottles was full of belladonna globules, and the other of aconite globules, both poisons of the most deadly character. The gentleman's infant had swallowed two hundred of these globules, and he was anxious to know what could be done to save it. The doctor ordered him to watch for symptoms. He did so. To his great relief and joy there were no symptoms. The night passed away. Nothing happened. The next morning the child was as well as ever. Wonderful! The instructions on the bottles as to the consumption of these homœopathic medicines were that one dose was for a child and two for an adult. Here was a child who took two hundred doses all to itself and all at once, yet nothing happens to her. Most valuable medicine! The danger and the cure thereof are all imaginary. The patient has only to take them and believe in them, and he gets immediate relief.

MISS O'BRIEN has, by her letters to the newspapers, been the means of inducing the Board of Trade to institute an inquiry into the question of the treatment of third-class transatlantic passengers. The result has been, if not to prove all the assertions made by Miss O'Brien, to oblige the Board of Trade to admit that several improvements in the internal arrangements of transatlantic passenger vessels are urgently needed.

Notices of Recent Publications.

AUGUST has not been prolific of new books from the Catholic press, except perhaps reissues of school-books, which have been in great demand. The competition among the publishers of Catholic school-books is very brisk. How long it will last remains to be seen. The books cannot be printed for the prices at which they are offered to schools, and make a living profit. One house, we learn, has made an offer to discount *seventy per cent* from retail prices. What wonder is it that Catholic publishers are embarrassed? If the trade is to survive and flourish, a radical change must be made. The "cut-throat" business has almost ruined the trade. We believe it is confined to New York City principally.

The Catholic Publication Society Company has in press, and will issue in November, Part I. of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy." The work will be in three parts: First part will be about Ireland; second part, England, Scotland, and the Colonies; third part, America. The first part will be ready by Dec. 1, so as to be in time for the Golden Jubilee of the Order. The work will be from the pen of the well-known and gifted authoress of the "Life of Mother McAuley," "Life of St. Liguori," "Hofbauer," "Meditations," etc.

We have received from Dublin the following books; they are the production of one of Ireland's most gifted sons, Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., who not only finds time to write delightful poetry, but excellent prose as editor of the Irish Monthly Magazine. We shall enrich our Magazine by reproducing some of Father Russell's beautiful poems. The titles of the books are: "Emmanuel: A Book of Eucharistic Verses"; "Madonna: Verses on our Lady and the Saints"; "Erin: Verses Irish and Catholic."

We believe these books can be procured of any of our Catholic booksellers on this side of the water.

P. Fox, St. Louis, Mo.

THE PEOPLE'S MANUAL: THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. By Rt. Rev. Herbert Vaughan, Bishop of Salford.

We desire to bring this little book before the Catholic public, and that they may see its importance we print the contents: The Mass an Action, not a mere Form of Prayer; The Priesthood of Jesus Christ; Jesus Christ the Chief Priest of the Mass; The Divine Victim of the Mass; Identity of the Sacrifice of the Mass with the Sacrifice of Calvary; The Mass the Central Act of Worship; The Divine Perfections manifested in the Mass; The Virtues manifested by the Sacred Humanity in the Mass; The Holy Angels assisting at Mass; The Four Great Ends of Sacrifice; Why every Rational Creature should go to Mass; Why the Grateful should go to Mass; Why Great Sinners should go to Mass; Why the Needy should go to Mass; Why the Mass is in the Form of Food; The Obligation to hear Mass; High Mass and the Parochial Mass; Modesty of Dress at Mass; On hearing Mass daily; Union with the Perpetual Sacrifice; On getting Masses said especially for Souls in Purgatory; On Serving Mass; Various Methods of hearing Mass.

We learn that the price of the book is 25 cents in paper and 50 cents bound. We suggest to the publisher that if he desires a large sale he must reduce the price.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Mollie, dry thy Tears away," song and chorus, by Chas. D. Blake.

Instrumental: "Les Pierrots," valse, by L. Streabbog. "Robin Adair," transcription for piano-forte, by T. P. Ryder. "Echoes of the Past," meditation, by Sydney Smith. "Olivette," Potpourri, arranged by C. D. Ludwig.

MUSIC BOOKS.

"Gems of the Waltz," a collection of standard and popular waltzes by eminent authors. This elegant work, of over two hundred pages, contains twenty-six gems of waltz music. The selections are published from the full score, and each one is a masterpiece of dance music. The book itself is very handsomely issued, and reflects credit on its enterprising publishers, Messrs. White, Smith & Co. We advise any one wishing a collection of bright, sparkling music to procure a copy of this work.

MR. JOSEPH ARCH moved in the British House of Commons that an autumn session of Parliament should be convened, in order to deal with the English land question. Of course the motion was not entertained; but it goes to show, nevertheless, that the people of England are beginning to open their eyes to the land grievances.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever, they sleep well."

PRIESTS.

REV. A. L. CANTERNO died in Boston on Wednesday, Aug. 10. R. I. P.

REV. WILLIAM F. BROWN died at St. Joseph's Hospital, at Paterson, N. J., on Monday. R. I. P.

REV. PATRICK HARRISON was found dead in bed on Aug. 21, at his residence in McKenney, Mo. R. I. P.

AT the Hotel Dieu, New Orleans, Aug. 19, Rev. JOSEPH KENNY, a native of Galway, Ireland, and for seven years rector of the Church of St John the Baptist in that city, aged forty-five years.

REV. M O'FLAHERTY died on the 21st of August, at Rosendale, N. Y. The reverend gentleman was born in Leitrim parish, county Wexford, Ireland, in 1847, and received his education in St. Peter's College, Wexford. In 1863 he came to this country, and was received by Cardinal McCloskey into the diocese. He took his first theological course in St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy; was ordained in 1870, and celebrated his first mass in the Church of the Annunciation, Manhattanville, from which he was transferred to Holy Cross Church, New York. He was appointed pastor of St. Peter's Church, Rosendale, in 1874, and has since built a magnificent church, school hall, and parsonage, at a cost of about $40,000. He was thirty-four years of age.

REV. FATHER WM. FAULKNER BROWNE, chaplain of St. Joseph's Hospital, at Paterson, N. J., died of typhoid fever, Aug. 29, aged forty-eight. During the civil war, Father Browne was a surgeon in the United States Army, and acted in that capacity on the "Mystic," in Hampton Roads, during the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" engagement. Later he was examining surgeon in charge at the Park Barracks, New York. Leaving the army, he went to Rome as correspondent for several newspapers, and was there during the Vatican Council. On returning to this country, he determined to take orders, and studied for the priesthood at Louisville, Ky., and was appointed a missionary priest in Georgia. His health failing, he was compelled to return North, and for the last year or so acted as chaplain to St. Joseph's Hospital, where he endeared himself to the sisters in charge and the parochial clergy of the city by his amiable disposition.

SISTERS.

SR. REGIS, of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, Natchez, Miss., died at her post Aug. 5.

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS. — At the Convent of the Sacred Heart, London, Ont., MOTHER CATHERINE KENNEDY peacefully expired, on the 2d of August. The deceased was a native of Alexandria, Va. Her death was occasioned by heart disease.

DEATH OF MOTHER COMERFORD — It is with deepest feelings of sorrow that we announce the death, at the Presentation Convent, Taylor Street, San Francisco, Cal., of Rev. MOTHER MARY TERESA COMERFORD, foundress of the three convents of her order on the Pacific Coast. Mother Comerford was the beloved member of an ancient and highly respectable Irish family. At an early age she sacrificed all the ties of kindred, and all the attractions attendant upon her high position and the noble qualities of nature and grace with which she was endowed, in order to enter the Convent of the Presentation Sisters in Kilkenny, Ireland, for the pure and holy purpose of devoting her life to the service of God by giving gratuitous instruction to female youth. In this grand charity she persevered in her native land until 1854, when her characteristic zeal for the glory of God and the spread of the faith urged her to bid adieu to the ties of kindred in order to undertake the establishment of free schools in the distant land of California.

In 1869 Mother Comerford founded the magnificent convent on Taylor Street, which was erected under her direction and through her tireless exertion. Here she continued her labors for both parents and pupils until 1878, when she went to Berkeley to found the convent that still flourishes in that suburban retreat. Having been commissioned by the Holy Father to found a novitiate in Ireland for foreign missions, the deceased left for Ireland in 1879, and on arriving there she was amazed to find a magnificent convent erected, in anticipation of her coming, by her relative, Very Rev. Thomas Geoghan. Having completed the work intrusted to her in Ireland, Mother Comerford returned again to San Francisco, to the great joy of all her community. But brief was the rejoicing at the return of

one so loved. One week after her arrival she was stricken by the painful illness which caused her death. During her illness her resignation to the will of God was deeply edifying. Daily did the poor sufferer thank him for having spared her so long in his service, and she breathed her last in that beautiful peace which transports the soul of the faithful servant to the bosom of that God for whom it has existed on earth.

DEATH OF A SISTER OF MERCY. — At the Convent of Mercy, Crispin Street, Spitalfields, England, on the Feast of St. Ignatius, died MOTHER MARY PATRICK MCCREATH, in the forty-ninth year of her age, and the twelfth of her religious profession. She was a convert to the Catholic faith ten months before her entrance into religion, since which time her unobtrusive piety and unremitting labors won her the respect of all, and she will be long missed by the community of which she was a deeply loved and highly valued member. May she rest in peace!

LAY PEOPLE.

WE regret to notice the death of the daughter of the editor of the New England Catholic, Miss TERESA MARIA MCCORRY, at the age of twenty-three years. The sad event took place on the 23d of August. We deeply sympathize with Friend McCorry in his sad bereavement.

THE death of Sir CHARLES GEORGE NOEL, Earl of Gainsborough, is announced. He was born on Sept. 7, 1818; descended from Robert, Earl of Ellenhall, a favorite of Henry I. The earl was the father of the late Lady Blanche Murphy, a Conservative in politics, and well known in society. Lord Gainsborough was in ill health for some months before his untimely death, but not seriously ill. He knew he had disease of the heart, and he never recovered the depression caused by the death, in a far-off land, of his daughter, Lady Blanche Murphy. The new peer, like his father, is a Catholic.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP HENNI.

MOST REV. JOHN MARTIN HENNI, D.D., Archbishop of Milwaukee, Wis., died in that city on the 7th of September. He was consecrated March 19, 1844, and created archbishop in 1875. The archbishop failing in health, a coadjutor, in the person of Most Rev. Michael Heiss, was appointed in March, 1880. He was formerly Bishop of La Crosse, and was consecrated Sept. 6, 1868. Religion has flourished under the zealous and fostering care of the late archbishop, who was one of the most learned of the hierarchy in the United States. There are now in the archdiocese 160 churches, 20 chapels, 25 stations, 180 secular priests, 30 regular priests, 1 ecclesiastical seminary, 1 Capuchin novitiate, 4 male academies, 1 Catholic normal school, 5 female academies, 12 religious communities, 11 charitable institutions, and a population of over 200,000 souls.

GEN. WASHINGTON invited a Catholic priest to perform the religious services of the Yorktown celebration one hundred years ago.

BISHOP NULTY, of Meath, has written to Mr. Parnell, stating that although the Land Bill is incomplete it ought to have a fair trial.

BISHOP KEANE, of Richmond, Va., has so far recovered the use of his sight as to enable him to attend the annual visitation of his diocese.

THE ceremony of the investiture of the pallium, recently conferred upon Archbishop Seghers, took place in the Cathedral, Portland, Ore., on Aug. 8.

JUDGE EDMUND F. DUNNE, of Chicago, owing to the ill health of his accomplished wife, who suffers from pulmonary disease, is compelled to seek a new home in the mild and genial climate of Florida, where he has made arrangements to found a new Catholic colony. Judge Dunne is an earnest worker, and we wish him success in his new field.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY has written to Very Rev. Canon Doyle, of Ramsgrange, Wexford, urging the cordial and grateful acceptance of the Irish Land Act. The distinguished statesman has addressed himself to Canon Doyle, because the latter is an old friend, an eloquent, able, and influential man, and one who has not become particularly enamored of Mr. Gladstone's measure. Sir Charles says that, even with the disfigurements effected by the Lords, it is a noble product of statesmanship, worthy of the great man responsible for it, and such as a patriotic Parliament, sitting in Dublin, might have framed and passed. It may yet, wisely used, do for Ireland what Stein and Hardenberg did for Prussia. — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

REV. JAMES FITTON.

DIED SEPT. 15, 1881.

AGED 78 YEARS, 5 MONTHS, AND 5 DAYS.

Eternal rest grant to his soul, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

DEATH OF REV. JAMES FITTON.

The venerable pastor of the Church of the Holy Redeemer, East Boston, has passed away, full of years and great labors. The melancholy event occurred on the morning of Sept. 15, at the pastoral residence in East Boston. He had been for some years suffering from rheumatic troubles, but his death at this time was somewhat unexpected, as he had made a trip to Canada within a few weeks, and had not been confined to his bed until a few days before his decease.

Father Fitton's name is familiar through New England as the oldest Catholic priest in this section, a fact which was fully evinced at the celebration, four years ago, of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. His career may be said to connect all the deceased Catholic priests of Boston with the present time. Educated in part under the pioneer bishop, afterward Cardinal Cheverus, ordained by Bishop Fenwick, and actively engaged in the work and progress that marked the episcopate of Bishop Fitzpatrick, he has been none the less active under Archbishop Williams. He was born in Boston in the year 1803, of English parents, who had been married in the small Huguenot church on School Street, where the first Catholic worshippers of Boston were gathered. He was baptized in the same place by the Rev. Dr. Matignon, the first Catholic pastor regularly settled in the city. His preparatory studies and training for the ecclesiastical life were conducted by Bishops Cheverus and Fenwick. Prior to his ordination as a priest, he held a position as teacher in the seminary attached to the old church on Franklin Street, and among his pupils was the Most Rev. John J. Williams, now Archbishop of Boston. On the 23d of December, 1827, he was ordained at the Cathedral in Franklin Street. In 1828 he was sent as a missionary priest to the Passamaquoddy Indians, and then to the scattered Catholics of New Hampshire and Vermont. Soon afterward the whole territory between Boston and Long Island, N. Y., was placed under his care, with Hartford as the central point of his labors. The railroads were not then built, and the work involved in the care of so large a parish can hardly be realized to-day. Obtaining possession of a small building in Hartford, he converted it into a Catholic church, and soon after established and put on a flourishing basis a Catholic school.

He celebrated his first mass in Connecticut, it is said, certainly the first in Hartford. His labors in this place were attended with great success, and his removal in 1832 to Worcester was an occasion of deep regret to his parishioners. In the latter city he first opened a Catholic boarding school on "Packachoag Hill"; but this proving inadequate, he, in 1834, purchased one hundred acres of land, the site of the present college of the Holy Cross. On this he built what forms the centre of the present building, and opened an academy, at which agriculture was made a very important part of the curriculum. This building with the land he transferred to Bishop Fenwick in 1841, on condition that there should be maintained on it forever a literary institution. This the bishop afterward (in 1843), and when very material improvements had been made, gave to the Jesuits as a free gift. About 1846 Father William Tyler, who had previously been an intimate friend of Father Fitton at the Cathedral school, was consecrated priest of the Hartford mission, and took up his residence at Hartford. Soon after his location there, he sent an urgent request to Father Fitton to join him in his work. This the latter complied with, and removed to Newport, R. I., where he remained until 1854. His parish here was very large and flourishing. In

Continued on page 453.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VI. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1881. No. 5.

"IF I had to build a church and a school-house, and had only the means to erect one of them, I would first have the school, and the church afterward."—BISHOP WIGGER.

"I AM retained in the Church by her very name of 'Catholic'; for it was not without a cause that she alone, amid so many heresies, obtained that name. All the heretics desire to be called Catholics, but if a stranger asks them which is the Church of the Catholics, none of them venture to point out their Church."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

"IF your patience be overwhelmed by government brutality,—if your rights and privileges are trampled upon,—the world will hold England, not you, responsible, if the wolf-dog of Irish vengeance bounds over the Atlantic at the very heart of the power from which it is now held back. Glorious, indeed, will be our victory, and high in the estimation of mankind will our grand old fatherland stand, if we can so curb our own passions and control our acts in this struggle for freedom as to march to success through provocation and danger, without resorting to the wild justice of revenge, or being guilty of anything which would sully the character of a proud and Christian people!"—MICHAEL DAVITT.

THE "FOREIGN" CHURCH.*

Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor.

THE public judgment upon a writer or an actor is rarely at fault. Billy Burton, an excellent comedian, always protested that his real powers were tragic. Here is the Rev. E. E. Hale, who has written a ponderous quantity of theological matter; and yet the public, to his great chagrin, persist in regarding him as only a teller of fantastical tales. When he started Old and New, as a great organ of social reform, it wheezed frightfully from the start, notwithstanding the amount of wind which the editor undoubtedly possesses, simply because the public refused to believe that he could write anything but stories. These tales are remarkable for being pure inventions, without a shadow of reality or basis in actual fact. "The Man without a Country," and "If, Yes, and Perhaps," display a power of unadulterated fiction, a faculty of genuine lying, actually startling. The stupid public think that a writer of such boundless imagination is not a safe guide in historical investigation or philosophical reasoning. He is liable to drop into a romancing vein, unconsciously. Let us see, from a recent specimen of Mr. Hale's logic, whether the public in its general estimate of him is not right.

In a labored article on the taxation of church property, in the North American for September, he illustrates the title of one of his stories, — "If, Yes, and Perhaps." That is, he draws no conclusion. If churches are only "clubs," as perhaps they are, they certainly should be taxed. If they are not clubs, as perhaps they are not, they should n't be taxed. How are we to tell whether a church is a "club" or not? Instead of facing this question fairly,

* "Should Church Property be taxed?" E. E. Hale, North American Review, September, 1881.

he safely slides into an attack upon the Catholic Church, the very last in the world to which the word "club" can attach. By "club," Mr. Hale means an exclusive, high-toned, rich congregation of privileged worshippers. Our worst enemies cannot call the Catholic Church a "club" of this kind. The word is offensive to all denominations, besides being inexpressive. We do not believe that there is any Protestant congregation so exclusively composed of "nobs" as to deserve a name which has the associations suggested by the term "club." Still, everybody knows that the poor are shy of the fashionable churches of Protestantism, and that neither the preacher nor the congregation wants them. Protestantism, like all false religions, cannot exist without the rich, especially in this country where it has no state aid. The rich support it under protest, and chiefly to please their wives or for advertising purposes. The poor detest it by an infallible instinct. We do not hesitate to say that the vast majority of the Protestant conventicles are built and supported by a few wealthy men in each church. There is not even a majority of the rich members that give anything. Such being the case, the members who really own the church form a club, to use Mr. Hale's expression, and we do not see why they should not be taxed. They own the preacher, who must amuse them like a negro minstrel or seek another engagement. They do not even pretend to look upon the building as consecrated, and would sell it in the morning if it "paid." Everything about the Protestant Church is simply and solely human and material. In this regard we certainly agree with Mr. Hale, that such institutions, owned by private individuals, run as stock speculations, and excluding the great public of the poor, are nothing but private property, and consequently liable to taxation. The only reason why the state exempts church property from taxes is the belief that a considerable moral good accrues to the commonwealth from religion; that the clergy are men wholly devoted to the good of society, spending themselves and being spent in the service of God, inculcating obedience to the law and respect for that virtue without which a state cannot last, and indirectly saving the country, by encouraging private benevolence and effort, from vast expense. Whether Protestant churches or ministers fulfil such expectations, we do not undertake either to admit or to deny. Mr. Hale inclines to deny that the churches are public benefactors in this sense; but as he brings forward no proofs and quotes no statistics, his opinion is worthless. In fact, we cannot help suspecting that the whole article is framed to excite prejudice against the Catholic Church, as the extracts will show. Only Hale is too shallow a reasoner to see that he is making use of a boomerang. If he urges church taxation under the impression that it will wipe out Catholicity, we assure him that it will not only not destroy the Church, but it *will* extinguish three fourths of the poor little Protestant conventicles struggling for existence throughout the country. Not the Catholic but the Protestant Church would go under at the very first assessment; and as every Protestant knows this, there is not the slightest danger of taxing church property, though it would be Balm of Gilead to the fanatics to tax "Romanism." We believe that in spite of our burdens, we

Catholics would grin and bear the church tax, just to let the world see what a wind-bag Protestantism is. It would blow up at the first prod of the tax-gatherer.

Mr. Hale makes two utterly false statements regarding the Catholic Church: first, that it is a "foreign" church; second, that it is an uncharitable and selfish church. The beautifully logical conclusion drawn from these premises, which he does not even pretend to prove, is that Romanism should be taxed. "The Roman Catholic Church is a foreign intruder. In entire falsity to the idea of Catholicity, it has in this country dropped wholly into the habit which considers churches as clubs, instituted for the benefit of their members. Thousands (!) of Protestant clergymen have spent and been spent in the physical relief of poor persons belonging to the Roman communion. But who can name ten (!) instances in America (!) where the Roman Catholic priest in any neighborhood has lifted a finger for a Protestant beggar? This Church worships in a foreign language, maintains a foreign clergy, and by an almost affected isolation, stands apart from the school system, the lyceum system, the public hospitals, and all general charities of America. They must be Roman Catholic charities, or this Church will have none of them."

What a strange impression such language makes, we will not say upon the Christian, but upon any man! A writer discussing charity violates its essential principle at the very first breath. Does charity know any distinction between "foreign" and "native"? Does it stop to inquire whether a man is heathen or believer, when his bodily distress pleads with all the eloquence of our common human nature? Can such a writer as Mr. Hale thus shows himself, narrowest of "natives" and Protestants, have ever felt what true charity is? Need we pay further attention to a scribe so venomous that he charges the whole Catholic priesthood with callous indifference to the calls of common philanthrophy? We feel certain that he knows nothing about the Catholic priesthood; for no man, except a bigoted fool or a perfect ignoramus, would make such a charge against such a body of men. It is enough to make the bones of the countless victims of the yellow fever, whose dying moments were soothed by the Catholic priest, tremble with indignation in the graves to which priestly hands consigned them. The whole press, North and South, rang with plaudits, on the occasion of the epidemic to which we refer, of these priests not "ten of whom," according to Hale, "gave a Protestant beggar" a penny. Why, far more than ten gave up their lives! Nor did they stop to ask, as Mr. Hale would, whether the sufferer was a Protestant or a beggar.

What is the only Church that by making poverty a virtue has stripped it of the degradation to which heathenism and Protestantism have assigned it? What is the only Church that consecrates to the service of the poor, bands of devoted men and women, who spend their whole lives in the alleviation of distress, from a supernatural motive of charity? Dante tells us that poverty had no greater lover since Christ than St. Francis of Assisi. Did not Protestantism crush all charity in its very root, by denying the evangelical counsel of poverty? Is not this worldly "religion" only materialism under a lying front

of Christianity? Are not the public periodically shocked with the discovery of frauds in "shepherds' homes," and so-called Protestant "houses of mercy," wherein a horde of hungry officials and overpaid nurses make a fat thing out of contributions and appropriations? Has not every great English satirist, from Swift to Dickens, exposed and ridiculed this hypocritical pretence of "charity" in Protestant countries, till we have sickened at the very name; and has not the Protestant state taken the administration of poor-relief out of the hands of the so-called ministers and clergy, as if to proclaim to the whole world its belief that they are shams and frauds?

But lest we should imitate Mr. Hale in his uncharitable comments, which indeed, argumentatively, we might brush aside as wholly unsupported by a single proof, we content ourselves with stating simply the work of charity in the Catholic Church, and its enduring motive. We are far readier than he to acknowledge the philanthrophy of members of the Protestant communion, — thanks, not to their creed, but to the unperverted instincts of human nature. He complains that the Catholic Church reserves her charities for her own. This is not absolutely true, for there is no hospital, general home, or relief under Catholic auspices throughout the world that applies the religious test to a case of distress; but there is obviously an order in charity. St. Paul speaks of the household of the faith as having the first claim; nor will any sensible man question the propriety of such an order. It is insufferably impudent for Mr. Hale to identify "general charities" with Protestantism. The Catholic pays his taxes just as well as the Protestant; and in one sense, the Catholic people of this land, by reason of their comparative poverty, living in rented houses, etc., pay proportionally more than "bloated bondholders" and millionnaires, against whom the courts must institute expensive suits in order to force them to pay their lawful debts to the commonwealth.

Look at the humble condition of the vast majority of our Catholic people, and compare their works of faith and charity with any denomination, even the richest, and then dare accuse them of selfishness and uncharitableness! We cannot attend to all our own, whom the order of charity obliges us first to assist. We speak of course of ordinary necessity, because the precept of charity obliges us to give aid to any one laboring under extreme necessity. Now, there is not a single diocese in this country, no matter how poor it is, which does not contain institutions of genuine relief. These are under the direction of bishops, priests, or religious *who charge no salary* for their benevolent labors; examine the reports of any charitable institution not Catholic, and see how large an item the *salaries* alone make. There is hardly a parish in the country which has not a society of St. Vincent de Paul, frequently composed of poor laymen who devote a portion of their time and money to the relief of the poor. The amount of money, food, and clothing distributed quietly by the Catholic Church yearly would astonish Catholics themselves. There are thousands of well-to-do Catholics who help to support not only the charities of their own parish church, but the universal Church as well. None but the stupidly malignant would deny the golden stream that flows

throughout the whole Church of Christ, and the beauty of the virtue of charity is kept unstained, for we make no fuss about it. "God knows my name," as the poor Irish girl said when she gave her generous contribution to the famine fund. From what we know of the works of Catholics in all the kinds of charity, spiritual as well as temporal, under difficulties, trials, and temptations, without forcing and with plenty of means of evasion, we boldly declare that no motive but a divine and perfect one, the very charity of Christ upspringing in the hearts of his only faithful ones, can explain this unparalleled generosity, which fills the Church without sneaking from the demands of the state for the general relief of the poor, or from any call of misfortune affecting the country at large, whether it be the fever of the South or the forest fires of the West.

Moreover, when we recollect that it is the poor who help the poor, we begin to understand the real essence of charity. Many a Catholic can with difficulty afford his contribution to his Church. What does this prove? It shows that he has faith in it. To him it is not a "club." He does not expect to make business "points" out of it. It is the veritable house of God to him; the dwelling of the Most High among men; the mercy-seat, greater than that of the ancient Temple of which Jehovah said that he would hear all that prayed within its walls. His fellow-Catholics are brethren in the faith, bound to him by the invisible cords of charity. He knows that the cup of cold water will not pass without its reward. It is this supernatural motive which is the real explanation of Catholic charity; for without it the poor and indigent would not give of their scanty store. The widow's mite outweighed much treasure.

It has been only since post-Reformation times that society has had to grapple with the question of pauperism. When the great monasteries were abolished and the religious orders disbanded, the poor did not know where to look for relief. The state, without heart, sympathy, or in many instances the commonest instinct of justice, undertook to frame poor-laws; and it established the almshouse, with what effect upon the moral and the social condition of the pauper all the world knows. Once the divine principle of Christian charity was banished by Protestantism from the hearts of men, the unfortunate came to be regarded as criminals. This steady deterioration of sentiment has gone on until it is only a question of time for society to return to ancient paganism, which exposed infants to death, murdered the deformed and the aged, and systematically repressed indigence by preventing, by capital punishment, any increase in the population beyond that regulated by the state. See what a hell of fury, contempt, and wrath rises, even to-day, at the mention of the name of mendicant. The poor are put down at once as the authors of their own misery. The amount of red-tape necessary to get a bowl of dish-water soup or a bucket of coal from "charitable" societies is enough to frighten off the bitterest distress. A Philadelphia judge, from the bench, gave a scathing rebuke last winter to a dozen "women's homes" that slammed the door in the face of a poor, unfortunate, but respectable married woman, who applied for shelter in a condition which would move the heart of a barbarian mother.

These "homes" were all fully garrisoned with superintendents, nurses, janitors, etc. There was no room for the sick or the starving poor. Even where they are heavily endowed, they exact the pound of flesh: "No admittance without one week's board in advance." It may be an insult and an injustice to Protestants for such institutions to claim the Protestant name; but the fact is, they would sooner admit the devil than a Catholic.

Nothing can be more ignorant or contemptible than the sneer implied in calling the Catholic Church a foreign church. If it means that our Church is a stranger on these shores, it is grossly untrue, for the Church was here two hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers. She came with Columbus and Marquette, with Hennepin and Jorgues; she came in the very dawn of the discovery of the New World. She preached the gospel in America before Luther founded Protestantism or John Wesley was born. The Catholic faith is no foreign intruder. It was to a monk that the great Genoese owed his success at the court of Spain. It was the faith of Isabella the Catholic that moved her to sell her jewels to enable Columbus to win, not so much a new world for Castile and Leon, as for Christ. The marks of the "foreign intruder" are seen in the names of the earliest discovered islands, rivers, lakes, and regions; in names which tell of Jesus and Mary, and the glorious saints whom the Church delights to honor.

To call the Catholic Church "foreign" is to betray ignorance of her very nature. She is nothing if not Catholic. No country limits her, to whom the wide world was given, with the command to preach the gospel to every creature. "The same everywhere and forever" is a motto which is the sum of her history. She is no more foreign to the United States than she is to Europe, to Asia, to Africa. It is Protestantism which by its narrow nature becomes foreign if transplanted from its little patch. The Protestant is not at home anywhere outside his own village. He has no fellowship beyond his own meeting-house, for he feels himself a stranger even in churches of his own denomination in a foreign city. What English Episcopalian is at home in one of that denomination's churches here? The two churches are not the same. If to be foreign is to feel out of place, sympathy, and harmony with other than one's own little surroundings, then the Protestant churches are truly foreign, not only to the world at large, but to the next village. A Catholic worships as serenely at Calcutta or Hong Kong as at Rome.

This is a specimen of Mr. Hale's logic; and bad as it is, it forms only another illustration of the way in which Catholicity is misrepresented and insulted. The worst feature of the matter is that very many people swallow the most outrageous statements against the Church without questioning their accuracy, or even asking themselves, "Does the writer *prove* his proposition?" We should not believe a report against Sitting Bull without some basis, some credible testimony; but Protestants believe anything against the Catholic Church. No proof is needed or asked for. This carelessness emboldens just such romancers as Hale to slander us. One glance at a Catholic almanac, one look at a city, one consultation of any book of religious statistics, would

suffice to convince any candid man that the Catholics are in earnest about their religion, believe in it, build up churches, colleges, and schools for it. This sight alone would afford a strong presumption that works of charity as well as faith abound in a church which has always preached that faith without works is dead. Hale could obtain at any Catholic bookstore, Sadlier's Almanac, containing a list of hospitals, orphan asylums, etc. He was bound as a writer and a gentleman to acquaint himself with our methods of benevolence. If a writer undertakes to describe the habits of ants, he makes some investigations. But Hale stigmatizes and reviles the great Catholic Church, the very mother of charity, who originated every institution of benevolence from the immense hospital to the home for the newsboy! Well, the only revenge she would take on him would be this: If, in the event of his falling into poverty and getting refused admission into the Protestant "homes" (unless he could prove beyond question that he has been a total abstainer for life, and a Baptist-Methodist-New-School-Presbyterian-Evangelical-double-back-action-anti-Papist-republican-Protestant, without a great-grandfather able to support him), a sweet-faced Sister of Charity, or the Little Sisters of the Poor, would bid him enter *their* home in the name of Christ.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

The London Lancet publishes an interesting address by Dr. Andrew Clark on the subject of alcohol. Dr. Clark started by saying that in an ideally perfect state of health a man not only wants no alcohol, but will distinctly get harm from it unless taken in very minute doses. But this part of the argument was theoretical rather than practical, for the ideal state of health is rarely found. In place of this we for the most part possess a sort of secondary health. Of this, generally, it might be said that alcohol seemed to do less harm to it than to the other. Sometimes it even seemed to do it good. In the case of some nervous people, always ailing but never ill, who seemed to derive great comfort from alcohol, he would sometimes even go the length of recommending it, but always in very small quantities. But as regarded the influence on work, his verdict was decisive. Men worked the worse for it, and any one who would fairly apply the test would so find it. On this point, which for ordinary sober people is the one important practical question, we may almost say that the concurrent testimony in favor of Dr. Andrew Clark's view is unanimous. Brain-workers, general officers, laborers in the field, all bear testimony to the same effect; and the ancient prejudice against people who drank in the morning, *i. e.*, before the great afternoon meal, when all the work of the day was done, is really the same opinion differently expressed. But the most serious part of Dr. Clark's summing-up on the alcoholic question was yet to come. Having carefully observed one of the greatest hospitals in London for a quarter of a century, he had come to the deliberate conclusion that seven cases out of ten were owing to drink. Not to drunkenness, for that was often comparatively harmless, but to the constant undermining process. Three fourths of the disorders of fashionable life arose from alcohol, and when he came to consider the consequences to posterity of the transmission of the hereditary taint, he sometimes felt inclined to give up his profession that he might preach a crusade against the enemy of the human race.

THE OPENING DOOR.

Richard Dowling.

PART I.

THE town of Cloneagh is one of the largest in county Tipperary. It was once of much more importance than it now is. It has no factories, no mills, no commerce by water with the sea. On one side are low, rolling hills; on the other three sides is a wide plain full of fine pasture-land and tillage, and dotted closely with prosperous farmsteads. The people of the town are peaceful and well-to-do. But there is now no more practical or unromantic town from Antrim to Cape Clear. In the old days this town helped to make history. It was then walled, and knew sieges and famine and plots, and treachery, and the other landmarks discernible in "the dark backward and abysm of time."

The town is unspeakably quiet. It seems as though it had fallen asleep long ago, and believed itself to be only dreaming through the events and circumstances of to-day. No doubt, a railway passes by Cloneagh; but then the station is a mile from the town, and many of the most respectable inhabitants have not yet set eyes on a steam-engine.

Many of the shopkeepers are even more old-fashioned than the town itself. The prejudices of a hundred and fifty years ago linger in a few of the best houses. It is most unlikely you could get ten people of Cloneagh to taste Australian cooked mutton. Telescopes are looked on with suspicion, and microscopes with dread.

But there was, in the year 1870, among the shopkeepers one honorable exception to this condition of unfaith in all things not old and common and familiar. His name was William Curran; but as he was powerful in talk, and popular, and a most upright grocer, he was known throughout the town and neighborhood as Billy Curran.

William Curran was a self-made man. He was the youngest son of a farmer who lived three miles from Cloneagh. When he was fifteen, his father had apprenticed him to one of the most respectable grocers of the town. From that day his conduct had been blameless. The people of Cloneagh — and some of them were keen to find flaws in the conduct of their neighbors — could not point to a single doubtful action of Curran's. He had minded his business, paid his way, and given offence to no man. He had for twenty years saved up most of his small salary, and when close on forty years of age married the daughter of his employer, and carried on the business of his former master as soon as the old man died.

When a daughter was born to him, his joy was great; but later on, when a son and heir was given to him, William Curran was almost beside himself with delight. From the moment that child made his appearance in the world, the whole end and aim of the father's heart was to bring up that son so that he might be a credit to himself, and the wonder of the town of Cloneagh and the county Tipperary.

The boy's education became his prime care for many years. He had allowed Mrs. Curran complete control over their daughter Mary, and reserved to himself complete control over his son.

"It is only fair," he had said, "that the women should have the girls and the men the boys. That is only just."

Feeling the weight of a grave responsibility upon him, he made all preparations in his power to discharge it worthily.

"The boy must be well grounded first in his religion," he decided. Accordingly, when James was old

enough, he was sent to a day-school in Cloneagh, where special attention was given to religious subjects.

The boy was rather dull and heavy, and it took a good deal of teaching to get simple things into his head. But he was hard-working and painstaking and docile; and in time he mounted to the top of that day-school, and it became necessary for his father to look out a more advanced school for his son.

"Once you ground a boy well in his religion, you may allow him more latitude than most people think," said William Curran often to his wife. At this time he had almost determined to brave the public opinion of Cloneagh, and send the boy to a secular college or a mixed school. But he, after long debate, decided to send the boy to Tullamore.

The boy remained some years at Tullamore; and here, as at the day-school, he distinguished himself more by his good conduct and his plodding application than by any display of genius or talent.

"Never mind," his father would say; "sharp boys make dull men, and so long as my boy keeps his conduct good and sticks to his books steadily, he'll get on much better than what are called your brilliant lads. My lad is now sixteen, and I'll apprentice him to Dr. Hogan when he comes back from Tullamore College: and as soon as he's done with Dr. Hogan, I'll send him off to Dublin City, and have him finished in the best way that money and talent can do, — and no mistake."

It was in the year 1870 that young James Curran was apprenticed to Dr. Hogan of Cloneagh. Although Dr. Hogan happened to be an apothecary, he was not only called doctor, but looked upon as a very skilful practitioner.

At that time William Curran was a tall, thin, dark-featured man, whose face conveyed more the idea of sour conservatism than of blithe liberalism in matters social. But when William Curran was known to be thoroughly upright and just, and at the same time an advocate of strange social doctrines, the peculiarity of his tenets added lustre to his name.

Mrs. Curran was a stout, well-favored woman, with a round, smooth, sallow face, and thin black hair. She regarded her husband as an infallible oracle, and would no more have thought of calling his word or wish into question than of denying there was daylight at noon.

Mary, the daughter, was short, round-faced, fresh-colored, slow in her movements and in her mind, and very devotedly attached to her brother. She was downright pretty, which is always an agreeable characteristic of a young woman. Already some of the sharpest young men of the town displayed an apprehension of Mary Curran's good looks. Upon meeting her they would square their shoulders, display care in the turning out of their toes and the cocking of their hats at the most striking and prepossessing angle on their heads, and otherwise show commendable care of their personal appearance.

James, the pride of the family and the hope of the *bourgeoisie* of Cloneagh, was tall, slender, poorly made, and possessed of a head much larger than the average. His face was white, his eyes were sunken and dull, and his hair, faded brown in color, always asserted its independence of his massive head by standing up at right angles to its base of operation all over the scalp. This some took to be a sign of genius, and others a sign of foolishness; while a few, whose minds had been embittered by failure in business or the want of sons, held that there was no need for a division into two camps over the matter, as foolishness and genius were pretty much the same thing.

Young Curran was not good-looking, strong, or quick; but he was singularly amiable. He was knock-kneed, and had sloping shoulders, and a gray-white complexion; he

could not lift two fifty-sixes at the one time if you offered him a dukedom for the feat, and it took him half an hour to commit to memory the names of the Balearic Islands. But he could follow advice, and submit his will to the doing of unpleasant things; and these were two very useful qualities in a lad entering upon the world in any capacity, profession, or circumstances.

James had no ambition. When he took up his position in Dr. Hogan's shop, he did so without the least personal bias toward medicine or a genteel future. Had his own personal taste been consulted, he would have substituted his father's counter for the doctor's. He had had enough of books; and the idea that there were years of study before him, and a lifetime of anxious responsibilities beyond those, chilled and repelled the lad, and made him feel more like a convict stepping aboard the transport that is to convey him to a captivity full of unknown perils and labors, than a young man crossing the shadowy threshold of his pleasant dreams, and entering upon the realms where the phantoms of his imagination had taken substantial forms.

The night of the first day young Curran spent in the service of medicine, Mr. Curran assembled the family in the shop parlor, and delivered to the three members of his household an important harangue on one of his pet themes, and in connection with one of the persons present. He proceeded thus: —

"James, you have to-day entered upon the career which I have long destined for you. You will one of these days be a doctor, and a good and successful doctor, I am sure. I have up to this done my duty toward you, as far as I knew my duty. But there is much of my duty yet to be done.

"I have always, as you know, differed in many points from those around me, and in no case have my opinions been at greater variance than in the matter of bringing up children and launching lads in the world. The present system is far too strict, and I intend in your case carrying my theory into practice.

"I think fathers would have less cause of complaint against their sons if they treated their sons more as equals, and tried to get on with their boys as companions, not as masters. Now, I intend that you and I shall be good friends all our lives, — the best of friends. In fact, I intend that there shall be full and complete confidence between us. You will tell me all your troubles and your difficulties, and I will help you in every way I can. I do not want you to have the prudence of middle age while you are yet a lad. But I want you to have confidence in me; and if you get into any scrape or difficulty, you are to come to me first of all. Will you promise me that?"

"Yes, sir," answered James uneasily. He had really got into no scrape whatever; and yet he felt, the way his father discounted his future conduct, as if he had exhausted most of the crimes whose penalties were not death.

"Now, James, so far so good. The next thing I have to say to you is that you are close upon seventeen years of age; you have entered on the business of life, and you will be more or less in the world. Hitherto you have been at school, where there are few ways of spending money. While you were at school, I paid all regular charges and gave you three and sixpence a week pocket-money. Of course, I shall continue to pay all your expenses still, but I will increase the pocket-money to half a sovereign."

The lad lifted his heavy head, looked out of his dim blue eyes at the gaunt, lank man before him, and said, "Indeed, father, I do not want the money. I never spent half my pocket-money at school, and I am sure I could do very well with the three and six."

William Curran placed his hand on his son's arm, and said impressively, "James, I am older than you. I began the world without money or friends. My people could do no more for me than pay the apprentice's fee to your grandfather, and clothe me until I got a salary. I know all about it, and I am older than you, and better able to judge these matters. One must learn prudence early in life, and there is no way to teach prudence in money matters better than giving the handling of a little money to people when they are young."

The prospect of having twenty-six pounds a year to spend was certainly very cheering; but in young Curran's mind there was such an utter want of speculation and fancy, that the promised allowance was to him only the number of shillings enumerated, and not, as with a lad of more ardent temperament, the things this sum, ten shillings, would buy. All he could find an idea for was a general feeling of gratitude, which found expression in a brief "Thank you, father."

"And now, James, I want to ask you two questions: Do you smoke?"

"No, sir; indeed I do not."

"Do you ever drink anything?"

"Oh, father, no! What put such things into your head? No one has said I smoke or drink?" He was really distressed at the mere notion of being charged with such vices.

"No, James; no one has accused you of either habit."

"Indeed, father, I would not think of either. I look on smoking as a dirty and disgusting habit, and of course drinking is a thousand times worse."

"James, attend to me."

"Yes, sir," said James, who felt half inclined to cry, notwithstanding his years.

"When I was a young man, smoking was not half so common a practice as now. Very few men in our position in Cloneagh smoked then. I cannot say the same about the drinking. I am afraid there was more drunk in the town when I was a boy than there is to-day. Anyway, I kept clear of both. I never put a pipe in my mouth in all my life; and although I am no teetotaler, I have never done myself any harm, or given scandal through drink. To-day, James, as I have said before, you begin the world. Now what do you think I bought to-day, James? Guess."

"I cannot, sir."

"Guess."

"Indeed I cannot"

"Try. Think of the last thing in the world you would fancy my buying."

James, thus compelled to exercise his faculty of divination, felt sorely beset. He could think of many things, it was true; but all that occurred to his mind were in the ordinary routine. It was necessary he should say something.

"Come on," cried his father, in an almost jovial tone. "Guess, I say, or you shall not have share."

"A pig?"

"No, try again."

"A turkey?"

"No, have another guess. A turkey is not much out of the common."

James was fairly desperate now; he was prepared to risk any absurdity rather than make an ordinary guess.

"A box?" he began.

"Good!" cried the father, interrupting his son.

"Cart?" concluded the son.

"No."

"A box," mused the son for a moment.

"Of cigars!" finished the father after a few seconds.

"A box of cigars!" cried James, throwing up his hands in excitement. "Who on earth for?"

"For you and me."

"For you and me!"

"Yes, James. And I have got in a gallon of the very best whiskey. Now listen to me. Too much smoking or too much whiskey is bad for any one. But I don't say that a

cigar and a glass of punch at night, when work is over, do a man any harm as long as he stops there, and has them at home in his own house. In a year or two you would commence to smoke, and if you were like other lads, keep the fact from me. At the same time you would begin taking a glass of stout or ale or whiskey, and that also you would keep from me. Now I want you to have your first glass of punch and your first cigar under your father's roof, in company with your father. Every evening when you come home you can have your glass of punch and your cigar here with me; and that, James, will keep us companions, and make it unnecessary for you to seek society or comfort away from your own roof."

Thus it was that in the year 1870 William Curran and James his son had their first glass of punch and cigar together in their own house in the town of Cloneagh.

The next Sunday being fine, father and son went out arm in arm for a walk. As they passed down the main street, the father was seen by many to light a cigar and then offer a light to his son. In a few weeks the rumor spread through the town that "Billy Curran was teaching his son to drink and smoke!"

Although the town had seen the father offer the son a light in the public street, it still could not entertain that rumor seriously. At first the town thought the report was the invention of some wag, and treated the matter as a joke. Then the town ceased to look upon the tale as a joke, and regarded it as the lying story of some enemy of Curran's, — of some one who wished to ruin the honest grocer's reputation.

Tom O'Connor, an adventurous neighbor, called one night at Curran's, was asked into the shop parlor, and found father and son with cigars and tumblers; and having been invited to join, sat down and had a glass of punch, but declined smoking. Tom O'Connor drew the line at cigars.

After this Cloneagh could doubt no longer, and something like a commotion arose among the townsfolk of Curran's class. What kind of an example was this to set? What sort of a way was this for a respectable shopkeeper to go on? Was Billy Curran losing his reason? Was n't the devil able to do his own work among young men without the fathers of young men lending him a hand?

Indignant parents asked such questions of one another, and made angry replies against Curran.

But there were others who did not hold with these indignant parents. Sons of about James Curran's age extolled the liberal policy of Curran, and envied the happy lot of him who, being not yet seventeen years of age, was treated by his own father as though he were an equal, supplied with liberal pocket-money, and allowed to do as he pleased at home.

Indignant parents did not confine themselves to angry dialogues among themselves. They let fall remarks in Curran's shop. They inveighed at the crime of those who led the young astray, or betrayed the unwary into temptation; and one parent, of more vigor of thought than good taste, stood at Curran's door for a quarter of an hour one evening abusing him roundly, until the police came up and obliged her to perorate before she felt half relieved.

At length the state of affairs came to the ears of Father Donnelly, the parish priest of Cloneagh, and the next time he was passing by he looked in to have a few words with Curran. After salutations and preliminary inquiries had been exchanged, the priest said, —

"Curran, I suppose you know that the neighbors are talking a good deal about you?"

"Are they? I'm sorry for that. Yes, business *is* slack."

"It is n't about your business they are speaking."

"I did n't mean that they were talking about my business. But when they talk about a neighbor, it 's a sign that their business is bad, and that they want to keep their minds off their own affairs. I'm sorry for them. Is n't it a lovely day, Father Donnelly?"

"Very fine, indeed. But is what I hear a fact?"

"How can I tell, your Reverence? They say it is always best to believe only half of what you see and none of what you hear."

"But, Curran," said the priest, in a quiet, conciliatory tone and manner, "is it a fact that you approve of your son smoking, — a lad of his years?"

"Father Donnelly, my boy is a good lad. He comes home when he gets away from Dr. Hogan's; and do you think it is any great sin for him to sit an hour or so before he goes to bed, and pass that hour in a chat with his father over a cigar?"

"But surely you do not think tobacco and punch are suited to a youth of his years?"

"I don't think they are more suited to a lad of his years who takes them on the sly than to a lad who takes them openly, under his father's roof and in his father's presence."

"But boys of his age do not take them on the sly or in the open."

"That may be as you say, Father Donnelly. But boys or lads or men, whatever you like to call them, do, as a rule, begin to use them very little after they come to his years, if not before; and I want to give my boy good homely habits. He shall not have to turn night-walker for the comfort of a cigar and a glass of something hot."

"I see you have made up your mind to follow out your design; so, Curran, there is no use in my saying any more. But remember that when people make a wide departure from custom in such a matter as the government of the young, they incur very grave responsibilities."

"I am thankful to you for the interest you have shown in us, Father Donnelly, but I 'll stand by my plan."

For a year things went on in the old way. Mr. Curran held his head higher than ever. It was not every father in Cloneagh who could say his son came straight home each night after business. His principle had succeeded, and he felt himself justified in the course he had adopted.

In the second year, James Curran got a week's holidays, and as he had now a vast accumulation of pocket-money, — fifteen pounds twelve, — he asked his father if he might not go to Dublin for the week, partly for pleasure and the improvement of his mind by a look at the capital, and partly that he might make some inquiries about lectures and get some books he stood in need of. The father heartily consented, and the lad set off.

On the seventh day he was back again in Cloneagh with the books, all the information he had required, five pounds twelve out of fifteen pounds twelve, and, for the home circle, a history of all the marvels of the metropolis. It had been his good fortune to travel from Dublin to Cloneagh in the same carriage compartment as young Dr. Doherty, son of Mr. Doherty, the solicitor, who had just passed his final examination in medicine with such great brilliancy. The two young men had got into conversation in the train. Hitherto the two had not been acquainted, as the Dohertys held their heads very high among the townsfolk, and would not allow their son to associate with the sons of shopkeepers.

Young Dr. Doherty had, however, no such narrow caste prejudices, and conceiving a liking for the simple, modest son of the grocer, they became friends from that hour.

This friendship was new life to young Curran. Up to that time he had had no companion of anything like his own age in Cloneagh. The young doctor was not only agreeable and entertaining, but was able to give James a vast quantity of most useful

knowledge and advice about reading and the Dublin schools.

In the second year of James Curran's apprenticeship, Dr. Doherty spent a good deal of his spare time in Dr. Hogan's shop, talking to young Curran. It was in this year, too, that Dr. Doherty began to come home often of an evening with James, and smoke a cigar and have a chat in the shop parlor. The elder Currans felt greatly honored by these visits, and encouraged James to bring Dr. Doherty as often as he could.

William Curran was half beside himself with pride in his boy and the success of his pet scheme. He walked with head erect and confident tread, and in his eye shone the steady, unwavering light of a profoundly self-satisfied spirit.

One evening the household of Curran was thrown into a condition of supreme excitement: James had written a note to say he should not be home that evening. The note had been addressed to his father, and he read it aloud so far to his wife and daughter. Mary looked at her mother, and her mother looked at Mary, in astonishment. This was the first infraction of a habit now of nearly two years' standing. As soon as they could gather courage, they raised their eyes to the father's face. To their great surprise, there was a look of triumph on it. The father proceeded to read the finish of the note: —

"Dr. Doherty has asked me to supper at his father's house, and I could not refuse without offending him."

The women colored with pleasure. Here was a great social stride upward. James asked to the exclusive Dohertys'! That was an honor!

"Well," cried William Curran, exultingly, "who was right, after all? Have we not kept James to his home until now, and the first evening he spends out of his home, it 's not in any low or unbecoming place, but at Attorney Doherty's; and no man in the barony holds his head higher than Attorney Doherty. Although James is six years younger than Dr. Doherty, you see how well they get on together. You won't find a son of Michael Dwyer or Martin Power going up to Doherty's."

It was a little late when James came back, but all the family were waiting up to see him and hear the news.

James was in great spirits when he returned, and gave a most glowing account of the evening. They had had music, supper, wine, dancing, billiards. He had danced with Capt. Eliot's daughter, to whom young Doherty had introduced him.

"Danced with Capt. Eliot's daughter?" cried the delighted mother.

Mary simply opened her eyes and mouth.

The father stroked his waistcoat caressingly, in profound self-approval and joy.

Yes, he had danced with Capt. Eliot's daughter, a most beautiful and amiable creature. They said she was going to be married to Major Carnwell.

"Did you see Major Carnwell?" asked Mary, who possessed, in common with all her sisterhood of youthful spinsters, an absorbing interest in all matters of the heart.

"Of course I did. I played two games of billiards with him."

"Why," exclaimed the enraptured mother, "he 's the commander of the garrison. You don't say you played billiards with the commander of the garrison?"

"Yes, I did; worse luck!"

"Worse luck! — what do you mean, James?" asked the mother in astonishment.

"James," interposed the father, "did he wish to lay a wager on the game?"

"No, sir, not on the game; but when I was well in position for the red on spot he offered me five to two that I did not score."

"You accepted the wager?" asked the father, very deliberately.

"I did, sir; it was an easy shot. But when I felt there was a bet on it, I funked and missed it; and the worst of it was, that I had n't the two pounds with me."

The father rose and left the room hurriedly. While he was away no one spoke. James tried to fancy what form his father's displeasure would take. Could it be that having heard of this gambling debt, his father had left thus abruptly and gone in speechless disgust to his room?

Presently the door opened and Mr. Curran entered. Going up to where James sat, he stood in front of his son and said, "James, you will to-morrow call upon your friend, Major Carnwell, and pay him. Among gentlemen, debts of honor should be discharged as soon as possible. Pay the major out of this, and keep the balance."

He had handed his son a five-pound note. This was the proudest moment of William Curran's life.

From that day forth William Curran changed his theory in some degree. Hitherto he had held that the great thing was to keep youths during their idle hours under the family rooftree; but the first step of James from the domestic fireside had been attended by such brilliant success, that he abandoned his old plan to meet the exigencies of later developments in the career of his son.

To be continued.

SHOOTING A COUGAR.

Ned Wallace killed a cougar the other day that measured eight feet in length. Mr. Wallace was out hunting, and during his search for game came across a couple of young cougars. He shot one of the cubs and wounded the other. The wounded one set up a crying and whining that was heard by its mother, and before Wallace could reload his rifle he was startled by a terrifying scream. He is an experienced hunter, and he well understood the significance of that cry. He knew it came from the female cougar, an animal that, when aroused and enraged, has no superior in strength, activity, and ferocity. A crash in the brush on the hillside above him, and a repetition of the frightful scream that sounded almost human, warned Wallace of his perilous situation, and he prepared to face the danger. His rifle was empty. With the utmost celerity he threw a handful of powder into the barrel and shoved a bullet down after it, without the formality of encasing the latter in a patch. As he hurriedly finished capping the weapon and drew his knife, the cougar was within twenty feet of him, preparing for the spring that would have probably cost him his life. Quick as thought Wallace levelled his rifle and fired, the bullet luckily striking the animal in the breast, inflicting a fatal wound. The cougar leaped fully ten feet in the air and fell dead at Wallace's feet.

Dreams are caused by the most trivial things. Whispering in a sleeper's ear will often produce a dream. In changing our position, as we constantly do in sleep, we touch the bedclothes, etc.; perhaps the nose gets tickled, or the sole of the foot: and dreams, painful or pleasant, are the consequence. These may seem slight causes, but it must be remembered that the mind is ready to fly into the realm of fancy at the slightest intimation. People have often dreamed of spending the severest winters in Siberia, and of joining the expedition to the North Pole, simply because the bedclothes have been thrown off during sleep. It is said that a moderate heat applied to the soles of the feet will generate dreams of volcanoes, burning coals, etc. A strong light held before the sleeper's eyes is pretty sure to cause him to dream of fire. To some sleepers the sound of a flute fills the air with music, or they dream of a delightful concert. A loud noise will produce a terrific thunder and crashing unutterable, and at the same time awaken the sleeper.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

The Catholic Citizen.

The second day of November is dedicated by the Church to the remembrance of all the souls in purgatory. We pray for them, that by our suffrages they may be benefited and be the sooner brought to the light of heaven. The existence of purgatory is established beyond a doubt. Our very nature demands it, so that it appears most rational to all that large class of people who belong to no church at all. Reason, judging from our knowledge of human nature, of God, and the relations of one to the other, tells us it must be so. The Holy Scriptures and the doctrine of the Jews bear testimony to its existence. Our faith, which is the revelation of God, teaches it in the most express terms. It is as well known to be a place of suffering. It is a purgation or a place of purification by suffering; this is the reason of its existence, viz., that we may by suffering be purified to enter heaven. The suffering is intense, yet those holy souls endure it with the utmost willingness, since it is required to make them fit subjects of heaven. They now know what heaven is, and they look forward with the greatest desire to get through with their present sufferings and enter its blessed precincts. God, in His infinite goodness, has given it into our power to shorten those sufferings and bring these good souls sooner to heaven, the object of their heart's desire. Charity should prompt us to enlist our services in their behalf. What greater charity can there be than to bring souls to heaven? And what charity that shall fly sooner to our assistance in our time of need? We know those souls in purgatory practise the virtues in a far more perfect manner than those on earth. Among these virtues is gratitude, which will prompt them to remember their friends who have helped them, and being in heaven enjoying the beatific vision, their thoughts will turn to the persons who were instrumental in bringing them there. When charity, arising from the knowledge of our power with God in their behalf, does not sufficiently move us to pray, and pray earnestly for them, let our sensible need of assistance compel us to make friends of them. As Catholics, we should never forget them even for one day. We fail to see charity in the heart of a Catholic who does not each day offer a prayer for the poor souls in purgatory. But one mass is worth more to them than all the prayers in the world. We doubt much the practical piety of any Catholic who, if possible, does not have at least one mass said each year for the poor souls in purgatory. We may choose the one or ones for whom we wish it offered, and often it is a matter of justice to do so, but where there exists no such obligation it is evidently more charitable to offer it for all who need it. Some persons are under the wrong impression that a mass for the souls in purgatory must be said in black vestments. These mistake very much, since the value of the mass is the same, no matter what be the color of the vestments, and any mass may be offered for the poor souls in purgatory in whatever vestments it be said. November is called the month of the poor souls, and Catholics are reminded, by its recurrence, of their duty. On All Souls' Day, the commemoration of all the souls in purgatory, masses will be said in all the churches. Every one as far as possible should attend mass in his parish church on that day.

Washing Ties. — The best mode of washing gentlemen's neckties is to let them soak a little, then wash with hot soap and water, rinse in cold water slightly blued, dry them, dip them once more in cold water, starch and wring them thoroughly; then iron.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH FARMERS.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE Land Act depends essentially upon the composition of the Land Court. It is, we think, beyond question or doubt at the present day that the rents of Ireland have been kept up at a height which renders it impossible for the tenantry to live as they ought to live, not as periodical paupers, compelled to stretch out the hand once or twice in every generation for the alms of other peoples, — of peoples who are subject to no such disgrace, because they are subject to no such restrictions. England and Scotland have themselves given certain evidence that the rents in their rich and prosperous countries are beyond their bearing. In the former country immense districts are void of tenants; large regions have tenants who only pay the taxes, or merely nominal rent, remaining simply at the request of their landlords, so as to keep the farm from running altogether wild. In Scotland the story is the same. For years we have been lectured on the admirable condition of Scotch farming, its excellences, its advantages, its superiority over the Irish system. For years we have been told that what Ireland really wanted to put an end to all agricultural agitation was to be submerged in the sea and then colonized with Scotch and English farmers, who draw out all the resources of the soil, pay the rents, and keep their contracts without a murmur.

What now do we see occurring? Not only have English farmers thrown up their lands, professing themselves unable to pay the rents, but the former — the Scotch farmers — have declared that they cannot hold on to their contracts. Nor is their any false pretence about it. The bankruptcies of several in the course of the past two years have demonstrated that in spite of all that has been said of the system, the capacity, the skill, and the economy of the Scotch, their agriculture has broken down under the keen competition of the present day. Now, if it be thus in the green tree, how shall it be in the dry? If countries like Scotland and England, gorged with a plethora of prosperity, behold their farmers broken down, and cry out that they are unable to pay their rents, in some places unable to pay any rents, what is to be expected of Ireland, exhausted by absentees, attenuated by distress, loaded with the burden of past arrears? At the lowest calculation, our country during the recent three years of suffering lost twenty millions in the one crop of potatoes, not to speak of other losses. The contributions which were bestowed in relief amounted to only a few hundred thousand pounds at most, a mere drop in the vast vacuum which helped to save some, but certainly not all who suffered from the grave.

What of the difference between the sums mentioned? How did the tenantry balance their accounts or keep themselves together in any way? Considering that at the best of times they were able to lay by but little money. It imperatively follows that the loss was a loss of necessaries which should be made good on peril of death. The only way in which the peasantry could make good the difference, therefore, was by going into debt, ever deeper and deeper, as one bad harvest succeeded another until credit failed them altogether and the horrors of starvation confronted them face to face. Now, it is the verified experience of the best observers that over the whole surface of Ireland the cultivators of the soil are at the lowest ebb at their resources, and largely indebted. Be it remembered that where they have held on to their farms at all, they have done much more than many of the great farmers of England and Scotland, who, balancing exactly their books, noting carefully their out-

goings, and their incomings, acknowledge that they have been unable to make any profit by land-keeping. It would be exceedingly preposterous to expect so much more from the plucked and plundered Irish tenant-farmers, than from these wealthy and indulged British farmers. Hence, we may assume that under ordinary conditions, without that desperate tenacity and love of home possessed by Irishmen, without that general assistance given by the strong organization of the League, the Irish tenantry, being yet more unable than the English and Scotch to hold on to their farms, would have been largely swept away under the pressure of rent and circumstances.

CHURCH CANDLES.

Lighted candles are used at all the divine services of the Church; this has been customary since the early ages, not only at night but in bright day, "not to chase away darkness, but as a sign of joy." The burning candle is also a beautiful emblem of a Christian's life: for as the light is blessed for the service of God, so is the life of a Christian sanctified by baptism; as the wax of which it is made is collected by the bees, so should that life be a collection of virtuous exercises and good works; as the candle is consumed by its flame, so should the Christian's life be absorbed and die away in the service of God. Finally, the flame, ever tending upward, is a picture of the three divine virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, which render the soul so pleasing to God. On the feast of St. Blaise, Feb. 3, the Church sanctions a special blessing of throats. The priest holds the blessed candles near the throat in the form of a cross, and prays that those who piously invoke the aid of this saint may be delivered from all dangerous diseases of the throat. In the life of St. Blaise we read of many miracles which he wrought, one especially in behalf of a person that he cured of a great evil in the throat. The Christian may easily recognize in this blessing, imparted with candles held in the form of a cross, an exhortation to follow, in the light of faith, the Lord in his path to Calvary, — the path of sorrow, suffering, and death.

WEALTH OF NATIONS.

The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland comes first with a capital valuation of £8,880,000,000; then come France with £7,340,000,000, the United States with £6,400,000,000, Germany with £4,000,000,000, Russia with £3,000,000,000, and the Low Countries with £2,230,000,000. These are the valuations made by these countries of their entire resources. What is the average annual income per inhabitant in various countries? The average annual income in the United Kingdom is £33; in the United States, £33 also; in the Low Countries, £26; in France, £25; in the British colonies, £18; in Germany, and also in Scandinavia, £17. In this reckoning, Russia, with her ninety millions of people, is out of sight, as yet; she will not be very long. The annual accumulation of wealth in Germany is £40,000,000; it is £65,000,000 in the United Kingdom; £75,000,000 in France; in the United States it is £165,000,000. The American increase of national wealth since 1850, says a good English authority, would be enough to purchase "the whole German Empire, with its farms, cities, banks, shipping manufactures, etc." Each decade adds more to the wealth of the United States than the capital value of Italy or Spain. Every day that the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of £460,000 to the Republic.

A magistrate asked a prisoner if he were married. "No," replied the man. "Then, rejoined his worship, amid peals of laughter, "it is a good thing for your wife."

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF IRELAND.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, R. C. M. G.

IRELAND had now a free Parliament which understood her interests, and greatly promoted her material prosperity. But in temper and prejudice it resembled an old Parliament of the Pale; its magnates being for the most part men who inherited the forfeited estates, and who lived in mortal fear of a French invasion. This Parliament refused to strengthen itself by admitting the Catholics to representation, or even to widen its basis by giving all Protestants the franchise. The Volunteers, who had inspired it with courage to assert independence, attempted by a new convention to compel it to accept reform. But Lord Charlemont, the commander of the citizen army, a great noble and a man of thought and culture, was timorous and punctilious, and at the last moment he shrank from the experiment. The people lost confidence in the Volunteers, and the government felt it safe to disband them.

The Northern reformers, aided by some of the Presbyterian clergy, determined to bring other pressure on the sluggish Parliament, and a political organization with the significant title of the United Irishmen was founded at Belfast. Wolfe Tone, a young Protestant barrister of great determination of character, and endowed with winning manners and a remarkable faculty for organization, was the founder of this society; he extended it to Dublin, and managed to bring the leading Catholics of the metropolis into connection with it. His ideal was, as the title indicates, a union of the whole Irish people without local or religious distinction. A Catholic association maintained chiefly by Dublin traders, and led by John Keogh, a merchant, who matched the Hancocks and Carrolls of Maryland in brains and courage, exercised influence throughout the island. The English government, alarmed, as some of their successors have been alarmed, at the conjunction of North and South, made some concessions to the Catholics. They were admitted to the franchise and to the liberal professions, but still excluded from the corporations, the magistracy, and Parliament; and the schools maintained by the state were exclusively schools for proselytism. A Lord Lieutenant was sent over who desired to treat the bulk of the nation fairly; but he was required to perform the impossible task of carrying out his policy through agents to whom it was odious, and the experiment was hastily abandoned. English critics in those days expressed the same sagacious wonder which we have witnessed in our own time, that the Catholics were not content and thankful with this pitiful fragment of their rights; as if men are ever content with being cheated! But the Lord Lieutenant warned the Prime Minister in private, that half-measures must necessarily produce dissatisfaction. "To make a reservation," he said, "is to leave a splinter in the wound."[1]

The French Revolution, which seemed destined to conduct mankind to happier and nobler regions of existence, rendered the United Irishmen impatient of delay and hopeless of appeals to a stubborn oligarchy. They transformed their society into a secret conspiracy to break the connection with England, and establish an Irish republic. The society had now at its head a son of the Duke of Leinster, a nephew of the Duke of Richmond, — Lord Edward Fitzgerald, — and a number of young men of good family or good professional positions, and among its allies and sympathizers the heirs of several peers and commoners of large property. Grattan,

[1] Lord Fitzwilliam to the Duke of Portland.

Curran, and the leaders of the national party in Parliament held aloof; but Parliament by its obduracy had so disappointed them that they did not withhold their sympathy. The government afterward strove to connect Grattan with the conspiracy, but failed; Curran was less cautious. Charles Hamilton Teeling, in his venerable age, told me that in '97, when he was a United Irishman and a young leader of the Ulster Catholics, Curran, meeting him in College Green, took him under the colonnade of the Parliament House and whispered reproachfully, "*When* will you begin? *when* will you begin?"[1]

Keogh, the leader of the Catholics, was not averse to the designs of the United Irishmen. He was cautious, as beseemed the guardian of a defeated cause; but he was in communication with Tone (who indeed was secretary to the Catholic Committee), and it was well understood that any rational enterprise for liberty would have his active aid. The result bitterly disappointed the hopes of the nation. The conspiracy was betrayed, the leaders seized and imprisoned, and a rising in Ulster, where a handful of Presbyterian and Catholic farmers fought two battles with the king's troops, speedily suppressed. A French invasion was still expected, however; it was rumored that young Gen. Bonaparte, or young Gen. Hoche, who was more highly esteemed at that period, would lead it, and it became the policy of the government to compel the disaffection to explode before foreign assistance could arrive. The county of Wexford, where the United Irishmen had no organization, was goaded into insurrection by brutal severities directed against Catholics. The peasantry rose, placed at their head half-unwilling Protestant squires of no military training, armed themselves with such weapons as they could seize or fabricate, and under these disadvantageous conditions won a success which nearly rendered the experiment of the government fatal to the English interest. Two rural parishes, where the chapels had been burnt by Yeomen, turned out under the command of their priests, swept the British troops out of all the strongholds in the county, and one or two of the young farmers who acted as their aides-de-camp were so fit for their work that they afterward rose to distinction in the armies of Napoleon. Had a fourth of Ireland followed the example of Wexford, there would probaly have been a revolution. But the Wexford men were unsupported, and after a campaign like that which was fought for the Bourbons in La Vendée, were finally defeated. A little later a French expedition, procured and accompanied by Wolfe Tone, landed in the West; but it was too feeble in number for its purpose, and it arrived when the contest was at an end. Then came the court-martials, the hangman, and the savage excesses of troops taught to regard the campaign as a religious war; for the landlords, alarmed for their estates, had appealed to the fear of Popery, which it is never difficult to awaken in men of British descent, and the Orange Society was founded in 1775, ostensibly to retain the Catholics in subjection, but really to

[1] What the Catholics could furnish to the enterprise was fighting men, and a few middle-class leaders. The remnant of their nobility and gentry were more alarmed at revolution than the government itself; the young men of spirit or intellect among them had sought a career on the Continent; and the clergy, who had barely a legal existence, were in general only anxious to perform their duty without attracting notice. A returned exile occasionally reminded them of what they had once been. Lord Taaffe, who had served with distinction in Austria both as a soldier and a diplomatist, visited Ireland during the era of independence. The minister of Austria, who was naturally received as an equal by the ministers of England, saw with shame and scorn his countrymen disciplined to regard themselves as an inferior race, because they professed the faith, whose servants he was accustomed to see occupy the foremost place in courts and councils of state. The feelings which this strange spectacle begot in a court of the Holy Roman Empire, he strove, not entirely without success, to communicate to his own order and to the growing middle class in Dublin. Lord Trimblestone, another Catholic peer, reared in the court of Versailles and driven home by the French Revolution, succeeded Lord Taaffe as temporary leader or spokesman of the Catholics. But he was strangely out of unison with the spirit of the epoch. While Europe was shaken by the new doctrines proclaimed from the ruins of the Bastile, and the Catholics were dreaming of complete religious and national freedom, he is described by a competent critic as exhibiting the demeanor and holding the principles of an *émigré* of the army of Condé.

avoid a revolution in which the estates got by the sword might be lost by the sword. The cruelties which made the name of Cumberland a sound of horror to the Scottish nation half a century before were repeated by Carhampton in Ireland in 1798. These memories are painful and revolting, but who can blot them out? As long as the breast of an Englishman will glow with just pride as he reads of Crécy or Agincourt, the Nile or Waterloo, so long the heart of an Irishman will be disturbed by agony and wrath over the desolation of Desmond, the spoliation of Ulster, and the brutalities of Carhampton.[1]

It is not necessary to relate here in detail, as the subject will necessarily reappear more than once, how Pitt seized the opportunity of public calamity and panic to carry a measure, the bare proposal of which would have endangered the British connection half a dozen years before. By the stern suppression of opinion and the profligate purchase of votes, he carried the Legislative Union with England, and the national Parliament of Ireland came to an end. To mitigate the opposition of the Catholics, Pitt privately communicated to their leaders that the British Parliament would grant them the emancipation which the Parliament in Dublin had persistently denied. Pitt, who was not a bigot, who had allied England with the Catholic states of the Continent against France, and who was defending the Empire with an army in a large part Catholic, intended to perform all he promised. But when the time to perform came, George III. interposed the same stupid resistance which had lost America; and Pitt yielded his convictions and his plighted word to the fanaticism of the imbecile old king.[2]

The venality of this Parliament has been a standing reproach to Ireland; and it is considered an effectual answer to her claims to govern herself, that when she had the opportunity of electing a legislature, she chose one which sold her liberties without shame. The purchased Parliament, which declined to reform itself, consisted of three hundred members, among whom were one hundred placemen, subject not to Ireland, but to the British crown, and one hundred nominees sitting for close boroughs and close counties, the creatures of a few peers, and great proprietors inheriting the confiscated estates; and in this Parliament only a bare majority was obtained for the Union. The Catholics constituted four fifths of the nation, and among the three hundred members there was not one Catholic. The traffic was shameful; but those who are familiar with the career of Walpole and the Pelhams may reasonably inquire, if corruption is to disfranchise a people forever, whether there might not be found other nations who have forfeited their right to parliamentary institutions.

The Irish were at last — so it was proclaimed — admitted to perfect brotherhood. It is a curious phenomenon that each great change England meditated was sweetened by a general admission of past transgressions. Sir John Davies confessed, with charming frankness, that up to the coming of James I. the Irish were naturally and inevitably enemies of the English Crown, from the treatment they had received; and now Pitt summed up the history of the connection in a pregnant sentence. "England," he

[1] When the organization of the Protestant peasantry by the small squires commenced, Cromwell was their model. The Catholics in many districts in Ulster were ordered to take themselves off immediately "to hell or Connaught." When they were unwilling or slow in their submission, wrecking and house-burning goaded them into alacrity. It is computed that from the county of Armagh seven thousand Catholics were driven out during the years 1795–6. From this wrecking came the battle of the Diamond and the creation of the Loyal Orange institution.

[2] Another promise which heralded the Union was that the public employments of the Empire, civil and military, should be thrown open to Irishmen. Lord Colchester, a Tory and a bitter opponent of Catholic Emancipation, describes one feeble attempt to keep the promise. The Lord Lieutenant (Lord Hardwicke) desired to obtain some military patronage to be distributed among Irishmen; but the Duke of York resisted, and he never obtained a single ensigncy for any Irishman whom he recommended (1801). — Lord Colchester's "Diary," Vol. I. p. 278.

declared, "had contrived to deprive Ireland of the use of her own revenues, and render her subservient to British interests and opulence." But the Union would set these wrongs forever right. How far it set them right, no one is ignorant. Thenceforth the Irish people sent representatives to the great senate of the Empire, and were in full enjoyment of British liberty, — if British liberty consists in being heard with visible impatience, and peremptorily outvoted, on every national question, by a majority who do not tronble themselves to listen to the debate.

After the Union, Robert Emmet, the boy brother of one of the United Irish leaders, and Thomas Russell, the bosom friend of Wolfe Tone, attempted a new insurrection, but it was inadequately supported; they fell into the hands of the British government, and were added to the long list of martyrs for Irish liberty.

The Catholics, under John Keogh, kept alive their organization and their hopes notwithstanding the duplicity of Pitt. Between the revolution of '88 and the American war, Protestants, however distinguished for patriotism or benevolence, had been implacable in their hostility to Catholics. Neither Swift nor Berkeley, Flood nor Charlemont, proposed to extend the Irish liberty which they desired beyond the pale of the minority. Since 1782, however, a constantly increasing number of Protestants were eager to see the emancipation of the Catholics completed; but the bulk of those in possession of the monopolies still hated the race which put them in peril with the merciless hatred that a tyrant feels towards the slave who conspires for deliverance. The credit of those who strive and suffer is commonly swallowed up in the credit of those who succeed; and the Irish Catholics are scarcely aware how much they owe to John Keogh. He organized the country so effectually that a Lord Lieutenant warned a Secretary of State, that this Dublin merchant was exercising the highest functions of government, levying contributions which were promptly paid, and issuing orders which were cheerfully obeyed. And Edmund Burke forgot the cares of empire to exchange encouragement and council with the committee guided by Keogh; for the Irish cause, which is a jest to the English philistine, exercised an irresistible fascination over the mind of Burke, as it exercised an irresistible fascination over the minds of Grattan, Sheridan, and Canning. A struggle protracted through all the years of his manhood, many bitter disappointments, and probably the unconscious influence of age, at length lowered Keogh's hopes, and he recommenced a policy of delay and quiescence. But the new generation, the young Ireland of that era, represented by a vigorous lawyer in the flush of manhood, was impatient of delay. O'Connell, to his latest day, was fond of describing the Catholic conference where Keogh counselled a "dignified repose," and where he, the representative of the coming time, followed, and not opposing or controverting what the venerable patriot had recommended, but treating his suggestion with infinite respect, caused an exactly opposite course to be adopted by the meeting. But though the Catholics met and debated, it was a quarter of a century after the Union before the association which finally won emancipation was founded. That body which grew from slight beginnings gradually drew into its bosom the Catholic nobility, the Catholic clergy, who became its devoted agents, the middle class, and finally the whole Catholic people. Richard Sheil excited public spirit from the tribune of the Corn Exchange — its ordinary place of meeting — by a passionate, persuasive rhetoric, which afterwards swayed a less sympathetic audience in Westminster, and Wyse, Woulfe, and others were busy in its counsels. But O'Connell was its life and soul. All

the leisure which could be stolen from a professional life, engrossed by profitable business, was given to the association. Projects which had been tried and abandoned by the Catholics before, were taken up anew, and patiently worked out to practical success. Catholic rent was universally collected by Catholic church-wardens, and local disputes were settled by umpires, appointed by the Association.

There was only one class over whom the influence of the Protestant gentry was still supposed to be supreme, the tenants at will. For the condition of a tenant at will made submission a necessity, almost a duty. In Ulster the Scotch settlers had obtained, and their descendants had jealousy preserved, certain obvious rights, such as the right to enjoy undisturbed possession, while they paid a reasonable rent, of the houses they built, and the farms they fenced and improved. But the descendants of the original owners of the land had no such rights; they held on a tenure the like of which was elsewhere unknown to human law. When they were accepted as tenants on confiscated estates, after the supply of strangers was exhausted, they had often been put into possession of land left as bare as the great desert by civil war; and the houses they built, the fences they erected, and the trees they planted became immediately, under a law made for their behoof, the property of the land-owner. Swift, in his semi-ironical way, recommended a parson whose church was dilapidated to give it to the Papists, and when they had repaired it he might take it back. The landlord improved on the hint; he hired naked land to the Papists, and when they had put it in working order took it back at his discretion. Whenever a farm became valuable by the labor of the tenant, it was a common practice to give the choice to pay an increased rent, or to turn out. The tenant commonly had no resource but to accept the landlord's terms; for the population had nearly doubled since the Union, and the decay of trade and commerce threw the whole people upon agriculture. Extortionate rents were paid or promised (for they were often intentionally fixed at an impossible amount to insure submission in other respects), and the tenants were in consequence poorer, worse clad, worse fed, and worse housed than the people of any civilized country in the world. It was this class, so oppressed and degraded, who were destined to win the final victory. At the general election of 1826 three counties, where the landlords had been supreme since the Revolution, elected candidates favored by the Association. The forty-shilling freeholders, often day laborers, holding patches of land, or a cottage and garden, at best small farmers, whose votes had been exacted as punctually as their rent, voted for emancipators. In Monaghan they defeated the Blayneys and Shirleys, in Louth the Jocelyns and Fosters, and in Waterford ejected a member of the predominant house of Beresford, which up to that time had held Ireland in its grasp, as the Dundasses held Scotland.[1] These successes encouraged the Association to a bolder step, and two years later they determined to procure the election of a Catholic, who was by law declared incapable of sitting or voting. The choice naturally fell on O'Connell, whose name would excite the widest enthusiasm. He stood for Clare against a member of the Wellington government. The gentry to a man, whether for or against emancipation, fought a desperate battle for their long-established authority. The forty-shilling freeholders of nearly every parish in the county, with the priest at the head of his congregation, marched to the hustings and voted for O'Connell. It would have required less courage to have gone into

[1] Thomas Wyse.

battle than to defy the agent and the driver armed with ejectments, who stood by taking note of the delinquency. But a pitched battle could not yield more decisive results than this contest; it was the proximate cause of emancipation.

The Catholics were at length emancipated in 1829; and now surely they would be contented and grateful forevermore. Perverse must the people be who, having got what they asked, are not satisfied. Let us see. What they asked was to be admitted to their just share, or at any rate, to some share, of the government of their native country, from which they had been excluded for five generations. But on the passing of the Emancipation Act a single Catholic was not admitted to any office of authority, great or small. The door was opened, indeed, but not a soul was permitted to pass in. There were some murmurs of discontent, and the class who still enjoyed all the patronage of the state, the church, the army, the magistracy, and the public service, demanded if there was any use in attempting to conciliate a people so intractable and unreasonable.[1] The Catholic Association, which had won the victory, was rewarded for its public spirit by being dissolved by Act of Parliament. Its leader, who had been elected to the House of Commons, had his election declared void by a phrase imported into the Emancipation Act for this special purpose. The forty-shilling freeholders, whose courage and magnanimity had made the cause irresistible, were immediately deprived of the franchise. By means of a high qualification and an ingeniously complicated system of registry, the electors in twelve counties were reduced from upwards of a hundred thousand to less than ten thousand. Suppose the Anti-Corn-Law League, when it won a victory not more salutary, had been ignominiously suppressed; that free trade, though conceded in principle, had been rendered inoperative in action; that Manchester and Bradford, Rochdale and Staleybridge, had been disfranchised by Act of Parliament, and Richard Cobden studiously insulted in the statute that established the principles for which he had contended, the result of the victory would scarcely have been universal contentment and gratitude among the manufacturers of England.

But at least the intention and *animus* of this great act of justice ought to be recognized, which English statesmen had the courage to concede without the consent, and probably against the wishes of the English people. Emancipation could not have been carried through Parliament if there were not a body of public men there eager to see justice done because it was justice, and outside a corps of publicists who had prepared the public mind of the middle class to accept it. But the motives of the proposer were widely different. The Duke of Wellington explained himself explicitly to his colleagues, and especially to his royal master. He did not ask him to yield, that justice might be accomplished and a long-delayed debt paid, but simply because it was no longer safe to resist. The Irish people might, and probably would, stop the supplies to a church and an aristocracy which insulted and oppressed them; and the House of Commons could not be counted on for putting down even rebellion, unless concessions were made. These were the Duke's motives as he has himself explained them. The insensibility of a people who were not touched by this noble generosity has been naturally a theme of indignant reproof down to our own day.[2]

[1] More than a generation before Catholics had been made eligible to serve on juries, but in some counties during the whole period a Catholic was never admitted to serve on a trial where the prisoner was a Catholic. They had been declared competent to hold leases, but no leases were forthcoming when they asked for them. In all these cases it was deemed sufficient to admit the principle, and highly ungrateful and unreasonable of the Catholics to ask any more.

[2] The Duke wrote to Peel (Sept. 12, 1828): "If could believe that the Irish nobility and gentr

But when the Nation was projected a dozen years had elapsed since emancipation. In the interval a few Catholics were elected to Parliament, two Catholic lawyers were raised to the bench by the Melbourne government, and smaller appointments distributed among a few laymen; each appointment being followed by a groan from the Tory press, as if the Emancipation Act were an instrument intended only for show. A more important change had taken place in the administration of justice under Lord Mulgrave, advised by Thomas Drummond. The exclusion of Catholics from juries was restrained and the practice of appointing partisans of too shameful antecedents to public functions was interrupted.[1]

Since the return of the Tories to power, however, such scruples disappeared, and the old ascendancy method of selecting officials had been revived. A brace of legal gladiators, who had become intolerable to the House of Commons by violence and indiscretion, were sent to administer what was called justice in Ireland.[2]

It was in relation to these appointments that O'Connell justified himself for supporting the Whigs in office, by a memorable stroke of humor. "A Whig government," he said, "is like Paddy's old hat thrust into a broken pane; it is thrue it does n't let in much light, but at any rate it keeps out the *cowld*."

The social condition of the country during the half-century then drawing to a close was without parallel in Europe.

The whole population were dependent on agriculture. There were minerals, but none found in what miners call "paying quantities." There was no manufacture except linen, and the remnant of a woollen trade, slowly dying out before the pitiless competition of Yorkshire. What the island chiefly produced was food; which was exported to richer countries to enable the cultivator to pay an inordinate rent. Foreign travellers saw with amazement an island possessing all the natural conditions of a great commerce, as bare of commerce as if it lay in some byway of the world which enterprise had not yet reached. Harbors looking towards the prosperous western world were completely vacant; harbors looking toward the east were occupied only by ships which carried raw produce and human food to England. There was no foreign trade: the wines of Spain and Portugal, the silks of France, the

would recover their lost influence, the just influence of property, without making these concessions, I would *not* move." To Dean Philpotts, who urged him to concede nothing, he wrote: "They (Parliament) will not put down the Association, they will not even put down rebellion, if it should occur, unless concessions should be made." To the king he disclosed the imminent danger of delay. "I do not suggest an impossible hypothesis to your Majesty, when I state the possibility (I might state it more stronger) of the Roman Catholic tenantry of the country refusing to pay tithes or rents. The clergy and the landlords might have recourse to the law. But how is the law to be enforced? How can they distrain for rent or tithes upon millions of tenants? This measure, which will most probably be the first of resistance and rebellion in Ireland, will occasion the ruin of all your Majesty's loyal subjects residing in that country, and many in this; and it must be observed that it will give the rebellion a vast resource of money of which your Majesty's loyal subjects will have been deprived." — The Duke of Wellington's "Despatches and Correspondence," Vol. II., page 135.

The Duke's Irish correspondents took a still gloomier view of the situation. The Knight of Kerry, an Irish proprietor and Privy Councilor, warned the Duke that there was grave danger of an insurrection headed by Irishmen from America, whether the leaders desired it or not, and that on this occasion the Catholic gentry could no longer be counted on as allies of England. "Every parish," he said, "is a regiment; . . . we hold our lives at the mere discretion of the Catholic population. I never knew the Protestant mind of Ireland dismayed before." He advised immediate concessions, without which this country was lost, or only to be retained by means and in a condition worse than its loss. — Ibid, Vol. IV., page 213.

[1] Lord Mulgrave excited great indignation among a large class of highly respectable persons by refusing to permit the master of an Orange Lodge, who had been tried for murder, and who has since been tried for a second murder, to act as sub-sheriff, and select juries throughout a northern county. This man's name was Sam Gray, and his character was so little a matter of doubt, that several years before he was selected for official distinction, the Chief Secretary in Ireland, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, wrote of him to the Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington, as "a man who had killed one Catholic, and would be very happy to kill another"; and another he actually was tried for killing some years after, and a second time escaped punishment, it was believed, by the connivance of his confederates in the jury box.

[2] "He (Peel) had been fortunate in early disembarrassing himself of the Orange counsellors, who conducted his Irish Questions when in opposition; vacant judgeships had opportunely satisfied the recognized and respectable claims of Mr. Serjeant Jackson and Mr. Lefroy." — Mr. Disraeli's "Life of Lord George Bentinck."

drugs and spices of the East, the timber of the North, only reached the island through England. The noble quays of the Liffey, which would rival the Lung d' Arno if Dublin were the seat of a national government, held only a few coal barges and fruit boats. Similar decay was nearly universal. The provincial towns in general had an unprosperous or bankrupt look. There was scarcely a county which could not show some public work begun before the Union and now a ruin. When an Irish gentleman visited other countries, the contrast turned his blood to gall; Lord Cloncurry declared that there was more misery in Dublin than all Europe.

The condition of the two classes who live by agriculture furnished a singular contrast. The great proprietors were two or three hundred, — the heirs of the undertakers, for the most part, and absentees; the mass of the country was owned by a couple of thousand others, who lived in splendor and even profusion; and for these the peasant ploughed, sowed, tended, and reaped a harvest which he never shared. Rent, in other countries, means the surplus after the farmer has been liberally paid for his skill and labor; in Ireland it meant the whole produce of the soil except a potato-pit. If the farmer strove for more, his master knew how to bring him to speedy submission. He could carry away his implements of trade by the law of distress, or rob him of his sole pursuit in life by the law of eviction. He could, and habitually did, seize the stools and pots in his miserable cabin, the blanket that sheltered his children, the cow that gave them nourishment. There were just and humane landlords, men who performed the duties which their position imposed, and did not exaggerate its rights; but they were a small minority. The mild Berkeley, in his day, spoke of certain Irish proprietors as "vultures with iron bowels"; and landlords of this type were still plentiful. There were nowhere in Europe a propertied class who did so little for the people, and took so much from them. The productive power of an estate was often doubled and quadrupled by the industry of the farmers; and its rental rose accordingly. In later times rents shot up with war prices, with protection, with the system of con-acre (under which small patches were let at an exorbitant rate to laborers to grow potatoes), but when any of these stimulants were withdrawn they did not come down. Rents impossible to be paid were kept on the books of an estate, and arrears duly recorded to hold the tenant in perpetual subjection. For in addition to his labor the landlord required his vote and various menial services. The lady bountiful of the parish — for women are more unfeeling and inconsiderate in their exactions than men — often required the children to be sent to a proselytizing school, on pain of immediate ejectment. O'Connell frequently demanded how they would like to have it made compulsory on them to send their children to be educated at Maynooth on pain of forfeiting their estates; but they regarded the absurd comparison with proper contempt. The food of the peasant was potatoes, with a little milk or salt; flesh-meat he rarely tasted, except when he went as a harvest laborer to England "to earn the rent." The country was famous for the production of butter, and the growth of beef and mutton and especially of pork; but butter, beef, mutton, or pork was nearly as unknown as an article of diet among the peasantry as among the Hindoos. Of this food, such as it was, there was rarely enough. Famines were frequent, and every other year destitution killed a crowd of peasants. Sometimes the tortured serfs rose in nocturnal jacquerie against the system; and then a cry of "rebellion" was raised, and England was assured that these intractable barbarians were again (as the indictment

always charged) "levying war against the King's majesty." There were indeed causes enough for national disaffection, but of these the poor peasant knew nothing; he was contending for so much miserable food as would save his children from starvation. There were sometimes barbarous agrarian murders, — murders of agents and bailiffs chiefly, but occasionally of landlords. It would be shameful to forget that these savage crimes were often the result of savage provocation. Lord Melbourne (when Chief Secretary for Ireland) uttered a judgment on one victim which unhappily might stand for many of his class. "If one half of what is told me of him be true," he wrote, "and it comes from many different quarters, if he had forty thousand lives there would have been no wonder if they had been all taken."[1] The peasants often sympathized with these crimes — a fact painful and horrible to contemplate; but let us remember that all England went into a delirium of joy when the knife of Fulton struck down the favorite of Charles I.; for to hate their enemies is the human instinct which religion finds it hardest to control. The agricultural laborer was in a still worse condition than the farmer. Wages in Ireland in the reign of Queen Victoria was often lower than it had been in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Tipperary had the reputation of being an insubordinate county; the Railway Commission report of the state of the laborers at this time in Tipperary may perhaps help to explain the fact. "They go through the fields and gather the wild weeds, they boil them with salt, and they live on them without even a potato to eat along with them." It is charged that the Irish peasant was thriftless and ignorant. He was not free from the faults slavery and misery engender; how could he be indeed? It must be admitted that he was not trained in the minor morals of order and foresight, and for education had been merely taught to sign his name and read his prayer-book. But his grandfather was a Papist who was liable to be transported if he learned the multiplication-table; his father was not permitted to possess landed property, arms, or the franchise; and in his own day there were no public schools at which his religion and his race were not bywords of scorn.[2]

In the early part of the present century, when the condition of the peasantry was considerably improved, it is officially recorded that one half of them lived in mud-wall cabins of one room. The woman and many of the men went habitually barefooted and half clad, under a moist and stormy sky. An eminent French statesman,[3] visiting Ireland in 1824, declared that he had seen the Indian in his wigwam, and the negro in his chains, but that the condition of the Irish tenant at will was worse than that of the savage or the slave. And above them they saw a gay, luxurious, but frank and fearless aristocracy, and a church which was to them as Dives was to Lazarus. The gentry had grown accustomed to regard the whole produce of the land as their natural right. If this claim was disputed, a shriek of remonstrance was addressed to the government, and judges in red robes or soldiers in red coats made short work of the dissentients. "The country was garrisoned," to employ the language of Michael Sadleir, the political econo-

[1] Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens's "Life of Lord Melbourne," Vol. I., page 288.

[2] The country was naked of timber, the cabins of the peasantry were squalid and unfurnished. Mr. Carlyle reproves a lazy, thriftless people, who would not perform the simple operation of planting trees; and Mr. Froude frowns upon cottages whose naked walls are never draped by climbing roses or flowering creepers. But how much more eloquent is fact than rhetoric! The Irish landlords made a law that when the tenant planted a tree it became not his own property but his master's; and the established practice of four fifths of the Irish landlords, when a tenant exhibited such signs of prosperity as a garden or a whitewashed cabin, was to reward his industry by increasing his rent. Peasants will not plant or make improvements on these conditions, nor, I fancy, would philosophers.

[3] De Beaumont.

mist, "to protect the property of those whose conduct occasioned all the evils under which Ireland had groaned for centuries . . . and which would not be worth a day's purchase were the proprietors its sole protectors."

The state of public education was a peculiar scandal. For the Protestant lad of the middle class there were endowed schools where he got an education almost free, and an opulent university which furnished scholarships, fellowships, church patronage, and other dazzling prizes. For the Catholic lad, unless in the rare instances when he could be sent to the Continent or to the Catholic colleges maintained in England, the state had decreed ignorance and idleness. Up to 1832 the children of the industrial classes were taught in hedge schools, — schools held in the open air for want of the shelter of a roof. The teaching was probably rude and chaotic, but it used to be believed that the hedge schoolmasters were strong in classics, and it is certain that they sometimes sowed seed which under the care of Irish colleges in France, Spain, and Belgium ripened into famous scholarship and eminent achievements.

The struggling peasant bore the whole burden of the Established Church. Land since the Reformation had been granted to the proprietors subject to this charge; but early in the eighteenth century the landowners, in Parliament assembled, transferred the burden to the tenantry. The peasant paid also a moiety of the poor-rate. But these were equitable provisions compared to the law regulating county cess. County cess was expended on the administration of justice, local defence, and other charges which belong naturally to property. But the whole burden was imposed on the peasant, who of all men had least interest in property; and it was expended by grand juries of landlords, often on shameless jobs, without the smallest control by those who paid the money. The wildest inventions of political satire are transcended by the history of local taxation in Ireland.

A long monopoly of power is a feast that not only intoxicates but besots. The Protestants in Ireland, had been like Roman citizens in Gaul or British officials in India. They not merely affected airs of pre-eminence and patronage, but honestly believed themselves a superior race. In Edmund Burke's time many Protestant gentlemen in Ireland, as he tells us, never conversed with a Catholic in their lives, unless to give directions to a workman, or to ask their way across country. A few months before he introduced the Emancipation Bill, the Duke of Wellington threatened to dismiss Mr. Villiers, the Earl of Clarendon known to the last generation, for having invited to dinner the Catholic leader Richard Shiel, afterwards the darling of London clubs.[1] So late as 1841 Mr. Thackeray visiting a Catholic squire who cultivated more land than any gentleman farmer in Leinster, and in another pursuit employed more workmen than any manufacturer in Dublin, learned with amazement that the parson who lived close to his gate, though they maintained friendly relations, would not break bread with him.[2] But the assumption of a gentleman was modest, compared to the haughty superiority which a clown or a shop-boy in Ulster, who sang psalms on a Sunday, affected towards his equal, who went to mass.

Of the Irish Protestants the Presbyterians were a moiety. The liberality which they had shown toward Catholics a half-century before had nearly disappeared. Many of them were Orangemen, and some of their most conspicuous ministers were as vehement Unionists as their predecessors had been vehement United Irishmen. The *regium donum* brought the ecclesiastical spokesman

[1] Greville's "Memoirs."
[2] "Irish Sketch Book."

of their church into connection with the state, — a relation which among the descendants of the Covenanters, as formerly among the Huguenots, gradually replaced vigilant distrust by a lazy acquiescence in the will of the government. It was the fixed policy of the landlords to keep alive sectarian feelings. The Orangemen constituted for them what the mean whites constituted for the American slave-owners, — a retinue who followed them without pay or plunder. It was only necessary to gratify their pride of class. Now and then a rumor was mysteriously spread that the Catholics of the South were about to invade Ulster and to massacre the Protestants, and it was not an uncommon event to read of the wrecking of a Catholic village in the North, on some Orange anniversary, by way of retaliation for the invasion which never came off. And many who had no share in the outrage were supposed to wink complacently at it. There is a peasant song which paints with touches of genuine feeling the agony of the tortured Catholic in the hands of the tormentor: —

"They came in the mornin' scoffin' and scornin',
Saying, Ware you racked? Ware you sore abused?
O base deluders, you 're worse nor Judas,
Who sowld our Saviour to the wicked Jews."

The towns were ruled after a fashion which the Mussulman could scarcely excel. Up to 1842 the bulk of the rates, and generally some exceptional and offensive burden in addition, were borne by the Catholics; all the officers and employments were enjoyed by favorite lackeys of the minority, appointed by a governing body exclusively Protestant.

The minority held all their pleasant monopolies on the condition of satisfying England that they were in the right and their victims in the wrong. England was not hard to satisfy on this point, and the undertakers never failed to keep a press at work to blacken the people. But at bottom they were pursuing their own policy, not England's. An accomplished writer, who inherited the blood of an Orange leader,[1] declared that they had played one uniform and constant part; getting all they could in the name of Protestantism, and when concessions could not be postponed, sacrificing without scruple what was dearest to their poorer Protestant brethren. And Irish Whigs insisted that had they not maintained an insolent and aggressive pulpit, and a venomous stipendary press, a good understanding might have grown up between the two countries. This privileged minority constituted all the Ireland known to London society. The stately courteous gentleman, the head of some historic house, idealized in Lever's later romances, the vulgar boastful spendthrift, speaking a superfine broken English, and repudiating all sympathy with his native country, caricatured in Thackeray's novels, as far as they existed at all, were specimens of the Anglo-Irish. The native gentleman of Milesian descent, painted somewhat *en beau* by John Banim and Lady Morgan in novels now little read, had Paris for his capital rather than London. The leaders of society in Dublin belonged to neither of these classes. They were invariably great English officials, generally more foreign in spirit and manners than even in blood. Some one compared them to telegraph posts, dry, sapless, inflexible, never taking root in the soil, and never putting forth any friendly shade.

Of the base parody of justice which existed in Ireland the reader will get some knowledge in the course of the narrative. It was worst in Ulster: there were more than eleven hundred magistrates there, of whom scarce a dozen were Catholics. In many baronies and in several counties there was not a single Catholic in the commission. Very often the entire bench and all its servents were members of an Orange Lodge.

[1] Dr. Gifford, editor of the Standard.

As a set-off to this long catalogue of discouragements, there were two facts of happy augury. In 1842 half a million of children were receiving education in the National Schools under a system designed to establish religious equality, and administered by Catholic and Protestant commissioners. And the Teetotal movement was at its height. Thousand were accepting every week a pledge of total abstinence from Father Mathew, a young priest whom the gifts of nature and the accidents of fortune combined to qualify for the mission of a reformer. Born in Tipperary, educated in Kilkenny, and long stationed as a friar in Cork, he knew the people of the South intimately. A sweet and patient disposition, a homely eloquence, impressive mainly from the depth of conviction from which it sprang, a certain air of superiority wholly free from arrogance, though attributable perhaps to his birth in the middle class, and a reputation for practical benevolence, enabled him not only to win the hearts but to impress the imagination of the people. They came to speak of him fondly as the Apostle of Temperance. From Munster he made his way to the other provinces, and at this time there was probably no county, and no considerable town, without a Teetotal Society. Public houses had been shut up; breweries and distilleries thrown out of employment; the quantity of whiskey consumed in Ireland had diminished one half, and crime had diminished in even greater proportion. The enrolled teetotalers were computed to exceed two millions. His mission had succeeded, in the language of Maria Edgeworth, "beyond all the predictions of experience, all examples from the past, and all analogy." There was the beginning of political reforms also. After their compact with O'Connell, the Whigs sent a Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary to Ireland, who for the first time since the fall of Limerick treated the bulk of the nation as the social and political equals of the minority. The minority had been so long accustomed to make and administer the laws, and to occupy the places of authority and distinction, that they regarded the change as a revolt, and Lord Mulgrave and Thomas Drummond as the successors of Tyrconnell and Nugent. None of these reforms, moral or political, were half a dozen years in operation when the *Nation* was established; none of them except teetotalism had penetrated to the mass of the people; the system they disturbed had lasted more than four generations, and moulded the habits and character of the people.

Among the middle class of Catholics a great change had taken place. A generation had reached manhood who knew the penal laws only by tradition. Their fathers had grown rich in trade or the professions, had purchased land, and shared the excitement of a great political contest, and the sons, educated for the most part in English or foreign colleges, or in the Dublin University, laughed at the pretensions of Protestant ascendancy. This was the class destined to form the bulk of the party afterwards known as Young Ireland. But the mass of the people were still poor, uneducated, and hampered by laws of shameful unfairness. The Penal Code had left nearly four millions of them unable to read or write, and nearly a million and a half more who could read but not write.[1] There was a state church and there were state schools, but in two thirds of the parishes there were no congregations, no schoolhouse, and no service. There were rectors enjoying pleasant incomes, and bishops making colossal fortunes. By a return laid before Parliament, it appeared that eleven bishops in less than fifty years had contrived to bequeath to

[1] The exact figures from the Parliamentary returns are 829,000 females, and 580,000 males above five years, who can only read but not write; 2,142,000 females, 1,623,000 males who can neither read nor write.

their families an average of a hundred and sixty thousand pounds apiece. The churches erected before the Reformation had been seized and appropriated to the Establishment, and when more were supposed to be necessary they were bountifully supplied, chiefly at the cost of the Catholic rate-payers. Where diocesan schools existed, the teaching proffered to Catholic children was strictly Protestant teaching, with the unconcealed purpose of proselytism. But in these arrangements a cynic remarked, at least the poor were on an apostolic scale; there were more than a million and a half of the people living mainly on alms.

This was the condition of the country when the *Nation* was established, and when the Union had had a trial of over forty years. The island which, before the coming of the Dane or the Norman, its own people had made the seat of industrial arts and the school of the West, was now the most ignorant and impoverished of Christian states. The island to which, in later times, its national Parliament had brought back trade, commerce, and prosperity, was sickening under a burden of paupers without hope of employment, because trade and commerce had disappeared. Is it surprising that it led many men to the conclusion that the connection between Ireland and the dominant country must be put on another footing, or must be brought to an end? On less provocation the sober colonists of North America broke away from the empire, and the grave Belgian *bourgeoisie* broke away from the legislative Union. On less provocation indeed the phlegmatic Hollanders opened their dikes and let in the sea.

O'Neill and O'Donnell.

When they were mere youths the Queen's government had made each of these chieftains the subject of a separate experiment, which had equally failed. Hugh O'Neill, who was not in the right line of succession to the chieftaincy, but near enough to make a convenient "Queen's O'Neill," who might be set up in opposition to the choice of the clan, was brought to London, trained in the civil and military learning of the period, converted to the religion of the state, placed in the English army, and finally sent to Ireland to serve with the Queen's troops in the Desmond war. For these and other services, not pleasant to recall, he was created Earl of Tyrone, and taken into the special favor of her Grace, who had a tenderness for handsome young soldiers. But when Hugh settled down at Dungannon among his own race, and saw the seamy side of the royal policy in Ireland, his sympathy with the court cooled fast, quarrels arose, reproaches and menaces were exchanged, and after long delay and apparent hesitation Hugh took his stand plainly at the head of the party of resistance. Hugh O'Donnell had been dealt with in a different fashion, but one that proved in the upshot as unavailing. An English ship masquerading as a merchantman laden with Spanish wine anchored on the coast of Lough Swilly in the O'Donnell's country; the young chieftain and his following were invited on board to taste the generous vintage of Xeres, and when they were carousing in the cabin, the sails were set and he was carried away to Dublin, and lodged a prisoner in the keep known as Birmingham Tower. After several years imprisonment he escaped, and regained his native mountains, still under the age of manhood, but in excellent temper to head a revolt, and forthwith made peace with his rival Hugh O'Neill, and placed himself under the command of that prince.

Cromwell's Account of the Plantation.

Protocols and proclamations are not models of veracity; but Cromwell published a "Declaration for the undeceiving of deluded people" which it would be difficult to parallel in history. We know how the Plantators got their lands from the Crown, how the natives were driven out without compensation, to live—if they could live—in the mountains and bogs; how they were treated as public enemies, and the Parliament of England was threatening to extirpate them, when they rose to assert their natural rights to possess their own country, as the Scotch, stimulated by the party to which Cromwell belonged, had already risen. But this is the account of the transaction the Lord Protector issued for the information of mankind: "Englishmen had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money; they had their ancestors, from you and your ancestors. They had good leases from Irishmen, for long times to come; great stocks thereupon, houses and plantations erected at their own cost and charge. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you. You had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them; and equal justice from the laws, saving what was necessary for the state, out of reasons of state, to put upon some few people, apt to rebel upon the instigation of such as you. You broke this union. You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous massacre (without respect of sex or age) that ever the sun beheld. And at a time when Ireland was in perfect peace."

It is probable that Cromwell was in part misled by his council in Dublin, who had their own motives for deceiving him; but certain it is that a more utterly untrue and untrustworthy account of a human transaction has rarely been printed than this declaration of the divine-appointd ruler.

THE END.

One of the managers of a hospital asked an Irish nurse which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in hospital. "That, sir," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments on the table.

FITS.

Catholic Times.

Some years ago there was out West a medical quack whose specialty was "fits." One day he was called to see a patient who had a high fever. The quack, who was great on "fits," was unequal to fevers. To the anxious friends around the bed of the man sick, all ready with advice and specifics with which to cool the fever and alleviate the patient's sufferings, our medical friend spoke out boldly and manfully: "I can't handle fevers, but I'm death on fits. If I can throw this man into fits I'll have him." Just now the patient sick with fever is poor Ireland. She is very much disturbed, restless, unable to keep quiet; indeed, very feverish. Many friends think they know the cause of her trouble, and suggest cooling draughts, nutritious food, ease of mind, and hope for the future. Injustice in the past and little hope have brought on fever, and her friends think that a removal of these disquieting causes will effect the permanent cure of the disease. The old medical practitioner, who has proved to be only a quack, comes in again. He knows that his patient is in a fever, but he has no skill in relieving fever, while he is infallible in dealing with "fits." If he can only throw his patient into "fits," he knows a remedy that never misses. So England, unwilling or incompetent to deal with Ireland's fever, invents plans for throwing her into fits by concocting coercion bills, by squelching out all pretence of freedom, by hampering and harassing the people, curtailing speech and pen, and by driving the people into secret organizations and armed resistance, when she applies the remedy of much blood-letting, and with savage butchery stamps out all resistance to her will. England has no remedy in her pharmacy for Ireland's fever; but, all-powerful in curing "fits," she is preparing to force her maddened inhabitants into acts of desperation.

Let the people of Ireland listen to counsellors of prudence and wisdom. The fever may last yet longer, but the constant irritation and restlessness resulting therefrom will end by throwing England into a fever out of which there will be no escape but by copious draughts of soothing remedies for herself and for Ireland. The poor people of England have cause of complaint, and the feverishness of Ireland helps to open their eyes to their own wrongs. The land of a country in the possession of a few individuals is a wrong; heavy taxation for unnecessary appendages to power is a wrong; centralization of power and administration is a wrong. It will take some time to bring these truths home to the people of England. Ireland's combined disturbance and discontent will help.

A PRELATE'S ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Bishop Elder, of Cincinnati, advises Catholic parents to give their children full Christian names, and not abbreviations or pet names. If they please to make use of these familiarly in the family, it is well enough; but when a young girl is growing up, it is not well to allow every young man that speaks to her to use a pet name, as if he were as intimate as her brother. Although this is only a little matter in itself, it contributes its share toward lessening the maidenly reserve which is so beautiful and so serviceable an ornament. It likewise detracts from the Christian dignity of womanhood for one to be all her life addressed as if she were a pet child, instead of a lady owning a Christian name, and entitled to the respect of having it used.

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

He raised his head, and dazzled with the light,
His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright;
"What is that form? If not a shape of air,
Methinks my jailer's face shows wondrous fair."
Byron.

THAT evening when Agnes, as was her wont, visited the room of the invalid, taking him a bouquet of fresh gathered flowers, and intending to remain and entertain him in conversation till sleep closed his eyelids, he said with a smile as she approached his bedside, "My dear sister, I have arranged that you can see the French prisoner to-night; I have obtained the password to his apartments. When the house is quiet you can seek him. If, as I strongly suspect, he be Captain MacMahon — for who else would come here alone at such a time? — you will probably find him expecting a visit from you. In any case the sentry can prepare him for the interview. But recollect, if he really be he, it is of vital importance that his identity be kept secret, as if discovered to be an Irishman he will be treated not as a prisoner of war, but as a rebel, and tried by a court-martial, and in all probability shot. So you see the great need there is for caution in every step you take."

"I will act as you suggest, dear brother. Thank you for all your forethought. I will not visit the prisoner's apartment till midnight, when all save those on duty shall have retired."

That night, at a few minutes after twelve, Agnes, bearing a small tray containing wines and refreshments, approached the corridor where the sentry stood on guard. In a low voice she gave him the password, and he saluted her respectfully and stood at oneside.

"I have brought some refreshments for the French officer," she said. "Would you kindly see if he be awake?"

The man gently unlocked the door and stepped into the prisoner's room In a moment he returned. "He 's lying asleep on the sofa in his uniform just as he went in, miss. Would you wish me to call him?"

"Oh, thank you, no. I shall just go in myself, and if the slumber be very sound leave the tray in the room, and not disturb him."

"Just as you please, miss," said the soldier, "but it is my duty to lock the door after you, so when you wish to come out again you can knock."

As soon as she heard the door closed and the key turned upon her, Agnes approached the couch of the sleeping stranger. His face was turned towards the wall. Holding the lamp above his head so that his eyes might escape its glare, she cautiously bent over him. She gazed eagerly an instant upon his face, then with a sigh of disappointment was turning away when the sleeper stirred; murmured something, and opened his eyes, but dazzled by the light put up his hand to shade them, and as one who knows not whether he be asleep or awake, gazed in silence and wonder on the vision before him.

"Pardon this intrusion, sir," said Agnes, addressing Louis in French, and in a low tone. "I have brought you some wines and fruit at the desire of Sir Henry Damer, the master of the Hall."

"Many thanks, fair lady," said Autrechamp, not yet entirely awake, and half doubting whether or not he saw a being of this world, "but how have I deserved to be thus honored? Who can be so interested in an unknown soldier of France?" He now rose from the sofa and presented the fair visitor with a seat.

"You will probably guess my real purpose in coming here, sir," said Agnes speaking in a whisper. "I am one of those whose sympathies are with you and the cause for which you fight. This hour alone could I visit you, when the house is at rest. If there be any way I can serve you, please to let me know."

"Many thanks, mademoiselle, but

for me you need have little concern. I chanced to-day to fall into the hands of my present captors, but my companions in-arms are near at hand. To-night or to-morrow they will set me free. Our chief officer is an Irishman, and a native, I believe, even of this county. You may have heard of Col. Edward MacMahon?"

At the mention of the name Agnes turned deadly pale, and she sank on the sofa from which Autrechamp had risen. The latter, noticing her agitation and change of color, in haste poured out a glass of wine, but before he could put it to her lips she was composed again.

"Thank you, I am quite well now. Your news came upon me somewhat suddenly. Did you say Captain Edward MacMahon?"

"Yes; he is our commanding officer."

"I knew one of that name who left this country nearly three years ago. When his last letter to us was written he was a captain in the army of Napoleon."

"Oh, then you have not heard from him since the battle of the Tagliamento, after which he was made colonel; but I expect him to come and liberate me either to-night or to-morrow. You can then have a full history of his fortunes from himself."

"And is he far from here at present, sir?" asked Agnes; "could a letter be sent to him to-night?"

"Most certainly. Our party is encamped about half a league from this; a trusty messenger can easily find them out. There is with them a party of Irish under Gen. Harcourt."

Agnes feared to remain any longer lest the suspicions of the sentry might be excited. Leaving the refreshments she had brought, she gave the signal for the door to be opened, and hastily bade adieu and departed, leaving Autrechamp in a bewildered and confused state of mind that drove sleep away for that night. Having retired to her boudoir, she at once consulted with Bridget (who was overjoyed at hearing of the return of "Masther Edward"), as to how she could send him a letter so that she might receive an answer before any in the house were awake. Bridget at once relieved her mind from all anxiety on that account by undertaking that if the letter were intrusted to her she would bring the desired answer in an hour. Agnes without further inquiry wrote the note which Bridget took charge of, and brought back the answer within the time she had promised to the lady's great delight. Trembling with excitement and joy, Agnes opened and read it. The short pencil note mentioned an hour and place where next morning she might meet him in the demesne, and stated the reasons which "induced him not to approach the house with his forces."

All thoughts of retiring to sleep were now out of the question. Agnes determined to remain up with Bridget for company till day. When she reflected she was struck at the exceeding short space of time it had taken to have her letter delivered and an answer brought from the French camp.

"Ah, then, miss," said Bridget, "'t was Mr. William himself that took it when I told him 't was for you. He never said a word, but saddled his own horse — the one he used to follow Sir Henry on — and away he went. When he came back 't was ten minutes before I expected him, but he told me as he knew the way he rode pretty fast, although it was dark an' all."

Agnes, whose heart was now lighter than it had been for a long time, greatly enjoyed Bridget's account. She could n't help remarking on the great risk that William had run.

"Ah," replied Bridget, "'tis little he cares for any of their red coats. He 'd enlist with the French in a minute, an' please God he will when he sees Masther Edward."

"Master Edward will be here with his soldiers to-morrow, Bridget; we shall see how he looks then."

"Oh, then, but 't is he must make the fine officer on horseback, miss. I suppose he 'll be as great as Boney-part one of these days."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Fixed was my purpose to declare
To Mortham, Redmond is his heir;
To tell him what a risk he stands,
And yield these tokens to his hands."
Scott.

We leave to the imagination of our readers the joy of Agnes and Edward at their first meeting after so long a separation; to suppose what questions they had to ask, and what histories to relate of what had happened since they last met; of the changes that had taken place, and of the fair castles of future happiness they built.

Ere they parted, Edward told Agnes that a few hours later he would present himself with his regiment at the Hall. With a bounding heart she hastened home to impart to her father and to Mr. DeVere, when he should arrive, all her joyful news.

That morning, as after breakfast the English officer and his lieutenant were carelessly lounging in their room, the cry of "The French are coming!" was suddenly raised in the grounds outside the window. Both sprang to their feet on the instant and set about giving orders to have their men collected that they might order either an advance or retreat, as events should justify.

"Let the bugle call to horse be sounded," said the officer when he entered the yard.

"You may save yourself the trouble, captain avick," said a man who stood at one side calmly looking on. "The last of your men left here five minutes ago. They 're all scamperin' across the country towards Dublin as if the first that reaches it is to be made a gineral, and the devil is to have the hindmost for his pains."

"Then we must only be off after them and catch up as many as we can. We have no time to lose if we would escape the French," said the officer.

Assisted by the ostler, he and the lieutenant saddled their horses and followed on their men. They were not ten minutes gone when MacMahon, Harcourt, and their followers rode up to the front door. They were met in the hall by Mr. Mayville and Mr. De Vere, both of whom affectionately embraced the first, and warmly received the second.

Sir Henry Damer in due course came down and greeted MacMahon. Harcourt, who was in the eyes of the law a rebel, reluctantly avoided meeting him, and had retired beforehand outside the house to his men. The baronet at once invited Edward and Autrechamp, who was now of course at liberty, to take up their headquarters at the hall, and overruled their objections to become his guests by insisting they had a right to demand house accommodation by the laws of war. After some hesitation they consented to accept his hospitality for themselves, but declined it for their men, for whom they purchased all necessary provisions at the town of Roanmoyle.

The alarm of Lady Damer was at first very great on the departure of their English protectors, but she soon was made quite at ease by the courteousness of her French visitors, and was at length so far charmed by their elegant and suave manners as at times to entertain them in the drawing-room with her conversation.

A few days after the arrival of Edward, as he and Agnes were walking together one evening along the demesne walk towards the gate, they observed an old-fashioned inside car, or noddy, slowly coming along the carriage drive. A boy without shoes or stockings acted the part of coachman. When it had come close up to them, an odd-looking little man raised his head over one side and spoke: —

"I ask pardon that I introduce a topic foreign to present conversation, but perhaps either of you would be good enough to state to me the fact,

sir or miss, whether Sir Henry Damer, baronet, does or does not live here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Agnes. "The house is about a mile farther on."

"I am deeply obliged to you, young lady, for your assistance in solving the four days' problem, which Monday last I left Dublin with; *i. e.*, to find the house of Sir Henry Damer. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* You have put me on the last line."

Agnes and Edward regarded the eccentric individual who addressed them with considerable wonder and amusement. Although it was a sultry day in autumn, he was enveloped in the folds of a huge overcloak. He wore a closely wrapped neckerchief round his chin, and over his eyes was drawn a great fur cap, which to a great extent concealed his face.

"May I again tax your valuable leisure, miss, and hope you will condescend to enunciate to me Sir Henry Damer's state of health."

"Sir Henry has nearly recovered his injuries, sir," answered Agnes.

"I am much obliged for, and proud of the intelligence, miss; perhaps I might make so bold as to trouble you a little more. I am a stranger here now, and I would be deeply indebted to any one who would advise him that his old tutor, Denis O'Brien, has come from Dublin to see him, and would be glad when opportunity offers, to pay him a visit."

"I shall do so with great pleasure, sir," said Agnes. "Edward," she added, "will you conduct this gentleman to the house, and I shall run on before you and see if Sir Henry be yet awake."

When she entered Damer's chamber she found him reclining by the open window, and gazing so abstractedly on the lawn that he did not notice her presence. Noiselessly she approached him, and put her hand upon his cheek. It was cold, and wet with tears. He started, looked up and smiled.

"Put your hand on my forehead as you used when it was burning and feverish, my dear sister. Oh, how its cold touch would soothe it then, but now it is almost as chilled as the heart itself! Where is Edward?"

"I thought you might be asleep, dear Sir Henry, so I came alone. Is there anything you would wish for now?"

"No Agnes, no, but will you and Edward sit with me awhile?"

"I have just come to tell you of a gentleman who says he has travelled from Dublin to see you, a Mr. Denis O'Brien."

"Poor Denis O'Brien, and after travelling from Dublin at such a time. Oh, bring him up at once!"

In a few minutes Agnes introduced our old friend the schoolmaster, of Harold's Cross.

"Welcome, my good Denis," said Sir Henry, stretching out his hand to his old teacher, who taking it in both of his, fell upon his knees beside the couch, and pressing it without speaking, bent his head over it and wept. "However have you travelled here?"

"Oh, Master Henry," said the old man, when his feelings allowed him to speak, "don't ask me anything. Sure what matter when I've found you alive. They told me in Dublin you were dead, and the moment I heard it I set out. 'He can't be killed entirely,' said I to Mrs. O'Brien, 'but even if he is I can say a prayer over his grave at any rate; but here I am to find you sound and well, thanks be to God!'

"'Well, an' sure it is n't goin' to the country your thinkin' of in these times, an' they shootin' all the priests and schoolmasters they can lay hands on,' says Mrs. O'B.

"'Well then, I just am,' says I.

"'And what will you do if you 're killed?' says she.

"'I 'll stand my chance for that,' says I, 'tis what happened many of my betters.'

"So she said no more. Well, that evening I started, and between Harold's Cross and Damer Hall, many was the adventure I fell in with I may as well tell you. Every town, vil-

lage, and cross-road I passed I was stopped and searched; I think some of the soldiers took me for Bonaparte, and seemed to think I was travelling in disguise, though I never had more disguise about me than this young lady saw to-day. Be that as it may, they always made me take off my fur cap, which I generally, on account of the cold, kept down on my face. No matter how many were in the coach or caravan, I was the one hauled out to be examined. Well, to cut a long story short, at length I came to where you were known, and then after a little they always let me pass when I told them where I was bound. I hired a noddy at the last town I came to, and drove on here. At the gate the young lady told me you were up and well, and sure then I had heard all that I wanted; after that I could die in peace."

"You have proved yourself a true friend, Denis," said the baronet; "how can I ever repay such kindness?"

"Repay, an' am I not repaid a thousand times already, sir, seeing you as you are?"

"Agnes," said Henry after some further conversation, "will you order some refreshments for Mr. O'Brien?"

"Tea, if you please miss," said the schoolmaster. "Nothing else I beg of you."

"Oh, tea along with the rest by all means!" said Sir Henry. "If your father is below, Agnes, tell him I wish very much to see him."

Agnes rose and left the room. "What a lovely young lady that is," said O'Brien after she had disappeared. "I did not like to say so much to her face, but now that she's gone I'll tell you what, Master Henry, I never saw any one to be compared to her in my life but one, and she was—"

Here he stopped and turned his head as Mr. Mayville entered the room. For a moment both gazed on each other in mute astonishment. Mayville seemed about to retire when O'Brien, starting up, rushed towards him with outstretched hands. "Good God! it's Master Charles himself," he cried as he caught him in his arms. "Our own long lost Master Charles, that we all thought was dead. Look at him, Master Henry; I often told you of the only other pupil I ever loved as I did you. This is he, Mr. Charles Northcoate—I beg his pardon, Sir Charles Northcoate—of Northcoate Hall."

Mayville raised his finger to his lip, but the schoolmaster continued:—

"Why should n't I speak out, Master Charles, and let them all know who you are—the heir to the great name and great estates of Northcoate? And praise be to God! I have it in my power to put you in possession of your own once more, long as they have kept you out of it. Oh, that I have lived to see this day! but sit down here near Sir Henry, and I will tell you everything."

Damer here stretched out his hand for Mayville's, which he pressed in silence. Both were too agitated to speak.

"Well, for my story, Master Charles," continued O'Brien. "A few months ago the lawyer who was the old baronet's, your father's attorney for so long, sent for me, and when I went to see him he was in bed sick.

"'Mr. O'Brien,' says he, 'you know old Sir Thomas well?'

"'Few better, sir,' says I.

"'Have you ever heard tell of Master Charles since he went away long ago?' says he.

"'Not a word, I'm sorry to say,' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'Mister O'Brien, I am going to tell you a secret now. You see I'm sick, and it may be the will of God I sha'n't recover. Before his death, old Sir Thomas got me to draw up a last will and testament, and in it he left his property and his ready money to Master Charles, but he bound both the witnesses to it and myself not to disclose to any one what he had done unless his son should turn up. I advertised for him after

the father's death, and had inquiries made in every place, but never could get any tidings about him that I could know whether he was dead or alive. 'Tis my own opinion he went to America, and is long since dead. I suppose you know that his becoming a Catholic and marrying beneath him was the cause of his father's cutting him off. Well, now, you're the man of all the old friends of Sir Thomas in whom I have most trust, and to you I confide this will. Here, take these keys and open the second drawer of that chest there; you will find it at the bottom under a pile of Northcoate deeds. Take it home with you and keep it safe under lock and key. You can bring it back to me if I get better, if not never let any one know about it unless Master Charles or some one belonging to him should turn up.'

"Well, the poor man died about three weeks ago, God rest his soul! Amen. I intended as soon as I could to start on the search for Master Charles. I knew the little Latin I had at command would carry me safe through any country. Schoolmasters are respected wherever they go; but the troubles then came on, and put all other things out of people's minds while they lasted. When I came here I intended to ask Sir Henry's advice; and God be praised and glorified that put it into my head to come down and see him, for sure only for that I'd be going all over the world, and like as one night, as Mrs. O'Brien was one night searching through the house for her snuff-box, an' it in her pocket, lookin' in every place but where I had a right to look for the owner of Northcoate Hall. But now let me see both of ye shake hands again and again and again, my two favorite pupils. Ah, if ye had only taken to the mathematics; but, bless my life! here comes the tea, and here is the young lady again, and the only one I have ever seen to compare with Miss Callinan, Father O'Gorman's niece. Master Charles, this must be—"

"You are right Denis," answered Mr. Mayville, or as we shall henceforth call him, Sir Charles Northcoate. "That young girl is the daughter of her whom you knew as Mary Callinan."

"Oh, Master Charles, I understand it all now! Bless my life, how did it escape me so long? It was Miss Callinan that you married; and for that your father cut you off. Oh, but now I'm proud to think of all the Northcoate estates going back to the old faith once more! And is this young lady your only heir?"

"Agnes," said Sir Charles, taking the hand of his daughter, who had listened in speechless amazement, "you are no doubt surprised, my child, at what you have just heard. It is natural indeed that you should be. All that is now so confusing to your mind, and the secret hanging over our fortnnes that has probably perplexed it for so long, I will make plain and clear by a few words; and now that Sir Henry knows my real character he will understand why his generous offer of the hospitality and protection of his roof was accepted by me with so much reluctance. After my return to my father's house, my college course and two years' continental travelling being ended, I one day chanced, when visiting at the house of one of his tenants, to make the acquaintance there of the priest of the neighboring parish. From the moment of my introduction to this worthy man I was captivated by his conversation, and by his refined and cultivated manner. He reminded me at once of the clergymen I had met with abroad, and I was not surprised to learn from him that he himself had been educated in Italy, I think at the College of Loretto. I readily accepted his invitation that day to accompany him home to his little cottage. Each moment his society charmed me more and more. When taking leave of him that evening, I told him he would see me soon again, and I kept my word, for the next day but one saw my horse again before his

door. In a short time I became so that I could only feel happy in his presence; and although his house was fifteen miles from the Hall, I used to ride over to visit him almost every night. Gradually our conversations changed from travel to history, from history to philosophy, from philosophy to religion. No need to continue. Suffice it to say in a few months my old opinions were so far changed that I eagerly desired to be admitted to the Catholic communion. It was just at this time that I first saw his niece, Miss Callinan, who had come on a visit to his house. The effect she produced upon me I cannot describe; in a word I regarded her as a bright spirit sent to guide and direct my steps towards heaven. When I spoke to the priest of my love, he smiled, and told me to consider whether it would not bring on me my father's displeasure should I wed with one so much beneath me in fortune, and besides a member of the persecuted faith. I now told him openly of my intention to embrace that faith, and that in it, and in her, were centred all my hopes of happiness in life. After some time he gave his consent. We were married by him at the house of an aunt, by whom she had been educated and brought up, for she was an orphan from childhood — in that same lady, Agnes, you too knew a mother and an instructess — Miss Cane; you met her, Sir Henry. She is just one year dead, the Lord have mercy on her soul! In this cottage which was situated in a secluded valley, far away from the noise and bustle of the world, we spent the first year of our married life; the peace and stillness of the cloister reigning everywhere around. What a span of Elysian bliss was that one year, though it was only passed in broken intervals at Lorchgrove Cottage! Miss Cane's house was about fifty miles distant from Northcoate Hall, and I divided my time as best I could between the two places. You remember, Denis, its being remarked that I used to be sometimes weeks from home. What remains you can tell better than I. There was a housekeeper at the Hall, a Mrs. Parker; against her, or against her son, I don't wish to say one uncharitable word. They are both, I believe, now dead — "

"And damned in hell!" roared O'Brien, excited beyond endurance. "If they be not in it, what was hell made for?"

"Peace a moment, good Denis; I have little more to add. I think in time there was some one put to watch my movements, and all they discovered was made known to my father. At all events I was suddenly summoned one morning to his study, where I found him awaiting me in a state of great excitement."

"'Is this true, sir,' he asked, as I entered door, 'that you, my only son, have dishonored your name and your religion by marrying the daughter of some low-born Papist?'

"'It is true that I am a Catholic, father,' I replied, 'but not that I have allied myself with one unworthy of my name.'

"'Enough, you have disgraced your family!' he cried. 'Oh, that I should have lived to see this day! Begone this instant from my sight, you ungrateful boy; I disown you from this hour. Be son of mine no longer. Depart from my house, and may I never see you more.'

"I took him at his word — alas, now that I did so! He loved me dearly, I am convinced, despite of all, and had I given him the opportunity he would erelong, I am certain, have received me back again as his son. Ordering my horse to be saddled, in a few minutes I was galloping away, having taken my last look on Northcoate Hall. On the small fortune I had inherited from my mother I determined to live in obscurity the remainder of my life. A short time after my return to the cottage, Agnes, you were born. For the purpose of rendering it more difficult that any tid-

ings of me could at any subsequent time be obtained, I removed while you were yet an infant to this locality, and settled down under an assumed name at Hawthorne Hill. Of your beloved mother's death I need not tell you, nor how her aunt came to supply to you her place. In time I learned that my father by his will settled all his property on his housekeeper's son, and that the latter by letters patent had assumed the family name. What remains Mr. O'Brien can tell."

"By your leave, Master Charles, I'll finish the story. Well, after the old gentleman made the will, Mrs. Parker was all in a hurry to get her son married, so that he might be regularly established and recognized at the Hall as the next heir to the property. So the very moment he got Sir George's consent, she had him married off to some Dublin girl, and the lawyer said it was the best thing in the world she did so, for had she had the patience to wait till Sir George would make a marriage settlement on him, all the power of the law could not afterwards change it, and this new will now would all go for nothing. So you see, her own covetousness defeated its own end, thanks be to God for it! Well, about a year and a half after his marriage, her son was out hunting one day, and sure he should be as good in the field as his betters, and nothing would do but he should follow young Lord Morton over a great double ditch. Well, as might be expected, he fell and broke his neck, and any one who knew him knows it's no sin to say went to the place where they never want turf. Such a state as his mother got into when she saw his body brought home on a barn-door, with the hinges turned down that he might not be hurt by it. She took to her bed, died in a week or two, and has had, I expect, more than pleases her of her son's company ever since. The young man's widow, with her infant daughter, remained with Sir George in the Hall, and after his death oo k possession of it in the child's name. I suppose she's there still, but I hope she'll get a genteel hint from the sheriff before long, that will send her to the right about at an accelerated velocity, as we say in mechanics."

"Good God!" exclaimed Damer in astonishment, "to think that your rights have been for so long usurped, and by whom. I can now understand, Sir Charles, why you were so reluctant to accept my invitation here till you were assured Miss Northcoate—"

"Miss Parker, if you please, Master Henry," broke in Denis O'Brien, "that was the name of the old housekeeper."

"Thank you, Denis, for correcting me,—whilst Miss Parker was in the house. From my heart I congratulate you on the prospect of being early restored to your rights. How little did I imagine whom it was I had invited to be my guest!"

"Father," said Agnes when they were alone, I can yet scarcely realize all we have heard; everything seems like a dream. I always knew there was a mystery hanging over your early life, but never did I dream you possessed a title all the time."

"An empty honor, under the circumstances, my child; but God has now been pleased in this most unforeseen and extraordinary manner to restore me to my rights. Seek Edward now," he added with a smile, "and advise him never to accept a bride who brings not the portion of a countess for her dower."

"I rejoice for Edward's sake more than all," said Agnes blushing, "although for him wealth has little attraction. I should be glad to reward his constancy with something besides my hand."

The reader can easily imagine what was the astonishment of the country around when it became known that the unassuming stranger, who had long lived in obscurity in the humble cottage at Hawthorne Hill, was in reality a baronet and heir to one of the noblest of Irish estates. Amongst all those who hurried to congratulate Sir

Charles Northcoate, by far the warmest and most demonstrative was Lady Damer. In an ecstasy of joy she clasped Agnes in her arms, and addressing her by every endearing term her warm feelings could suggest, expressed her hopes that they should ever regard each other as mother and daughter, and be constant companions through life. With the most dignified contempt she alluded to the former Miss Northcoate, whom she now designated as that impostor "Louise Parker," as she blessed God her darling boy had escaped her wiles.

MacMahon heard with joy beyond description from the lips of Agnes the great change in her father's fortunes. As to his having being offered the hand of a rich and lovely young daughter of the French nobility, he never breathed a word. All that she learned from another at a subsequent time. He merely remarked, "Wealth and rank were not what constituted your attractions in my eyes long ago, Agnes," he said, "but as you bring them now they are welcome. Shall not our nuptials be celebrated after our triumphant entry into Dublin, and after the freedom of Ireland has been proclaimed?"

Agnes smilingly answered, "As you will."

It was with great astonishment that Autrechamp learned of MacMahon's long engagement to Miss Northcoate.

"Why Edward," he said, "I always thought the colonel intended the Countess Madeline for you."

"Really, my dear Louis," answered MacMahon laughing, "that was for a long time my own impression with regard to yourself."

"You don't say so, Edward. Well I will confess to you a secret I have kept concealed from mortal till now. I loved Madeline from the very first moment I beheld her, that is, from the day I was brought disguised a page into her house. My love grew and increased with my years and my strength. When you appeared on the scene, I noticed with what favor you were regarded by the general and also, I believed, by the countess herself. It was then I set for myself the task of conquering my own heart. God above alone knows what the struggle cost me. It was often disposed to prove refractory, but I ever managed to curb it. Now that I find you are the betrothed of another, all the old thoughts, hopes, and feelings long banished from my breast rush back to it and almost overpower me."

MacMahon warmly grasped his friend's hand.

"Such nobleness of spirit as you have manifested, Louis," he said, "is rarely met with indeed; but trust me, your generous and honorable conduct will even in this world find its reward. Our each of us keeping his secret from the other has entailed these cruel consequences. However, you must now forget the past and look with confidence to the future. I think I can promise that your suit will be favorably received by the Lady Madeline."

"Ah, Master Henry," said O'Brien, as he sat with the baronet one day alone, "there is but one thing wanting now to make my happiness complete on earth."

"And what is that, my dear friend?" asked Sir Henry, carelessly.

"To see the two families and estates united, and you married to Miss Northcoate."

Damer turned deadly pale; a tremor shook his frame. He placed his hand upon his breast as though a dagger had pierced it. In a moment the paroxysm had passed, his features had recovered their usual serenity of expression, and with a smile he replied to the old tutor,—

"No, Denis. Miss Northcoate is the destined bride of another."

Conclusion next month.

EVERYTHING in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

IRISH MANUFACTURES.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Few events of recent times are more remarkable and more cheering than the widespread and general interest which in so short a space of time has been evoked by the great movement in favor of Irish manufactures, now so rapidly spreading through the island. It would ill become this journal, which has done so much to invoke that movement, — it would, we say, ill become us to utter a word tending to damp or discourage it. But we know we will not be misunderstood when we say that, although something may be done for Irish manufactures by voluntary effort, yet the real development of the trade, commerce, and manufactures of the country can only be attained when we reach that goal towards which events are now rapidly hastening, — the restoration of the Irish Parliament. One of the brightest of the few bright chapters in our sad island story is that in which is recorded how Irish trade and commerce flourished in that brief epoch of independence which opened with the era of the Volunteers, and closed with the shameful treason of the Union. Everybody knows that the century which elapsed between the battle of the Boyne and the rise of the Volunteers was a period of dire depression for Irish manufactures and trade. The English Parliament strangled Irish trade by a series of laws as devilish and ingenious as the penal code itself. Successive monarchs too well kept the pledge of King William, — "I will do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland." That manufacture, which at the close of the eighteenth century was, as Swift says, "glorious and flourishing, though in no way interfering with the English," was stamped out by a long series of laws, which had, as one of the results, the creation of a great woollen trade in France, to which country vast quantities of Irish wool were smuggled! An Irish nobleman, Lord Clare, painted in glowing verse the result of all this on Ireland. "It was," he said, "a land where starving hinds from fens and rocks viewed pastures rich with herds and flocks"; where "for other hinds our owners bleed, our flocks for happier nations feed"; where the Irish weaver stood aghast and dropped the shuttle from his hands, as he saw his trade driven out of the country. Other laws of the English Parliament slew the Irish glass trade, while the Navigation Laws crippled and ruined Irish commerce as a whole. The same noble poet describes the harbors of Ireland: "Ports secure from every wind," inviting the helm and courting the sails yet empty and desolate, while haggard-eyed poverty beheld the merchant, "doomed to brave the treacherous shoal and adverse wave," fly past the interdicted shores of Ireland. From this condition of things, painted with so much feeling and passion by the poet, Grattan and the Volunteers delivered Ireland, winning by a bloodless campaign at once the delivery of Irish trade and the independence of our native Parliament. The period of Irish Legislative Independence was all too brief. It lasted only from 1782 to 1800. The Parliament only represented a small faction and a small sect, but it was an Irish Parliament. And it thus happened that the glory of these eighteen years shines with an imperishable splendor. Ireland rapidly rose in agriculture, manufactures, trade, wealth, — every branch of industry. "There is not a nation on the habitable globe," wrote a noble lord in 1798, "which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufacturers, with the same rapidity in the same period."

The writer was Lord Clare, not the poet lord, but the infamous traitor who bartered away the independence of the country. The old manufactures flourished in the most wonderful way. The old silk and tabinet manufactures of Dublin, for example, were enormously developed, giving employment to many thousands of families, and laying the foundations of many noble fortunes. The woollen trade, freed from the shackles of repression, grew to gigantic dimensions. Great glass works were everywhere established. Localities became famous for certain special manufactures, — Limerick for its lace and gloves, Bandon for its brown linen, Clonmel for its worsted, Balbriggan for its hosiery, and so on. Irish blankets, Irish serges, Irish silks, Irish camlets, not alone supplied the home markets, but became famous abroad. The linen manufacture, now surviving in a single province, was, in the heyday of Irish nationality, everywhere existent. In the West, for example, the linen trade was, during this period, almost as great as in the North. The Union came, and when the fostering care of the native Parliament was removed, Irish industries began to wither and die. The sad story is told in a few simple statistics. Dublin, at the time of the Union had 2,500 broad looms in the silk manufacture; in 1840 there was just one tenth of the number; to-day this ancient trade has dwindled down into an existence kept alive only by fitful endeavors. In 1800 there was in the city of Dublin ninety-one masters engaged in the woollen manufactures, and they employed over 4,000 hands. In 1840 there were but twelve masters and 680 hands; in 1864 there was only nine manufacturers. In 1800 there was in the town of Roscrea, in Tipperary, 900 persons supported by the woollen manufacture; at the present day there is not, we believe, one. In the year 1800 there were 1,000 flannel looms in the county of Wicklow; at the present day, we believe, there is not one. In 1800 a blanket manufacture existed in Kilkenny which employed 3,000 operatives; in 1841 they were reduced to 925. In 1800 there were 720 operatives employed in the Dublin carpet manufacture, under thirteen masters; in 1841 there was but one carpet manufacturer. The present state of these manufactures is known to everybody. Before the Union, Ireland spun all her own woollen and worsted yarn. In 1790 Ireland imported only 2,294 pounds of woollen and worsted yarn; in 1800, 1,180 pounds; in 1826, 662,750 pounds. Present statistics are not available, but it is notorious that the great bulk of the woollen stuffs of every kind used in Ireland come from England. Some manufactures which were great and flourishing before the Union, have now either perished or are in a languishing state, as the manufactures of glass and gloves. In a word, before the Union, Ireland was a country which supplied herself with manufactured goods, and had some left to export. To-day almost all the manufactured articles used in Ireland, save linen, whiskey, porter, and tobacco, are British or foreign products. There are British and French millinery and silks; British, French, Danish, and Hungarian gloves; English cloths, cotton, muslins, and ribbons; English soaps, candles, ironmongery, hardware, glass, and boots: in fact, almost everything used by rich and poor. Ireland is charged with cherishing sentimental grievances; there never, assuredly, was a grievance less sentimental than the national hate of that act of Union, one of whose consequences was to strangle to death the great and growing manufactures of Ireland, and to leave Ireland a purely agricultural country, at the mercy of her fitful climate and treacherous skies.

SAY "I lifted it," and not "I lifted it up."

ALL HALLOW E'EN.

About three hundred years ago an English poet sang, —

"The wrathful winter hast'ning on apace
With blust'ring blast hath all y'barred the treen;
And old Saturnus with his frosty face,
With chilling cold hath pierced the tender green.
The mantle's rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay o'erthrown,
The tapis torn, and each tree blown down."

And though the winters are not milder now than they were three centuries ago, we feel the approach of the brumal season and the force of the above lines as sensibly as did our forefathers. In those good old days, gone by with many regrets, the first of November was deemed the initial day of winter. The fruits from the orchard, the crops from the fields, were garnered up; and the piles of fuel rearing their pyramidal heads around the homes of olden times gave them an aspect of comfort that seemed to say defiantly, "Blow, old Boreas!" The gloom of November and the approaching frosts and snows were forgotten and unheeded in the merry family ring, around the cheerful, blazing winter's fire.

Winter was a season more devoted to self-communion in our "grandfathers' days" than now. Then the industry of the other seasons guaranteed abundance for winter, and even Nature rested from her activity. The genial fire, enlivened with the laughter, the music, the reading, or tales of adventure, made our ancestors oblivious to the stern world outside. Welcome was the minstrel, or he who could relate in song or story the chivalric deeds of men and women of ages much further in the buried past.

November day, as the first day was called, was celebrated by our forefathers as a day of rejoicing and festivity for the harvest produce just gathered, and the opening of the holiday season, — a season of jubilee. The young of both sexes gathered together on this evening and performed a great variety of tricks and games, many of them pretending to develop heart-secrets in the recesses of futurity. These tricks and games were not confined to any one country in Europe; but were general, till driven away by the colder sway of professional utilitarianism and selfishness, such as rule America to-day. People were not then bothered about candidates or elections. They were not watching for every chance to swindle their neighbor out of his last cent, with the most plausible grace. No cases of death from starvation, no suicides, no murders, no seductions, no divorces, no abortions, no superabundance of churches characterized these bygone times; and from the multitudinous spawn progress has entangled us with, it is a relief to sit down among the demoralization of society, and utter a long-drawn sigh for our grandfathers' days, when there were happiness and plentiness; when, if they were less enlightened, they were more charitable and less vicious. We have no doubt but thousands of our readers will echo that yearning for the restoration of the sports, pastimes, and unselfishness of the olden time, — features that will never be seen by us again.

Surmety was a favorable dish to introduce the winter with. It was made of new wheat, plump and round, boiled in sweet milk till the grains cracked and the liquid became a jelly, when the mass was piled on to dishes and sweetened to taste.

Colcannon was a favorite dish in Ireland, and was composed of a large boiler of pared potatoes, turnips, parsnips, etc., boiled well together, strained, and pounded with sweet milk, butter, and fragrant herbs, the first of that autumn's saving. It was a delicious dish, and one on which a monarch might sup with infinite gusto. The homeless and friendless had a cordial invitation to these festal celebrations, and the hospitalities awarded to strangers and guests given them.

After supper the younger members of the family and their juvenile neighbors congregated together in some well-regulated, well-ventilated, well-lighted barn, and performed a host of tricks, amusing and prophetic. We shall enumerate a few.

Snap-apple was a decidely favorite amusement. It is two cross-sticks suspended from the rafters by a cord just long enough to bring the cross-sticks on a level with the operator's nose. At two ends of the cross-sticks, two lighted candles are secured, and to the other two ends two large apples. The operator is (with his hands secured behind his back) to snap one of the apples in his or her mouth; but to the great amusement of the lookers-on, the operator gets the candle there oftener than the apple.

Diving is simply pitching large apples into large tubs, filled with water; and the divers, bared to the waist, catch them with the mouth and teeth. Some are so expert as to raise a small silver coin from the bottom of the tub, by the sole aid of their lips and teeth. Great amusement is evoked when the head of the timid diver is immersed in the cool waters of the diving-vat.

Lead-melting — Each youth and maiden melts in a crucible a portion of lead, and when melted, pours it into a basin through a new wedding-ring; and the lead assumes grotesque shapes, which, in the eyes of the village crones, indicate the life, calling, history, and end of the beau or sweetheart of the operator.

Nut-cracking is an old and favorite sport. Two nuts are named for two of the company, — a male and female, — placed on a hot pan, and the constancy or inconstancy of the youthful pair is indicated by the burning or crackling and separation of the burning nuts.

This is the night when fairies befoul the fruit that remains ungathered on the trees; the night when mischievous spirits play cruel pranks on young men going home late from the frolic. Many were found astride of a hob-goblin, and after being carried over the most dangerous paths and places till cock-crow, were cast into a pile of briers or brambles, to the evident discomfiture of their clothing and many abrasures of their cuticles. Thousands of tales were rife of soul-stirring adventures on Hallow e'en, as November night has been called. These adventures among the good old warlocks have been driven away by modern spiritualism, the electric telegraph, and the locomotive. November day is, in the Catholic Church, called "All-Saints' Day"; for the number of saints favored with canonization is so large that each cannot have a votive day, so this day is set apart by the Church to the honor of the whole troop of saints that chant Alleluias before the Eternal Throne.

STEELE'S women are the women of mediocre eighteenth-century comedy, and they have at times a rather alarming family likeness to Lady Steele and Lady Warwick, as far as we can judge of those two ladies from the extremely small means at our command. Both Addison and Steele seem to have suffered from the same domestic trouble. Addison, his detractors say, used to take refuge from the wife of his bosom at Button's, where he took more wine than was good for a delicate constitution like his; he could not always stand Lady Warwick. Steele was in the same trouble. We find him writing: "Dearest being on earth, — Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am informed in things this night which extremely concern your obedient husband, Richard Steele." We hope, for the sake of peace, Lady Steele was asleep when he got home, and that he remembered to take his boots off before getting into bed. A bullying wife is apt to make a lying husband, and we do not believe in the schoolfellow from India.

ALL SAINTS.

All whom we have truly loved and who are gone, all who in ages past were ever really worthy of any one's love, — these and no others we honor on this beautiful feast. They are the saints; they are those whom God himself loved, — God, who imagines not, but sees. These are the fragrant flowers of the human race. There are flowers cold, splendid, odorless; they give forth nothing, they are satisfied with attracting admiration. There are again flowers that fill all space around them with an exquisite, unseen essence which we call fragrance. They breathe forth their being for the delight of others. This fragrance of the human flower is love. It dwells not within itself, content with self; it goes forth filling the world with its good work of sweetness and warmth and life.

These are they whom God loved, and now loves, and in loving whom we are exalted and purified. Three hundred and sixty-four days of the year we are engaged in loving, worshipping the world, — the world, with its cold splendor, its poisoned beauty, its hollow pretensions, its varnished fraud. There is yet one day left: shall we not give it to the memory and the honor of all that is real, all that is true, all that is abiding?

How the human soul yearns for the truly beautiful! How it goes passionately forth to some wretched dream, some idol of lifeless stone, or sordid clay that it has decked with a very halo of divinity! How, when its dream is rudely dispelled, its idol broken, its clay turned to mud, — how it still eagerly follows the same road of delusion and disappointment until the bitter end of despair comes at last!

Ah, why not follow the better impulses of this divine instinct of love? Why not look above? They who are truly lovely are there, — the mother, the spouse, the little one gone before, — they are as truly there as we are here; there more full of sweetness, of beauty, of life, of eager interest in us, than when present to the eyes of our body; there in all the changeless truth of immortality.

Fear not that this spiritual intercourse with the sainted dead, this religious honoring of creatures, will lead to idolatry. It leads to God! We are accustomed to loving created beings. In our human infirmity, objects of the sense are familiar to us, while a pure spirit — even God — seems remote and mysterious and uncertain of approach. It is easy for us to approach our fellow-men even when at the foot of the throne which seems to us so shrouded in mystery. But in communing with them, the timid soul gradually learns to see the throne itself. — *N. O. Morning Star.*

HISTORY OF THE HAT.

How few of us ever trace up the history of the hat! The Greeks made them in skull-caps — conical, truncated, narrow, or broad-brimmed. The Phrygian bonnet was an elevated cap without a brim, the apex turned over in front; it is known as the cap of liberty. The Persians wore soft caps. Plumed hats were the head-dress of the Syrian corps of Xerxes; the broad-brim was worn by the Macedonian kings. Castor means a beaver. The Armenian captain wore a plug hat. The merchants of the fourteenth century wore a Flanders beaver. Charles VII., in 1469, wore a felt hat lined with red, and plumed. The English men and women in 1510 wore close woollen or knitted caps; two centuries ago hats were worn in the house. In the thirteenth century Pope Innocent IV. allowed the cardinals the use of the scarlet cloth hat. The hats now in use are the cloth hat, paper hat, silk hat, opera hat, spring-brim hat, and straw hat.

THE INTENTION OF THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.

His Eminence Cardinal Newman.

Pope Leo had promulgated a Jubilee, and had done so for reasons known to himself alone. A Jubilee was his act, and this Jubilee, which was to remain their privilege for months, was an extraordinary Jubilee. There was some especial reason for his proclaiming it, and while they took advantage of it they must recollect the condition on which it was given; and this was the point on which he wished to insist. It was an easy thing to say and to hold and to welcome, that it was a time when plenary indulgence is given to all those who repented of their sins, and were resolved to lead and live a better life. That was the one distinct, he might say the first, primary view of the Jubilee; but they must recollect there was another, and that was the reason for which it was given. If there were special reasons, a Jubilee might be given every day; but the Holy Father at Rome had not proclaimed a Jubilee without a reason. That reason their Sovereign Pontiff formerly told them in a letter proclaiming the Jubilee, but he also adds, "for Our intention." They asked, directed, and commanded prayers, not only for the general objects of the Pope's intention, namely, "for the union of Christian princes, for the propagation of religion, for the welfare of the Church," and the like, but Pope Leo added, "for Our intention." Let them remember, and they had much to remind them, that they had a duty before them in these months, and they must not put it aside. It was very well to perform the conditions, as they were bound to do, and which were expressly in detail mentioned, such as going to a particular church and saying prayers, and the like; but they must not exclude that which the Pope seemed to lay stress upon as if it were what guided and determined him. He meant that it was for his (the Pope's) intention; and more than that, the Holy Father specially said that during the Jubilee he wished them to have recourse to the Blessed Virgin for her patronage and advocacy; and also to St. Joseph, who was the patron of the universal Church. Those were the duties imposed upon them, and he thought — without being able to interpret what might be in the Pope's mind — that they saw quite enough, if they looked at the news of the day, in the state of things here and abroad, to understand that they had great need of the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of all the saints. They required as much prayer as they could get; and since the Holy Father spoke of prayer to St. Joseph and to our Lady during the Jubilee, he (the Cardinal) thought all Catholics should make a point of saying some short prayer at least, with the intention of fulfilling that which the Pontiff put before them. Pope Leo was in a condition different, perhaps, from any pope who had preceded him. He did not say whether it was a greater trial or a less. That was another thing. The Church was always in trial. The Church was never without that tossing to and fro, those storms and dangers which were typified in St. Peter's boat; and as the apostle cried to our Lord and our Lord came, so they must cry to Almighty God, and take advantage of all the privileges he had given them in allowing them to pray. While they prayed to the blessed souls who had fulfilled their trials, and were in heaven, they must pray to him supremely to save the Church from the great danger which she was in. They had certainly what seemed, humanly speaking, a very dark prospect before them as regarded religion; but it must be recollected that at other times religion, the holy Church, and the Holy Father, and the world had been in great trouble. If they looked

only to the last century, they would see that Pope Pius VI. died as a prisoner in France, Pope Pius VII. was for some years a prisoner in France, and both were treated very ill and very harshly, not treated even like venerable old men. Pope Pius VII., by the grace of God, and by his prayers and the intercession of the Virgin, was brought back. Pope Pius IX., who preceded the present Pope, was driven out of Rome, and had to go in disguise from Rome for fear he should be treated as his predecessor had been in the beginning of the century. Troubles were various, and very different, but he did not say that the present troubles were greater or less than in other times; but they were great, and had a depth in them which to them, who only saw the present time, were more serious and more dangerous than any other. Religion seemed, as far as the look of things went, to be unsettled and worse than unsettled, almost driven away from various countries. Their hope was that the threatening would not be fulfilled, and that was the reason why they prayed, as dangers had come upon the Church. The children of the Church had prayed in the past, and their prayers had succeeded in the most wonderful way. As in the case of Pope Pius VII. at the beginning of the century, so it had been with other Popes. They had gone through great trials, and they had in many cases been martyrs, and everything seemed to be going to ruin somehow; but as on the Lake of Gennesareth, when the winds blew, and the waves rose, and the apostles cried out, "Lord, save us, or we perish," so now there was every appearance of ruin, and yet Almighty God, by his sovereign word, changed the whole course of things. And this, they must recollect, was the great lesson they must keep in mind about prayer. The effect of prayer upon the Church was parallel, he might say, to the sight of a vessel going against wind and tide, — the most extraordinary and unlikely thing to happen. It was that against which the science of the day set itself with indignation and with bitterness. Certain scientists could not allow the idea that prayer had that effect; but it had an effect beyond words, and those who lived long and had large experience of life in various ways had the witness that God was true, faithful, powerful, and merciful of everything and everybody. And everybody might be his own witness by prayer of the mercifulness of God to him; and as he was merciful to each of them, so he was to that Church which he had set up, which he had founded and blessed, and on which he had put his name. And if they called upon our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph and all the saints, the Church would be taken care of in her great peril. And therefore he impressed upon them the importance of not allowing the Jubilee to pass without every day saying a prayer for the intention of the holy Pontiff, and to keep in mind the idea and objects of the Jubilee. It was by that union of prayer of the many that great things were done. The world knew not how it was done. It saw certain changes, but did not know the cause. They knew that those great things in favor of the Church were done by prayer of men who seemed nothing in themselves, multitudes of powerless men, multitudes of poor women and of holy nuns. As a result of that united prayer, he had no doubt that a great power would be given in the covenant of grace, and he called upon them to exert themselves in furtherance of the holy intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

SAY "thus much is true," and not "this much is true."

THE other day a bishop, when travelling in a London 'bus, met one of his clergy. "My lord," said the latter, "I have seen many a bishop *in partibus*, but never till to-day a bishop *in omnibus*."

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XXI.

MEMOIR OF CHIEF BARON WOULFE.

Born in 1786. — Education. — Studies law. — His friendship with William Henry Curran. — High personal character. — Called to the Irish bar in 1814. — Tour on the Continent. — At the bar. — Personal appearance. — Supports the veto. — Opposed by O'Connell. — Meeting at Limerick. — O'Connell's story. — Woulfe publishes, in 1819, a letter to a Protestant on "The Balance of Evils." — Condemns Plunket for prosecuting the Catholic Association. — A Treatise on "The Law of Real Property." — Appointed a Crown prosecutor on the Munster Circuit. — Assistant barrister for the county Galway. — Resigns the chairmanship. — Obtains the rank of King's Counsel. — Sergeant in 1834, and Solicitor-General in 1836. — Elected M. P. for Cashel. — His parliamentary career. — Attorney-General in 1837. — His mode of speaking. — Compared with Shiel. — The Drummond letter. — Succeeds Joy as Chief Baron in 1838. — His demeanor on the bench. — At Baden-Baden. — Death in 1840.

FEW men ever occupied a higher place in public estimation during his life than Stephen Woulfe; yet so brief is the period of worldly popularity, his name is seldom mentioned now.

His family emigrated from the county of Clare, and settled at Chaud Fontaine, near Liège, in Belgium, where Stephen Woulfe was born in 1786. He was carefully educated by the Jesuit fathers at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire: and as this was the school at which, at that time, the English patrician houses of Howard, Clifford, Petre, Weld, Witham, Stoner, and the Irish Talbots, Plunkets, Fitzgeralds, O'Briens, MacNamaras, Woulfes, and others had their sons educated, a sort of national rivalry prevailed; and in the intellectual as well as physical conflicts, the Irish boys held their own. Among these Stephen Woulfe occupied no ignoble place, having been well grounded in classical and scientific learning; he was sent for some time to the Lay College of Maynooth, and then, selecting the profession of the law as his avocation in life, became a student of the King's Inns, and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin.

The following account of his student days was written by W. H. Curran: —

"It was in 1813, that, being one of his fellow-students at the Middle Temple, I first saw him; and I cannot now refrain from stating, with, I hope, excusable pride, that our acquaintanceship was no sooner formed than he not so much selected as seized upon me as his friend, and that the cordial grasp, once given, was never relaxed until his hold upon all things in this life was gone forever." * Woulfe appears to have been very happy in securing not merely the casual acquaintance, but the lasting esteem of his fellow-students. Besides Curran, the late Judge Ball, Richard Lalor Shiel, Sir Thomas Wyse, and Mr. Wallace were lifelong friends.

Woulfe had qualities which men always love in their companions, — a frank, trusting, kindly nature, a disposition pleasant and conciliatory, and unvaried rectitude of principle. His sentiments were neither narrowed by bigotry nor warped by prejudice. His heart and his friendships were wide; neither were curtailed by seas or national preferences.

Having duly kept his terms, Mr. Woulfe was called to the Irish bar in Trinity Term, 1814. Shortly after, the restoration of peace which followed the battle of Waterloo opened Europe to travellers, when Mr. Woulfe accompanied Messrs. Ball and Wyse on a Continental tour. He seems to have been much distressed by the bad sewerage of Paris, and was glad to leave that now splendid capital for the sunny South. With his accomplished companions he visited Milan, Mantua, Verona, and Venice, — the Bride of the Sea. Here the poetic and imaginative mind of Woulfe had much to revel in. The Palace of the Doges, the gloomy prisons approached by the Bridge of Sighs, the songs of the gondoliers, the poetry of Tasso, the Rialto, the ancient fame and modern degeneracy of Venice, called forth his reverence and regret. Woulfe left his associates to proceed to the Tyrol, where he enjoyed the glorious scenery of the land of Hofer, and skirting the

* Sketches of the Irish Bar, Vol. I. p. 6.

North of Switzerald, came home by the banks of the Rhine.

With a mind deeply imbued with literature, and great reasoning power, he settled to the practice of his profession. He never was greatly distinguished as a lawyer.

Mr. Curran says, "He had come to his profession, according to the custom of the time, without much previous insight into its minute practical details; but as to some most essential particulars he was far from being unprepared. He had been no careless or negligent student. He studied the best text-books, both of common law and equity, and not merely in a desultory, superficial way, but thoroughly. He was not so well acquainted with the minute details as with broad principles. What he did know he knew well. He had thoroughly mastered leading principles, and on these he mainly depended. In their application he was always remarkably ingenious; but where there was a necessity for much legal learning he was deficient. His practice in the Four Courts was not large; but after the withdrawal of O'Connell, Sergeant Goold, and William Waggett, he became one of the leaders of the Munster Circuit."*

Woulfe's personal appearance was very striking. His figure was long and lean, more indicative of grace than strength. His face was thin, with the cheeks hollow, the nose prominent, sharp in outline, and of unusual length. He looked often like

> "An inspired and desperate alchemist,
> Staking his very life on some dark cast."

In later years, when I used to meet him, illness had wasted away the little flesh he ever possessed, and he was gaunt and grim; and though at best of times his voice was guttural and inharmonious, it then croaked. He could not pronounce the letter "r," and though a very rapid and fluent speaker, his tones were often too shrill to be heard with pleasure.

"I spoke to them trumpet-tongued," he said to a friend, after a fine speech to a Cork jury.

"You did, I heard you; but it was a penny trumpet, Stephen," replied Harry Cooper.

On one occasion a party of his friends (he being absent) were amusing themselves by going through some varieties of the canine race, and endeavoring to find a resemblance between them and members of the bar. Bull-dogs, spaniels, terriers, and curs were readily matched. When the grey-hound was named, Shiel instantly called out "Woulfe," and the likeness, even to the very minutest details, was pronounced perfect. Both possessed the tall and slender frame, the keen eye, the elongated face; both so calm and gentle when in repose, so swift and bounding in motion. It was a capital simile.

It has been well said by a competent judge of men and character that "Woulfe was the first mind amongst the modern Irish Catholics." This is probably true as regards the laymen, but of the clergy the Rev. Arthur O'Leary was before him. Woulfe certainly was a profound thinker, and endowed with great mental powers. Having already mentioned his having been sent to the College of Maynooth before entering Trinity College, Mr. Madden supposes he was intended for the priesthood, and infers that his theological training did much to sharpen the intellect and invigorate the reasoning power of one whose faculties, without some constraint, would have been erratic in their tendency, from the discursive character of his mind. "Had he taken orders," adds Madden, "and engaged in controversy, he might have been the Bossuet of Ireland."*

Curiously enough, he did engage in controversy. When the British government claimed the right of having a veto upon the appointment of Irish Roman Catholic bishops, Mr. Woulfe, with several other conscientious Catholics, saw no objection to this arrange-

* Ireland and its Rulers, Vol. II. p. 308.

* Ireland and its Rulers, Vol. II. p. 321.

ment. But the great mass of the Irish nation, priests and people, were against this veto, and it became the great question of the day. O'Connell was opposed to Woulfe, who was regarded as the chief champion of those in favor of the veto. At a great public meeting held in Limerick, to pronounce against giving this power to the government, Woulfe attempted to address the meeting; but as he was known to differ in opinion from O'Connell, he was unable to obtain a hearing. O'Connell came forward and asked, as a favor to himself, "that the learned gentleman might be allowed to speak." This silenced the tumult, and Woulfe delivered a carefully prepared and most powerful speech on the subject in favor of yielding to the government. When he ceased O'Connell advanced, and was loudly cheered. "I am not going to make a speech to-day," he said, in his sweet but impressive voice; "you have had a fine speech from the gentleman who has just sat down: but I will tell you a story. Once upon a time a flock of sheep were living peaceably together under the care of their watch-dogs, when an attempt was made to get rid of the dogs. And who made the attempt? It was the wolves. A meeting of the sheep took place. Then the leading wolf came forward, and tried to persuade the innocent sheep to give up their dogs. They followed the advice, and mark the consequences. They were quickly devoured, and so would be the Catholics of Ireland if they acted in the same manner as the sheep, and followed the advice of a *Wolf*."

The meeting at once saw the drift of the story, and cheered O'Connell to the echo. It is needless to say the opponents were thoroughly beaten; and Woulfe, turning to Dean Call, said, "How useless it is to compete with O'Connell! Here have I been elaborating a speech for a month, and O'Connell demolishes me by a flash of humor and a pun on my name!"

In 1819, Woulfe published a very able treatise on the situation of the Irish Catholics. It was entitled "A Letter to a Protestant on the Balance of Evils," and addressed to Henry Brougham. It was thus commented on by a friend of Mr. Madden's: —

"I had never before seen Woulfe's argument on the Catholic question, and I have been perfectly amazed at the ability of some portions of it. The prominent value and universal applicability of the arguments chiefly rested on, and the intimate familiarity with ancient and modern history displayed throughout, struck me very much. It is plain he has been a deep student of history. But it is absurd to look upon this work as a pamphlet. It is a grand oration, undelivered for want of a fit arena to speak it in, like Cicero's famous second Philippic. You may, if you like, class it as a piece of political reasoning with Mackintosh's disquisition on the Reform Bill, or any other essay of that description. I would rather compare it to Burke's great speech on conciliation with America. It evinces the same power of surveying the question from a height, and looking down upon the contending principles on both sides. Woulfe's subject is not less grand than Burke's, and his treatment of it hardly less comprehensive and dignified; it is a plea for national integrity, universal tolerance, and the supremacy of law, unstained by even the pretence of partisanship."

From what I have mentioned, it may be supposed that on some points Woulfe and O'Connell did not agree. However, Woulfe cast the weight of his high character and great abilities into the scale with his coreligionists in their efforts for emancipation. Though bound by ties of personal friendship and esteem for Plunket, when that great Irishman, as Attorney-General, prosecuted the Catholic Association, no one was more vehement in denouncing the prosecutors than Stephen Woulfe.

He owed much professional advancement to Plunket. Woulfe had composed a treatise on "The Amendment

of the Laws of Real Property in England," during the year 1822, but was anticipated in its publication by Mr. Humphrey's "Observations on the Actual State of the English Laws of Real Property, with the Outlines of a Code."

Mr. Woulfe was one of the first Irish Catholics who obtained legal preferment from the British government in modern times. A Crown prosecutorship on the Munster Circuit was conferred on him, and at that time it was worth at least £1,000 a year. In 1829 the Assistant Barristership of Galway was also given to him by the then Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Francis Leveson-Gower; but the union of these two offices was too much for his delicate health, and he resigned his chairmanship in 1832, having held it only about three years.

The office of Crown prosecutor on his circuit was not a very laborious one, and very remunerative. During the anti-tithe agitation of 1833, he conducted a prosecution against parties defended by O'Connell, to the great satisfaction of the Viceroy, Lord Anglesea, by obtaining a conviction. Lord Plunket, the Chancellor, was asked by the Viceroy "what compliment could be conferred on Mr. Woulfe in reward for his successful efforts"; and the silk gown of King's Counsel was tendered and accepted. In 1853, Woulfe was promoted to the rank of sergeant-at-law. On the elevation of the Right Hon. Michael O'Loughlan to the bench of the Exchequer, Mr. Richards succeeded him as Attorney-General, and Mr. Woulfe became Solicitor-General for Ireland. As the government required the presence of one of the law officers in the House of Commons, the Solicitor-General was returned for the borough of Cashel in 1836. He was not slow in gaining a parliamentary reputation. On the 7th of March, 1836, he delivered a great speech on the question of the Reform in the Irish Corporation. When Sir Robert Peel asked, "*Cui bono* Coporations? What good will they be in Ireland, a poor country with little trade?" Woulfe answered, "I will tell the Right Honorable baronet what they will do: they will go far to create and to foster public opinion in Ireland, and make it racy of the soil"; words of great importance, and adopted as the motto of the Nation newspaper. In 1837 Mr. Woulfe became Attorney-General.

He did not continue a member of the House of Commons or the first law officer of the Crown for a very lengthened period. He was in much bodily suffering during that period of his life; but short as was the time he sat within the walls of Parliament, he displayed mental superiority to almost all those who, by official rank at the Irish bar, had the *entrée* to the Senate. He was infinitely superior to the Jacksons, Littons, Lefroys, and others of that class, and was readily appreciated by friends and political foes, for he had no others. Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham both expressed their admiration at the ability of his parliamentary speeches, especially those on Corporate Reform; and his speech from the hustings at Cashel was the theme of praise from the press of Great Britain and Ireland.

The following account of the delivery of one of his speeches in the House conveys a good idea of him when laboring under great physical debility. The second reading of the Irish Municipal Reform Bill coming on, Mr. Woulfe said "he could not, as the Attorney-General for Ireland, omit making a speech on the occasion." For some time — say ten minutes after he commenced — he acquitted himself in a more than creditable manner; and the presumption, for that length of time, was that he would improve in his eloquence and in the animation of his manner as he got further into his subject. Instead of that, however, he became much heavier in his matter and more languid in his manner. He consequently lost, to a corresponding degree, the attention of the House, and many members rose and went out.

In about a quarter of an hour after this he rallied, and made what is called a number of good points. He also became much more lively in his manner, and repeatedly elicited loud cheers. He continued to speak for a full hour more, making at least an hour and a half altogether during which he addressed the House.*

Woulfe was considered to have resembled Shiel in some respects. This, perhaps, was owing to his peculiar voice, and using much gesticulation when excited. In his calmer moods he stooped, leaning upon the table, and keeping his gaze fixed upon the Speaker or some other member who sat opposite.

It was while Mr. Woulfe was Attorney-General the memorable letter called "The Drummond Letter" was written to the Earl of Donoughmore and the magistrates of Tipperary. It was dated Dublin Castle, May 22, 1838. This letter contained the oft-quoted passage, "Property has its duties as well as its rights." Mr. Madden justly observes: "Of the effects of that letter it is needless to speak. It never can be forgotten in Ireland. Seldom was a public document conceived in a happier spirit. Equal to the occasion which called it forth, its moral power can be best estimated by the stricken spirit of those whose arrogance and injustice were rebuked therein with stern dignity." †

This able state paper, though attributed to the Under-Secretary for Ireland, the learned Thomas Drummond, was really written by Woulfe, the Attorney-General.

The death of Chief Baron Joy left the chief seat on the Exchequer Bench vacant; and to this, on the 20th of July, 1838, the Attorney-General became entitled according to custom. In some respects the seat on the bench was a change for the better. It relieved Mr. Woulfe from the duties of Attorney-General and the nightly attendance at the House of Commons, which to one in such infirm health must have been very disagreeable. But the bench was no sinecure. At that time the Exchequer had an equitable as well as legal jurisdiction, and as very little business was done in the Common Pleas, a very great share was on the Exchequer. Then the Chief Baron sat at Nisi Prius, so Chief Baron Woulfe had not wholly *otium cum dignitate*. He gave great satisfaction while on the bench. His manner was courteous and patient, while his rulings were marked by great ability. But his failing health demanded rest, and he resolved to try a year's respite from his duties. Toward the close of 1839 he went to Baden-Baden, where he died early in the year 1840, and left the noble reputation of being one of the most gifted men Ireland has ever produced. His name and fame are destined to be preserved in the distinguished career of his nephew, the Right Hon. Stephen Woulfe Flanagan, one of the judges of the Law Court.

To be continued.

* Metropolitan Magazine, Vol. XVIII.
† Ireland and its Rulers, Vol. II. p. 300.

CATHOLIC CHARITY.

France has agricultural schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have been begun with a capital of one franc, by a Sister of Charity and two little discharged prisoner girls, and to be now worth $160,000. This establishment has 300 girls from six to eighteen. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over 400 acres in extent. Twenty-five Sisters form the staff of teachers. More than one medal of the French Agricultural Society has been awarded to this establishment at Darnetel, and the pupils are in great demand all over Normandy on account of their skill. They go out as stewards, gardeners, farm managers, dairy-women, and laundresses. Each girl has on leaving an outfit and a small sum of money, earned in spare hours. If they want a home they can always return to Darnetel, which they are taught to regard as home.

THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN WESTERN COLONIZATION.

Revised from the July Number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review.

William J. Onahan.

THE stream of emigration to the far Western States and Territories has set in during the last year with a force and volume which may well excite astonishment. The increased activity in all departments of trade in the cities, and the great impetus given to every branch of industry in the chief manufacturing centres of late, would seem to justify the expectation that the Western movement of the urban population would have been greatly checked, if not altogether arrested. Not so: good wages and plenty of work have not served to efface from the recollection of the artisan class the experience of recent periods of painful distress, and sore and harassing struggles with poverty. The yearning to "occupy and possess land" has grown in force and breadth of late years.

It is no new experience to the hardy and restless Western pioneers to follow the course of the sun, to explore the sources of the rivers that flow to either great ocean, and to penetrate the mountain defiles in search of "fresh fields and pastures new"; but this spirit of adventure and pioneer resolution is fast closing the fields and opportunities for its display and exercise. The tide of Western emigration and the mania for mining have carried a population into the remotest parts of the country; and within a few years immense ranges of lands, hitherto literally a *terra incognita*, have been opened to settlement and civilization. The curiously misnamed "Bad Land," on the line of the Northern Pacific Railway in Dakota, the pastures of Montana, the coal fields of Wyoming, the valleys and table-lands of Nebraska, are now rapidly filling up with a population as various in race and characteristics as can well be imagined. The enormous emigration from abroad the present year shows its significant traces in the streaming throng of German, Scandinavian, Polish, Bohemian, and Irish immigrants, which, as to far the greater number of all these nationalities, — the Irish only forming the exception, — with scarcely a pause at the seaboard cities push onward to the West: the Scandinavians going mainly to the North, to Minnesota, Wisconsin, Dakota; the Germans to the West and South, to Kansas and Texas; Poles and Bohemians to Western Iowa and Nebraska; the Irish, to — where? A considerable number, we are told, pass on to Minnesota and Dakota; drawn thither, doubtless, by the fame of the Catholic colonies in the former State, and the cheap lands in the latter. A large body went to Nebraska and to Kansas; but far the greater number evidently accepted employment, or were content with the chance of it, in the great cities.

Now that the area of land available in the West for agricultural purposes is steadily and rapidly diminishing, it becomes important to inquire into and investigate the resources and relative advantages presented by the States and Territories which still invite immigration, and hold out more or less alluring prospects to the colonist from abroad. Special importance attaches to this inquiry at the present time, in view of the movements and efforts made to influence the Catholic — especially the Irish Catholic — population in the American cities to avail of the opportunity to "buy a farm," before the available and desirable land shall pass beyond the possibility of control by them.

This paper does not aim to detail

the history of that movement. The logic and necessity of it have been forcibly and eloquently demonstrated in Right Rev. Bishop Spalding's remarkable book, "The Religious Mission of the Irish Race and Catholic Colonization." But it may be necessary to lay stress on the fact that the organization of which the bishop is the head, and to which he has lent the force and influence of his position and energy, is not designed or intended to promote and encourage emigration from Ireland. It is to remove the Irish people, or a moiety of them, out of the cities and manufacturing centres on to the land.

The Nebraska colony, in Greeley County, is the first colony founded by the association referred to, though it acquired land, about 10,000 acres, in one of Bishop Ireland's previously established colonies in Minnesota, which was promptly taken, and is now fully settled by a colony of Irish-American families from Boston and vicinity.

The Nebraska colony, however, is the larger and more important venture; and upon its success the association has staked a considerable part of its capital and the outcome of its enterprise.

Nebraska comprises an area of 76,000 square miles, or 48,636,800 acres. It is between the parallels of forty degrees and forty-three degrees, and the meridians of ninety-five degrees, and one hundred and four degrees west. Geographically it is in the centre line of the States of the Union, and in the pathway to the States and Territories of the Pacific slope. Its shape is nearly that of a parallelogram. Its greatest length from east to west is 412 miles, and its greatest width from north to south 208 miles. The notes and plats in the U. S. Surveyor-General's office show 6,485 miles of rivers and streams within the limits of Nebraska. The land lies in billowy prairies, with wide stretches of tableland. "The country," writes Bayard Taylor, "is one of the most beautiful I ever looked upon. I am more than ever struck with the great difference between this region and that to the east of the Mississippi. There is none of the wearisome monotony of the prairies as in Illinois, or swampy tracts as in Indiana or Ohio. The wide billowy green, dotted all over with golden islands of harvest, the hollows of dark, glittering maize, the park-like clumps of timber along the course of the streams, — these serve as the materials which went to the making up of every landscape, and of which, in their sweet, harmonious, pastoral beauty, the eye never grows weary."

A similar testimony appears in the report of Mr. Lyman, agricultural editor of the New York Tribune, in his report to the Farmers' Club of New York. He says: "I speak advisedly, and not without a full impression upon my mind of the exceeding attractiveness and fertility of Iowa and Southern Minnesota, when I say that the *most* attractive country I saw is west of the Missouri River. It is bounded on the north by the Platte, on the south by the Kansas, and on the west by the valley of the Republican."

The longest river in Nebraska, the Platte, is 1,100 to 1,200 miles long.

The soil of Nebraska is almost uniformly a rich, dark loam, containing all the elements of plant growth. According to Prof. Aughey's analysis, it forms one of the richest and most tillable soils in the world. In fact, in chemical properties and formation, it comes nearest to the famous deposits in the valley of the Nile, the plains of Lombardy, and the fertile wheat-fields of the Danube.

In his work, "Nebraska as It is," Mr. Burch says: "The almost universal dark, rich alluvium of Nebraska, with a substructure of loess, which is everywhere mixed with the surface mould, has the greatest versatility of production of any soil with which I am acquainted. There seems to be hardly a limit to the wide range of grains, grasses, and vegetables produced here. Not a domestic product

of the soil, from the Red River of the North to the Indian Territory, fails of perfect development here. Even the plants and flora of the semitropical districts make a wonderful showing in this soil, when the climate and altitude are considered. Winter and spring wheat, rye, corn, barley, oats, buckwheat, sorghum, flax, hemp, broom-corn, millet, tobacco, beans, peas, Irish and sweet potatoes, onions, turnips, and all the long list of garden vegetables; all the domestic grasses; apples, peaches, pears, cherries, plums, grapes, and the small fruits; Osage orange, and all the endless list of products of the medium latitudes, flourish in this wondrous, versatile, and ever-fertile soil."

The testimony as to the richness of the soil of Nebraska is uniform and concurrent. Prof. Hayden's reports, in connection with the geological surveys of the United States, agricultural reports and surveys made for the two leading railroads that intersect the State, the Union Pacific Railroad, and the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska, taken together with the reports of the State Board of Agriculture, leave no room for doubt on this important question.

The next serious factor and consideration is *the climate*.

The full and comprehensive reports gathered by the U. S. Signal Service Corps, and regularly published, furnish abundant and what may be regarded as conclusive evidence on this point. These fully justify the eulogy on the climate of Nebraska indulged in by Mr. Burch, who characterizes it as "an attraction not even second to its wonderful soil." And he goes on to add: "It is more than this, it is an inspiration." Almost uniformly free from excesses, it may be recorded as the equable, delightful mean between the rigorous North and the extreme heat and humidity of the South. Its mean elevation of 2,000 feet above the sea gives a rare, clear, and even radiant atmosphere, with the almost perfect immunity from the damp, heavy, murky atmospheric conditions that obtain in the lake and seacoast States. . . . The Nebraska summer is a long and genial warm season, with delightful breezy days, and cool, refreshing nights. The hottest days of July and August are tempered by the almost constant southerly and southwest winds. The high tone and stimulus of the atmosphere of this region are proverbial. A clear case of sunstroke in Nebraska is yet to be recorded. The cool, still nights are a restful and refreshing pleasure experienced in but few regions of the world. The Nebraska winter, as compared to the rigorous, snowy, frost-bound winter of New England, New York, and Wisconsin, is a very mild and pleasant season. Nine tenths of the cold season is made up of bright, dry, mild weather. The snowfall is light, and rarely lies upon the ground more than a week. February and March give an occasional severe storm of short duration. The best commentary upon the winter of this country is the grazing of cattle and sheep upon the ranges in the west half of the State the year round, their only shelter from the storms being the native groves, gulches, and ravines. . . . There is little malaria in Nebraska, for there is so little to produce it. There are no local conditions to generate or foster disease in men, animals, or plants. Only life and health and the spirit of divine youth are evoked from the bright skies, clear atmosphere, and pure water of this sublime climate. It is but simple justice to Nebraska to say that it is a poor country for doctors and physic, and comes near being a paradise for invalids. The mean temperature of Eastern and Southern Nebraska, in January, February, March, is 20° above zero. The mean temperature of the same region for June, July, and August, is between 72° and 73° above."

An English journalist, settled in Nebraska, quoted by Mr. Curley in his work on Nebraska, testifies:

"The rainfall is marvellously adapted to meet the requirements of vegetation. It is worth knowing that two thirds of the entire quantity falls during the agricultural months of April to September, and that therefore there is abundant moisture for the growth of all crops."

The consideration of soil, climate, and productions thus disposed of, there still remain, of course, other important questions to be taken into account by the colonists. The most serious of these, undoubtedly, is that of timber and fuel. Forests of pine are to be found only in the north-western part of the State; elsewhere the growth of timber is confined mainly to the bluffs and river banks. The North Platte counties all have more or less oak, elm, ash, box, elder, cottonwood, walnut, willows, and the like along the streams.

The inducements offered by the United States government for the planting of trees are everywhere, in the new States and Territories, being availed of, and it is well known that trees grow with exceptional rapidity on the rich soil of the prairie.

Large tracts of government land in Nebraska are still open to entry under the conditions of the "Timber Culture Act," which gives under most liberal conditions one hundred and sixty acres to a person who will plant timber on the moiety of the land thus given. By the operation of a subsequent amendment to this Act, even a less quantity may be entered for the purpose, — as forty, eighty, or one hundred and sixty acres, — and only *ten acres* need be set out in trees.

Referring to this subject, Mr. Curley says: "Cottonwood, planted four feet apart each way, will bear much thinning for fuel, at the end of two years' growth. Three years, at all events," he continues, "should provide any prudent settler with abundance of fuel, and with small poles for temporary fencing if necessary."

The question of "fuel supply" the same author disposes of: "Within reasonable distance of the railways, this is not difficult, as the railway companies have an interest in transporting it at a very low price, to encourage settlements; and when one brings a load of grain fifteen or twenty miles to market, it will cost him little wear and tear and trouble to take back half a load of coal."

The colonization pamphlet affirms that where coal and timber are not readily available, "wild hay, corn-stalks compressed by a cheap domestic machine into hard bundles, and corn-cobs are found to be good substitutes"; that "some farmers declare that even if they had abundance of wood growing near them, they would not take the trouble to chop it."

Great as are the advantages claimed for Nebraska as a grain-growing country, and certain as seems the prosperity of the settler in that line, wealth is more easily and more promptly assured in *stock raising*.

Many pages in Mr. Curley's work are devoted to details of the personal experience of persons in Nebraska engaged almost exclusively in this pursuit. Names and figures are given. "Making every allowance," he observes, "for enthusiasm, the figures are perfectly astounding." But stock-raising implies capital at the outset, a resource which few colonists are happy enough to possess. However, a beginning may be made even by persons of small means, with a few head of young cattle, or with sheep or hogs. Herds may be formed with neighbors, or herding may be done with other settlers "on shares."

A party of Catholic colonists from Boston who went out to Greeley County last spring are reported to have formed a joint-stock company, with a capital stock of limited amount, to be embarked in *sheep raising*. Here then we have the groundwork, as to Nebraska, for speculation as to the conditions on which settlement and colonization may be effected in that State. If we add that of the Western States and Territories which yet offer

large bodies of unoccupied land, both government and railroad grant lands, Nebraska is now the nearest and most accessible to the immigrant and colonist from the seaboard, it will be seen that the discussion of its advantages, and the opportunities it offers to the class referred to, is a timely and important question, which may legitimately form the subject of review in these pages.

If Irish and Catholic colonists should go out on the land from the great cities, certainly it is an important inquiry, Where can they go to the most advantage to themselves; in what State is their prosperity best assured? This question cannot be eluded or evaded. Somebody must answer it. Plainly impossible as it is for the masses to attain to the possession of all the facts necessary, to arrive at a determination from books and authorities, it is made still more difficult for them by the unreliable and exaggerated accounts put forth by interested railroad and land companies. Even when the statements thus made are fair and impartial, they will scarcely be taken on trust by the class most deeply concerned in their examination. A measure of distrust naturally enters the mind of the reader: they are published for selfish motives by parties who, in the very nature of things, are *not* disinterested. Hence, as Bishop Spalding points out in his book, "The Religious Mission of the Irish People," the need of colonization societies and bureaus of information. Perhaps he is not extravagant in saying that "a single association of this kind is worth a hundred St. Vincent de Paul societies." Indeed, the Right Reverend author more emphatically insists that "*there is no greater work to-day for the Catholic Church in the United States than that of Catholic colonization.*" Evidently, then, it was not without matured and thoughtful consideration, and after a full survey of the entire field, that the lately founded Irish Catholic Colonization Association decided to locate its first colony in Nebraska. It was an important step, since the success of the new movement may be said to have been bound up in the fortunes of its pioneer colony. Sufficient time, of course, has not elapsed since the arrival of the first settlers to fairly test and measure the success of the experiment; but the latest reports of the association show that the prospects are most encouraging. In fact, with the situation as presented, it will be the fault and misfortune of the individual settler if he shall fail to succeed. The local situation of this colony seems to justify all that has been predicted for it in the pamphlets and reports of the association.

Several years ago, Gen. O'Neill, of "Fenian" notoriety, undertook to establish a colony of Irish settlers in Holt County, Nebraska, on the Elkhorn River, still farther north than Greeley County, and did finally succeed in founding the nucleus of a colony. The conditions and local surroundings were vastly less favorable than those of the Catholic colony in Greeley County, if we except only the fact that government land could be entered by the settlers; and still, notwithstanding the disadvantages, the settlement thus formed is reported to be signally prosperous, and a flourishing Irish Catholic population possess farms in and around the vicinity of "O'Neill City." The nucleuses of colonies of other nationalities are to be found in different parts of the State. There are several promising settlements, composed chiefly of German, Bohemian, and Polish Catholics, and there is a prospect for the establishment of a Swiss Catholic colony.

On the whole, it will be seen that a population of Catholic farmers is taking root in Nebraska, in fair number and proportion; and with the attention which the advantages possessed by that State is sure to com-

mand, we may confidently look forward to a very rapid accession to its population from this class the coming years. The extension of the different lines of railways, and the multiplication of branches, are fast extending the net-work over the State; and this brings a larger area of land into the market, and makes it available for colonies and settlements. Already, capitalists are beginning to seize the opportunities thereby presented for profitable investment in land, and we hear of considerable purchases being made by Catholic business men of New York and Chicago, and even from Ireland and England, whose attention to the subject was first drawn by the operations of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association. In this particular, great good may be accomplished, both directly and indirectly, in the work of promoting the settlement of Catholics on the land. Once possessed by Catholics, whether in large or small bodies, for purposes of investment, the fact will lead to its sale to actual settlers; and though these may not be Catholic in all cases, certainly that class will be greatly encouraged and stimulated to purchase farms, with the view to ultimate settlement, and it would be to the interest of the Catholic capitalist to afford every incentive to this laudable desire.

Too much stress, then, cannot be laid on the importance of seizing the present opportunity to obtain possession of large bodies of land in the agricultural States and Territories of the West, an opportunity which plainly is fast slipping away. The owners of the soil become the rulers of the State, and in this country it is the farmers who influence and control legislation, and who, by their votes and power, mould the future of the State. It is to recover this power that the Irish people at home are struggling to-day; and once they obtain control of the land of Ireland, they will thenceforward mould its policy and direct its legislation.

Indisputably great as are the advantages which may reasonably be claimed for Nebraska as a field for the safe and profitable employment of capital in land, and certain as are the results assured to the prudent and energetic immigrant who shall settle in the colonies in that State, it is by no means the intention or design of the writer to claim that Nebraska *alone* offers the necessary conditions to invite capital and colonists.

Nebraska is here referred to merely as an illustration of what is possible and practicable in the work of promoting colonization.

Other States and Territories in the West doubtless possess each its own peculiar advantages in soil, productions, climate, railroad transportation facilities, and the like. Catholic colonies have been established and carried on successfully in the other States.

Minnesota, owing to the indomitable energy and persevering efforts of Bishop Ireland, occupies a front rank position in this regard. The several Catholic colonies founded by him in that State are in a condition of healthy and prosperous growth. Even the "Connemara" *canard*, spread with malicious industry the past winter, failed to arrest the inflow of Catholic immigration to that State, which still continues to a greater extent than ever.

The Catholic immigration into Kansas received a notable impulse from the exertions of Bishop Fink of that State, who has shown himself to be one of the most active and zealous of the Western prelates in encouraging colonization and providing for the wants and necessities of the Catholic settlers.

Dakota is now absorbing a considerable share of the Western stream of immigration, though comparatively a small driblet is reported to be *Irish*. The fame of its enormous yields of

wheat, and the comparative cheapness of the lands, — there also being large areas of government land available for entry under the provisions of the homestead, soldiers' bounty, and the timber-culture Acts, — these offer strong inducements to colonists. Care, however, must be taken to avoid the belt of sterile and comparatively worthless land which lies west of the Missouri River.

Arkansas is another State which is fast looming into prominence as an inviting focus for colonies. The land-grant railroads are offering extraordinary inducements to settlers, and we have reason to believe that negotiations are pending looking to the early establishment of one or more Catholic colonies in that State, under the auspices of the National Association.

In Iowa there are several hundred, thousand acres of the best land in the State, along the line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, which still lie open to settlement.

In Michigan and Wisconsin a vast area of timber land and of agricultural land is reported in the market. And there is the vast empire of Texas and the Indian Territory.

The area and fields for extended colonization would seem to be without limit, but we are bound to take into account the enormous draughts that are being made on it. The railroads to the West are taxed to the utmost to provide accommodations for the prodigious throng of immigrants daily arriving at Castle Garden and elsewhere, and pressing on, like the columns of a vast army, to the West.

The first comers — the first settlers on the soil — generally effect to determine and fix the character of the township for good and aye. This is the experience of every Western community. The law of gravitation is not more inexorable. Race and religious affinities, social and domestic habits and characteristics, serve as a loadstone to draw the immigrant and colonist to the settlement and locality where he will find companionships and surroundings congenial to his tastes and duties. It may be doubted, however, if colonies formed exclusively on the religion, the race, or the class basis are in the nature of things to be desired in this country. Probably the sooner the immigrant becomes thoroughly Americanized, using the term in its best sense, the better for himself and the better for the country. He has to unlearn many old-country ideas and customs; he has to acquire the language, the habits, and the training which fit him for the honest and honorable rôle of American citizenship, and enable him to compete under favorable conditions with those already in possession, and who are "to the manner born."

The Catholic colonies founded thus far are not, and were not intended to be, exclusively for Catholics, and for them only. They were designed to be the nucleuses, the rallying-points for Catholic farming communities, where the Catholic settler would be certain to find the indispensable Church and the necessary Catholic schools; but it was not the aim to bar out other settlers, though of a different creed or race, and as a matter of fact the colonies referred to embrace, in the composition of their different populations, the usual admixtures and varieties seen in all Western communities. And it is better so.

We need not go back to Lord Baltimore and the Maryland colony to demonstrate that the rights of non-Catholics are safe, and will be guardedly respected in the most strictly Catholic settlement. This question of colonization is one of wider range and significance than perhaps appears on the surface. It is a question of more than Catholic concern. As Catholics we are naturally interested in, and cannot be indifferent to, the growth and future of the Church in all parts of this vast country; and we are moved by every incentive of duty, and by every prompting of interest, to aid and promote its legitimate spread and

expansion, and the propagation of its happy and benignant influences. That influence is now recognized to be a necessary restraining force on the individual, and a powerful conservator for the good of civil society. The American public begins to acknowledge this; and the still recent *émeutes* and disturbances which for a time threatened social order seemed to illustrate it most significantly. Hence this same public cannot but view with favor the efforts now being made to direct and encourage the settlement of Catholic immigrants and settlers on the land.

The complaints which are sometimes made regarding "foreign" and "Catholic" influence, though we believe generally unjust and unreasonable, is most often, if not exclusively, applied to that influence as felt and shown in the chief cities, where large bodies of this population are thrown together. Undoubtedly there are evils and mischievous influences at work in the great centres which affect to demoralize a contingent of the Irish and so-called Catholic population in the maelstrom of city life.

The evils are indeed great and crying; and the best efforts of the friends of the Irish race, especially, should be given to the task and duty of arresting and reforming the scandals, at which we need not point more specifically.

The movement to promote Catholic colonization is one of the agencies — perhaps it would not be extravagant to say the most potent agency — in the work of reform. Colonization plainly benefits the individual settler, in raising him out of conditions and surroundings, to say the least, not calculated to favor his moral or social improvement; it benefits the community, in that whatever tends to the welfare of the individual is not only a personal good, but a public gain, and a positive good to the State.

Colonization operates as a twofold agency for good. Like mercy, it is "twice blessed." It confers a positive benefit on the colonist who avails of the advantages afforded to him; it indirectly, but no less positively, benefits those who are forced, from choice or necessity, to eke out a livelihood in the cities and manufacturing towns.

Competition is at the root of the grievance which so often forms the burden and complaint of the sons of toil, and undoubtedly in certain employments there is often found to be a superabundance of labor; hence we have the periodic distress among the working classes.

Colonization is a partial remedy for this evil, and is therefore to that extent, a boon and a benefit to the mechanic and the laborer. It is a question and a movement which cannot be blinked or set aside. Within a recent period it has been put before the public in a form and with a force and emphasis which must command attention.

A national association has been formed, and is in successful operation, the better to effect and promote the end in view. Archbishops and bishops have given to it their names, their influence, and their personal aid and co-operation; and certainly no light motive would weigh with these distinguished and honored prelates to thus influence and move them to depart from their usual reserve in the cause of a business enterprise; but the necessity was instant and the step indispensable.

The Catholic laymen of the United States, and in a particular manner those who come under the head of "capitalists," have now a plain duty to perform; a duty which involves no hazard, and calls for no sacrifices: either to combine with the existing association in extending and enlarging the scope of its operations, aiding it with the necessary increase of capital as an investment, or by forming new combinations under kindred auspices and conditions for a like end and purpose. It is useless to multiply words

to emphasize the importance of this generous and noble work. The means and the methods are open to all who sympathize with it.

THE "YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER."

Some persons have a wrong idea as to the date of the year in which there was no summer. It was in 1816. It has been called the "year without a summer," for there was sharp frost in every month. There are old farmers still living in Connecticut who remember it well. It was known as the "year without a summer." The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starve to death." January was mild, as was also February, with the exception of a few days. The greater part of March was cold and boisterous. April opened warm, but grew colder as it advanced, ending with snow and ice and winter cold. In May, ice formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen and corn killed. Frost, ice, and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts, and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 5th, ice was formed of the thickness of window glass in New York, New England, and Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. In August ice formed half an inch thick. A cold northwest wind prevailed nearly all summer. Corn was so frozen that a great deal was cut down and dried for fodder. Very little ripened in New England, and scarcely any in the Middle States. Farmers were obliged to pay $4 or $5 a bushel for corn of 1816, for seed for the next spring's planting. The first two weeks of September were mild; the rest of the month was cold, with frost, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick. October was more than usually cold, with frost and ice. November was cold and blustering, with snow enough for good sleighing. December was quite mild and comfortable.

GIANTS OF OLD.

We of the present day are mere "Tom Thumbs," when compared with the huge individualities of antiquity. The giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was nearly ten feet. Funniman, who lived in the time of Eugenius II., measured eleven feet and a half. The Chevalier Sporg, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain the skull of a Guanche, which had eighty teeth, and it was supposed that his body was not less than fifteen feet long. The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew to Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. In 1614, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high. In 1590, near Rouen, they found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose body must have been eighteen feet long. Plater saw at Lucerne the bones of a human subject nineteen feet long. The giant Buart was twenty-two and a half feet high; his bones were found in 1705, near the banks of the river Moder. In 1613, near a castle in Dauphiné, a tomb was found thirty feet long, twelve wide, and eight high, on which were cut the words "Kegtolochus Rex." The skeleton was found entire, twenty-five feet and a half long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast-bone to the back. Near Mazzara, in Sicily, in 1516, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high; his head was the size of a hogshead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces. Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1548, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet long; and another thirty-three feet high, in 1550.

Say "I doubt not that I shall," and not "but I shall."

1854 he was removed to Boston, and appointed to fill the vacancy in the church of East Boston caused by the death of Rev. Father Wiley. It was here that the real work of his life was accomplished. Three large and prosperous parishes in East Boston alone have grown up under his direction, and been brought to their present condition through his energy: St. Mary's Star of the Sea, the Church of the Sacred Heart, and the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption were all established, nurtured, and aided by him. Land adjoining the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer was purchased by him, and a large brick convent built for the sister teachers of Notre Dame. Several schools were established, elegant gardens and playgrounds laid out. A few years since his eyesight commenced to fail him, and in 1879 he had an operation performed, but it afforded him only temporary relief.

The care of the children was the great work of his life. To them he devoted his labors early and late. To his zeal the people of the Island Ward are indebted for the Catholic schools attached to the various churches. Thirty good sisters of Notre Dame teach more than two thousand children. It was his custom, before the children went to the public schools, to have a special mass for them every morning, and they went to the school from the church.

The Funeral. — The body lay in state in the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, and was visited by many thousands of persons, who came to take a last look at the old patriarchal priest and offer a prayer for the happy repose of his soul. The funeral took place at ten o'clock on the 19th, from the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer. The church was opened shortly after 8.30 A. M., and in a few minutes it was so crowded that the doors had to be locked. The church walls and pillars were heavily draped with crape, and symbols of the passion of our Lord were displayed. The body lay under a canopy in a plain oak casket, draped with black cloth, with the following inscription: —

REV. JAMES FITTON,

Died Sept. 15, 1881,

Aged 78 Years, 5 Months, 5 Days.

The following was the order of services: Dirge, Beethoven; Office of the Dead, chanted by the one hundred and fifty clergy who were present; chanting the Gregorian Mass, by the choir of the church, assisted by forty voices from various choirs during celebration of Pontifical Requiem Mass, by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, celebrant; high priest, Very Rev. J. E. Barry, of Concord, N. H.; deacons of honor, Rev. J. E. O'Brien, of Middletown, Conn., and Rev. Thomas Shahan, of St. James Church, Boston; deacon of the mass, Rev. Christopher T. McGrath, Somerville; sub-deacon, Rev. A. J. Teeling, Newburyport; first master of ceremonies, Rev. L. P. McCarthy, of East Boston; second master of ceremonies, Rev. James Hamilton; Rev. Father Healy, of Chicopee, assistant priest. The acolytes and torch-bearers were clergymen who were brought up by Father Fitton. Bishop McMahon, of Hartford, was the attending bishop in the sanctuary.

Immediately after mass, Right Rev. James A. Healy, Bishop of Portland, preached a touching eulogy upon the deceased priest. He took his text from the Book of Wisdom. The reverend prelate referred at length to the wonderful energy which had characterized the venerable Father Fitton during his half-century of labor in the Vineyard. "Let us admire," said he, "the sweet providence of God, which led him through life and to the blessed reward which has now become his heritage. How often have you not heard him relate to you that he was baptized by Matignon, confirmed by the sainted Bishop Cheverus, and or-

dained to the sacred ministry of the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Benedict Fenwick! You will remember his early struggles in the pursuit of knowledge: how he received the first rudiments of his classical education from the saintly and learned Father Barber. There is no one now who remembers his boyhood; but if there were any aged men amongst us who could tell of the boyhood of our dear departed friend and father, they would tell us that from his earliest youth he had upon him the stamp of the call to the ministry of God's altar."

The preacher then took a rapid survey of the life and work of Father Fitton from the time of his ordination to his death, reciting the heroic labors he had not hesitated to perform, and referring to the many monuments of his work which are now to be seen in New England. "After his ordination," the bishop continued, "he went forth, I may say, to conquer. His work is seen in the whole history of Catholicity in New England. No page of it can be written without his impress upon it. Wisdom filled his works; wisdom completed them." The bishop referred to Father Fitton's Golden Jubilee, and said that at that time he seemed to possess the elements of strength that would defy age and disease for many years to come. But that was not to be. God has called the faithful shepherd to his reward. In life he seemed to us what he really was, a model priest. So it is not our place to-day to give the history of his life-work in detail. We do not meet here in this sanctuary of the Most High to praise, but to pray. In conclusion, the bishop exhorted his hearers to remember Father Fitton in their prayers daily.

After the sermon, the final absolution was given by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams.

The casket was borne from the church to the hearse by Rev. William Ryan, Rev. M. Clark, Rev. L. P. McCarthy, Rev. T. Cusack, Rev. D. Roche, and Rev. Wm. J. Fitzpatrick.

The funeral procession formed as follows: —

Platoon of Police.
Chief Marshal, Major P. J Grady, and staff.
Sheridan Guards, Co. H, 9th Regiment.
Little Girls of Parish School.
Girls of Notre Dame School, with flowers.
Ladies of parishes.
Little Boys.
Clergy in carriages.
Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Notre Dame in carriages.
Guard of Honor.
Pall Bearers. Hearse. Pall Bearers.
Guard of Honor.
Young Men's Catholic Lyceum.
Members of St. Vincent de Paul Society.
Court Williams, No. 19, Foresters: M. Burke, marshal; Wm. McLaughlin and Alexander Morrison, aids.
Leo Court, No. 5, Foresters: D. T. McCallion, marshal; R. Frazer and J. Brant, aids.
One hundred carriages containing friends.

The procession was over a mile in length. It formed on Maverick Street, passed through Border and Sumner Streets to Maverick Square, and Meridian Street to Chelsea Bridge, and thence to the Malden cemetery. At the grave the clergy chanted the De Profundis.

Among the friends present at the funeral were Abraham and Joseph Fitton, brothers of Father Fitton, and their families. Most of the stores on the island were closed, and many buildings were draped in mourning.

BISMARCK AND THE CHURCH. — A Roman correspondent, writing about the new Bishop of Trèves, throws a vivid light on the anxiety shown by Prince Bismarck to effect a *rapprochement* with the Church. All the prohibitory provisions of the May Laws are set aside by the very choice of Dr. Korum. His place of birth, his tutors, his nationality, his political opinions, are antagonistic to Herr Falk's famous Act; and he is even dispensed from taking the oath which was to have endured forever. The battle has gone against the Chancellor. The "man of blood and iron" has discovered that though potent in battalions, he could not conquer principles and consciences. Right has prevailed over blind force, and peace will soon, we hope, be restored to a distracted land.

FATHER TOM BURKE AS A POET.

"THE man," says the Dublin Irish Monthly, "who has most of all, in our day, increased the power of the Dominican name with Catholic hearts, has told the story of the Irish Dominicans in lines which we are anxious to preserve in our pages. All know Father Thomas Burke as a preacher; few know him as a poet." The following beautiful poem by the great Irish Dominican will be read with pleasure by our readers: —

THE IRISH DOMINICANS.

Very Rev. Thos. N. Burke, O. P.

This land of ours was famous once — no land was famous more —
For saintliness, so pure, so bright, as well as learned lore;
And strangers from a sunny clime were wafted to our shore,
In bearing meek, and quaintest garb as ne'er was seen before:
And these were the Dominicans, six hundred years ago.

They came with vigil and with fast, men versed in prayer and read
In all the sacred books, and soon throughout the land they spread;
The people blessed them as they passed; low bowed each tonsured head,
So meek, 't was like the saints, as they shall raise them from the dead:
For holy were De Guzman's sons five hundred years ago.

And soon their learned voice was heard in pulpit and in chair,
While through the glorious Gothic aisle resounds their midnight prayer;
The orphan found beneath their roof a parent's tender care;
While boldly in their country's cause they raised their voice, for there
Was Irish blood in Dominic's sons four hundred years ago.

When heresy swept o'er the land like a destroying flood,
And tyrants washed their reeking hand in martyrs' holy blood,
St. Dominic's children then, like men, embraced the stake, and stood
Before the burning pile as 't were the Saviour's holy blood,
And kissed their habits as they bled, three hundred years ago.

And while the altars fed the flame, and Christ was mocked again,
Their faithful voices still were heard in mountain's cave and glen;
And thus was saved our country's faith, and thus the Lamb was slain,
And ne'er was Ireland's title more the "Isle of Saints" than when
The preacher found a martyr's grave, two hundred years ago.

And thus for full three centuries they fought the holy fight,
In city and on mountain-side, from Cashel's sacred height;
True to their country and their God, each man a burning light,
They kept a nation's life-blood warm and saved the crozier's might,
For mitres shone on preachers' brow one hundred years ago.

Now, men of Ireland, raise your thoughts to that bright realm above,
Where Christian Faith and Hope are lost in all-absorbing Love,
And blend the serpent's prudence with the sweetness of the dove,
And, faithful to our and land creed, in their bright footsteps move,
Who fought and bled and conquered, all these centuries ago!

PARODY ON THOMAS DAVIS'S "NATIVE SWORDS"—THE ULSTER PEASANTS' LAY.

Dr. John Gerald Roddy, Londonderry, in Dublin Freeman's Journal.

We've borne too long with landlord wrong,
In wretchedness to wallow;
We've fought the fight for tenant-right,
Our motto's "Fag an bealach!"
The League has broke the landlord yoke;
Their bluster, we discard it:
For now, thank God, our native sod
Has native hands to guard it!

Like wolves athirst, the spoilers burst,
And drove the Gael asunder;
With ruthless hand our native land
Was given o'er to plunder.
From Cromwell's craze to Dizzy's days,
Resistance meant perdition;
And might was right in Britain's sight,
And union was sedition.

And worse than all, dread famine's pall
Thrice left us naught to nourish
(Though absentees lived like grandees,
And agents seemed to flourish);
And peasants gaunt grew pale with want,
And heads with grief grew hoary,
Till "mait go laor" the West sent o'er,
And Europe heard our story.

No Castle clan nor Tory plan
Can now the Land League sunder;
Through Inisfail, in "bearns baeghail,"
It stands to Britain's wonder.
'T is Ulster's toast and Munster's boast,
And Irish hearts enthrone it;
For soon, please God, our native sod
Will natives have to own it!

THE LAND LEAGUE OF IRELAND.

THE Irish National Land League Convention, to discuss the recently passed Land Act, was opened in Dublin on the 15th of September, Hon. Charles Stewart Parnell presiding. The reports of the convention as cabled state that about a thousand delegates attended at the opening proceedings. Twenty-one members of Parliament were present at the convention. Mr. Parnell, amid the greatest enthusiasm, took the chair. Mr. Sexton read a number of telegrams, particularly from American branches of the League, exhorting the delegates never to rest until landlordism is demolished, not to pay rent, to hold back their harvest, etc. Mr. Parnell, in his opening speech, referred to the thinning of their ranks by "coercion" since the last convention. He said that for every ten imprisoned a hundred would join the League He recapitulated the resolutions, and said the question of self-government was the most important. He had always considered that it could never be settled as long as the questions in regard to rent remain in dispute. The Land Act left the rent question as a continual source of discontent and strife between the different classes in Ireland. He had no doubt that this was designedly so arranged by the British government. He warned the farmers not to trust the Land Act. It was, he said, designed to break the League. Nobody should appeal to the land courts until test cases, to be prepared by the League, had been submitted. They should press forward to the abolition of landlordism and to legislative independence. He advised the farmers to borrow money under the Land Act so as to give work to laborers, and invited the latter to join the branches of the League. He pledged himself to head the laborers' movement if the farmers did not give them fair play. In regard to the industrial question, he said that Irishmen should encourage home manufactures even if they had to pay dearer than for foreign goods. Things not producible in Ireland should be bought in America. English goods should not be bought in any event.

Mr. Sexton moved collectively the Land League's resolutions, and they were carried with acclamation. The resolutions were thirteen in number. The first declares for the right of self-government. The second denounces the Coercion Acts, and the continued imprisonment of the suspects. The third declares the complete abolition of landlordism to be the only satisfactory settlement of the land question, and that no Land Act proceeding from an opposite principle can be accepted as any settlement at all. The fourth authorizes the League to try the Land Act by test cases; pending which the fifth warns tenants against any action involving an engagement or liability to pay rent for a longer period than that of a yearly tenancy. The sixth deals with redemption by evicted tenants; and the seventh and eighth express sympathy with the laborers, and call upon the farmers to set aside lots for their use. The tenth recommends members of the League to use articles of Irish manufacture in encouragement of native industries The eleventh authorizes the League to set up industrial and labor departments at the central offices, in order to keep pace with the progress of the movement for developing the resources and fostering the industries of Ireland. The remaining two resolutions are of less public moment.

The convention was perhaps the most thoroughly representative assemblage which has taken place in Ireland since the famous Convention of Volunteers in 1782.

TRUTH is a greater stranger than fiction.

THE YORKTOWN CELEBRATION.

THE Richmond Catholic Visitor, in replying to some bigots who objected to the Catholic Bishop of Richmond celebrating mass at the centennial anniversary, says: "Since the issue has been raised, we assert ourselves as opposed to illiberality to-day as a hundred years ago; and we say that we have a right to be, and to be represented, at Yorktown. They say that 'some regard' should be had to historic truth. We say not 'some,' but full. Since they compel us, let us revive those 'historic truths.' Recall that persecution came into this country with the Protestant, and civil and religious liberty with the Catholic alone; recall that every foe we fought during the struggle was a Protestant, and every 'friend God raised up to fight our battles for us' was a Catholic; recall that Protestants would have overpowered us at Yorktown, if it had not been for the Catholics; recall that the blood that flowed in greatest tides, to consecrate that sacred spot, was Catholic; recall that the civil and religious liberty that now constitutes the basis and the glory of our government is nothing but an extension of the self-same liberty the Catholics brought into Maryland, and its triumph over the oppression that assailed us in the mother country and here. Recall these 'historic truths,' and we are willing to abide the consequence. If we were few in the struggle, we were all in it. We were few in the colonies, and any one who does not deplore the *cause* of that fewness has no business at Yorktown."

THE RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

"The arrangements for the religious services to be held on Sunday, Oct. 16," said Col. Peyton, "have now been completed. The services will be held in the large pavilion on the field, and in the morning Bishop Keane, the Catholic bishop of Virginia, will officiate. The choir will be that of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, of Philadelphia, Pa., in which the officers and soldiers of the French army attended High Mass one hundred years ago while on their march to the headwaters of the Elk, and also on their return march after the victory at Yorktown. The morning service has been assigned to the Catholic Church because Louis XVI. had nearly twice the number of troops in the field at the siege of Yorktown that the colonists had, and they were all Catholics. The afternoon service will be conducted by the Protestant denominations; and Rev. Dr. John Hall, D. D., of New York, who is now in Europe, has been invited to officiate. Samuel E. Babcock, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, has been invited to make an address on the advance of commerce during the last hundred years, on the morning of Monday, the 17th; and in the afternoon of that day the Hon. Hamilton Fish has consented to address the Society of Cincinnati and the descendants of Revolutionary officers and soldiers." — *Col. J. E. Peyton, of Virginia, reported in New York Times.*

A CABLE despatch from Rome to the New York Freeman's Journal announces that Rev. Harry P. Aloysius Northrup, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Charleston, S. C., has been appointed to a see in some of the regions devastated by the Turks, and made Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina.

AN easy way to make hard water soft is this: Fill the wash boiler with hard water; then put half a teacupful of wood ashes into a little cloth bag; let this lie in the water until that is warm enough to use. This is worth knowing.

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

BORN AT ORANGE, OHIO,

19TH OF NOVEMBER, 1831.

ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1880.

Assassinated at half past 9 on the morning of Saturday, the 2d of July, 1881, and lingered till 25 minutes of 11 on Monday, the 19th of September, 1881.

His assassin was Charles J. Guiteau, whose ancestors settled in Massachusetts. His father, Luther, moved into Freeport, Ill., where Charles was born. The progenitor of the Guiteau family was a Protestant, who fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., Oct. 14, 1685, and soon found his way to Massachusetts. His father was a leading man in the Baptist sect.

INTERRED IN CLEVELAND, OHIO, SEPT. 26, 1880.

"Individuals may wear for a time the glory of our institutions, but they carry it not to the grave with them. Like raindrops from heaven, they may pass through the circle of the shining bow and add to its lustre; but when they have sunk in the earth again, the proud arch still spans the sky and shines gloriously on." — JAMES A. GARFIELD.

"Whatever may have been the peculiar theological views entertained by the late President, there can be little doubt that he was baptized. At any rate, he was not an unbeliever. We who have faith and charity may also enjoy the great gift of hope. We dare not limit the extent of God's infinite mercy." — CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH.

"The Lord Reigns and the Republic Lives."

MISSIONARIES FROM POLYNESIA.

Father Duriu, of Watertown, N. Y., and two of his brother priests of the Sacred Heart have been appointed by Pope Leo XIII. to set sail at once for New Guinea and engage in the work of converting its sixteen millions of inhabitants. Father Jouel, in a letter to these three devoted priests, says: "When our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., had informed you, through the beautiful rescript of Cardinal Simeoni, of the missions of Oceanica. I had the favor to be admitted to a private audience. His Holiness addressed me first on the subject of the mission. 'Yes,' he said, 'I wished to see you about the mission of Oceanica. Fear nothing. *When one sets out with God's and the Pope's blessing, he has nothing to fear.* I bless and thank your good Superior-General, and as you are few in number, ask only two or three missionaries. Let them set out without fear: God will be with them. However, let them not expose themselves too much without necessity; the mission is a hard one, the savages are numerous. Let other fathers prepare themselves to follow those who are about to depart, or to take their place in case they find there their reward.' At these words the Pope remained silent, overcome for a moment; and continuing again, he said with an accent of voice that I shall never forget, 'I hope that Divine Providence will open to our society in those distant countries a vast field, where the Sacred Heart of Jesus will reign over multitudes of souls. The harvest is abundant; prepare laborers. I know that your scholastics work with zeal, and are regular and fervent, and that the Sacred Heart blesses your house in Rome. I bless it myself also, and bless your good Father-General, and yourself, and all your fathers and children.' I bowed with reverence to receive the Holy Father's blessing, I kissed the hand which the Pontiff deigned to present to me, and I arose feeling a holy jealousy from the bottom of my heart towards those of our dear confrères who will soon have the happiness to set out for this mission, and thence to Paradise."

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.

What might not the Home Rule members of Parliament be able to do if they were genuinely united? A busybody has been making an analysis of the relative position of parties in the House of Commons, with the following result: There are six hundred and forty members altogether. Of these three hundred and thirty-seven are Liberals, exclusive of the two Blennerhassetts and Sir John Ennis, whose votes cannot be counted on. There are two hundred and forty Conservatives, including Sir John Ennis. There are sixty-three Home Rulers, including the two Blennerhassetts, Lever, and Bellingham, and including Stuart. The total Liberal majority over Home Rulers and Conservatives is thirty-four, or, excluding the speaker and Bradlaugh, thirty-two. It is likely that at the next general election the Home Rulers could either gain ten seats, or, by putting up a candidate, throw the representation into the hands of a Conservative. This would reduce the Liberal majority to twelve. Supposing — what is not unlikely — the Liberals to lose more than six seats in Great Britain, the leader of the Home Rule party would have the fate of the ministry in his hands. This is the substance of the analysis. As a matter of fact, however, the belief in Ireland is that a general election would add thirty, instead of ten, to the strength of the Home Rule Parliamentary party. Never did the cause of Ireland stand in a more hopeful condition.

OUR RACE IN NEW ZEALAND.

A LARGE and enthusiastic meeting was held in Wellington, New Zealand, Aug. 1, — the mayor presiding, and the bishop and several clergymen being present, as well as several members of the House of Representatives. The object of the meeting was to express sympathy for and to tender aid to the tenant-farmers of Ireland and the Irish Land League in their struggle against landlord oppression and despotism. Among the speakers was Mr. Honi Mohi Tawhi, M. H. R., Chief of Ngapuhi, who was received with loud cheers on coming forward to second the resolution. Being interpreted by Mr. Sheehan, this influential native chief spoke as follows:

"I have come forward to second the resolution moved by Mr. Sheehan, but I intend to speak to certain matters outside the resolution, which matters have brought me here to-night. I have heard that measures are being passed in England which will have the effect of oppressing the Irish people. These measures will have the effect of driving out a people who love and cherish their native land, and the misfortune which befalls the leaders of families is reflected upon their wives and children. That is why I am here to-night to express my sympathy which I feel for these people in their present condition. I am not an Irishman, I am not a Dutch Boer, I am not a Pole. Over all these people a law of the same kind is pressing. I am, as you see, a man; I have got the heart of a man, and I have a feeling of sympathy with my fellow-men; and I cannot conceal the sympathy which I feel for the Irish people under their present sufferings. And that is why I am here this evening to assist with you, and if possible unite and demand that the present oppressive laws may be removed, that the Irish people may have a better chance than they have at present. Let them have such a law that they will be tried for such offences as they may commit; and if they are innocent, let them be released from custody."

FOR PARENTS TO READ.

WE hear complaints on all sides of the growing indifference of young Catholics in the cause of religion, and the difficulty parents have in getting the children to approach the sacraments. An examination into the cause will show that the fault lies with the parents themselves. It will be seen that the families wherein this indifference is found are wholly unprovided with Catholic literature of any kind; but in all probability you will see the latest novel on the centre-table. What can you expect in such a family but indifference? Many parents think their faith came to them naturally, and their children will get it in the same way; but they will discover their mistake too late. It is not sufficient to send children to Catholic schools unless the home training is in harmony with the teaching of the school. It is the duty of parents to supply their homes with good books and Catholic newspapers. No Catholic home should be found without a Catholic newspaper. It is said that Catholic newspapers are dry reading; this is a mistake, and only one made by those who do not read them. If you do not like one, try another; some one of them will suit you. The question of what our children shall read is an important one, and both priests and parents should encourage the circulation of Catholic papers, so that the rising generation shall be properly instructed. — *Western Watchman.*

SAY "its primitive sense," and not "primary sense."

A GOOD MOVE.

The officers of the German Emigrant Society and the Irish Emigrant Society have applied to the Commissioners of Emigration for permission to establish agencies in Castle Garden, for the purpose of looking after the interests of immigrants from Germany and Ireland. This is an excellent move in the right direction, and one which simple-minded people, knowing the object for which these societies were originally organized, will greatly wonder was not taken long ago, as has been frequently suggested. If the right sort of stuff was in the officers running these societies, it would have been done ere now, and we would have been spared some at least of the scandalous swindles which have been perpetrated on the poor immigrants. However, it is better that the step should be taken, even at this late hour, than that some of these societies should remain forever the myths they have proved themselves, as far as concerned protection to the unfortunate people of whose fortunes and prospects the law and the public supposed them to be the guardians. The Commissioners of Emigration cannot reasonably deny the request that has been made to them; and on their assent, we may hope we shall have in New York at least two organizations that will eventually be "Emigrant Societies," not merely in name but in reality. — *Irish-American.*

THE GREAT IRISH LAND-OWNERS.

The Northwestern Chronicle acknowledges a visit from the Hon. P. H. Rahily, of Lake City, who, in extent of lands, we supposed was the champion Irishman of the country. The gentleman expressed himself in great sympathy with the Chronicle's views on the anti-monopoly question, and on the success of the farmers in Minnesota, as compared with the tillers of the soil in other sections of the country. His description of the change in the wheat production of this State was interesting. But Mr. Rahily, it seems, cannot carry off the honors of acres, and their extent, unchallenged. Col. Dan. Murphy, of Halleck's Sattion, Elko County, went to California in 1844, and may be said to have made the country pay him well for his time. He is now probably the largest private land-owner on this continent. He has 4,000,000 acres of land in one body in Mexico, 60,000 in Nevada, and 23,000 in California. His Mexican grant he bought four years ago for $200,000, or five cents an acre. It is sixty miles long, and covers a beautiful country of hill and valley, pine timber and meadow land. It comes within twelve miles of the city of Durango, which is to be a station on the Mexican Central. Mr. Murphy raises wheat on his California land, and cattle on that in Nevada. He got 55,000 sacks of wheat last year, and ships 6,000 head of cattle a year right along.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

The new President of the United States is of Irish extraction. His father emigrated from county Antrim in his eighteenth year, subsequently became a Baptist minister, and died in 1875 at Newtonville, near Albany. Gen. Arthur was born in Franklin County, Vt, Oct. 5, 1830, and is consequently fifty-one years of age. He was educated at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., graduating in the class of 1849, with high orders. Like his illustrious predecessor, Gen. Garfield, he set out on his career in the capacity of a school-teacher, saving in that employment the sum of $500, with which amount he commenced the study of law in New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1853 in that city. In 1852 he was an active advocate of the antislavery cause. During the war he was appointed first Inspector-General and subsequently Quartermaster-General, but returned to his law practice. Since that time he has held several important offices.

VISIT OF ARCHBISHOP CROKE TO MR. DAVITT.

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, accompanied by Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, recently visited Michael Davitt at Portland. Their Lordships were permitted as a special favor to have their interview with Davitt in the governor's private room, and we need hardly say that the founder of the Land League was greatly overjoyed at seeing the two patriotic prelates. The interview lasted for a considerable time, as the participators in it had many important matters to talk over in relation to the outlook in Ireland. Davitt was delighted to hear from the archbishop that the prospects of the harvest in the old country were promising; and the news of Mr. Dillon's release from prison, which he then heard for the first time, was hailed by him with unfeigned pleasure. Perhaps the most vitally important subject touched upon in the course of the interview was the Land Bill. There was a lengthy interchange of opinion with regard to it, and Davitt expressed himself much pleased with many of its provisions, though of course not receiving it as anything but an instalment of justice. As to his own life in prison, Davitt told his visitors that everything was done by those in authority in the building to make prison life tolerable to him. The governor has provided him with books and writing materials, of which favors he greatly avails himself, whilst for exercise he is permitted to employ himself in cultivating a pretty garden which he has all to himself. He lives entirely apart from the other inmates of the prison, and he is thus spared the degrading associations so revolting to a man of Davitt's high-strung temperament. At the conclusion of the interview their Lordships returned to Weymouth, and we understand they will remain on the south coast for a few days prior to their departure for the Continent.

WILL LEO XIII. BE COMPELLED TO LEAVE ROME?

The Catholic Review of New York, a well-informed paper, in a recent issue printed the following startling announcement: —

"We fear that among the possibilities, perhaps even the probabilities of the near future, is the retirement of Pope Leo XIII. from Rome. It seems a hard thing to conceive, and it is unpleasant to write; but it does not seem to be in the least degree unpleasant for the torpid Catholic world to contemplate the condition of the Holy Father in Rome at present. There need be no concealment on the point. The Pope's position in Rome is verging on the intolerable, and it is just possible that the excesses of the revolutionists may at any moment make it the duty of the Pope to retire from the city of which he will be bishop, were it even to pass more directly than it is under the domination of the infidel. To it, of course, he or his successors will return; but what a disgrace to the age and to the Catholic name, that he should have to choose between remaining a prisoner, exposed to insult and danger, and flying to the protection of strangers! This is what seems to be inevitable; for it is no longer a secret that the 'Italian' government is urging on, or at least winking culpably at the organization of the revolutionary committees, that are demanding the occupation of the Vatican. Already its official organs have sounded the word that the regulation of the Vatican is a question of internal domestic policy, in which it will brook no interference from any outside nation, Catholic or non-Catholic. It would be deplorable were the Pope to leave Rome; but there have been occasions, and they may arise again, when it will be his duty to accentuate his stand for the independence of his power, by retiring before brute force. May Heaven send some other solution of the difficulty."

THE IRISH GIRL IN AMERICA.

Rev. Father Hunt, O. M. I., in delivering a lecture in Providence, R. I., paid the following tribute to the Irish servant-girl in America, — creature of the simple, trusting, faithful heart: —

"Like the shamrock, ever struggling, though unmeet for strife, who ever struggles and wins as she? Outside her native land by fraud or necessity, not to say oppression; made early acquainted with suspicion, fear, and hate; necessarily ignorant of the trials of life, truth yet becomes in a strange land the love of her being, a lamp to her feet and a guide to her path. Loving God and virtue beyond everything, she is yet faithful beyond praise to home and family as well as duty; with her hand ever at work, every thought is far away with the widowed mother, to whom every dollar is sent; and yet she is the soul of her immediate surroundings, and will often captivate the very mistress who has nothing in common with her but her human nature. Like the little shamrock that lies at our feet the whole year round, for the festal pride of resting for one day in our hat or on our heart, where it will die, 't is true to say of such as these, 'faithful unto death.'"

The autocrats of England are cutting out their own road to perdition. Wide and straight they are making the way through which they are doomed to pass downward from the lofty eminence which has proved too high for their giddy heads. If the Land Bill were a measure designed for the English people, its maltreatment by the Lords would have worked up the wrath of England from its very depths, and the bloated autocrats would have small chance of escape from the swelling tide of public indignation. As, however, it was only an Irish bill the Peers mangled, the anger of Britain is not roused very much above the level pitch of moderation. Yet there is an earnest warning in the voices that have been raised in denunciation of that scorn, which was more than imperial, toward the representative body of the realm. Shrewd Englishmen, who are not heedless of the danger involved because the measure was an Irish one, have seen the gravity of the crisis, and measured the full extent of its meaning. It is Ireland's fate to-day, they thought, but to-morrow it may be England's; therefore they have put forth demands for the extinction of the obstructive chamber. — *Dublin Irishman.*

Mayor Grace, of New York, has the honor of speaking sound and strong words. His recent message to the Board of Aldermen of that city is a manly utterance which must find a response in many hearts. His tribute to the dead President is alike tender and noble. His denunciation of the accursed spoils system as the real criminal which has wrought the woe of his death is scathing. Coming from a Democrat, it has peculiar significance. The American people of all parties are so penetrated with indignation at proceedings which have ended in this horror, that it seems impossible they can ever tolerate a renewal of the disgraceful strifes for office to which their President fell a victim. It is like a judgment of Providence warning them of the dangers of this great wrong. Indignation should not be exhausted on Guiteau; it should comprehend the system that impelled Guiteau to his act. Nobody accuses any individual of inciting Guiteau to become an assassin; but we all know that if it had not been that Guiteau was baffled in his greed for office, Garfield would be alive to-day. This fact has sunk deep into the hearts of men. If it has rung the knell of the species of politics which is based on the strife for place and plunder, it may be that Garfield's death has given another important boon to his country.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW PINK'S PRIDE HAD A FALL.

"Do, please, tell me a story about the cocks and hens, mother," said little Bertie; "I want to know all about Pink, the young hen you sent to the show."

"Very well, my dear," replied Mrs. Grant, "I will tell you how her pride had a sad fall; for before she went to the show at the Crystal Palace, Pink was a very proud hen.

"Well, then, you must know Pink, though she was so young, thought she was as wise as any old fowl in the yard, and much wiser than Jane, our hen-wife As to the cock, she would not mind him one bit. She said she would get up when she liked in the morning, and there was no need for him to make such a noise at dawn of day, as though, but for that loud, ugly crow of his, the hens would stay all day on their perch. And as to going to roost, of course she could see when the sun was setting, and Mr. Cock need not cluck to tell her it was bed-time. Any one would think she was a baby, by the way he treated her. No doubt he meant to be kind to the hens when he found anything nice; but he made such a noise and fuss over a grub or a worm, she, for one, hated to hear him.

"One day Pink told Downy, a good old mother, who had brought up many broods of chickens, that she thought she should soon sit herself and bring up a fine lot of chicks.

"Downy said she was glad to hear it, and took on herself to give Pink some advice.

"'My dear,' she said, 'some young hens are very silly in the choice of their nests. Some will fight, and try to get that of a hen who has got her eggs all ready for sitting, and they lose much time in that way. Other hens do not like to do as their mothers did, and take one of the nice nests made for them in the yard, but go a long way off, and sometimes boys steal their eggs, or the cats get the chicks. And it is very hard, Pink, to have your hopes lost so, I can tell you; and I shall be glad to give you any help I can, so that all may go well when you sit.'

"'You are very good, Downy, I am sure,' said Pink; 'but the fact is, I have made choice of my nest, and I mean to sit in a few days.'

"'Indeed?' replied Downy, 'then if you will take me to see it, I shall be able to call on you when you sit.'

"'All right,' said Pink: 'this way, if you please'; and she then led Downy to a hole in the fence.

"'Oh, come now, Pink!' said Downy, 'this is too much of a good thing. You know it is against rules to go out of the yard.'

"'Stuff!' cried Pink; 'if you care for rules, I don't; so come along.'

"Downy thought that for once there would be no harm if she went to see Pink's nest; and so with a great squeeze got through the hole, which was much too small for such large hens, and soon found herself in the garden.

"'There now!' said Pink, as she stood by nine fine eggs laid in a hole she had made under an old seat in a quiet out-of-the-way corner; 'is there such a nice snug place in the yard as this?'

"'I do not like to vex you, Pink,' replied Downy; 'but I fear your choice is not a wise one. I would not make my nest here for the world. It seems to me far from safe. I like the yard much the best.'

"'Ah! there it is,' said Pink, with all her pride up in arms; 'you old hens think you know best about everything, and we young ones are always wrong. You stay in the yard till a new idea puts you in a fright. I mean to have my own way and choose my own nest, I can tell you; and I know I shall bring off the best brood of the year.'

"'All right,' said Downy; 'I ask pardon for having given you my advice. I hope you will not have to think of it when too late.'

"'No fear,' said Pink, proudly.

"Then Downy went back to the yard, and found it such hard work to squeeze through the hole that she made up her mind she would not call on Pink any more.

"In a few days after this, Jane the henwife could not find Pink anywhere. Now, Pink was soon to be sent to a show at the Crystal Palace; so Jane was much vexed that she should have gone out of the yard, and at once set about to search for her. Whilst Jane was looking about, she saw the hole in the fence, and then made sure Pink had gone out through it; and she called John and had it mended, so that she should not lose any more hens in that way. After a long search in the hedges, Jane at last caught sight of Pink under the old seat, sitting on her eggs with the air of a hen who was doing her duty.

"'Oh, you bad fowl!' cried Jane; and in a moment the proud young Pink found herself held tight, and very soon was taken back to the yard, and told to 'leave it again if she dared.'

"Downy, of course, had told the fowls in the yard of Pink's choice of a nest, and of her pride. So when she was brought back, the cock and all the hens came round her, and Pink saw her old friends were laughing at her, and that she had had a fall in the world.

"Well, you know, it takes a good deal of trouble to teach some hens, like young children, to be wise; and Pink, as soon as she got over the loss of her first nest, thought fit to boast that she was going to be sent to a show.

"'You know, Downy,' she said, 'I am the best bird of my year; I have five toes, my marks are lovely, and I am a perfect Dorking. There is no doubt I shall take the first prize; then the Queen will of course buy me. I shall have a fine place to live in, such as you poor old folks in this yard have no idea of.'

"'Pink,' said Downy, 'folks who want to get above their station often fall below it. No good comes of such pride. We are all very well off here, and I for one do not wish to live in the Queen's yard.'

"'That is because you have no chance of it,' said Pink; 'only the very best birds can get there. I have heard that the corn is gilt for the birds in the royal yards, and that the hen-houses are as fine as the palace itself.'

"'Now, Pink,' said Downy, 'some one has been telling a story. A friend of mine, who was hatched at Windsor, told me the corn and other things were much the same there as in this and other good yards. Pink, I wish you well, but I fear you think too much of yourself, and that erelong your pride will have a fall. Good day to you.'

"At last the day of which Pink had thought so much came round, and she found herself put into a dark basket, and soon was on her way to the Crystal Palace. The noise of the railway, the rough jolts she got, the want of air and of fresh food for a whole day and night, were sad trials to poor Pink. But she tried to keep up her spirits, and to hope she would get the first prize, and so rise in the world instead of coming down in it, as Downy had feared she would.

"When at last all the cocks and hens were put in their cages at the Crystal Palace, and Pink had had some breakfast, she felt as proud as ever, and sure of the prize. But the worst trouble was to come. When the judges came round, they just gave one look at Pink, and one said to the others, 'I wonder how any one could think of sending such a common bird to the show; we can give her neither prize nor praise.'

"As they passed on, poor Pink hung her head with shame, and during all the time the show lasted felt very sad at heart. At the end of the show Pink was put back in her basket, but with much less care than when Jane sent her out; and no nice soft

food was given her, only a handful of maize. Then, after being tossed here and there, Pink was put in the railway van with a lot of other fowls, and at the end of a long day and night she heard a man say, 'This fowl has come wrong, — it must be sent back.' 'Oh,' thought Pink, 'I know I shall die before I get home! There is not a corn left; and how I do want some water!' Another long day went by ere the poor bird got home; and when Jane took her out of the basket she was so weak she could hardly stand.

"'Poor thing,' said Jane, 'you have had a hard time of it; you have not much life left in you. If you do not get better to-morrow, I think we must kill you.'

"Pink was very low, but still life was dear to her. So she tried to eat a bit of the nice sop Jane gave her, and felt all the better for it. When Pink was put back into the yard, all the hens came round to have a look at her. Some of them were so rude as to laugh, in their way. Some said, 'How smart our first prize looks, to be sure!' others gave her a peck. The cock, with his prince-like air, flew on to a rail and crowed over her; and there was only one of all the fowls in the yard who was kind to Pink, and that was Downy.

"'Do not mind them, Pink,' said she: 'it will all come right in a day or two; come and roost by my side, and I will take care of you.'

"'Thank you, Downy,' said Pink, in a very sad tone of voice; 'but I think my heart will break. I have been a silly bird.'

"'Yes, Pink, that is true; but you have had a lesson, and will never show any more pride. You will soon be happy again among your old friends.'

"Pink felt very much better after a night's rest; and in a day or two, when the hens saw a wise old fowl like Downy was such a friend to Pink, they left off teasing her about the first prize, and things went on as they did before she went to the show.

"Ever since this great event in her life, Pink has been a meek hen, — such a good mother, and so kind to all young hens and chickens, that Jane grew fond of her; and you know she often takes tidbits from her own table, which Pink eats out of her hand. I am sure Pink has never again wished to go to a show, or to rise so high in the world as the Queen's yard, but is content to lay eggs and bring up chickens for little Bertie and his mamma."

TALK TO THE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, — a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, and what unconscious but excellent mental training, in lively, social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the art of conversation at home.

A BAD GIRL TO MARRY.

A BAD daughter seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at brothers and sisters, and "shirks" her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own she will make it wretched. There are girls who fancy themselves so far superior to their parents that the mere privilege of enjoying their society in the house ought to be all the old people should have the assurance to ask. While their mothers are busy with domestic duties, they

sit in the easiest chairs or lie on the softest sofas, feeding on cheap and trashy novels, and cherish the notion that they are very literary individuals. The household drudgery is too coarse for such fine ladies as they are. Girls of this sort are generally very anxious to be married, that they may escape the disagreeableness of a home where they are held more or less under subjection. A caller who does n't have a chance too see how they behave as daughters may be excused for fancying them lovely and lovable beings; but one who does see it is foolish if he commits himself by offering marriage to a girl of this sort. If she will not assist her mother in the domestic labors, is she not likely to be equally slothful and ill-tempered when she marries? If she now thinks herself too fine to work, is it safe to expect that her views as to that matter would radically change if she became a wife?

LEGEND OF THE HOLY SHADOW.

A LONG time ago there lived a saint so holy that the angels marvelled at his sanctity, and came from heaven to see how any one on earth could so closely resemble them.

They found nothing extraordinary in his life; he kept simply on his way, unconsciously spreading the example of his virtues as naturally as the stars give light and the flowers give perfume.

Two words summed up his day, — he *gave* and *forgave;* but these words were never on his lips: you only read them in his smile, in his amiability, in his kindness, in his untiring charity.

The angels said to God, "Lord, grant him the gift of miracles."

"Willingly," replied our Lord; "ask him what he wishes."

And the angels said to the saint, "Wouldst thou have the gift of healing, so that when thy hands touch an infirm body it shall be healed?"

"No," replied the saint. "I would rather God alone would do it."

"Wouldst thou have thy words win back guilty souls and erring hearts to God?"

"No: that is a mission most unworthy of a poor creature like me; I am satisfied to pray, — I do not preach."

Finally the angels said, "What wouldst thou have?"

"Well," said the saint, "let me do a great deal of good without knowing it."

The angels consulted together for a while as to how this could be accomplished; then they asked our Lord to grant that every time the saint's shadow fell at either side or behind him, so that he could not see it, it should have the power of curing the sick, consoling the afflicted, and comforting the sorrowful.

Our Lord assented, and wherever the saint's shadow fell thus the pathways bloomed, the parched earth was refreshed, the turbid streams became pure and limpid, the dying flowers revived; a fresh, healthy bloom came to the pale cheeks of the little children, and tears of joy to the eyes of sorrowing mothers.

But the saint kept simply on his way, unconsciously spreading the example of his virtues as naturally as the stars shed light, as the flowers give perfume; and the people, respecting his modesty, silently followed him, never speaking to him of his miracles. They gradually forgot even his name, and spoke of him simply as "The holy shadow."

AMERICAN MEAT IN ENGLAND. — Butchers' meat and bakers' bread are two things which must erelong command the attention of Parliament. We get ship-loads of good meat from America daily, yet the public generally know nothing as to where all this transatlantic food goes to. A strong suspicion prevails that it is all bought up by British butchers, and sold as English meat. There is no law to prevent it, and we all know what a trade-ring is capable of doing.

Useful Knowledge.

A NICE dish for breakfast is made by taking bits of ham that have been left from the previous meals, cutting them in small pieces, and heating them with two or three eggs stirred in. Pieces of beef may also be used, and enjoyed if properly cooked. Chop them fine, season with butter, pepper, and salt, and serve hot. The excellence of these dishes depends upon the way in which you cook and season them. Anything which is warmed over in order to be palatable must be nicely prepared.

WHEN windows and doors are closed and several persons are sitting in one room, the air soon becomes close and impure from the gases that fill an apartment from the breath of those in it. Set a pitcher of water, uncovered, and in a few hours it will absorb all the noxious gases in the room; the air will become purer, but the water will be filthy and poisonous, and should be thrown out, and fresh water put in its place. The colder the water the more gas will it absorb.

INSECTS AND VERMIN. — The Chemist says that if a little chloride of lime be sprinkled on the soil, rats, mice, and insects will soon desert it. Plants may be easily protected by it from insect plague by simply brushing over their stems with a solution of it. It has often been noticed that a patch which has been treated in this way remains free from grubs, while the unprotected beds round about are literally devastated. Fruit trees may be guarded from their attacks by attaching to the stems pieces of tow smeared with a mixture of chloride of lime and hog's lard. Ants and grubs already in possession will then rapidly vacate their positions.

THE EAR. — Dr Roosa, in a lecture on the ear, said that no small amount of trouble in the ear was caused by too frequent syringing and boring out with a twisted towel or handkerchief, not to mention hair-pins, bodkins, and other metallic instruments. In his opinion, one should never put anything in the ear smaller than the little finger, although one writer said put nothing smaller than the elbow. The avoidance of many ear troubles was to be assured by taking care not to duck the head in cold water, or to syringe the deeper part without the order of a physician, or introduce any body which can push the wax lower down in the drum.

A GOOD WINTER SALAD. — Cut one pound of red cabbage into thin shreds, steep it in boiling water for fifteen minutes; cool, drain, and put it into a basin with one once of salt, and let it pickle thus for four hours; then pour off the water, add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mix, and let it remain for two hours; cut one pound of celery into small dice, and steep it in boiling water for ten minutes and drain it; cut an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes in the same way. A quarter of an hour before serving, drain the cabbage, and mix the whole in a salad bowl, adding three tablespoonfuls of oil, one tablespoonful of chopped tarragon, and a small quantity of pepper.

ABOUT APPETITE. — It is an old German adage that "more people dig their own graves with their teeth than with spades," and verily it would seem so, if we could look at the immense number of dyspeptics, rheumatic and gouty individuals, creeping through life in pain and wretchedness. Yet it is impossible to induce even thinking people to control their appetites, and to eat such things and at such times as nature shows them is necessary and right. Dr. Hall declares unhesitatingly that it is wrong to eat without an appetite; for it shows that there is no gastric juice in the stomach, and that nature does not need food; and not needing it, there being no fluid to receive and act upon it, it remains there only to putrefy, the very thought of which should be sufficient to deter any man from eating without an appetite to the remainder of his life. If a tonic is taken to whet the appetite, it is a mistaken course, for its only result is to cause one to eat when already an amount has been eaten beyond what the gastric juice is able to prepare. The object to be obtained is a large supply of gastric juice; whatever fails to accomplish that essential object, fails to have any efficacy toward the cure of dyspeptic diseases. The formation of the gastric juice is directly proportioned to the wear and tear of the system, which it is to be the means of supplying, and this wear and tear can only take place as the result of exercise. The efficient remedy for dyspeptics is work, — out-of-door-work; beneficial and successful in direct proportion as it is agreeable, interesting, and profitable.

The Humorist.

When you read the seductive legend in the tobacconist's window, "Our twopenny cigars can't be beat," remember, if they can't be beet, they may be cabbage.

An old man who had been badly hurt in a railway collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, replied, "I've had enough of them, but I'll just sue them for repairs."

"Don't show my letters," wrote a man to a young lady whom he adored. "Don't be afraid," was the reply, "I am just as much ashamed of them as you are."

"Misfortunes never come singly," tritely remarked a friend, the other day. "No," said his Celtic companion, "they travel in families, and bring their most distant relations with them."

Ordinarily we know from what country most people come by the language they use; but in the case of the swearer it is different. He uses the language of the country to which he is going.

Little Johnny went fishing without consulting his parents. Next morning a neighbor's boy met him and asked, "Did you catch anything yesterday?" "Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.

A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying in explanation, "Too muchee yank."

Conversation on a seaside hotel veranda between a young man and an elderly guest. Young Man—"I must have seen you somewhere, sir?" Elderly Guest—"Very likely; I am a pawnbroker."

"Miss Brown, I've been learning how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette. "Just let me have your hand, if you please."—"La, Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go and ask pa."

"Keep your bottle of whiskey in your closet, and when the girl brings you your hot shaving water in the morning, you can mix your toddy quickly, and not a soul will know anything about it," said the M. D. The plan worked well, until the old man's daughter thought he must be going insane, because he wanted to shave five or six times every day.

Never marry for wealth, but remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a brick house with a mansard roof and a silver-plated door-bell, as one who has n't anything but an auburn head and an amiable disposition.

"Whence comes this bad weather?" cried M. Prudhomme sadly. "Don't you know? It comes to us from America."—"Then," he replied with conviction, "it is much to be regretted that Christopher Columbus ever discovered it."

Panama and its vicinity seem to be the home of revolutions. Fortunately, the powder they use is so poor that when a man gets home from a battle he just takes off his clothes, shakes them, and out drop the bullets. A few stitches, and he is fit once more to face the enemy.

Nota Bene.—"I say, Jack, what does 'N. B.' mean?"—"Why, Nubian Blacking, of course; and let me advise you to polish your 'understandings' with it once a week. No brushing is required, and it makes your boots waterproof, weatherproof, and wearproof."

"What is the strength of your regiment?" asked a *bourgeois* of a French soldier during the war with Prussia. The latter, taking him for a spy, gave him a vigorous blow of his fist which sent him rolling into the ditch, and said, "There is my strength; judge by it that of my regiment."

After the recent wholesale flogging of boys at the Minot School, Neponset, a boy who was one of the victims was questioned as to the severity of the punishment. "Did he whip any of them so as to leave them black and blue?" was asked. "No," replied the boy, "but he made some of them yell oh!"

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say good evening if it would be agreeable to the company. But they would n't let him.

He was a veteran toper, with a fiery-red proboscis, but a most kind-hearted and amiable man; and when the flies gathered upon his nose he used to say: "Oh, don't drive them away; they 're having a good time, and if they can get their liquor without paying for it I don't mind."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

INFIDELS are reviving the old arguments against the efficacy of prayer from the circumstance of the death of President Garfield, despite the unanimity with which the nation prayed for his recovery. One such circumstance does not make a solid argument, although it shocks what passes for "faith" amid a great portion of the community. Indeed, as the Deity knows how to draw good out of all events, the higher good wrought in the national mind simply by the exercise of prayer outweighs the temporal evil of the President's death. The spectacle of a whole people at the throne of grace is certainly a sublime moral sight. But the general theory of intercessory prayer as held by all nations rests on a profound belief that God is infinitely more willing to grant spiritual than temporal favors. St. Augustine, commenting on the words of Christ, "Hitherto you have asked nothing," says that we ask for nothing unless we ask for divine and spiritual gifts; for things of time are nothing in comparison with things that are eternal.

It is argued that it is in vain to seek to change the Divine will, which from its nature is immutable. But God must have infinite ways of working out his providences, nor can we suppose for a moment that he is not perfectly free. Many a man would have given worlds for the long period vouchsafed to the late President wherein to make his peace with God. There appears to have been a rather sombre effect produced on the public mind by the fact that no minister of religion was admitted to the death-bed. This is explained by the peculiar tenets of the Campbellites, of which sect the late President was a member. They do not believe in any ordained ministry, although, professing to hold the Scriptures as their sole guide, they must be aware that St. James bids the faithful bring in the priests of the church and let them pray over the sick man, anointing him with oil. The apostle expressly declares the saving efficacy of the prayer of faith, and ascribes to it, in conjunction with the anointing, both bodily healing and the remission of sin.

The fact is that the essential condition of prayer is faith; not a vague confidence, but living and humble acceptance of the entire revelation of God. As the Supreme Disposer of all things, he can certainly fix the conditions upon which our prayers will be granted. "The prayer of faith will save the sick man."

Otherwise, the course of Providence remains unaltered. But did not Catholics pray? They did, and fervently; but then the President was not a member of the mystical body of Christ, designated by St. Paul as the Church. This is no narrow or fanatical doctrine, but the plain declaration of the apostle. The rights, privileges, and the very merits of Christ come to us through the channels which he has appointed. It was his will, and there is the end of the matter. Protestants may talk till doomsday about placing the Church between God and the soul, but such talk is as rational as to complain of air being the medium of light or sound.

If we can find one good in the President's death, transcending the good of a prolongation of life, this should reconcile us to the will of the Deity. Horror of murder, political amelioration, the gravity of death affecting millions of human beings

and forcing them to reflect upon it, are goods which belong to a higher plane than the President's survival. Besides, his after life would be maimed and distorted, and his mind clouded, by the event and its terrible accompaniments. It is only a very weak faith or mind that will cease from the practice of prayer because the President died. The peaceful accession to the chief magistracy of President Arthur will also be a lesson to the world, and bring out into clearest light the stability of a government of, by, and for the people. The Union did not perish with President Garfield; and in the present anxious and unsettled condition of European nations, the invincible life of the Republic receives a new illustration from the President's demise.

THE good effects of the Irish National Land League Convention, held recently in Dublin, are already apparent in the impetus it has given to the demand for the release of the "suspects." The victims of the iniquitous Coercion Act must be released. Such is the demand of Ireland, and among the responses is the release of Father Sheehy, who has received an overwhelming ovation from his countrymen. This excellent gentleman has given a description of the treatment he and his fellow-patriots received in Kilmainham jail, which effectually nails the lie about the kind treatment which, as the London press fooled people into believing, was the normal treatment of the Irish political prisoners. The bravest and boldest heart winces under the very name of the living death which an English prison implies. Contact with even the turnkeys and attendants, many of whom are reformed convicts, and all the worse for being "reformed," would chill the blood of a gentleman. Father Sheehy declares that the food is not fit for dogs, and the malaria and prison stench would break down the finest constitution in a few months.

And what crime have the political prisoners committed? The crime of loving their country, of counselling right and just opposition to unjust laws. There is not a political campaign in America wherein far more violent speeches are not made against the opposition party than the most virulent of the Irish orations. Would it be not only absurd but highly unjust for us to arrest and imprison any one who made a speech against political rapine and injustice? Yet this is done in Ireland, and many a man languishes in the filthiest of jails simply for giving open expression to his honest convictions.

We highly approve of the advice of the Land League to the tenants, not to enter the Land Courts until several test cases have been tried. If a poor peasant seeks redress under the Land Act as it now stands, there are ten chances to one against him. A new law is like a new locomotive: you cannot trust it until after experiment. The law being mainly interpreted by precedents, and by the rulings of courts, it is of the highest importance for the tenants not to go into litigation until this particular law has been tested and applied. Some of the ablest Irish lawyers have grave doubts of the efficiency of the Land Act, and its practical operation will be watched with the keenest interest, not only in Ireland but in England and Scotland. The London Punch had recently a cartoon representing an English farmer asking Mr. Gladstone what he was going to do for *him*. This indicates the drift of popular sentiment on the subject, for the small landholder in England is nearly as badly off as the Irish one. It will thus be seen that the Land Bill is of the most important character, and its test will indirectly affect the whole agricultural system of Great Britain.

THE Methodist Ecumenical Council appears to have done nothing but sing. What a huge presumption such people have in calling their council Ecumenical (world-wide)! The sect is not so old as the Church of England, and notwithstanding a vast amount of puffing, seems to have been looked upon in London as a very "small-potato" affair. The only good feature about it was the singing, which does very little harm; and though the Pope of course came in for a few whacks,

the members were too full of themselves to give much attention to other people. If the Dissenters of England could agree on anything, they with the help of the Catholics might abolish the state church, — a cumbrous imposition on the people, and nearly as badly hated in England as it was in Ireland; but the English Dissenters are disagreeably ignorant and insolent, and the nation at large dislikes their canting forms of religion. There is nothing more disgusting to John Bull than religious cant, and a disposition to speak of God and the Bible in the off-hand and vulgarly familiar style of the camp-meeting. The narrow-mindedness of the English Methodists prevents them om affiliating with the Catholics, who are all members of Babylon and Anti-christ, according to the jargon of their prayer meetings. A united effort would rid England of the state church, which as lost the affections of the people, but which never has lost its grip on the treas ury. Still it is bound to be disestablished in time, though it will fight with far greater desperation for the money-bags than it has ever done for Christ.

THE many friends of the Nun of Kenmare will hear with regret of her severe illness, from nervous prostration brought on by her efforts in the cause of a distressed people. The labors of this estimable lady have been out of all proportion to the strength of her sex and the native tenderness of her heart, which bled with pity for a starving and unhappy peasantry. To her was largely due the success of the famine fund. Her eloquent appeals and unwearied activity in that cause of Christian charity made a profound impression in America, and her business-like qualities inspired the deepest confidence in a commercial community anxious to see their contributions speedily and faithfully applied. We trust that the famed healthiness of the Kerry hills will soon restore her to vigor, and meanwhile she has the sympathy and prayers of the Catholic world, which has been edified by her writings and consoled by the example of her charity and good works.

So the Pope after all has succeeded in getting his bishops into German sees without their taking an iron-clad oath to obey the Emperor in preference to the Vicar of Christ, — for this was the practical result of the anti-Catholic crusade in Germany. Still, there is no trusting to Cæsar. No one for a moment believes that either the Emperor Wilhelm or Bismarck had a particle of religious motive in granting just concessions to the Catholics; but as Bavaria is noted quite as much for its bravery as for its Catholicity, and as a war is looming up, it is just as well to remove disabilities. We believe that this is the real reason. The meeting of the Emperors, the growing power of France, the necessity of doing something with a vast army in a war of conquest, seem to point to hostilities on the Continent. Then let the good, brave, noble Catholics rush like fools to the onset, shed their blood with effusion, while old Bismarck takes his schnapps, and Wilhelm writes war bulletins to Augusta. When will the nations have sense?

MR. CALLAN, M. P., is about to proceed on a six-months' tour to the United States, where he will deliver lectures in some of the chief cities, San Francisco and Chicago among the number.

MR. JOHN GIVAN, M. P. for Monaghan, has declined the appointment offered him by government as assistant commissioner under the Irish Land Act. There will, therefore, be no vacancy in the representation of the county,

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TWO American Presidents have met death at the hands of an assassin. The widow of the first has been very shabbily treated by her countrymen. The widow of the second is to be treated as she deserves to be. — *Boston Post.*

THE landlord of Innisturk, a small island on the western coast of Ireland, has evicted the whole population, numbering about one hundred and twenty people. An agent of the Land League found them homeless, mostly sheltering in the little chapel. He will take care that they want for nothing. This power of eviction is a dreadful weapon to place in the hands of any individual, and it must come to an end some time.

BOUND VOLUMES. — We have a few sets of our Magazine, beautifully bound in green and gold, in five volumes, at $1 50 each. Sent free by mail.

A PIOUS lady, of Junction City, Ohio, has sent to the Home for Destitute Catholic Children in Boston, $500. Other donations solicited. The prayers of the good Sisters of Charity and hundreds of orphan children daily ascend to heaven for their benefactors.

THE new diocese of Trenton, N. J , will embrace the fourte n southern counties of the State of New Jersey. Bishop O'Farrell will be consecrated in the New York Cathedral on All Saints' Day by Cardinal McCloskey. The Church of St. Mary, Trenton, will be the cathedral. It was erected by its present rector, Father Smith, at a cost of $200,000.

THE JUBILEE. — The sacred Penitenziaria has published two decisions connected with the Jubilee. In the first it is stated that alms to the poor come under the category of "pious works"; and in the second, it declares that the amount of alms must be in proportion to each one's means, and that bishops cannot fix the amount, nor specify the "pious work" to which it shall be given.

OUR MAGAZINE. — The following notice from the Central Catholic, Louisville, Ky., was crowded out last month. We shall be pleased to give place to the writer's theory of the formation of comets' tails:

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, September, 1881. — Everything wearing of the green is welcome to our table, and none more so than Donahoe. Like a genuine Irishman, it is bright and witty amid the saddest narratives that ever displayed a people's history. With the gallantry becoming the nation, it opens with a charming portrait and sketch of a charming subject, — Rosa Mulholland. "Our Boycotting," from her pen, is laughable indeed.

"Comets and Meteors," by Rev J B. Cavanagh, is truly scientific and well worth study. But there is still another theory of the formation of comets' tails we would like to furnish Mr. Donahoe or Dr. Cavanagh.

"In the Service of France" is continued and becoming exciting. Only think, all this pleasant and instructive reading for twenty cents. Truly this is one *greenbacker* every son of the Emerald Isle can subscribe for.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for September is a splendid issue, and we congratulate the veteran editor on the deserved success of his useful monthly. — *The Monitor, San Francisco.*

RENTS are rapidly tumbling down in England. A farm of eight hundred acres in that country has been reduced from £1,000 to £600 per annum. A four-hundred-acre farm between Newmarket and Bury St. Edmunds has been reduced from 30*s.* to 21*s.*, and all the farms on the estate have been recently retaken by the old tenants at a reduction of twenty-five per cent.

ARTHUR is the son of an Irishman. Furnishing a son's son for the Presidency is as much as Ireland is permitted to do under the Constitution, and this she has done now twice: once in the person of Jackson and now in the case of Arthur. May the latter reflect as much credit on the office as the former. What is more, the second Irish-American President was sworn into office by two Irish-American Judges, Donahue and Brady.

THE doctors admit that the Blanchard Life Foods cure chronic cases that baffle the best physician's skill, and are rapidly becoming curative staples, to be used in every family, to keep the children strong and healthy, as well as the mother vigorous in her round of household cares, and the father from breaking down mentally and physically in the trials of business life. Samples at 8 Tremont Street, Boston, near the Museum. Food Cures Journal free.

HIS HOLINESS, Leo XIII., through his Secretary of State, transmitted the following expression of condolence on the death of President Garfield: —

ROME, Sept. 21, 1881.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, *Washington:*

The loss of the illustrious President Garfield has caused a deep sorrow to the Holy Father. His Holiness directs me to present his condolence to your Excellency and to the government, and his best wishes for the prosp rity of the Republic.

L. CARDINAL JACOBINI.

To which Mr. Blaine replied as follows: —

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL JACOBINI, *Rome:*

The considerate and comprehensive expression of sympathy from his Holiness is very grateful to the bereaved family of the late President, and in their name and on behalf of this government I return profound thanks.

BLAINE, *Secretary.*

CATHOLIC COLONIZATION. — We give an interesting article in this issue from the pen of W. J. Onahan, Esq., on the advantages arising from Catholic settlements. The article occupies *eleven* pages of the Quarterly, but makes only eight pages in our Magazine; showing that we give a quarter more matter to the page than the Quarterly.

DIOCESE OF PORTLAND, ME. — Right Rev. Bishop Healy has appointed Rev John McDonnell of Newmarket to the pastorate of Fisherville, vacated by the death of Rev. Father Danner. Rev. Cornelius O'Callaghan of this city succeeds Father McDonnell at Newmarket, and Rev. Father Stoughton, assistant pastor at Fisherville, is appointed assistant to Rev. D. W. Murphy of Dover.

REV. HENRY P. ALOYSIUS NORTHROP, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Charleston, S. C., has been named the Pope's Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. Father Northrop is a convert. He began his studies for the priesthood at Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, and finished them at Rome, where he was ordained in 1865. He is forty-one years old and in the prime of life. He will be consecrated immediately, and at once repair to the dreary scene of his future labors.

THE pilgrimage to Lourdes has been more numerously subscribed for this year than on any other celebration since the Empire The Empress Eugènie was the first to render Lourdes the most popular shrine in France. Her majesty repaired thither to return thanks for the success of the operation performed by Nelaton on the Prince Imperial, who had been threatened with a contraction of the nerves of the leg. Since then the popularity of Lourdes has gone on increasing year by year.

WE have left Scotland behind. While we were awake and hammering hard nails into the coffin of landlordism, the canny tribe north of the Tweed were dozing beside their toddy. Now some of them are stirring. The Aberdeen district is initiating a campaign against high rents, and in favor of compensation for tenants' improvements. What drowsy fellows are these in the higher latitudes of Scotia minor! Long ago we squeezed that thing, compensation for improvements, out of the grab-all ruck. Our surprise is very great that Scots wha' hae frae rack rents bled, have so long continued to bleed as meekly as a poor veal calf, hung up by the heels in the shambles. — *Dublin Irishman.*

IT is believed that at the coming consistory, at which many bishops of the world will be invited to witness the solemn act of canonization, the Holy Father will publish a declaration to the world, setting forth the present unendurable position of the Head of the Church. The note will be sent to the Pope's foreign representatives and laid before their respective governments. — *The Western Watchman.*

THE BEST HOME MANUFACTURE. — Now that all Ireland is roused to the propriety of manufacturing its own goods, let us recall to the public mind the memory of the greatest, best, and most flourishing of all our manufactures, which more than all of them requires to be revived.

The edifice is still standing: the site is College Green Our home-made laws were once the finest and grandest in the world. Shall Ireland not revive this, her special glory, — Home Manufacture of Native Laws? — *Dublin Irishman.*

THE following letter was sent by Vicar-General Preston to the parish churches in New York, in accordance with an order issued by Cardinal McCloskey: —

CHANCERY OFFICE, NEW YORK, Sept. 23.

Rev. and Dear Sir, — Monday, Sept. 26, being the day of the final obsequies of the late President of the United States, has been designated by the civil authority of the State and nation as a day of prayer and religious observance. In accordance with the recommendation, so appropriate at this time, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop desires that the Holy Sacrifice be offered in all the churches of the archdiocese at the usual hour of High Mass, and that the prayer, "Pro quacumque necessitate," be added to the Mass of the day. He also directs that the Litany of the Saints and the prayer for the public authorities be recited either before or after the service. Yours in Christ,

THOMAS S. PRESTON, *Vicar-General.*

IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. — We [Dublin Freeman's Journal] are happy to announce that the guarantee fund for the proposed Industrial Exhibition in Dublin has grown to a great sum, — several thousands of pounds. The list of contributors includes the names of many leading firms in Dublin and the provinces; and amongst the most notable and most encouraging features is the generous contribution of two hundred guineas given by the National Bank, through the joint managers in Dublin, Messrs. Mahony and Kirwan. This great institution is not likely to lend its name and influence to any Utopian scheme, or one not calculated to promote the permanent prosperity of the country. Where the National Bank leads others may be expected to follow. Far more valuable than the sum contributed, considerable though it be, is the moral weight given by this stamp of approval.

Our next issue will be, as near as we can make it, a CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE HARVEST in Ireland may be expected to be an average one, the only crop that has been materially injured by the rain being hay. In this respect Ireland is somewhat better off than England.

BISHOP KEAN. — The Catholic Visitor, of Richmond, Va., of Oct. 1, says: "The Rt. Rev. Bishop returned home for a short time last Monday. It was a pleasure to see him so much improved. His eyes are so far restored that with a little caution and prudence he can attend to nearly all his duties, entailing reading and writing."

MR. JOHN O'NEILL, one of our most successful music teachers, will receive pupils for private lessons at his new music room, 146 Tremont Street. Mr. O'Neill has done good work in the cause of music, and many of his pupils have won great success abroad; among them Lilian B. Norton, who promises to be famous.

IT is stated that immediately after Mr. Forster's return to Dublin, there will be a reconsideration of the cases of the "suspects" who have not yet received formal notice of a three-months' remand, and there is reason to believe that some of the prisoners — including the Rev. Eugene Sheehy, C. C. — will be forthwith liberated.

FOR the sixth time in the history of the nation, the President of the United States is without a wife to adorn the White House. Jefferson was a widower. Mrs. Andrew Jackson died just before her husband was inaugurated. Martin Van Buren was a widower. John Tyler was a widower for about two years during his term of office; and James Buchanan was a bachelor. Now comes Chester A. Arthur, whose wife has been dead more than a year.

CONCERNING Lord Ripon, a correspondent writes from Simla: "The Viceroy is winning golden opinions from every quarter. His exemplary life pervades Indian society. What a contrast with Lord Lytton's time! Every Sunday the Viceroy is at mass at our little church here, every Sunday at Holy Communion, every Sunday attending Vespers and Benediction, with perfect simplicity. Naturally the Catholic religion in India is making great progress. Here at Simla, about two years ago, we numbered only one hundred and fifty; now we are more than four hundred, and churches, convents, and schools are springing up everywhere." Both the Viceroy and Lady Ripon are in the enjoyment of excellent health.

THE LAND BILL. — Writing to Mr. Parnell, M. P., the Catholic Bishop of Meath, the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, says: "Whilst I cheerfully confess that Mr Gladstone's Land Bill contains many splendid principles, and is fully entitled to a fair trial, I can see no solid grounds for that fervid, enthusiastic outburst of national gratitude to which the government would seem to lay claim for passing it. Although unquestionably a large, it is nevertheless an essentially incomplete measure of justice for our country; further, it was passed under irresistible pressure, and at the very last moment, when no government having regard for its own dignity or safety could withhold it a moment longer."

ENGLISH OPINION OF AN IRISH M. P — The London Daily News says every one will hear with regret of Mr. A. M Sullivan's determination to resign his seat in Parliament: and the regret will naturally be much the greater because ill-health has compelled the resolve It is not an exaggeration to say that Mr. Sullivan had won the respect of all parties in the House of Commons. He always firmly held by his own party, in so far as it represented the principles he had pledged himself to support; but he never took part in or countenanced extravagances, and he never spoke bitter words, or ascribed ignoble motives to his political opponents. He was undoubtedly one of the most eloquent and ready debaters in the House of Commons, and more nearly approached, perhaps, to the rank of an orator than any other of his colleagues.

WHERE is D'. Falk, that he does not come forward in the nick of time and save his villanous laws from the disgrace which is impending over them? The truth is, thank God, that the constancy of the German episcopacy and priesthood, joined to the courage of the Vatican, have proved too strong for mere carnal brute force. The Prussian Parliament will be brave enough to admit, by altering the laws affecting the two powers, the church and state, that all these years of persecution have been a blunder as well as a crime The restoration of liberty to the Catholic Church in Germany will be one of the glories of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. Herr von Schloezer, as German Ambassador to the Sovereign Pontiff, will put the finishing stroke to this satisfactory state of affairs. This gentleman is thoroughly versed in the whole question in dispute; he knows, better, perhaps than any man living, the beginning, middle, and end of the accursed laws which are now about to be repealed. — *London Universe.*

Events of the Month.

Rev. Father Sheehy, and many other suspects, have been released from prison.

The new church of the Paulist Fathers, now building in New York, will be the largest in the city except the cathedral It will cost $500,000.

The other day there was a conference in Paris of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Said one of the speakers, "The man who loves the lower animals always loves his kind."

The Sunday Closing Act has been most beneficial in Ireland, inasmuch as during 1880 there were 22.000 less Sunday drunken cases than in the year previous to the passing.

During the month of August, 56.744 immigrants were added to the population of the United States. Of these, 20,000 were Germans; 5,391, Irish; and the rest principally Swedes, Norwegians, and Chinese.

The latest novelty in insurance is a Pennsylvania company, which contracts to pay married couples $5,000 every time they have a child born. It cunningly issues policies to Americans, and will have no Irish or Canadians.

The Methodist convention in London has decided against sending Methodist children to Catholic schools. That was the most natural thing in the world; but when Catholics, who are more firmly wedded to their religion than most people, object to sending their children to Protestant schools, they are denounced as bigots and propagandists.

The Pall Mall Gazette very seasonably notices that Irish landlords have given, or promised. to the "Property Defence Association," £25,000 a year; and that this amount, calculated on the Association's demand of one half per cent on property, means that already ownership to the value of £5,000,000 a year is leagued to watch the proceedings of the Land Commission.

Human Bones for Manure. — A telling indication of the undoubtedness of the civilization of this much-belauded nineteenth century! A cargo of three hundred tons of human bones is now being discharged at Bristol to the order of certain British manure manufacturers. It appears that the bones were shipped at Rodosto and Constantinople, and they are the remains of the soldiers who were killed at Plevna. The report in the newspapers states that complete limbs are amongst the cogar, and that in some cases the hair still adheres to the skulls. Just imagine the eminently Bible-reading and sanctimonious commercial community of Protestant England carrying on a trade in human bodies! "Body-snatching" for hospital purposes used to be looked upon as a horrible offence. Here is wholesale body-snatching for merely manuring purposes, and little or no notice is taken of it.

According to Great Britain's ninth decennial census, taken not long since, the entire population of the United Kingdom is 35,246,562. It is thus divided: England and Wales, 25,968 286: Scotland, 3,734.370; Ireland, 5 159 839; Isle of Man, 53,492; Channel Islands 87,831; army, navy, and merchant service, 242 844. Since the first British census, taken in 1801, the population of England and Wales has increased threefold; Scotland's has more than doubled; but Ireland's is *a little less* to-day than it was eighty years ago.

Dublin corporation has unanimously determined to offer its agricultural tenants facilities for the purchase of their holdings, "being convinced that the creation of a resident occupying agricultural proprietary in Ireland is essential to the prosperity and tranquillity of the country." The resolution is important, not so much on account of its immediate and direct effects, — for the amount of agricultural land held by the corporation is comparatively small; but as declaring the opinion of the first municipality of Ireland on the great question of the day, and marking its determination to carry out in practice the principles it has so often enunciated.

Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, in an official communication, published in the Cleveland Universe, interdicts the frequent changing of text-books in the parochial schools. Such changing he justly calls "a tax upon parents already too heavily taxed." "Let the teachers," he says, "religious or lay, be paid a fair price for their labors; but keep them clear of book peddling, or such side issues as will mix them up with other work than that for which they are employed." In conclusion, he directs that where books *must* be sold in the schools the profits from such sales be devoted to the benefit of the schools, or used to provide books for scholars who are too poor to purchase them.

THE Russian government has permitted the publication of the last Pontifical Encyclical, bearing on the relation of subjects with civil authority, and of the latter toward religious authority.

THE treasurer of the Irish National Land League received in contributions from various States and Territories, during September, $4,487.23, of which $1,506 53 came from Massachusetts.

THE total revenue of the Dominion, for the fiscal year ended June 30 last, is officially stated at $29,712,063, and the expenditure, $25,579,153; leaving a surplus of $4,132,895, one dollar per head of the whole population.

SENOR CASTELAR, the famous Spanish orator and statesman, has broken forever with the Spanish Intransigeants and with communism and socialism generally, if indeed he was really ever tainted with their ideas. In a late speech he condemns the opportunism of Gambetta, and indorses Jules Simon's ideals of a Conservative Catholic Republic in France.

THE Bishop of Elphin (Roscommon), the most Rev. Dr. Gilooly, has lately received a most beautiful address from his people, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopate. His lordship's answer was most affectionate and beautiful No bishop in Ireland, or anywhere else, is more beloved; and he well deserves it, for he has toiled hard and with great success for the spiritual and temporal good of all under his care.

ANOTHER Anglican clergyman, the Rev. J. W. D. Hoare, has become a Catholic. Mr. Hoare was the Protestant Vicar of St. Philip's, Sydenham, London, England, and was received into the Church on Sept. 12, by Father Lockhart. Mr. Hoare has officially intimated his intention to the bishop of the diocese. The living he vacates is worth £350 a year (about $1,780). Being married, Mr. Hoare will necessarily remain a layman. He is the son of an Irish clergyman, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin.

THANKS to the generosity of the American people, the widow of President Garfield will be a wealthy woman and her children will be well provided for. There is now little doubt that the subscription in her behalf will amount to over $400,000; the President has left behind him over $100,000 more in life-insurance policies, real estate, and bank stock; Congress will give her a life pension, and perhaps continue her husband's salary to her during the term for which he was elected, so that she need not have any fear of poverty.

THE New York Commercial credits two Presidents, Jackson and Arthur, to the Irish immigrant, the father of each having been born in Ireland. The Utica Observer adds James Buchanan, whose father emigrated from Donegal eight years before the President was born. A fourth is put on the list by the Buffalo Courier in the person of James K Polk, who, the Courier says, "was of Scotch-Irish descent." The Irish immigrant has certainly done his share in America.

W. H. HORNER, managing editor of the Pittsburg Gazette, died on the morning of Sept. 21. He fell sick the day after President Garfield was shot, and conceived the idea that his fate was connected with that of the President. Such is the force of imagination, that as the President grew better or worse, a corresponding change took place in his case; until on Tuesday night, when he heard the bells tolling the death of the chief magistrate, he sank rapidly and died on the following morning.

THE dole which was distributed to the poor of Exton after the funeral of the late Earl of Gainsborough will be continued annually in commemoration of his death. It was participated in by sixty-three old people (the number of the earl's years), each receiving from the hands of the new countess a loaf of bread, and from the earl a florin, accompanied by a few kindly words. Father Van Dale briefly addressed the recipients of this charity, reminding them that the dole was in accordance with an old Catholic tradition, and exhorting them to pray for the repose of the soul of the departed peer.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA. — The Russian Minister of the Interior, in his recent circular appointing local commissions to examine into the Jewish question, says: "The government recognizes the detriment to the Christian population of the commercial activity exclusiveness, and religious fanaticism of the Jews, which are still predominant in spite of the twenty years' efforts to blend the two populations." The circular attributes the recent disturbances to exclusively economic causes, growing out of the monopolization of trade and rights over land by the Jews, and the unfair advantage they take of the poorer classes. The minister promises the Jews protection against violence, but says that energetic measures must be taken to shield the Christians from the effects of their injurious activity. Statistics are therefore required from the commissions, showing the extent of the liquor trade in the hands of the Jews, their land rentals, and their numerical strength, with measures for correcting the abnormal situation.

REV. HUGH MCDEVITT has been appointed assistant rector of the American College in Rome, vice Rev. Dr. Wall, now in New York.

REV. L. P. MCCARTHY has been appointed to the pastoral charge of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, East Boston, lately vacated by the death of Rev. Fr. Fitton. Rev. Michael Clarke, pastor of the Star of the Sea Church, will assume the pastorate of the Church of the Sacred Heart vacated by Rev. Fr. McCarthy.

AMONG the emigrants passing over the Pennsylvania Railroad lately was a German family consisting of the grandfather, grandmother, and their nine children, six sons, and three daughters, all of whom are married, with their families. There were forty grandchildren, and eleven great-grandchildren, the entire relationship consisting of ninety-five people. They will settle in Northern Iowa, and will form a colony of their own.

A METHODIST "Ecumenical" Conference has lately been in session in London. Probably, the Pan-Anglican Synods at Lambeth suggested this singular freak of nonconformity. One result of the gathering was to bring out conspicuously the discordant elements of Methodism. There are Wesleyan Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Independent Methodists, Old Connexion and New Connexion Methodists, Episcopal Methodists and Methodists Anti-Episcopal, and how many others we know not. The farce will be amusing where the presumption does not breed contempt or pity. Look out for tracts! — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR AND RELIGIOUS TEACHING. — Great satisfaction has been felt at the Vatican on being apprised that during the recent journey of the Austrian Emperor through the Province of Tyrol, he had manifested on various occasions his approval of, and partiality for, religious instruction, wherever he met with it. The Emperor, in fact, visited the Jesuit College of Innsprück; and as the Superior was recommending his establishment to the protection of his sovereign, Francis Joseph answered by these remarkable words: "You have always enjoyed my protection; neither will you ever lose it. Jesuit schools are models for all educational establishments to follow. Endeavor only to maintain them at the height necessitated by the times we are traversing." To the Nuns of the Sacred Heart, the Emperor said: "Your school enjoys an excellent reputation. Continue to bring up the young in the fear of God, the love of virtue and of country." Lastly, to a speech and address of Bishop Leiss, the Emperor answered: "I am convinced of the fidelity and attachment of the clergy. *The influence of the clergy fortifies in a people the spirit of conservatism.* Thank God, it is still very strong among us."

THE Philadelphia Ledger calls attention to the fact that under the Constitution, the President must be a "natural-born citizen," at least "thirty-five years of age," and he must have been "fourteen years a resident of the United States." Neither a senator nor a representative is required to be a natural-born citizen, and the former needs only to be thirty years old, and to have been nine years a citizen and resident, and the latter needs to be only twenty-five years old and seven years a citizen and resident. But any senator may be chosen president *pro tempore* of the Senate, and any representative may be chosen Speaker of the House. It might easily happen, therefore, that in the direct line of succession to the office of the Presidency, under existing laws of Congress, there might be a foreign-born citizen, or a native-born citizen under thirty-five.

BISHOP O'REILLY'S EPISCOPAL ANNIVERSARY. — Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, Bishop of Springfield, Mass., celebrated the eleventh anniversary of his consecration on the 25th of September. The ceremonies took place in St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, and consisted of a solemn pontifical mass, of which the right reverend prelate was the celebrant. The consecration ceremony, eleven years ago was attended by 6,000 people and more than one hundred priests. The Cardinal Archbishop of New York was celebrant, and Bishop Bacon, of Portland, Me., preached the inauguration sermon. Bishop O'Reilly's first pontifical sermon was preached at the consecration of the Church of St. Thomas at Mittineague, Oct. 2, 1870, and since that time he has preached about seven hundred sermons, going from parish to parish He begins his parochial visits immediately after Easter, and continues through December. He has sometimes held two confirmations in one day, preaching a sermon at each occasion. In all he has confirmed 40,000 in the eleven years, and in one year confirmed 6,000. The corner-stones of about twenty-five churches have been laid by him in this diocese. About two years after his consecration a severe attack of rheumatism of the eyes, brought on by hard study, rendered the performance of his duties impossible for some time. He has made two trips to Europe, and will make another next spring for a stay of four or five months.

PERSONAL.

Rev. John Brady, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Amesbury, Mass., has been presented with a valuable horse and carriage.

The idea has been set on foot by some leading Irishmen in London to entertain Archbishop Croke at a dinner in the metropolis on his return from the Continent.

Hon. A. M. Sullivan, M. P. for Meath, has determined to retire from political life, — a great loss to Ireland. He is now sojourning in Ireland for the benefit of his health.

Rev. James H. Kelley, who has officiated for Father Moyes of Warren, Mass., during his sojourn in Europe, has gone to Monson, Mass., to assume the pastorate of a large and flourishing congregation.

The voters in one of the municipal wards in Cork have petitioned Mr. Parnell to stand as their candidate for town councillor at the next election. If elected, they will endeavor to have him made Mayor of Cork.

It is stated that Father Mayer, Redemptorist, has returned the letter of appointment to the Bishopric of Galveston, together with an oculist's certificate, praying to be spared the heavy burden the Holy Father desired to put on him.

At the Catholic church of Gammonsfield, Clonmel, county Tipperary, by the Rev. N. Phelan, P. P., assisted by the Rev. Mr. Dumphy, C. C., the Hon. Gaston T. Monsell, only son of Lord Emly, of Tervoe, county Limerick, was married to Frances Vincent de la Poer, youngest daughter of the late John Power, of Gurteen, county Waterford.

Rev. A. Leon Bouland, formerly pastor of the French Roman Catholic church at Central Falls, R. I., has lately returned from France, where he has passed the summer at the home of his family at Lyons. He will shortly return to that country, where he will pass a year engaged in the task of raising funds for the new French church with which he is connected in Boston.

Viceregal hospitality was extended to few outside the house party at the Lodge during the Dublin horse-show week; but society had two festive evenings at Lady O'Hagan's and Lady Ardilaun's respectively, where large parties of visitors were staying for the week The theatrical performance at Woodlands was most successful, — Lady O'Hagan, Lady E. Talbot, etc., being the principal *dramatis personæ*

The Manchester Guardian is responsible for the following: "Mr. Parnell's effigy at Madame Tussaud's was lately the mute hero of a romantic incident. The other day a lady visitant was observed seated in front of it, and apparently surveying its waxen features with considerable interest. At length she rose, and removing from her neck a gold chain of exquisitely fine workmanship, placed it with reverent care around the neck of the figure."

Miss Jane Lee, daughter of the archdeacon of Dublin, is one of the most learned ladies in Europe. The late profound scholar, Prof. Benfey, was her teacher, and before his death he charged her to put into English the whole of the great Sanskrit epic, the Mahabharata, 80,000 lines, as only fragments of it had been translated before. Miss Lee has begun her task, and she will also help Prof. Atkinson with his "Old-Irish Dictionary" for the Royal Irish Academy.

Cardinal Manning in Ireland. — The London correspondent of the Freeman writes: I have good reason to believe that an effort has been made to induce Cardinal Manning to pay a visit to Ireland, with the condition of whose people he a short time ago expressed such a timely sympathy. I know that such a visit would afford his Eminence the greatest pleasure, as he feels that he could give a considerable impetus to the cause of temperance, which he is advocating with such beneficial results in this country. Besides and above this, he is possessed of a feeling of the highest admiration for the fortitude displayed by the Irish people in the dark days of religious persecution, which has long made him desire strongly to go amongst them. His health, however, at present is far from good and his friends are extremely anxious as to the effects upon it of his present temperance crusade through the North of England and Scotland, where he is addressing immense audiences every day. I am sure, if he is sufficiently strong next year to undertake the journey, that you will have the pleasure of welcoming him in Ireland.

Notices of Recent Publications.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1882, with calendars calculated for different paralells of latitude, and adapted for use throughout the United States.

The fourteenth year of the existence of this useful and instructive publication is early in the field, and is gotten up in the usual excellent manner. The illustrations are very good, and the letter-press faultless. The compiler, Lawrence Kehoe, Esq., is deserving of great credit for the skill manifested in the issue of this very useful publication. The price is only 25 cents. Every Catholic family should have it.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, five volumes complete, price $1.50 per volume, sent free to any part of the country. The Magazine is now closing its third year of existence. Considering the circumstances under which it was commenced, the proprietor may well be proud of its success. Some were uncharitable enough to say that "it would be Donahoe's last leap"; but these *friends* have been disappointed in their prophecies, and we hope agreeably so. The Magazine is now an assured success, having reached a circulation of over 6,000 copies per month. This is in excess of any Catholic magazine ever started in this country.

There were so many failures of Catholic magazines, that no ordinary publisher would hazard a new venture, save and except the proprietor, who was never disappointed in any enterprise he undertook in the publishing line. At one time, the Pilot, under his management, attained a circulation of nearly 50,000 copies weekly. In its early years less than five hundred copies a week were issued.

It will be Mr. Donahoe's aim to add still more to its interest the coming year. The proprietor might publish pages of complimentary notices from the Catholic press, and from persons of the highest literary attainments in the country, but space will not permit. The bishops and priests throughout the country have given the Magazine their patronage and kind words of encouragement. Hear what the distinguished Archbishop of Oregon says: —

"I have perused with much delight several numbers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and I take pleasure in stating that it belongs to that class of elevating literature of which there is much need in this country. It is thoroughly Catholic, and its patriotism is sound and healthy, free from that wild enthusiasm and visionary madness which pervade some Irish-American periodicals. As long as it remains what it now is, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has my unqualified approbation."

✝ CHAS. J. SEGHERS,
Archbishop of Oregon City.

PORTLAND, OREGON, March 28, 1881.

Will our present subscribers use their efforts to add to our circulation the coming year? Now is the time to talk to their neighbors on the subject.

Any person getting a new subscriber and sending us $3.00 will receive two copies for the year 1882. Come now, let every one try his best.

Miscellaneous.

WE see by our French exchanges that some of Cardinal Manning's works, translated, are highly popular abroad. "Confession" is running through a second edition, and "Confidence in God and the Mission of St. Liguori" through a third.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York, announce "The Beauties of the Catholic Church: Her Festivals, and her Rites and Ceremonies," from the German by Rev. F. J. Shadler.

THE second volume of Sir C. Gavan Duffy's "Young Ireland" is expected to be issued next March.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "Down the Shady Grove," words and music by Henry Morse. "A Summer Shower," words and music by Theo. Marzials. "The Robin Redbreast," words by John Thompson, music by Levey. "The Sailor's Bride," by Bordese. "A Sunset Dream," words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by Roeckel. "Don't you hear Baby calling?" song, by Sam Lucas. "The Lassie I lo'e best," words by Robert Burns, music by J. L. Gilbert. "The Silver Shining Shore," words by Dr. Geo. Howard, music by J. L. Gilbert. "What cares the World for Me,' words by J. G. Holland, music by W. F. Sudds. "The Huntsman's Horn," waltz song, by C. A. White. "Gaily Trilling," Spanish song, by C. Musgrave. "Garfield," sacred quartet, by Frank A. Scott. "Softly the Night Breeze is sighing," duet, by C. A. White. "Every Day 'll be Sunday by and by," comic song, by Sam Lucas. "Vanity," words by Charles Mackay, music by Wm. Hall. "What Kind of Shoes you gwine to wear," comic song, by Sam Lucas. "Come along, Sinners," comic

song, by M. H. Rosenfeld. "Leave Me not in Anger," words by Thos. P. Westendorf, music by Geo. W. Persley.

Instrumental: "Chop Stick Waltz," by Lulli. "Les Sirenes," waltz, by Waldteufel. "Holiday Morning," caprice, by Hitz. "My Love 's a Rover," waltz brillante, by Chas. D. Blake. "A Bird from o'er the Sea," waltz brillante, arranged by same author. "Song of the Oriole," for piano, by E. H. Bailey. "La Plus Belle," waltz, by Waldteufel. "Perihelion," galop de concert, by E. Bailey. "When the Leaves begin to turn," transcription de concert, by Chas. D. Blake. "Wood Up Quick-step," by John Holloway. "President Garfield's Funeral March," by C. D. Blake, and same by D. L. White.

MUSIC BOOKS.

"Old-Time Favorites, for Piano or Organ: A Collection of Old and Familiar Tunes and Melodies easily arranged." This work contains a large number of selections that have been popular in their day, and have not yet lost their former reputation. They are all familiar selections, and we are glad to welcome them again. The book is very attractive in appearance. Published by White, Smith & Co.

"The Merry Songster." This is a collection of exercises and songs specially adapted to the use of Primary and Intermediate schools A very attractive little book, and well adapted for the purpose by its compiler, Mr. G. F. Wilson. Published by White, Smith & Co.

An important rule has been established in the various parishes of Milwaukee by Archbishop Heiss, that one year's attendance at a Catholic school shall be an invariable prerequisite for all children receiving first communion and confirmation

A French Freethinker on French Missionaries. — M. Gabriel Charmes, whose opinions are far from being those of a Catholic, relates that Fuad Pasha said to a French consul shortly after the French intervention in Syria in 1860: "I do not fear the 40,000 bayonets which you have at Damascus. I fear those men in long robes" "Why?" asked the consul. "Because," replied Fuad Pasha, "those sixty Jesuits, Franciscans, and Lazarists will have more effect in spreading the germs of a new France than all your bayonets and soldiers." The real truth is, that the French are bad colonists They owe nearly all their colonial influence to the self-denying labors of missionaries, Christian Brothers, and Sisters of Charity, who are beloved especially by the poor and needy wherever they settle.

Catholic Education in Lynn, Mass. — The school attached to Rev. P. Strain's parish is progressing well. There are now seven hundred children attending regularly, and the staff of teachers is quite large. The school was only inaugurated after the late vacation.

Dominicans. — The Rev. Father Thos. D. Lilly, O. P., for many years pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, at Lexington Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, New York, and prior of the Dominican monastery adjoining the church, has recently been promoted to the office of Provincial of the Dominican Order in this country. The Rev. Father S. A. Clarkson, O. P., has succeeded Father Lilly.

Milford, Mass. — Messrs. McNulty & McKay of Boston have purchased the stock of goods of Mr. John O'Leary, and opened the double store opposite Lincoln Square with a very large stock of dry goods. Mr. McNulty has been connected with Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s wholesale department for the past fourteen years, and Mr. McKay has had even a larger experience in the retail department of the same line of trade. The new firm will retain all the old clerks, and ask ladies to call whether they desire to purchase or not. We trust our numerous friends in Milford will patronize the new firm.

It will be a source of regret to many students returning to Notre Dame to learn that the Rev. Father Corby, who for four years past has filled the office of President so acceptably, has been transferred to Watertown, Wis. No president of Notre Dame has endeared himself more greatly than has Father Corby. Possessed of firmness in an unsual degree, he has yet all of those gentle and genial qualities which command respectful admiration and love. In leaving here he will take with him the affectionate regard of all, and will be held in grateful remembrance as one whose life has been of spotless purity and characterized by a spirit of lofty unselfishness. Father Corby is succeeded as president by the Rev. Thos. Edward Walsh, who for four years has ably filled the office of Vice-President. Father Walsh has been especially happy in gaining the love of the students, and is respected as a thorough and practical teacher. It is safe to predict that under his management our University will lose none of its character or standing. Father Walsh will be assisted by the Rev. C. Kelly as Vice-President, and the Rev. T. D. Collins as Prefect of Discipline, than whom we know of no more capable men. — *Notre Dame Scholastic.*

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever, they sleep well."

BISHOPS AND CLERGYMEN.

Rev. Joseph Pettit, of Madison, Ind., is dead.

Rev. M. P Danner died at Fisherville, N. H., on Sept. 8.

Rev. Caspar Rehrl died lately at Barton, Wis. R. I. P.

Rev. Innocent A. Bergrath, of Pensacola. Fla., died on Sunday, Sept. 25. R. I. P.

Rev. Denis M. Toomey died in Philadelphia on Sept. 9.

Rev. Joseph Flannagan, C. P., died in Cincinnati on Saturday, Aug. 27. R. I. P.

Rev. Raphael Kray, O. S. B., died at Allegheny City, Pa., on Wednesday, Aug. 17. R. I. P.

Rev. Joseph Balfe, D. D., died at the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, at Overbrook, Pa., Sept. 4.

The Revista Cattolica of Sept. 3 announces the death of Jose Maria de Jesus Diaz de Sollano, Bishop of Leon, Mexico.

Rev. James O'Sullivan, assistant pastor of St Mary's Church, Providence, R. I., died in that city on the 19th of September, and was interred on the 21st He was only twenty-nine years of age. Rev. Richard Burke, of Pittsfield, Mass., delivered the farewell sermon.

Very Rev. Dr. McCaffrey died morning of Sept. 20, at two o'clock, at Mt. St. Mary's College, aged seventy-six years. He became president of that college March 19, 1838, which office he held for over thirty years, till, on account of failing health, he resigned in 1872.

The late Archbishop Henni of Milwaukee was a native of Obersaxen, Switzerland While studying at Rome, Bishop Fenwick met him and brought him to America, where he was ordained. He was consecrated bishop March 19, 1844, and promoted archbishop in the following year. He was a zealous priest and energetic bishop. His funeral took place on Sept. 10, at St. John's cathedral, Milwaukee. His body lies under the cathedral chapel.

Rev. Father M. J. Galligan, pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Ansonia, Conn., died afternoon of the 29th of September, of congestion of the brain, after an illness of two weeks. Father Galligan was born in county Cavan, Ireland, in 1847, graduated from St. Charles College, and later from St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1875. He was located at Norwich for a time, and then at St. Patrick's Church Hartford, and about three years ago was stationed at Ansonia.

The death is announced on Aug. 20, in Queensland, of Right Rev. James Quinn, Roman Catholic Bishop of Brisbane. He was a native of Kildare, Ireland, and received his education at the College of the Jesuits in Rome. Returning to Ireland after his ordination, he was for several years head of a successful school in Dublin. When Queensland was constituted a separate colony, nearly a quarter of a century ago, Archbishop Polding, of Sydney, the first Roman Catholic prelate in Australia, recommended that it should be constituted a separate diocese. The Propaganda, after some delay, accepted this suggestion, and Dr. Quinn was selected to be the first bishop. He was a man of considerable talents, readiness, and polished manners; but his health was indifferent, and he was not a fluent speaker. He was a great sufferer for many years from chronic rheumatism, an acute attack of which was the immediate cause of his death. He was sixty-two years of age. R I. P.

SISTERS.

Sister Josine Boyle died at the Nazareth Convent in Louisville, Ky., Sept. 2.

Sister M. Canisia died at Notre Dame Convent in Cleveland, Ohio, on Sept. 12.

Sister Joseph Slattery died at St. Catherine's Convent in Louisville, Ky., Sept. 3.

At St. Mary's Convent, Newark, N. J., Sept. 10, Sister Rose (Miss Ford) of the Order of Sisters of Charity.

LAYMAN.

A Very Sad Death.—John W. Swords died in Boston on the 22d of September, of consumption, after a long and painful illness, at the age of thirty-six.

His last days on earth were made sweet with whisperings of divine truth by the good Sisters of Charity, who attended him to the last. Thirteen months before, his wife died of the same fatal disease; the good Sisters also attended her in her last hours. They leave three helpless children to mourn a loss which is known to them alone.

MR. THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR, the Home Rule member of Parliament for Galway, sailed for New York on Oct. 5. He comes, as is known, as the delegate to America of the recent Land League Convention in Dublin.

A BRAZILIAN PRIEST, recently ordained in the diocese of St. Paul's, Brazil, bears the democratic and Celtic name of Rev. Feargus O'Connor de Camargo Dauntra. He is a native of that country, of Irish descent, and his second mass was offered up for Ireland.

THREE men from Ohio have occupied the Presidential chair. They were Harrison, Hayes, and Garfield. The only one who served a full term was not elected by the people. Of the two who were elected, Harrison died after a month's service, and Garfield lived seven and one half months after he was inaugurated.

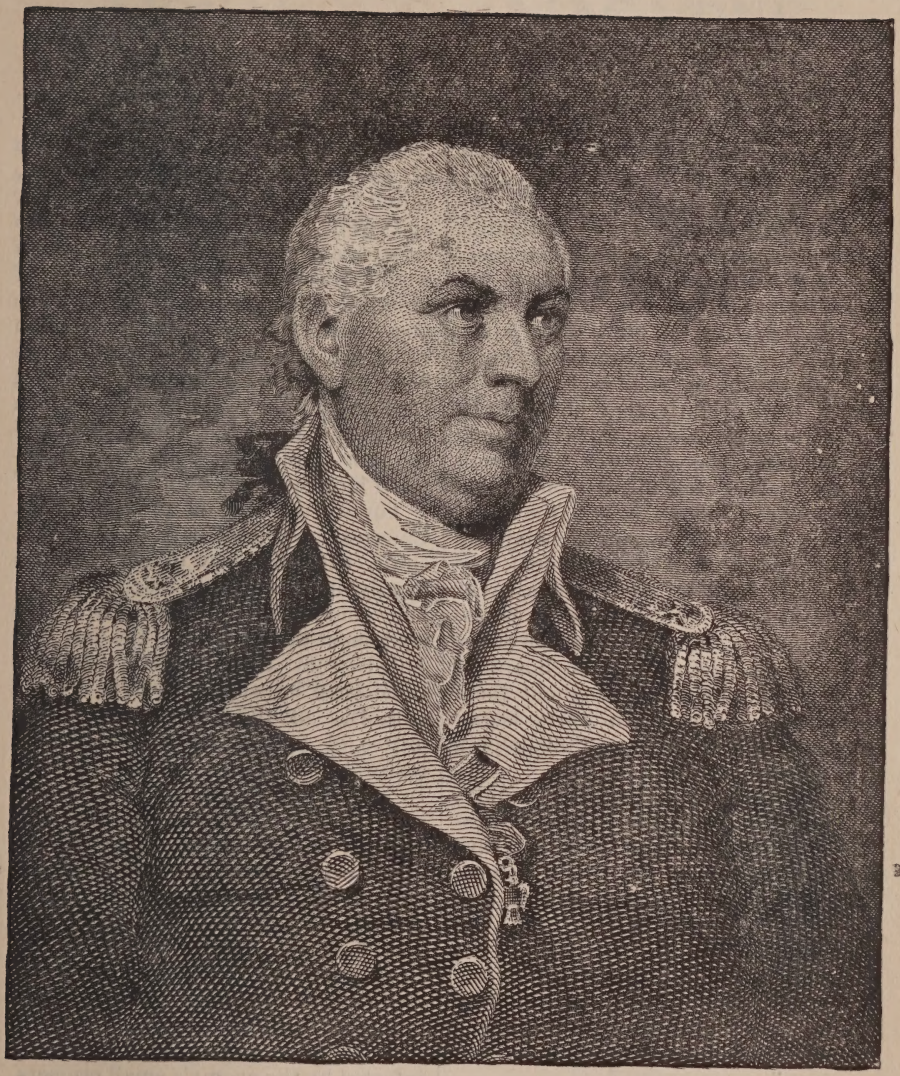
IRISH INDEPENDENCE. — A centenary of much interest comes round next year. In 1782, that ever-memorable event, the Declaration of Irish Independence, took place. Nearly one hundred years have passed away since then. Only for treachery and bribery that independence would have existed till the present day, and how different would the position of Ireland have been! It is proposed that the centenary of the achievement of the immortal Grattan and the Irish Volunteers shall be celebrated by an exhibition of Irish manufactures.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD, it is interesting to note, was of German descent, his first American ancestor having emigrated from Hesse-Darmstadt. The name of his assassin indicates a French origin, and Guiteau probably has sprung from a French Huguenot settler. Curiously enough, Garfield's mother, once a Miss Ballou, was actually of French Huguenot descent; and it is strange indeed that her beloved son should be stricken down by one of the same race as herself. The now widowed Mrs. Garfield bore the maiden name of Rudolph, which is also German.

MINNESOTA. — Of all the educational laws that have been made in the past year, that of Minnesota takes the lead. It provides that in the schools of that State, instruction shall be given in social and moral science, including industry, order, economy, punctuality, patience, health, self-denial, purity, temperance, cleanliness, honesty, truth, politeness, peace, fidelity, philanthropy, patriotism, self-respect, hope, perseverance, cheerfulness, courage, self-reliance, gratitude, pity, mercy, kindness, conscience, reflection, and the will, and some oral lessons upon some one of those topics shall be given every day, the pupils being required to furnish illustrations of the same the next morning.

IT is not generally known that Cardinal Newman early in life had some thoughts of devoting himself to a journalistic career. When he was a young man at Oxford he made such an impression upon the directors of the Times by some letters on education which he contributed to that journal under the *nom de plume* of "Catholicus," that he has offered an engagement on their staff at a very handsome salary. £1800 per annum is the figure that report says was mentioned. "Shall I be free," asked the young man, to whom this tempting offer was made, "to say what I think?" The reply may be imagined, and Newman declined the proposal, although at the moment the income offered would have been very welcome. How different might have been the course of recent English history if Newman had yielded to the temptation, or the Times had promised him the liberty "to say what he thought." — *Pall Mall Gazette.*

HINTS ABOUT TEA. — The following hints concerning the use of tea may prove useful: 1. Whosoever uses tea should do so in great moderation. 2. It should form part of the meal, but never taken before eating, between meals or on an empty stomach, as is too frequently done. 3. The best time to take tea is after a hearty meal. 4. Those who suffer from weak nerves should not taste it at all. 5. Those who are troubled with inability to sleep nights should not use tea, or if they do, take it in the morning. 6. Brain-workers should never goad on their brains to overwork on the stimulus of tea. 7. Children and the young should never use tea. 8. Tea should never be drunk very strong. 9. It is better with considerable milk and sugar. 10 Its use should at once be abandoned when harm comes from it. 11. Multitudes of diseases come from the excessive use of tea, and for this reason those who cannot use it without going to excess should not use it at all.



John Barry

COMMODORE U. S. N.

COMMODORE JOHN BARRY,

THE "FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY"

John O'Kane Murray, B. S.

One of the truest heroes of the Revolution was John Barry, the father and founder of the American Navy. He was born in the year 1745, in the seaside parish of Tacumshane, fronting on the broad Atlantic, in the county of Wexford, Ireland. His father was what was termed "a snug farmer."

The purest principles of the Catholic faith were deeply impressed upon the mind and heart of the youthful Barry, and brightly they shone forth throughout his whole life. The home of his birth was so near the beach that "he had but to step out of his own door, to stand beside the sea." As his eye daily swept the majestic Atlantic, the mind of the ardent boy expanded, and he conceived a great fondness for a life on the ocean wave. His father, noticing the direction of his inclinations, placed him on board of a merchantman; and at about fourteen years of age, John Barry began to sail regularly between Philadelphia and the British ports.

By self-culture and fidelity to duty, he rose rapidly in his chosen profession; and at the age of twenty-five he was captain of the Black Prince, one of the best packet vessels of that day. The owner of this ship was Mr. Meredith, of Philadelphia, at whose house Washington was an occasional visitor. Here "the Father of his Country" first met the young sailor, "and marked the future commodore."

At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, Capt. Barry was a prosperous man, actively engaged in his favorite profession, and rapidly acquiring a fortune. But early in 1775, he espoused the cause of the oppressed American colonies, and embarked his all in the struggles of his adopted country. No American navy was then in existence. Congress possessed no ships.

Capt. Barry, however, was one of those bold, enterprising spirits, suited to the exigencies of the times, and well fitted for bringing into existence an infant navy, which would travel the trackless path of glory on the high seas. He at once abandoned the lucrative pursuits in which he had been so fortunate, in order to hazard all in a very doubtful contest. He gave up, to use his own manly words, "the finest ship and the first employ in America, and entered into the service of his country."

Toward the close of the year 1775, Congress purchased several merchant ships, with the view of having them hastily fitted up as vessels of war, and committed to Capt. Barry the equipment of this fleet,—the first that sailed from Philadelphia. At the same time he superintended, by the authority of the Philadelphia Committee of Safety, the building of a state ship for the public service. In the new squadron, Capt. Barry received the command of the brig Lexington, of sixteen guns, then lying in the Delaware; and Paul Jones entered as first lieutenant on the Alfred. When the flag of the Union was first adopted by Congress, the Lexington and the Alfred were the first ships that hoisted afloat that new ensign of freedom.

At the time, our coast was greatly infested by the enemy's small cruisers. Capt. Barry received orders to proceed to sea, and clear our waters of such a serious annoyance. This commission was without any emolument, but was none the less readily accepted by the brave, patriotic, and generous-hearted Irishman; nor was he daunted by the fact that an English ship of

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"As mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality; and I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."—GEORGE WASHINGTON, in answer to an address from the Catholics of the United States, sent to him shortly after his election to the Presidency.

"THERE was a custom only a little while ago, and it prevails now in Catholic countries, that no woman came into the house of God except her head was covered by the wearing of a veil, or at least some such covering of the head. It is enjoined in Scripture, and enjoined too by a law on the doors of every church in Rome; aye, and at this moment I believe it is still to be found there. I doubt even if the revolution has taken it down." And while his Eminence did not peremptorily insist that the women of his congregation should comply with the wishes of the Church in this matter, he did entreat the members of the fair sex to consider the advisability of so doing, every one for herself. – CARDINAL MANNING.

THE POSITION OF CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD IN THE WORLD.

Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales.

MODERN progress, as it is called, has dealt with this subject as with every other; and it would not be altogether uninteresting to look this question in the face, and try to grasp the principles on which is based, or rather should be based, the position of women in the modern world. Now, when I look back to history — I mean to the history of the best of Pagan times — to the social condition of Greece and Rome, and study the position of woman before her elevation and emancipation by the Incarnation, I find that her condition was by no means an enviable one. She was not regarded as man's equal or companion, but rather as his instrument; and her position was one of degradation and subserviency. The last companionship a man would seek would be that of his wife; and instead of brightening and embellishing and adorning his house and home, she was kept apart, and buried in the darkness of obscurity and isolation. She was, to all intents and purposes, a slave. Emptiness of mind and frivolity of character would naturally follow upon such a state of things; and she who might have been made an element of refinement and elevation practically exercised no advantageous influence over the Pagan household. How marvellous a change was that produced by the Incarnation! — I mean by Christ's coming, by his assuming human nature, and allowing himself to be born of a woman and of a virgin. The principles which surround the Incarnation compose the charter of woman's liberty and express the scheme of her elevation. Christ, in becoming man, and in having a woman

for his mother, struck off the fetters which kept her down, and emancipated her from the bondage to which she had been reduced. She was made man's equal in the noblest sense. Heaven and all its splendors were for her, equally with him. The Master's blood had been spilt in her redemption as well as in his redemption; and that Master's Mother, holding so exalted a station, became not only a model for all womankind, but also an evidence of woman's exaltation, and a token of the position which she was to occupy in the future life. The elevation of matrimony to a sacrament, the indissolubility, sanctity, and inviolability of the marriage tie, and the presence of the Holy Spirit, as it were, at the nuptial ceremony, lent a stability to woman's position, and gave a permanency to "woman's rights," in the Christian meaning of those words, that produced a real revolution in her position, and made her capable of an influence which had never been known before, at least amongst the Pagans. Bound thus forever in indissoluble bonds to one man, — her husband, — and bound by a knot of a divine construction, woman possessed a standing-ground for the exercise of her high mission in the world. To her belonged the future life, and to her was given to labor for it in woman's way, and according to the character and endowments God had given her. The great revelation of faith and all its glories became hers as much as man's, and her heart could beat high in anticipation of the future, and her courage receive an additional *élan* through the consciousness of the splendid recompense that was held out to her if she acted her part well on earth. Now, as I said at starting, "modern progress" cannot leave woman and womanhood alone. I do not say this because I condemn "modern progress," as if there was nothing good in it. There is much good in it, I believe; but I am equally certain that there is very much evil, and that much of its progress is progress askew, like the ugly progress of a crab. I think, for instance, that the modern idea that it is becoming, and is to be wished for, that woman should become lawyers, doctors, and stump orators, is a painful and saddening blunder. Women are meant to be women, and not to be twisted and metamorphosed into female men, contending in the forum, cutting up bodies in the dissecting-room, or yelling at a rough crowd from the tub or the stump. There are scenes in this world sufficiently revolting, without such exhibitions as these; and it is to be hoped that "modern thought" will turn its energies in another direction, instead of that which would result in mixing up the sexes in the contentious battlings of public life, in such a way as to destroy eventually the sweetness, rest, and purity of man's home, which is or ought to be his safest and securest castle, not only against external assaults, but also against internal roughness and ungentleness. Do not think that I am airing any individual theory of my own. I am not so vain, I trust, as to do that. I follow the picture and lineaments of the Christian model. Where I see that deviated from, I know a mistake has been made. I would not turn women into men, nor thrust women into employments that practically unsex them, not only because it disgusts me to see them thus degraded and exhibited, but because it is at variance with and jars upon the Christian ideal of womanhood.

Let me explain myself. For instance, I find that there is a distinct type, an unmistakable type, of the Christian woman in the world. Leaving out history for a moment, look at art. What have the great artists in the world done for us except to leave us types of beauty, force, and love? Of all types, that of Christian womanhood is most unmistakable. Go down into the catacombs and you will see woman depicted there; follow that loving hand of art all down the Christian ages, — it is the same. There is one main type reproduced in a thousand forms, and having as its emblem the Mother of Christ, — the Madonna. Whether it be the devout simplicity of a Cimabue or a Giotto, or the more elaborate and warmer tints of more modern hands, it is the same. Women and womanhood — I mean Christian women and Christian womanhood — all down the ages present us with one type, and a figure in harmony with itself, and of such a cast as to tell us as distinctly as words whether or not such a type as that was ever meant to rough it in the secular world, and to fight and contend and shout and yell on the open platform. It matters not to what class the great Christian women have belonged, the type never changes. The faces may be different, the expressions vary, but the main character is ever one. If you recall the pictures you may have seen of the wives of Pagan kings, — a Bertha or Ethelreda; or of great abbesses such as Hildegarde or Hedwige; or of women profoundly versed in theology, like St. Teresa; or of women who moved the diplomatic world in their day, like the Countess Matilda or St. Catharine of Siena: you may take St. Frances, or St. Gertrude, or even women of modern times, like Mrs. Elizabeth Seton, the great foundress of the Sisters of Charity in America, — and you will find one main expression running through all these likenesses, and illustrating itself in the tenor of these women's lives. They represent, in picture, the true type of Christian womanhood; in their works, in their heroism, they display before the world the character of that vocation to which they are called. Now, I have been trying to bring out into expression the principles, the fundamental basis, from which true womanhood springs, and from which it energizes; and it seems to me to be reduced to two: first, the sacrifice of the heart; and then, the refinement of gentleness. These two, the internal strength and heroism, and their external expression in the refinement of gentleness, are written on every picture of woman painted by true art, since the coming of Christ. These two characteristics are made manifest also in the lives of high Christian women all down the ages; where the former is wanting no great work has been accomplished, and when the latter has failed the grace of Christian womanhood has withered away. Where those two are highest is in the Madonna; in her life, and in the representations of her in highest art. What heroism of heart-sacrifice like hers? what refinement of gentleness equal to that of the *Mater Dolorosa?* And since her coming, all true Christian women, in their place and according to their measure. have followed, mothers and maids, in her footsteps; adding the sacrifice of the heart to the refinement of gentleness, and elevating, adorning, strengthening, and making the home of a man a heaven upon earth. Mrs. Seton, who, like all superior women, had her trials to sustain, was accustomed

to say, as so many women have said since, "I do not look forward, but I look upward." These ladies, these Sisters of Charity, are following the great model; they have made their heart's sacrifice; they (you know it; you cannot come into contact with them without knowing it) bear about with them woman's sweetest mark, — the refinement of gentleness. As you cannot come to the fire without being warmed, as you cannot gaze on the sun without seeing the light, so your dear children cannot be placed under the influence of these Sisters of Charity without receiving their impression, without learning the secret of the sacrifice of the heart and the refinement of gentleness; without, in one word, being formed of the sweet, strong, and loving type of Christian womanhood. Thus they will learn, as thousands have learned before them, to combine in one thought and to impress upon their actions the three great facts of life, death, and eternity; whilst adorning life, looking forward to death without repining, allowing the rays of future happiness to illuminate their path, and solacing and comforting those who have been intrusted to their care, or to whom they are bound with stronger cords than the cords of Adam, making

"Life, death, and the great forever
One grand, sweet song."

THE IMMIGRANTS.

Northwestern Chronicle, St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. Secretary Young, of the State Board of Immigration, told a Pioneer Press reporter that thus far this year this State has received 40,000 immigrants, who bring $4,000,000; that the Germans are the best of the lot, that the Irish are the poorest of all, and that the English are not much better. Those from Germany and France bring more means than those from England and Ireland. He has seen several drafts in the hands of Germans. To cut it short, he thinks the Germans are rich and the Irish are poor.

We think Mr. Secretary Young labors under a gross error in his money estimate of the different nationalities to Minnesota this year. Mr. John Sweetman, an Irishman, has invested in this State more than all the German "immigrants" who have arrived in five years put together. But then Mr. Sweetman was a capitalist, and did not show his banker's draft or post-office order to Mr. Secretary Young. The same may be said of Mr. Joseph Wood and Mr. Henry Radley, English farmers, who have purchased land, and are hard at work in Murray County. The fact is that the German of small means, for whom we have nothing but warm welcome and God-speed, goes to the secretary, as is proper for him to do; whilst the Sweetmans and Woods and Radleys and men of their class, Irish and English capitalists, have their money in bank, and do not ask or need the service of the Board of Immigration. Minnesota is gaining in population, a great deal of wealth is coming into the State; but it is hardly safe for Mr. Secretary Young to make, as he does, sweeping assertions that are so easily thrown to the winds. "The admiral means well," says Dick Deadeye, "but he don't know."

WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN HAS TO SAY.

Lecture in Boston by William Clarke, M. A., of the University of Cambridge, England.

THE Irish question has been before the world for centuries, and is yet very far from settlement. It involves various considerations of creeds, policies, nationalities, etc., and is a question of the highest political importance, and is of interest even to the American Republic herself, on account of the intimate relations between Great Britain and the United States, and the vast number of citizens of the latter which have resulted from immigration to this country. He proposed a calm and candid view of the question not from any distinctively English or Irish standpoint, but from that of an English republican. He had been long interested in republican government, and felt that the interests of Great Britain lay in the same direction as those of the United States.

It is a remarkable fact that in England, at the close of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the Irish question was found the question of the hour, as at present. English rule in Ireland is said to have begun at the conquest of Henry II. The present is the outcome of the past; and Ireland cannot be understood unless her past history is considered. Perhaps many Americans may have taken their views upon Ireland from James Anthony Froude, often supposed to be the standard writer upon Irish matters. In Great Britain, Froude is known as a violent partisan and a writer of constitutional inaccuracy. As antidote to Froude's writings the lecturer offered the work of Mr. Lecky, wherein a great deal of the statement of Mr. Froude is rebutted, and his glamours and fancies and perversions made apparent.

Mr. Lecky has given some striking facts showing the manner in which England has treated Ireland. As an Englishman, continued the speaker, I cannot face an audience without a feeling of shame when this treatment is considered. England at the present time is ruling two countries despotically, India and Ireland. In India there is no liberty whatever. In Ireland there is liberty of the press, the platform, and other means of influencing popular feeling, and there is representation in the Parliament of Great Britain. But practically, Ireland is ruled by England despotilc ally. A country is ruled despoticaly-when it is ruled as it does not wish to be.

The insurrection which broke out during Queen Elizabeth's reign was crushed by cruelty having no parallel in previous history. The next rebellion, in 1641, was crushed by English Puritanism, under Cromwell. Whatever may be said of Cromwell otherwise, his treatment of Ireland will always remain a blot upon his fair fame. Protestantism never could understand the Irish people. It hated Catholicism and the Celtic race. Puritanism found itself unable to deal with the Irish question. At the close of the eleven years' continuance of the rebellion of 1641, no less than 616,000 out of a population of 1,466,000 had been killed, and Ireland was reduced to a desert, her estates confiscated and given to English aristocrats and corporations.

The third rebellion was at the close of the last century, during the reign of George III., of whom Americans are particularly proud. The rebellion of 1798 was crushed even more brutally than its predecessors had been. The treatment of women and children was fiendish, and that at a time when men now living were babes. The first rebellion was the age of Bacon and Shakespeare; the second of Milton; the third of Byron, Shelley, and Scott We must marvel at the peculiarities of the English race: cul-

ture and cruelty, refinement and brutality, hand in hand in the same eras.

It is hard to tell the real opinions of Americans upon the Irish question. In dealing with the present of Ireland two objections must be met, now frequently brought forward: first, with reference to the Land League members in the House of Commons; second, to the reforms demanded in land tenure, and to the reforms granted. Many people are of opinion that the movements of the Land League are founded upon outrages and barbarism. This is irrational and absurd, and is not true. The Land League had its origin in a just, sound, and patriotic feeling. The speaker had no defence for outrages, and was no believer in the blessed gospel of dynamite. The English people are as much open to conviction as any in the world, and when they understand the Irish situation they will respond. But the Land League has not conducted itself in such manner as to gain the confidence of the English people. But what could the Land League do other than it has done?

There are Whigs and Radicals in England, and whenever a liberal government has to be formed there is a compromise. The present English Cabinet is mainly Whig, led by Mr. Gladstone. If Mr. Gladstone had to settle the Irish question himself, he would settle it fairly and justly. He is only one out of fourteen. It was impossible that the Irish people should trust this government.

The House of Commons represents the people in a very singular way. There is no similarity between it and the United States House of Representatives. Rotten boroughs have just as much power in the House of Commons as the great constituencies of London, Manchester, or Liverpool, and a little borough of three hundred electors, where the member is nominated and elected by the landlord, as the great centre numbering electors by thousands. One sixth of the House are members of the aristocracy, in some relationship. It is not the people's house, as in the United States, or as the Deputies in France. It is a house of conflicting interests, composed of rich men, identified with great landed interests, who will keep these interests intact. Another curious institution is the House of Lords. Its members sit there because their fathers sat there before them. Austria and other European countries long since gave up their hereditary house, but England keeps hers, as old china and furniture are kept. The speaker was very sarcastic and pungent in his criticism of this feature in English governmental machinery.

Yet this House of Lords has a very large control of English politics. It is a great deal more than an old curiosity shop. It is often able to reject, and always to mutilate, any reform bill which comes to it from the other house.

These are the elements with which an Irish reformer has to contend in England. Under the circumstances, the leaders of the Irish party could not have been expected to trust in the good intentions of the English government. They knew it was idle and futile to do so, and English statesmen have justified the position taken by the Irish people. Earl Russell was for many years the Nestor of the English Liberals. He was one of the most conservative and moderate of men. Giving his testimony, he said: "In 1780, in 1793, and in 1829, that which had been denied to reason was granted to force. Ireland triumphed not because the justice of her claims was apparent, but because the threat of insurrection overcame prejudice, made fear superior to bigotry, and concession triumph over persecution."

Disreli said in a speech made Feb. 16, 1844: "What would gentlemen say if they were reading of a country in that position? They would say at once, 'The remedy is revolution.' But the Irish could not have a revolution. Why? Because Ireland was connected with another and a more powerful

country. Then what was the consequence? The connection with England thus became the cause of the present state of Ireland. If the connection with England prevented a revolution, and a revolution was the only remedy, England logically was in the odious position of being the cause of all the misery in Ireland. What then was the duty of an English minister? To effect by his policy all these changes which a revolution would do by force. That was the Irish question in its integrity."

And Mr. John Bright said, in 1866: "All history teaches us that it is not in human nature that men should be content under any system of legislation and of institutions such as exist in Ireland. You may pass this bill; you may put the Home Secretary's five hundred men into jail; you may do more than this, — you may suppress the conspiracy, and put down the insurrection, but the moment it is suppressed there will still remain the germs of this malady, and from these germs will grow up, as heretofore, another crop of insurrection and another harvest of misfortune. And it may be that those who sit here eighteen years after this movement will find another ministry and another Secretary of State ready to propose to you another administration of the same never-failing and ever-poisonous medicines."

It may be objected that the reforms called for were of a revolutionary nature, bordering upon socialism. In England, if you wish to stop any reform, give it an ugly name. Socialism has an ugly name in England, and that is a complete answer to all presentation of the Irish question. The institutions of America are so different from those of Ireland, and things here are so different from things in any part of Europe or Ireland, that people of the United States cannot judge by comparison between the two countries.

There is no freedom of contract when all the power is on one side and all the weakness on the other. The landlord has the whole government to assist him in evicting tenants; the tenant, therefore, requires the protection of government. That is the condition of things in Ireland. The tenants who have expended their all are liable to be evicted at five minutes' notice, and all their goods and improvements confiscated. Indeed, there is "spoliation" on the part of the landlords, as well as that of the tenants. There are two sides to the question.

Many people in England regard Mr. Gladstone's measure as a final settlement of the question. This view is erroneous. Lord Derby truly says, "The Irish question is still open," and that Mr. Gladstone's measure has not settled it. There are many deficiencies in the bill Mr. Gladstone has succeeded in passing. The whole of the cares of the state weigh upon the shoulders of that Atlas, and it may well be that his work is not all complete. Mr. Gladstone scarcely fully understands this Irish question. He was never in Ireland until four years ago. There are only three or four men in England who have grasped this question, and Gladstone is not one of them.

Ireland will never be contented or prosperous or happy until she has just laws all round; until she has either separation from England or equality with England in all respects. There are some who look with favor upon an Irish republic, but I believe it utterly impossible that a separate government could be established.

The Irish municipal franchise is different from that of England. Nine tenths of the Irish have no part in the government, and in Parliament no representation. Leeds and Dublin are about the same population, yet the former has 49,000 electors to 13,000 for the latter.

This state of things cannot stand in the nineteenth century. It is doomed. It must fall by a union between the English and Irish democracy. America has struck the first great blow at

English democracy and English landlords. The wrongs of Ireland have been inflicted by a few. Up to within a few years the people of England have had little or no part in the government. Even now the Irish immigrants in America have far greater part in government than the people of Great Britain. When popular government gets into the House of Commons, justice will be done Ireland.

The views of the democratic party in England are favorable to the people of Ireland, and their overtures are toward them, and the day is surely drawing nigh when these parties will prevail. The lecturer stated at some length the feeling in England, sympathetic with the people of the United States when their President was assassinated, and augured that the democracy of the two countries were substantially in unity and harmony. He said the President of the United States was regarded as the embodiment of all that is great in the American Republic; of principles which will be established throughout the whole English race before many years have gone by. This feeling bodes well for democracy in England, and the time is at hand when the monarch and the anarch shall alike pass away.

AFRICA.—An agreement has at length been come to between the Holy See and Portugal on the vexed question of the African missions within the Portuguese territories on that continent. Angola and its dependencies are to be divided into six vicariates apostolic, instead of being all included in one enormous bishopric as heretofore, and the Mozambique territories into five more, in all eleven. Foreign missionaries are to be admitted into these countries until a sufficient number of Portuguese can be trained for them, and the government is in treaty with Father du Parquet, the Superior of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, to supply these missions with priests of that Congregation.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HE wished on earth a child to be,—
The Lord who rules o'er earth and sea;
And thus in accents soft and mild
Spoke to the angel undefiled:
"Go, Gabriel, to a village small,
Which Nazareth earth's children call,
Where close beside a flowering tree
A house there stands, well known to me.
There thou shalt find in all her grace
A gentle maid of David's race:
The bride of Joseph, one I love;
Though poor, her worth is known above.
O Gabriel, tell her that I come
To make her gentle breast my home;
Of her pure flesh a form to take,
In her fond heart a temple make."
The lowly angel bent his head,
And to the winds his pinions spread;
Then soon in Mary's room took rest,
Who blushed to see her radiant guest.
He gladly God's blest will imparts,
The endless *Ave* of our hearts:
"Hail, Mary, hail! God is with thee,
And ever blessed shalt thou be;
O happy Queen! O Virgin mild!
Choice of the Spirit undefiled;
And blest the fruit from thee to spring,—
Jesus, the world's eternal King!"

HOLY WATER.

EVERY Christian family should keep holy water constantly in their dwellings. It is blessed by the ministers of the Church, to whom Christ gave the power of casting out devils, and whom the spirits must obey. According to the prayers used in the blessing must we judge the value of holy water. We see, then, that wherever it is sprinkled, the devils must take their flight and the good angels occupy the place. Thus by one act and in a moment of time do we call the blessed angels around us. Especially should we use holy water in time of temptation, of sickness or danger of death, on rising in the morning and retiring at night. It is easily obtained, being kept in all the churches. No one should be without it. When a priest comes on a sick call he expects to find holy water in the house. If he asks for holy water and is told there is none in the house, he is disappointed, and thinks there is not much Catholicity in those people After rising in the morning we should bless ourselves with holy water, as well as when about o retire for the night.

THE TERRIBLE HURRICANE AND FIRES IN MICHIGAN.

THE country desolated by the recent fires is a region the outer limits of which describe an area of from 2,000 to 2,200 square miles. Of this, from 1,000 to 1,200 square miles have been ravaged by fire and made a desert. The extensive conflagrations originated in small fires started for clearing land. Several of these fires were in progress; but as the wind rose to a gale, blowing from the southwest, forty or fifty miles an hour, as estimated, the flames got beyond control and swept away with inconceivable rapidity toward and up the shore of Lake Huron. Nearly all the loss that was sustained took place between the hour of noon and the hour of sunset. The region traversed is about sixty miles in length up the lake shore from Port Huron, and from thirty-five to fifty miles in width. More than half the isolated farm-houses and their surroundings, and about a fourth part of the villages of the district are wholly obliterated. From 15,000 to 20,000 people are depending on the local relief organizations for assistance, being houseless and for the most part penniless. It is estimated that the total money outlay necessary will be at least $1,000,000; and of this, probably one fourth has already been contributed and in considerable part paid out.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

The fire swept through the green trees the same as the dry. It ran through fields of corn with a speed of twenty miles an hour, and fields of green clover were swept as bare as a floor. Dark and gloomy swamps, filled with ponds of stagnant water, and the home for years of wild-cats, bears, and snakes, were struck and shrivelled and burned almost in a flash. Over the parched meadows the flames ran faster than a horse could gallop. Horses did gallop before it, but were overtaken and left roasted on the ground. It seemed as if every hope and avenue of escape were cut off, and yet hundreds of lives were spared. People spent ten to twenty hours in ditches and ponds, or in fields under wet blankets, having their hair singed, their limbs blistered, and their clothing burned off piece by piece.

In dozens of cases the first flames spared houses and barns, but after seeming to have passed on for miles, suddenly circled back and made a clean sweep of everything. Unless one rides over the burned district he cannot believe the eccentricities of a forest fire. In the great swamp between Sanilac and Sandusky it burned everything to the roots for a mile in breadth. Then it left patches from ten feet to ten rods wide. Then again it struck in and burned lanes hardly twenty feet wide, leaving half a mile of fuel on each side. In the timber it seemed to strike the green trees harder than the dry ones. It was like a great serpent making its way across the country. It would run within three feet of a wheat stack and then glide away to lick up a house. It would burn a stack and spare a barn ten feet off. In one case the two hubs of a seed-drill in a ploughed field were burned out, and every spoke in each wheel left perfect. No damage was done to any other part of the machine, and the fire stopped of its own accord. Near by, a man had been chopping the day before and left the axe sticking in a small beech-tree. This tree burned down to the axe, fell over, and was entirely consumed, and yet the handle of the axe was not even scorched. I saw wagons where three wheels were burned off and the fourth left intact, and again where only one wheel of the four had suffered. Houses defended by a dozen men and plenty of water were burned to the ground, while others abandoned to the flames stand there to-day. I saw a house where the front doorstep was

burned away, and the flames then refused to do further damage; again, where one of the props was consumed and nothing else even scorched. A colored woman living back of Richmondville had eight children to care for, and her husband was absent. She was throwing things out of the house when the fire leaped from the woods and caught the roof in a dozen places. She made a run with a baby in her arms and the other seven around her, and escaped. The house, well-curb, fence, fruit-trees, and all else were consumed, and yet two pillows flung out on the grass in her excitement were not even scorched. I looked them carefully over, and could not find where even a spark had struck them. Again, I saw where furniture had been buried in the ploughed fields half a mile from the woods, and chairs and tables were reduced to ashes.

People felt the heat while the fire was yet miles away. It withered the leaves of trees standing two miles from the path of the fiery serpent. The very earth took fire in hundreds of places, and blazed up as if the fire were feasting on cordwood. The stoutest log buildings stood up only a few minutes. The fire seemed to catch them at every corner at once, and after a whirl and a roar nothing would be left. Seven miles off the beach, at Forrester, sailors found the heat uncomfortable. Where some houses and barns were burned we could not find even a blackened stick. Every log, beam, and board was reduced to fine ashes.

THE TEST OF CONSCIENCE.

THE *Livre d'Or*, published in France, contains the names of 645 magistrates who have withdrawn from service, rather than become accomplices in the execution of the Decrees of March 29. This is a noble list, for these men have resigned, not merely honor, but pay. We cannot but think, however, that the act would have been nobler and more effective, had they stood their post and fought out the cause of liberty. Resignation is edifying, but in these days we need determination and a hand-to-hand contest with evil up to the last point of legality. There has been too much pure resignation on the part of Catholics, in both Italy and France. As yet they have not learnt the worth and the art of constitutional warfare.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

IN a paper recently read before the Statistical Society, Mr. Ravenstein states that the Celtic population of the British isles makes a total of nearly 2,200,000 souls, of whom very nearly one half are Welsh. Further, we are told that in 1851 there were few Irish counties in which the old language had altogether died out; the localities in which Irish was then spoken make a total area of nearly 10,000 square miles, with a population not far under 1,500,000, of whom 69.3 per cent spoke Irish: while in 1871 the Irish area had sunk below 6,000 square miles, with a population under 600,000, of whom about 63 per cent, or considerably less than 400,000, spoke Irish only.

Lastly, it appears that probably not 5,000 persons throughout Ireland were then able to read an Irish book, and not a single Irish newspaper was being published. This contrasts strongly with the state of things among the Welsh, who print over thirty newspapers and periodicals of various kinds, while the Welsh in America have several flourishing newspapers and hold *eisteddfods* without number in the country of their adoption. We have no statistics of the Celtic element in North America, though it is well known to be considerable; but so far as concerns the Irish portion of it, there would be no great error in supposing that the Irish language loses ground among the emigrants much faster than among those left behind in Ireland. — *The Athenæum.*

DeCANTILLON. — A RESOLVE.

Thomas DeCantillon Church.

[The DeCantillon family gave eight barons to Ballyheigue, North Kerry, in the peerage of Ireland. The vast estates of the family were sequestrated because of their loyalty to the House of Stuart, whose cause they espoused.]

In the good days of old, ere the proud Saxon came
To invade our dear country with sword and with flame,
Ere the wild troops of England came over the sea,
When our Isle of the West was both happy and free,
In the Northwest of Kerry DeCantillon held sway, —
A magnanimous chieftain, the chronicles say;
And the banners that floated from hill-top and tower
Attested the glory of DeCantillon's power.

His fiefs could be reckoned by a whole country's side,
Proudly washed on the north by the Sionainn's tide;
To the east they extended to the swift-rushing Feale, —
An inheritance grand for this chief of the Gael;
Whilst the boom of old ocean was heard toward the west,
By his keep on the hills, as the sun sank to rest:
And contented he lived in his towers by the sea,
For his board was e'er graced by the brave and the free.

From his home in the mountains, by storied Cape Leen,*
His war-shout was echoed if a tyrant were seen;
Encroach on the birthright which his sires handed down, —
Illumed with their valor, their fame and renown, —
The serf from the cottage and the vassal from hall
Would rally together at their old chieftain's call,
And woe, woe, to the foeman! that day he would rue
That he crossed spear and glaive with DeCantillon Aboo.

Yes, broad were his manors and his acres so fair,
Whilst all round grew the Celt, 'neath the fostering care
Of this good man and true, so kind-hearted and bold;
For he valued their love more than rackrents and gold.
Thus the strength of a country — its sinew and pride —
Was nurtured in Desmond † by the warrior's side;
And when at length came the stranger, his clansmen so true
Spilled their heart's blood defending DeCantillon Aboo.

At the tramp of the stranger, 't was flung to the gale,
That beauteous green banner of dear Innisfail;
In their manhood and strength, with their right trusty steel,
Oh, they oft and anon made the proud foeman reel!
But what mattered it all? for that old flag of green
Was trailed low in the dust, — what was ne'er before seen;
The Celt was outnumbered, that vile Saxon band
Crushed one chieftain the more in his own Eiri-land.

. . . . . .

Now the power and the glory of the chieftain are fled;
All, all is departed, but his name lives instead.
Whilst those who supplant him in accordance to law,
Could not tell where he 's buried in Keelmacduagh; ‡
From the keep of the stranger, § now the Union Jack flies:
But the sunburst of Erin shall yet flaunt the skies.
By the wrongs of our fathers, by DeCantillon's grave,
We swear, my poor country, to win thee and save!

* Cape Leen, the ancient name of Kerry Head.

† Desmond comprised Kerry and a portion of Cork. The Fitzgeralds were earls of Desmond. Garrett, sixteenth and last earl, was barbarously murdered in the seventeenth century.

‡ Keelmacduagh, — the ancient name of Ballyheigue Parish; literally the "Church of the Son of David."

§ Ballyheigue Castle, built by the DeCantillons, now the splendid baronial home of the Crosbys.

BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

No Christmas dinner, be it ever so bountiful, reaches its acme of enjoyment until the plum-pudding is borne in. Tender and juicy and fine-flavored though the turkey may be, with its rich accompaniments of oysters and salads and sauces, there is still a pleasure beyond, toward which the thought keeps going as the crowning delight of the feast.

Who that has read Dickens's inimitable prose poem, "The Christmas Carol," can ever forget the excitement which attended the bringing in of that famous pudding, the handiwork of Mrs. Cratchit? Maybe you have read the description of Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner a dozen times; but no matter. It is one of those choice bits of literary art-work of which we never grow weary; and you will thank us for giving you the opportunity to enjoy it once more: —

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a good show for sixpence: and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well, never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe hanging down before him, and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim! he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come rampant, — "not coming upon Christmas day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the

closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister, to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs, — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby, — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of birds, — a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with handle of his knife, and feebly he cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witness — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose! a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A good deal of steam: the pudding was out of the copper! A smell like a washing-day: that was the cloth! A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that: that was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with

the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family glass, — two tumblers, and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken home.

THE editor of a country paper remarks that half the people who attend musical entertainment in his town "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine."

THE CUNNING OF THE FOX.

MANY curious anecdotes are told of the craft of the fox, some of which are no doubt apocryphal, but others doubtless true. Naturalists assert that it has been frequently authenticated that the fox has counterfeited death to escape capture. I have been told a story of this kind within a few days by a person who claims that he was an eye-witness of the affair. Some fishermen on the west coast of Ireland were in the habit of going to a small island, a few hundred yards from the main-land, in quest of bait. The island was inhabited by large numbers of rabbits, and could be reached at low tide by wading, the water then being only a few inches deep. One morning they went in their boat quite early, it being high tide, and on landing saw a dead fox lying on the beach. The fur of the animal was all bedraggled, and he seemed to have been drowned. One of the men, remarking that his skin was worth something, pitched him into the boat. Procuring their bait, they returned to the main-land, and the man who had possessed himself of the fox seized him by the tail and flung him on shore. As soon as the animal struck the beach he picked himself up with considerable agility for a dead fox, and shot off like a flash up among the cliffs, while the men stood staring at each other in mute astonishment. The men concluded that he had crossed over to the island during the night, when the tide was low, in search of rabbits, and finding in the morning that he was cut off from the main-land, counterfeited death, with the expectation of thereby procuring a passage to the shore in the boat; an expectation which was fully realized.

A MISSISSIPPI farmer dashes cold water into the ears of choking cattle. This causes the animal to shake its head violently, and the muscular action dislodges the obstruction. This may be a useful hint.

THE OPENING DOOR.

Richard Dowling.

PART II.

OF course it was not very often that James Curran was asked to Doherty's. Once a month at the most he went there, but rarely when there was company. Dr. Doherty was a very good billiard player, and James's ambition had been awakened by the skill of his friend. Most of the time under the attorney's roof was spent by the young men at the green cloth.

The game began to exercise a fascination over the apprentice. As he came home from Doherty's his whole thought was given to the play of the evening. He reviewed this stroke and that, and ascertained how he should play one which he had missed if a position of the same kind should again arise.

Doherty's strong point was with the red at the side pockets. Of this Curran could make little, but never missed a walk-through. Curran could do more at potting than Doherty; but then Doherty was supreme at all round canons. Curran felt quite confident that if he had only the advantage of frequent practice, he should be quite a match for his friend; and surely no triumph could equal that of beating the doctor! Fancy being able to say to one of the best players in the town: "Well, Doherty, how many do you want out of sixty-three?"

Opposite Dr. Hogan's, and over a public-house, was the only public billiard-room in Cloneagh. It was here that James had got his first lessons in the art from Dr. Doherty. Hogan, being a man of kindly and sympathetic disposition, allowed young Curran to run across for an hour or so in the day and play a game with his friend. But in addition to these games, the doctor played with the apprentice, the former had his own table at home, where he could practise or play at night, and usually did either; so that James had very little or no chance of getting up to his friend's proficiency.

In the daytime no one in the town need be ashamed to visit and play at the public room, but at night no man of professional rank would think of going there. It was then the resort of, as Dr. Doherty scornfully said, "Counter-jumpers, barbers, and publicans."

Notwithstanding the social ban under which the room by gaslight lay, James Curran often cast longing eyes at it on the evenings he had no opportunity of playing at Doherty's. His home was comfortable, and his father kind and most indulgent. But his home was dull. It was all very well to talk parochial politics now and then, to discuss the solvency of neighbors, and hear of the trials and triumphs of the grocery trade; but to have to sit and listen night after night to such matters, when the gas was burning brightly, and the balls were chinking gayly in the billiard-room, became a little hard to bear.

When he, James, went to Doherty's of an evening, he had a cigar and a glass of wine or punch, and a game of billiards, and they did him no harm. His father did not object to this. Why might he not drop into the public room of an evening and smoke and play just one game? he need not drink anything. Besides, looking on at the play of others was almost as good as playing one's self. Professional men did not go there in the evenings, it was true, but then he was not a professional man. When he had taken out his degrees he need not go there.

His father had a theory about his coming home every night, and passing the evening with his family; and had even gone so far on his way to secure this result as, while he, James, was a lad, to make home much more com-

fortable and social than usual. But then these means had been adopted when he was a lad, to secure a certain purpose, namely, his freedom from deceit, and his immunity from the temptations which beset youth. Both these objects had been attained. He was utterly aboveboard with his father, and he had been shielded from the dangers in the path of youth. Now he was a man, or at least very near it. A fellow of his age ought to be able to take care of himself. Up to this he had done nothing to be ashamed of; and was it likely that he should fall into evil now that he was becoming a man, and had kept right so far?

James had still no knowledge of the world. His intercourse with it had been singularly limited. The very scheme on which he had been brought up of late had tended to give him confidence without experience, and a scorn of dangers whose very nature he was ignorant of.

In the summer of that year, Dr. Doherty handed over his patients to another physician of Cloneagh, and went away for a month's holidays.

By this time James Curran was a slave to billiards. Day and night he could think of nothing but canons and hazards.

Meanwhile his father never suspected that the game itself exercised any charm upon his son. He believed that his son, like himself, was possessed of a social ambition, and that this game, harmless in itself, was a gentlemanly accomplishment, and one only followed by James as a means of making himself agreeable in the society of people such as it was the darling dream of his life to see his son moving among. Nothing unpleasant had resulted from the intimacy of the lad with Dr. Doherty. There had been no new betting transaction, and so far from the young man exceeding his allowance, frequent offers of more money had been declined.

But now, for the first time in his life, James Curran was deprived of what had become to him, not a recreation or a luxury, but a necessity. His stolid nature, a stranger to enthusiasm, was held in bondage by one overmastering passion. Now suddenly was withdrawn from him the customary means of pursuing his favorite occupation. For a whole month he could not handle the cue at midday, for there was no one to play with, and his chance of a game at Doherty's father's was also gone. During the daytime there was not even a marker over the way. As there was rarely any play until night, the marker did not come on duty until seven o'clock.

For the first three nights after his friend had left, the lad came home restless and out of spirits. He was uneasy and discontented. His mother asked him if he were ill: no. His father told him if he too wished for a holiday while his friend was away, he might pack up and be off: he did not care to leave town.

"No doubt you are lonely after your friend Dr. Doherty," said the father on the fourth night, with a proud emphasis on the doctor's name. "I think an hour's walk would do you good. Go out for an hour or so, James. Let me see: it's now half past eight; don't be later anyway than ten. Then we can have a chat and a smoke when the walk has made you right."

In a dull, spiritless way James went out. He had no desire for a walk. He did not value life much at that moment. His head was big and his brain dull, and his view of life restricted. Up to his present age he had had no want but one. On this night that want was strong upon him.

In a dreary, listless way he left the house, and walked up and down the street. This did not mend his spirits or lessen his load. He looked up at the deep blue sky: it was nothing to him but the uneventful sky that stretched above his unsatisfied heart. He looked at the comely houses that formed the street: they were to him only houses that had no means of

affording rational amusement of an evening.

Lovers passed him by: he cared for no sweetheart. Men came out of public-houses: he wanted no drink.

He turned out of the street. He took no heed of whither he went.

He could hear afar off the military band playing in the barrack square: music had no fascination for him. He knew that the best people of the town were to be found walking to and fro in that square, and that if he went there the chances favored his getting a nod from the commander of the garrison: he had no care for gay throngs, no taste for military nods. No doubt Mrs. and Miss Doherty were there; but then, his friend the doctor had gone away.

He looked around. All the people he met seemed to be enjoying themselves in one way or another. He alone wandered lonely and discontented. He did not want much. He did not ask impossibilities of fate. Very little would make him one of the happiest of men this evening. He had leisure and money enough to amuse himself, and the amusement he craved was blameless. His father knew he was fond of it, and did not reprove him. Only once in his life had he done anything which he feared might shock his father. Only once, and that was in connection with his favorite pastime; yet his father had not only shown no anger, but displayed approval. Now, what was the practical difference between playing by day and playing by night? None. For he had played by night at Doherty's, and even lost money there, and yet his father had been rather pleased than offended. He had money in his pocket, and an hour to spare, and now —

"Click—whirr—click! good stroke, good canon! Fifty-six to fifty-nine!"

Without design, the spirit of his feet had drawn him hither, under the windows of the billiard-room.

The game was almost over. Perhaps the table was not yet engaged for the next game. Up there were light and laughter, and the fascinating game. At home, a room, dingy in comparison, and nothing more interesting than the dry details of business or the recapitulation of worn-out gossip. He had an hour to spare yet. A whole hour! time for two sixty-threes! Just one game, and then he should go home.

With a firm step he went up the narrow, dark passage, ascended the stairs, and entered the billiard-room.

About twenty young men sat smoking on the cushioned seats. The game had just been concluded; and as no one had engaged the table, the marker was in the act of turning down the gas with the rest. Most of those present knew young Curran by sight, and a few knew him personally. Looks and whispers were exchanged. All had heard of Billy Curran's new system, and there was much surprise and interest to see the object of it.

"Want a game, sir?" asked the marker, passing in his act of dimming the gas.

"Yes," answered James, looking timidly around. He was not accustomed to be the object of observation to so large a number of people. "Will you play, Keily?" he addressed one of his acquaintances among the smokers.

Keily stepped down, and taking off his coat, answered in the affirmative.

"What shall we play for?" asked Keily.

"I don't care for — for — for anything to drink," stammered Curran, growing very shamefaced, and blushing violently as he spoke.

"Don't be a baby, and disgrace your bringing up!" exclaimed Keily.

There was a titter among the smokers. Young Curran was not popular. It was considered he had been too highly favored by fate and father, and that he was personally a stuck-up prig. Nothing could have been further from the fact than the last belief.

"I really don't care to drink," said James, as he bent over the table to break and to conceal his confusion.

"What! a seasoned old toper like you refuse to play for a drink! Good heavens, what shall we hear of next! A nice kind of a son you are! Is that the way you show your thankfulness to your father for his care in hardening your head? Why, you ought by this time to be able to drink us all under the table without turning a hair! But look here, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. We started level: I'll give you ten points out of sixty-three, and play you for a drink for the room."

"The room" received this proposal with mingled laughter and cheers.

"The least you may do is to pay your footing, Mr. Curran," said Johnnie, the marker.

"Johnnie," said Keily, as he missed an easy canon, "get up the drinks, and if I lick him, I'll take care he'll pay. Put him on ten points." Then turning to Curran, he said, "What will you drink?"

By this time James was deeply absorbed in the game, and began to weary under the badinage, and in order to get peace, he said, "Punch." What more harm, after all, was there in having something to drink over this game than over the same game at Doherty's, or a dull chat at home?

So the drink came, and before the first game was over it had disappeared. The game had taken only twenty-five minutes; there was plenty of time for another between that and ten o'clock. Keily had lost that game, and of course the price of the drinks, which caused no small amusement to "the room," and helped to put Curran in excellent humor.

Keily demanded his revenge, another game with a similar wager. James could not refuse; he had plenty of time. The sense of victory, the cheering influence of the punch, and the knowledge that those around him were losing their prejudice against him, all helped to make him consent. Up to this night he had acted upon a rule. To-night he had not only broken the rule, but he abandoned the principle upon which it had rested.

The second game lasted even shorter than the former. This time Curran lost; but now he was on such excellent terms with himself and all the world, that he enjoyed his defeat quite as much as he had enjoyed his triumph. There was yet a whole quarter of an hour before ten o'clock. He would sit down to rest and cool himself; for he felt a little flushed and excited, and did not wish to go home with any unusual appearance upon him.

The gas was turned down for a few minutes; then some one suggested pool. Five of the smokers threw themselves lazily off their seats, echoing "Pool," and proceeded to select cues.

Now, potting was one of James's strong points, and he had never played pool. He looked at the hour. Still ten minutes to ten. The game would not occupy more than twenty to twenty-five minutes; often when he had gone to Doherty's he had not reached home until eleven, or even later. His father had asked him to come home by ten, but no particular reason existed for doing so. As for smoking a cigar, he could do that as well here as at home. These men around him showed no signs of going home; why should he? Yes, he'd take a ball. It was only a shilling and threepence, and no one could say anything against such pool.

He stood at the table and got his ball. When he had got his ball and paid in his shilling, he learned for the first time that one of the customs of the room was that out of the pool of each game came a drink for the players.

He said he had already had two, and did not want any more. At this there was a shout of derision. What! old Billy Curran's case-hardened son object to a third glass! The joke was too good, and "the room" roared laughing. They shouted at the bare

notion of Billy Curran's son shirking his liquor.

The game went on; James, carried away by his passion for the green cloth, and being in the most excellent humor, conformed to the custom, and swallowed his liquor like a man.

This game was not over until close on half past ten. Young Curran divided the pool, and then began to rub the chalk off his waistcoat.

The room cried out; asked was he thinking of going already, — after dividing the pool too? Absurd! why should he be in a hurry? Of all the fellows in Cloneagh, surely *he* was not bound to be home early. Could it be after all that Curran was in mortal terror of his father, and durst not stay out longer than a pious schoolboy? "Stand up at the table, Curran, and take your ball."

"Just one game more," he thought, "and then I can run home and be in before eleven."

At ten o'clock that night the whiskey, cigars, glasses, hot water, lemon, and sugar were as usual placed on the table in the shop parlor. The father was waiting for his son, and passing the time over the columns of the Cloneagh Express. The mother was stitching; Mary reading a novel.

At half past ten Mary rose, said good night, and went to bed.

At eleven Mrs. Curran remarked that James was late.

"I know what is keeping him," said the father, putting down his paper. "This is the night the band plays in the barrack square. He went to hear it, and met the Dohertys there, and they made him go home with them. You may as well go to bed. I'll wait for him. He can't be more than a quarter or half an hour now."

The father sat alone. The cigars and the whiskey remained as they had been set down by the servant. Half past eleven came, and still no James. Just as it was about to strike twelve, and as Mr. Curran was beginning to get anxious, he heard the latch-key of his son. He looked up pleasantly and fixed his eyes on the closed parlor door.

In a few seconds the door began to open slowly, — very slowly. The expression in the father's face changed from pleasure to surprise. Why did not James come in at once? It was late enough; too late, in fact.

The door ceased to open when it had gained no more than a fourth of its full way round. Then a hand moved inside the door, and having clumsily sought and found the inner handle, grasped it.

The father sat still, staring with a look of scared uncertainty at that door and that hand, — his son's hand, he knew. The heart of the father misgave him. What did that door conceal? What was the meaning of this mysterious conduct?

For a moment the door swayed gently to and fro, then was suddenly thrust forward, and hanging on with one hand to the handle of the door, the figure of James Curran swung unsteadily into the room.

The father never moved, but contemplated that unsteady figure with a look of horror and despair. No explanation was needed. This was his only son, clinging for support to that door.

"Father, I'm very sorry," said the son, in a thick, unsteady voice. "I've been to the billard-room."

"Hush, my boy, my own son, my only son, my James!" cried the father, with the history of the years during which he had fondly built all his hopes upon that boy in his mind. "Hush, my boy, my James." The blood of a broken heart was in his tones.

The young man let go the handle of the door, staggered to a chair, and sat down.

"Come to bed, James," said the father softly; and getting up, he put his arm tenderly round his son and raised him up. The father helped the lad up the stairs, and helped him to undress and to get into bed. Then

taking the candle with him, William Curran went down stairs.

The moment he re-entered the parlor, the first thing his eyes fell upon was the decanter.

Suddenly his whole manner altered. All gentleness left him, and rushing to the table, he seized the decanter by the neck, and tossing it over his head, flung it with all his force at the window. It tore away half the old-fashioned sash, and burst into a thousand clattering fragments in the yard below. Upon the silence of the midnight that sound came like the death-roar of a stricken heart.

His wife and daughter rushed down, aghast. What was it?

William Curran drew himself up to his full height in the middle of the room, confronted his wife and daughter, and said, in a voice he did his utmost to calm, that the words might carry their cruelest and direst meaning: —

"James came home helplessly drunk. I have put him to bed and removed the whiskey," pointing to the table, and then to the window. "In these two things I think I have done a father's duty to-night, and you may leave me to my thoughts. Go to bed, woman. Go to bed, Mary."

They left him and crawled up-stairs in the dark, and stole into a room that belonged to neither, — an idle room, — and shuddered and clung to one another, and feared to weep.

They were lightly clad, and Mary, feeling the cold, and thinking of her mother, said, "Let me get a shawl for you."

The mother whispered, "No. Mary; I am not cold. James brought home his father's winding-sheet to-night."

And again the two women shuddered, and clung to one another, still fearing to weep.

In imagination they saw the body of the father sheeted round. They heard the spade and shovel hollow out the grave for him. They saw the coffin lowered, and they heard the earth fall upon the coffin, and still they feared to weep.

It was bright daylight when they lay down once more.

The fury of William Curran lasted all night, and morning found it undiminished. It was the fury of the theorist, not of the father. What! had all the design of his life, the result of his thought and labor, been scattered in one moment by that thrice-wretched boy? The miserable boy could not have reached the condition in which he had come home last night, without having been seen by many. This son, upon whom he had staked his whole theory, who was to be the proud exemplar of his scheme, who had already begun his upway on the social ladder, had got shamefully drunk in a low public billiard-room!

What would the town say to him, and of him, William Curran, now? what would Cloneagh say? what would Tipperary think? To-day the tongues of the town would be busy with the story. Great heavens! was this the outcome of all his care and solicitude and sleepless thought!

There was only one thing for it: the wretched boy must go. He must be thrust out across the threshold he had disgraced. He must be forbidden the roof he had dishonored, and intercourse with the father upon whose fondest dreams he had brought ruin and derision.

Yes, he should go packing that very hour. The son of any other father in Cloneagh might come home as that boy had last night, and the offence be endured; but his son —

"James, get up, and before your mother or sister is down, pack up all the things you want and leave this town forever. Never again come near the place, or the people you have disgraced. There are twenty-five pounds in this envelope. You have broken my heart. Be quick."

Then the father left the son's bedroom, and went out of the house.

On every face he met that fine summer's morning he saw a sneer; in every friendly salutation he received, he heard the tones of triumphant

scorn. It seemed to the man's distorted mind that the whole business of the world for that day was to point mockingly at the father who had invented a new system of bringing up boys, and ruining young men.

When he came back from his walk, the lad was gone.

That day he kept out of the shop. He could not endure the faces of the people. He felt weak and spent. Yesterday he looked a man in hale middle life; to-day, he looked a feeble old man. Oh, what a day of misery and woe and disgrace! He kept upstairs in his own room, and did not come down until it was dark and the shop was shut.

He sat in the parlor. His wife and daughter were there also, but they did not dare to speak to him. By this time they knew he had sent away the lad forever. William Curran was not a man with whom his wife might expostulate at any time. When she heard the boy was gone, she never said a word, never uttered a cry, never wept. She went to her daughter's room, and said to Mary, "He 's gone forever. Your father told James to go away forever."

They sat down on the side of the girl's bed, each woman staring at the white face of the other.

"He gave him twenty-five pounds, and said he was never to come back. Never!" said the mother.

"Twenty-five pounds," said the girl, attaching no meaning to the words. "I'm glad he gave him the money. It will help James."

"It will help James to starve slowly," whispered the mother.

"Mother!" cried the girl, "mother!" and then each sat silent, looking into the white face of the other.

That night, as the three were in the parlor, the women stitched in silence; the father sat with his back to the women, and his eyes fixed on the empty grate.

At half past ten he told the women to go to bed, and bade them good night without turning round.

When they were gone, he remained motionless half an hour, and then rose quietly. Leaving the gas burning, he went into the hall and shut the parlor door after him.

The hall was a long, narrow one, and contained no furniture whatever. At one end stood the street door, at the other the stairs.

Feeling along the walls of the dark hall, he crept cautiously to the door.

When he gained the door, he began very quietly, and with as little noise as possible, undoing the fastenings, until nothing secured the door but the heavy old-fashioned latch. This he lifted very slowly, drew in the door a few inches, and set it a little ajar.

He turned round, spread out his arms until his hands touched the walls, and stole back on tiptoe to the stairs. He mounted one step, turned round, sat down on the third step, keeping his feet on the first. He spread his legs wide apart, placed his right elbow on his right knee, dropped his chin into his right hand, and keeping his eyes upon the door, and his ears upon the infrequent noises of the night, sat watching, mute and pallid, with beads of cold sweat upon his forehead and brows.

For an hour he remained motionless, almost breathless. He did not sigh, he did not groan, he did not weep. He sat and watched, and waited in the dense gloom of that hall in the profound stillness of the summer's night.

Cloneagh was quiet at most times. At midnight it was hushed as the tomb. Not a single footstep had passed that door since the old man had set his vigil

Hush! Afar off, down the street, a step slowly — hesitatingly approaching! Hark! it drew nigher and nigher, pausing now and then, as if in doubt or fear. Just such a tread as that of a man who, upon a journey the issue of which he doubted, paused frequently, irresolute, to debate with himself.

William Curran struggled to his feet. He was stiff from sitting so

long in one attitude. He seized the last baluster and clung to it. The foot still drew nearer to the door. It was now within a few feet. It paused again, and then coming up to the door with decision, stopped.

The father's heart beat fast. A smile lit up the cold, rugged features. "He has come back! my James, my son has come back, to be with his father in his old days! My arms are weary, and sick for my son," whispered the old man, letting go the baluster, and stretching out yearning arms toward the door.

The door began to open slowly — very slowly. To the father it seemed to take an age to crawl over an inch. He could endure this delay no longer. Spreading his arms wide, as a figure was revealing in the doorway, he ran quickly down the hall, crying out, in a tone of gratitude and joy and welcome: —

"My son! my son! I knew you would come back. O James! I did not mean what I said. I was mad then."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Curran, but I found your door open; and not knowing there was any one watching it, I thought I 'd better see about it," said the policeman at the threshold.

"What!" shouted the old man in rage and superstitious dread, "who are you? Where is my son?"

"My name is Murphy, sir, of the Albert Police Barracks. The man who was on duty at the railway station this morning told me your son went to Dublin by the 10.10."

"O my son! oh — oh — oh, my head!" cried the father, as with a hoarse groan he fell forward at the feet of the constable.

William Curran recovered, but he was a broken man. His pride was all gone now, his form drooped, his tread was feeble. Those who had been hard on him before, now gave him their sympathy. He sought long unavailingly to get any account of his son. He advertised, and promised that unpleasant matters would be forgiven.

For a year he got no news of James. Then, in a roundabout way, he heard that his son, his pride, his hope, had sunk almost to the lowest depths of poverty and vice.

The father went to Dublin on a slender clew, but failed to track the lad. He had long gone down out of sight of the medical students. Some thought it likely he earned a few pence by distributing or addressing circulars. There obtained in another quarter a strong suspicion that he was in jail, under an assumed name.

The heart-broken father came back to Cloneagh more hopeless and despairing than when he set out.

Six months later, he got certain tidings. James was lodging in Cuffe Street, was very ill, had no money, and had no means of getting any.

That evening the father climbed the ill-smelling staircase leading to the wretched attic where his son lay dying. As the old man pushed the door open, the eyes of the dying lad fell upon his father.

"I knew you would come, father."

"O James, God forgive me! Forgive me, James!"

"I knew you 'd come," said the dying lad. "As you were coming in I thought the door would never open. Did you open it very slowly?"

"No, James. O my son, my son!"

"I thought it would never open. It seemed to take a month to open. How long have I been here?"

"O James!"

"That door seemed to take an age to open. Stop, it is opening again."

With a groan, the father turned his head to see. The door was motionless.

"I see it opening again, but more quickly this time. Who's there? who's there?"

"I, James, your father."

"No — no, not my father. I have no keepsake for Mary or my mother. It is a lie, I never was in jail. They said it, but it is a lie. That door is opening still wider. Who is behind it, I say? Tell me. Will no one tell

me who is behind that opening door? Stop! ah, now I see. It is—"

"James! James!"

The head had fallen back. The eyes were fixed.

"My son, my James! won't you speak? it is I, your father, come from Cloneagh to take you home."

But that door had opened, and James Curran had gone through it. The large head lay cold upon the squalid pillow, the thin hand stark on the torn coverlet; and the father sat by the bed of his son, hard by the Great Opening Door through which his son had gone home forever.

(The end.)

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRIST.

This beautiful little poem was written by Rev. J. H. Newman (now Cardinal) at Malta, on Dec. 25, 1832, more than twelve years before he embraced the Catholic faith.

How can I keep my Christmas feast
In its due festive show,
Reft of the sight of the High Priest
From whom its glories flow?

I hear the tuneful bells around,
The blessed towers I see;
A stranger on a foreign ground,
They peal a fast for me.

O Britons! now so brave and high,
How will ye weep the day
When Christ in judgment passes by
And calls the Bride away!

Your Christmas then will lose its mirth,
Your Easter lose its bloom:
Abroad, a scene of strife and dearth;
Within, a cheerless home.

COLOR OF THE HAIR.

GREAT nervous shocks sometimes cause the hair to turn white in a few hours. The case of Marie Antoinette is one of the most tender and touching on record, for in a single night her rich, dark hair was changed to silver gray. In its natural state it was pale auburn in color, and of a silky texture. On the other hand, gray hair has been known to become black. Nazarelia, a man one hundred and five years old, was in 1774 at Vienna presented by nature with a new set of teeth and a restoration of the black hair of his youth; John Weeks died aged one hundred and fourteen, and was blessed with a regeneration of the color of his hair a short time before his death; and Sir John Sinclair, a Scotchman, dying at one hundred and ten, rejoiced in a youthful head of hair during the latter years of his life. A New York physician reports the case of a man who had three changes of his hair from black to white during his life, the first taking place when he was about thirty-five years of age. "Variegated hair," which is alternately banded black and white, is noted among the hirsute curiosities of nature, and green and blue hair have been described by some authorities; but these colors owe their production to the influence of the surroundings in which their subjects live, the green hair belonging to those who work in copper mines, and blue to those whose occupation is cobalt mining. Workers in indigo also have blue hair.

MONTALEMBERT noted that from the first introduction of the monastic orders into various Christian countries, schools for girls, managed by nuns, never ceased to furnish Catholic society with a class of exceptional women, as distinguished for intelligence as for piety, and who in the study of literature rivalled the most learned monks. It is known that the nuns of the choir were required to understand Latin, and that the letters to them were always written in that language. We have only to remember St. Aura, the friend of St. Elio and the nun Bertie, whose learned lectures on Holy Scripture drew to Chelles, in the sixth century, a large concourse of auditors of both sexes; St. Radegonde, whose profound study of the three Greek Fathers, St. Gregory, St. Basil, and St. Athanasius, is commemorated by Fortunatus; and finally, St. Gertrude, abbess of Nivelle, who sent messengers to Rome and to Ireland to buy books and to bring learned professors thence.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, DEC. 8.

Cardinal Manning.

THE great mystery was the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, and the fact of which we ourselves were witnesses was the definition of the doctrine some twenty or more years ago by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. of blessed memory. Some have said if the Immaculate Conception be a truth, why was it not defined before then? If, said they, it be defined not, where is the meaning of the definition? What is necessary now must have been necessary of old. Some scrupled thus at the definition, forgetting that the Spirit of God alone knows the times and the seasons, and the Spirit of Truth alone has in all ages progressively and step by step unfolded and defined all the mysteries of our faith, not all at once, but in succession and as needed by the faith. The articles of the Apostles' Creed have been assailed and defined one by one: first God the Father and the Creation, then God the Son and the Incarnation, then God the Holy Ghost, have all met with denial, some upon the Holy Sacraments, some upon the doctrines of grace, some upon the nature of the doctrines of sin. All the errors we have are progressive, and as errors have unfolded themselves, so the definitions of the Church in time and in season have likewise unfolded the whole truth of God. As every error has arisen there has been needed a definition to condemn it; and because in these later times special errors affecting the doctrine of grace spread over the face of the nominally Christian world, it was in season that this great mystery of the singular sanctification of the Blessed Mother of God should be defined, not only as a definition of the truth, but to put the key-stone on many other doctrines of the whole structure of the revelation of God.

There have been three periods in every doctrine in the Church. In the first period, with a living spiritual consciousness of the divine illumination, the Church has believed the whole revelation that was committed to it; secondly comes the period when the intellectual perversity of controversies and conflicts of human minds compels the Church to analyze and to search into every doctrine, and to sift out from it the elements of misconception and error; thirdly comes the time when the analogy and examination is complete, and the Church defines it by a scientific expression of bishops in the form of a definition. We have this exactly in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. There never was a time, either in the East or in the West, that the disciples of Jesus Christ did not believe that Mary the Mother of God was without sin. They believed her to be sinless, and what is more, to be sanctified with a sanctification of holiness greater than any one else, and coming from God alone. This was the first period. Then came controversies about original sin and actual sin, and it became necessary for the Church to analyze this faith. There never was for a moment a doubt that the Mother of God was without sin: the only question was whether she was before her existence without sin; whether she was born without sin; that was the only question the Church entertained. Lastly, when that analysis was complete, Pius IX., surrounded by some four hundred bishops of the Church, and sustained by the unanimous declaration of all the bishops under heaven, — for some misunderstanding thought that twelve pastors of the Church, who hesitated whether the doctrine should be then defined, doubted whether the doctrine was true, which no one ever doubted,

— sustained by the whole pontificate under heaven, Pius IX. declared that Mary, the Mother of God, from the first moment of her existence, was, by the special grace of the Holy Ghost, and through the merits of her divine Son, exempt from original sin. Pius IX. had another bright jewel in his tiara. He not only closed this long question and invested the blessed Mother of God with her high privilege, and placed on her head the diadem which declared her Immaculate Conception, but in that very act he put in exercise his own infallibility. In that very act the head of the Church on earth taught the whole Church on earth with an infallible voice; and some years after, it was reserved for him, in the council of the Vatican, to define as a doctrine of faith that prerogative of the head of the Church which he exercised when he defined the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. The world, which looks at the Church from without, and cannot enter into its spiritual illumination, and cannot know that inward consciousness that comes from the Holy Ghost, scruples at these two great definitions of the Church; and the best answer that can be made to those in the world is, "What man knoweth the things of the Spirit but the spiritual man that is in him?" The least grace that he could conceive as proportionate to the dignity of the Mother of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is that she herself should be without sin; and the least prerogative that he could conceive proportionate to the office and responsibility of the head of the Church on earth and vicar of Jesus Christ, who stands in the stead of his divine Master, was that he who was the guide of others and the teacher of the faith should himself be exempt by divine guidance from error. Therefore the Immaculate Conception seemed to him to be the primary grace required by the dignity of the Mother of God, and exemption from error by the spirit of truth perpetually guiding him seemed to him to be the least prerogative proportionate to the responsibility of watching over the truth in all ages throughout the world, and condemning error wherever it arises and contradicts the truth.

THE LION AND HIS KEEPER.

The majestic step, the bold look, the grace and strength of the lion have obtained for him the title of "king of beasts." He is greatly indebted to the imagination of the poet for the noble qualities which he is supposed to possess. He is, though capable of gratitude toward those from whom he has received kindness, often treacherous and revengeful, and Dr. Livingstone considered him an arrant coward. The story, however, which I have to narrate describes his better qualities. A friend tells us of a lion which was kept in the menagerie at Brussels. The animal's cell requiring some repairs, the keeper led him to the upper portion of it, where, after playing with him for some time, they both fell asleep. The carpenter, who was employed in the work below, wishing to ascertain whether it was finished as desired, called the keeper to inspect what he had done. Receiving no answer, he climbed up, when, seeing the keeper and lion thus asleep side by side, he uttered a cry of horror. His voice awoke the lion, which, gazing at him fiercely for a moment, placed his paw on the breast of his keeper, and with a look that seemed to say, "He is in my care now, and touch him if you dare," lay down to sleep, again as though nothing unpleasant had occurred. On the other attendants being summoned, they aroused the keeper, who on opening his eyes appeared in no way frightened at what had occurred to give his fellow-attendants so much uneasiness for the safety of his life, but taking the paw of the lion in his hand, shook it, and quietly led him down to the lower part of the den, which had by this time been satisfactorily completed.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE PENAL TIMES.

"Weep those days, those penal days,
When Erin hopelessly complained;
Yes, weep those days, those penal days,
When godless persecution reigned!"

Yes; we may well weep those days of crime and iniquity on the one side, and a slavish submission on the other. Their history is written in the gore of Irishmen, and every page is stained with the tears of our womanhood. We weep, not because the heart of the tyrant was as hard as a wayside stone, not because his inhumanities had made such havoc in our midst, but because the people whom he trod thus mercilessly under foot did not feel the spirit of manhood impregnating their souls, or filtering through their blood; because they allowed themselves — with that grand history of theirs behind them, with the memories of their heroic chiefs and daring gallowglasses, the recollection of that age of gold when monasteries and halls of learning and of civilization raised their cross-crowned spires to heaven, when naked savages prowled on the banks of the Thames — when they allowed themselves, we repeat, to be the minions of a race infinitely inferior to their own in all that ennobles the intellect or glorifies the heart of man. Here was the ruling or ascendancy party, whose past was never lit up with brave deeds, whose traditions were those of the renegade, whose charter was that of a hellish and iniquitous conquest, whose domination was brutal, whose engine of oppression was mental blindness, whose conscience was a myth, and whose lives were living lies. Here also was the down-trodden race, — the vast majority of the people, descendants of the old Gaelic stock that peopled our shores, and gave our country a name and a reputation, the genuine sons of the sod which God marked out for them as their own, yet who were basely despoiled of that heritage. Here were they, helots on their own soil, — a majority ground down by a few,—men of grand, soul-stirring traditions, crouching at the feet of criminals and tyrants, alien to them and alien to their land in every characteristic; here were those Gaels "the hewers of wood and drawers of water" for depraved taskmasters, who wielded the rod of iron and the scourge of blood, — bloated with corruption, insolent, swaggering, and oppressive!

But physical slavery was not the only evil those serfs of the last century suffered from. There was another of a more galling kind still, — the slavery that shuts out the light of knowledge from their immortal minds. Mentally blinded by their ignorance, and consequently not knowing an iota of their rights, they were doubly slaves. If they had known that the land they lived on was the land nature gave them, and that by allowing plunderers to take possession of it and rule themselves thus usurpingly, they were in direct opposition to the laws of nature in their regard, there might be a chance of their immediate redemption. But this chance was removed. The schoolmaster was outlawed; there were no schools. Books were interdicted. The helot was to be, and should be, and was a complete helot, — helot in mind as well as in body. He knew no rights: he was born into the belief that for him on this earth there was no law but a mere tolerance of his existence; that he came into the world to do the bidding of others, so that woe would be his in this life if he refused to execute the orders given him, and eternal damnation would be his reward in the next if the wee small voice within prompted him to meet those who scourged him, arm to arm, sword to sword! Misery and punishment in this life; the hobstone of hell in the

next, — yes, such were the two glaives of Damocles hanging over his head, the thread to be snapped asunder if he determined to raise himself to the dignity of manhood and be worthy of his destiny!

Ah, yes! well might we weep those days, — those penal days, whose memories awake bitter passions within our souls, and drive the blood surging like lava-fire through every vein in our bodies! Yes, we may well weep them, while we curse the hands that forged the woes they were the mute but eloquent witnesses of.

Christmas eve in the penal times! What a symphony of weird, melancholy thoughts and ghastly memories thrills, as it were, through the phrase. Christmas eve! not as it is now, when, although we are deprived of much, we have liberty of conscience and of worship; but a Christmas eve when conscience was smitten down, and but one worship proclaimed in the land, to the exclusion of every other.

Christmas eve in the penal times! The sky overhead is dark and lowering; black clouds hang threateningly on the horizon. The Christmas snow is on the open plains, is covering the rocky mountain and the gentle hillside; it fills the yawning abyss and shrouds the lonely glen; it gathers itself around the bare, naked branches of the shivering trees, and buries itself in the foam of the eddying river; it robes in a virginal dress the humble thatched cabin of the peasant, and lays itself ghostlike on the lordling's demesne, whitening the gravelly walks, the withered flower-beds, and the stately structure where he luxuriates in the midst of desolation. Snow on the roof-top, snow on the crag, snow in the abyss, snow all around, snow everywhere. Along that straight road, — which, like all our old Irish roads, follows a straight course over hill and down hollow, — a curious-looking but rather scattered *cortége* is moving its way slowly on. Men, women, and children compose it. They crouch as they pass, at every sound that strikes their ears. The very moan of the wintry breeze, as it *caoines* through the leafless elms, curdles the blood in their veins, as they look cautiously around. The women peep out from their hoods, the men peer suspiciously on every object that may meet them; all move on, a mournful group, the iron that has sunk into their innermost fibres showing itself in their dejected looks, their worn and haggard countenances, and their apologetic gait. Poor souls! talk not to them of the joys of Christmas, the Christmas-tree that lords it over the household, high over their Lares and Penates; talk not of the holly and ivy that deck the mantel-piece, or intertwine their tendrils around the big Christmas candle; talk not to them of the gathering of distant friends, brothers, and sisters around the board of the yule-tide. Such joys they have not; of such joys they have long since been bereaved. Christmas eve brings to them but one joy, perhaps the best joy of all, the consolation of the mass. Throughout the rest of the year they had attended no ceremony of their church except in rare instances, and then away up in the mountain heather, far from the haunts of men. To-night, however, they are to have the mass; to-night they go to celebrate the memory of their spiritual redemption; but they go at the peril of their lives. No Christmas bell flings its magic music on the night air to call them together. Their churches are theirs no longer. Ruins on the roadside, — the desolation of desolations is upon them! The zephyr moans dismally through the widowed and archless aisle, or sweeps along the dock-nettles that grow in the chancel. Roofless and hopeless in their woe-begone misery, they stand as mementoes of things past; their walls re-echo no longer to chant or psalm, but solitude reigns in its grim reign on and around them. The belfry, too, is widowed; the voice of the bell is hushed forever. These poor souls have no longer a home where to worship, after their own consciences, their Divine Creator; and

they themselves are watched as well as oppressed, and their footsteps dogged by hordes of unscrupulous spies.

Yet, in spite of all pains and penalties, notwithstanding that no Christmas bell summons them to the midnight mass, they come from all portions far and near, from plain and morass, hill and valley, many and many a mile, to obey the instincts of the faith that is in them, although they know that to obey may mean death. For their creed at least they can suffer, and this trait in their characters is like a sunbeam, rich and glowing, that penetrates a chink in a dismal dungeon. And thus it is that although man and the elements conspire against them to-night, they mean to have their way. The snow may block up the highway; the sky may frown down dreefully upon them; the trees may shake their gaunt arms threateningly, and the winds chant a dismal strain, like the croon of a banshee; the paid spy, the heartless perjurer, the hired assassin, and the unrelenting bloodhound may be on their track, — but they defy all alike, in their efforts to have a Christmas Mass.

On and on this sad procession moves, past mouldering abbey and tall round tower, that remind them of the past. On and on it moves, past the graves of their buried sires, much of whose blood was spilt for Ireland and for God On and on it moves, skirting the rifled cottage and the deserted home, where the hearthside shows bare and lonely under its garb of snow. On it moves, silent and sad as a funeral *cortége* carrying the dust of some dear, departed friend to his last home. On and on it advances, till it comes to the crags that look down on the broad Atlantic. And here it pauses for a moment or two, lost in contemplation of the majesty of nature before it. Below on the pebbly beach the crested waves dash their foam on the rugged rocks, flinging their spray far and wide, reverberating within the cavelets, and thundering along the sand. Boiling, hissing, eddying, the breakers raise themselves up, gathering under their wings many a straying wavelet, make one great effort, and whirl themselves on the strand, then retiring, sink into the embraces of their successors, who likewise fling their mass of creamy foam on the shore, and recede. Ever and ever this goes on, and the *cortége* gazes sadly on the seething gulf of waters below. Then it seeks a beaten path on the cliffs that leads to a secluded cavern beneath. It moves downward on the shore, and hurries into the place of concealment.

A veritable home of primitive Christianity this place of worship is. Some such spot had the early Christians of Rome, down in catacombs, what time a Nero or a Diocletian reigned in the Eternal City. A few torches, held aloft by willing hands, serve only to make the surrounding darkness visible. The entire group, at last, is within the cave, while a few scouts keep guard without. Inside, the priest, the outlawed man in those times, is vesting himself, and preparing for the sacrifice. A humble altar is improvised at the farther end, over which hangs a roughly hewn cross. A few minutes pass by, and the ceremony at last begins. In a low and measured tone the priest repeats the opening psalm; and the priest's voice, the stifled sobs or prayers of the throng, are the only sounds to break the silence of the spot, if we except the distant murmur of the waves, or the trickling of the drops that fall from the rocks in the cavern. The multitude are all on their knees, on the hard granite or in the slush; cushions or soft footstools they have not to worship their Creator. And here, hidden away from the upper world, down deep under the seaside crag, hedged in with mountain bowlders, with no ornaments, no comfort, but poor, friendless, and woful, these poor people, fervent in their religion, adore their God with all that enthusiastic faith that is theirs, — more enthusiastic and real far than the faith

of those who worship him under the highly sculptured arches of massive cathedrals or under gorgeous domes.

At length the first gospel is said. The multitude is on its feet, and the priest turns around to address them. Mellifluous, although weird, the accents of the grand old Gaelic tongue thrill through the cavern; echo catches up the sweet notes, and sweetly gives them back. He speaks to them of their religion, of their sorrows; speaks to them of the scenes he saw in classic Louvain, in France, or in Spain; speaks to them of the men he met and the tales he heard on those foreign but friendly shores; narrates to them, amid a breathless silence, all the wonderful deeds their countrymen were performing under the banner of Louis: for even

"In those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze."

He recites to them the account of the battle of Fontenoy, the death of Sarsfield, the prowess and the martial daring of the sons of the Gael abroad; tells them of some brother or relative who made himself conspicuous in the far-off wars; pictures to them the glory that followed in the track of the Irish Brigade, how it won laurels wherever it went, how it fought the old foe and how it conquered him; how it never forgot the land of its birth, but chafed wildly in order to strike a blow for it; and how a cause that had such leal champions could never be a lost cause. And as he recounts to them all these tales, their hearts beat in responsive vibrations to his words. Cries of joy and exultation break from their lips when they hear how worthy of the old land was the famous brigade. The mothers and fathers weep tears of gratitude when the priest mentions the name of their boy, as of one who distinguished himself in the soldier's noble career.

And then, after a prayer to heaven for a promising future, and the expression of hope therefor, the priest turns once more to the altar and resumes the holy sacrifice.

Slowly and solemnly he proceeds with the divine ceremony, and he arrives now at the moment of the consecration. In the awful silence that reigns around, the sound of approaching footsteps is heard; mingled with the distant murmur of the ocean, the cries of warning burst on the ears of the affrighted multitude. A moment or two, and the scouts rush in, telling them of the coming of the bloodhounds! and the bloodhounds enter, laughing a mocking laugh, as they rush to the altar. The people — men, women, and children — gather instinctively to bar the way, and to protect their priest from outrage. But what can an unarmed body of men and women do against muskets and bayonets? The fight is soon over. A few of the congregation are killed, many wounded, and the leader of the invading gang bears out of the cavern, on his bayonet's point, the gory and dripping head of the Irish priest! Thus is the Christmas mass put a stop to; thus is British law — that law of laws, the sublimest under the sun — as gloriously vindicated as it was some years ago when it proclaimed the destruction of the Indians, at the cannon's mouth! Thus did the sleuth-hound earn his accursed pay, and gain his bloody triumph as he bore off his trophy, amid the wails of that mournful throng, weeping in that dismal cave over the mangled bodies of their friends or relatives, mourning over their altar overturned, their rites scoffed at, their priest murdered, their consciences trampled down, their religious instincts barbarously outraged. And hours after, when the last of the hired assassins is far in the distance, they relight their torches, gather up their dead and wounded, creep stealthily out of the cavern, mount slowly up the beaten path, gain the cliff, and trudge back wearily through the snow, — now a veritable funeral procession, — to wake their martyrs and to groan over their own wretched fate. Christmas eve for them is an eve of sorrow. Poor waifs! bearing

their departed friends over the ghastly white beds of virgin snow in that dreary night! What a strange and awful spectacle! what a commentary on those statutes and on that system which base their right to rule on usurpation and on conquest! what a stern reproach to those who think themselves capable or justified in dealing with the destinies of a people whose inferiors they are in every respect! And thus passes and thus closes this Christmas eve in the Penal Times!

This is no phantasm picture of the imagination. It is a historical event that often and often occurred throughout the length and breadth of Ireland for many years during the last century. We do not exhume the buried past with any evil intentions. We do not evoke the ghosts of dead monstrosities in order to awake a slumbering revenge. But we think that the nefarious crimes of butchery and slaughter should never be forgotten by Irishmen. The memory of our ancestors is dear to us. Their sufferings we treasure in our hearts. We would be unworthy of the nationality we claim as ours if we spread the veil of oblivion over the terrible woes they suffered, the galling wrongs they chafed under, the dire penalties their devotion to truth and justice ever incurred. The lesson their persecution teaches is a noble one. It is a lesson which it behooves all who think over the subject to remember well: that it is vain, puerile, and foolish to think that the national cause of our country, which has outlived fire and sword, the sleuth-hound's artifices and the statesman's wile, the purse of gold and pretended friendship, the scaffold and the pitch-cap, can ever die. This lesson inspirits us, and gives us hope of a bright and auspicious future, which it is our duty to carve out in an honorable and triumphant manner. Till then, in the words of the immortal Davis, we can

"Weep those days, those penal days,
When Erin hopelessly complained;
Yes, weep those days, those penal days,
When godless persecution reigned!"

ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN TO CATHOLIC MOTHERS.

I say, then, to the mothers and fathers and the older brothers and sisters of little children, Be thoroughly Catholic yourselves, and teach the younger ones to love you, and they will be Catholics too. I say to the mothers, You are the very representative of religion to the little child, who feels more awe in prayer, whilst kneeling at your knee, than you do yourself. All you say and do makes its lasting impression. You are moulding the plastic material for life, and hold in your hands a clay which you can turn and fashion any way you will. Teach the little ones the meaning of the crucifix; tell them what kind of lives the saints lived; have the walls of your room adorned with holy pictures; and, by your example teach them that Christ is to be loved above everything in this world. And I would say to you, fathers of the children, — husbands of their mothers, — teach the children to love you, and to fear you too. Let them, from earliest days, look on you with reverence, as the very model of a Christian man. Teach them to be truthful, — to prefer to suffer anything rather than tell a lie; to be honest — to keep their fingers off what does not belong to them; and to be courageous and brave. You will thus be formers and fashioners of good, sterling Christians and of loyal citizens; brave, true, honest, and without sectarian cant. At all events, you will thus give your children the best possible preparation for school, and bring a blessing on your homes, and on the country of your adoption.

In consequence of his bankruptcy, The O'Donoghue is unable to vote, so that Tralee has been virtually disfranchised during the latter part of the session just closed. It is rumored in Irish circles in the metropolis that it is the intention of the chieftain of the glens to resign in favor of his son.

COMMODORE JOHN BARRY.

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forty-two guns and two frigates were watchfully cruising along the capes of the Delaware.

In the midst of this hostile force, Capt. Barry skilfully accomplished his mission. Besides capturing several of the enemy's smaller cruisers, and forcing the rest of them to take shelter in port, the Lexington fell in with the Edward, an armed tender of the Liverpool. A close and spirited contest occurred. It lasted nearly an hour, and resulted in the capture of the Edward by the Lexington.

This affair is worthy of note, as the *first* capture of any vessel of war by a regular American cruiser in battle. The first naval victory was hailed with great joy by the country, as an offset to the unfortunate contest of Commodore Hopkins's squadron with the Glasgow.

Capt. Barry was transferred from the Lexington to the command of the frigate Effingham, then building at Philadelphia. In the naval establishment created by the resolution of Congress, on the 10th of October, 1776, embracing twenty-six vessels of various grades, Capt. Barry was placed on the list of captains, and he still retained the command of the Effingham. The rigors of the winter, however, having suspended navigation, the Effingham was one of the vessels that was taken up the Delaware off Whitehall, in order to escape the British forces, which were in possession of Philadelphia and the forts of the river. Ice-bound, the Effingham could not be brought into action.

But the active, energetic spirit of Capt. Barry would not permit him to be idle; and having won laurels on the ocean, he now turned his attention to the defence of his country by land. Gen. Cadwalader having raised several companies of Pennsylvanians to reinforce Gen. Washington's army, — then much reduced in numbers and pressed by the Hessians, — Capt. Barry obtained command of a company and some heavy cannon, and rendered gallant and important services to the cause in that gloomy, but finally victorious campaign. He acted as aide-de-camp to Cadwalader, and at the important operations at Trenton received praise for his tact, coolness, and courage, winning the respect and admiration of every one.

After the British army, under Lord Howe, had obtained possession of Philadelphia, Capt. Barry continued in command of the Effingham, which was still ice-bound in the Delaware, a few miles from the city, and in a position which the British general saw could be rendered of great service to the royal cause, if the vessel and her commander could only be gained over. This he had some hopes of accomplishing, since the captain was then in a position to risk nothing personally by abandoning the patriot for the royalist cause. Accordingly an offer of 15,000 guineas * was made to Capt. Barry by Lord Howe if he would deliver up the vessel, and to this was added the offer of the command of a British ship of the line.

The English bribe was indignantly rejected by the heroic Barry, and this noble answer returned: that "he had devoted himself to the cause of his country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it." Early in 1777 the British, unhappily, succeeded in burning the American vessels in the Delaware; and thus the Effingham perished with the rest.

Among other bold enterprises undertaken by Capt. Barry during the winter that his ship lay ice-bound up the Delaware was the daring plan of annoying the enemy by means of small boats properly manned, which, being stationed down the river and bay, might intercept supplies, and in case of danger take refuge in the creeks, into which the vessels of the enemy could not pursue them. He planned

* Equal to about $80,000.

and coolly executed several such attacks; and they resulted in great damage to the enemy, and in the seizure of supplies of invaluable service to the American army.

On one occasion, in particular, he fitted out from Burlington four row-boats, and proceeded with muffled oars down the Delaware, which was filled with the shipping and smaller craft of the enemy. Some alarm was given at one point of the passage; but dashing onward, two of the tiny boats passed on uninjured, and with sudden and daring intrepidity the little force, under Capt. Barry, attacked the enemy's two ships and a schooner, loaded with valuable provisions for the British land forces.

The two English ships mounted six four-pounders, with fourteen men each; and the schooner, which was attached to the engineering department, mounted eight double-fortified four-pounders and twelve four-pound howitzers, and was manned with thirty-three hands. Capt. Barry had only twenty-eight men. The hostile force, however, was thrown into dismay by so sudden and daring an attack, and the two ships and schooner soon capitulated to the Americans. The sudden appearance of a fleet of the enemy's craft compelled Capt. Barry to burn the ships, but not until he had secured their valuable cargoes. To Gen. Washington he wrote that he was determined to hold on to the schooner at all hazards.

The cool and happy courage that inspired the small and heroic band is not alone sufficient to account for Barry's wonderful success, but it must be ascribed to a combination of daring bravery and consummate skill, by which the diminutive power under his command was directed with unerring rapidity and irresistible force. The trophies of his valor, productive of no personal benefit to himself, nor calculated for mere display, consisted of articles eminently serviceable to the American army, which was then in great want of them.

The following highly complimentary public testimonial of thanks was received by Capt. Barry from the commander-in-chief himself: —

HEADQUARTERS, March 12, 1778.

TO CAPT. JOHN BARRY:

Sir, — I have received your favor of the 9th inst., and congratulate you on the success which has crowned your gallantry and address in the late attack upon the enemy's ships. Although circumstances have prevented you from reaping the full benefits of your conquest, yet there is ample consolation in the degree of glory which you have acquired. You will be pleased to accept of my thanks for the good things which you were so polite as to send me, with my own wishes that a suitable recompense may always attend your bravery.

I am, sir, etc.,
GEO. WASHINGTON.

In September, 1778, Capt. Barry received the command of the Raleigh, of thirty-two guns, and on the 25th of that month he put to sea from Boston, having a brig and sloop under convoy. It was not long before his courage and skill were brought into active exercise. The wind being fresh at north-west, the Raleigh ran off at north-east. About noon two strange sails were discovered to leeward, about fifteen miles distant. The strangers giving chase, Capt. Barry ordered the convoy to haul nearer to the wind, and to crowd all sail. Afterwards the strange ships were discovered to belong to the enemy, being the Experiment, fifty, Capt. Wallace, and the Unicorn, rating twenty-two and mounting twenty-eight guns.

After dark, the Raleigh lost sight of them, the wind being light and variable. Having tacked toward the land, the Raleigh cleared for action, and kept the crew at quarters all night. In the morning, the weather being hazy, the enemy's ships were not in sight, and the Raleigh soon made the land ahead, quite near. At noon it became clear, and the enemy were discovered in the southern board and to windward, crowding sail in pursuit. Again the weather became hazy, the pursuers were no longer

visible, and the Raleigh hauled off to the eastward. At daylight Capt. Barry took in all sail, in order to conceal the position of his ship, which now drifted under bare poles. Nothing being visible at 6 A. M., the Raleigh crowded sail again and ran southeast by east, but at half past nine the enemy were again discovered astern in pursuit. The Raleigh now hauled close upon a wind, heading at west, with the larboard tacks aboard. The enemy came to wind, all three vessels carrying hard, with a staggering breeze. Barry's ship outsailed her pursuers, making eleven knots two fathoms on a dragged bow line.

The wind moderated at noon, when the Unicorn overhauled the Raleigh quite fast, even the Experiment also holding way with her. At 4 P. M. the Raleigh tacked to the westward, in order to discover the Unicorn's force, making in this movement several small islands whose names were unknown. To his great grief and mortification, Capt. Barry found that not one of his crew was acquainted with the coast, so that before he could reach a place of security, about 5 P. M., the Unicorn nearly closed. The Raleigh, however, edged away and crossed her fore foot, brailing her mizzen and taking in her stay sails. The Unicorn showed a battery of fourteen guns of a side, including both decks, and now displayed St. George's ensign. The two ships exchanged broadsides, as they crossed each other; the Unicorn came up under the quarter of the Raleigh, when a warm, steady, and general action ensued, which lasted seven hours. At the second fire, the Raleigh, having been obliged to crowd on all her sails in order to keep clear of the larger ship, the Experiment, unfortunately lost her foretopmast, mizzen top-gallantmast, jib and forestay, which rendered four of her guns useless, and greatly encumbered her with the wreck, giving the enemy great advantage in manœuvring throughout the engagement.

Finding the broadside of the Raleigh getting too hot, the enemy soon shot ahead, and for a short time, while the crew of the Raleigh were clearing the wreck, she engaged to windward and at a distance. Not long afterwards, however, the English vessel edged away and attempted to rake her antagonist, when Capt. Barry bore up, and bringing the ships along side each other, endeavored to board; but this move the Unicorn, favored by all her canvas and by her superior sailing in a light wind, readily prevented. By this time the other hostile ship had got so near as to render it certain she would very soon close, and finding it impossible to escape, Capt. Barry called a council of his officers. It was determined to make an effort to run the brig ashore, the land being within a few miles. The American vessel accordingly wore round and stood for the islands already mentioned, her antagonist sticking to her in a most gallant manner, and both ships all the time maintaining the action with spirit. About midnight, however, the enemy hauled off, leaving the Raleigh to pursue her course towards the land.

The engagement had now lasted seven hours, both vessels having suffered materially, particularly the Raleigh, in her spars, rigging, and sails. His ship being soon after concealed by the darkness, Capt. Barry had some hopes of getting off among the islands, and was in the act of bending on new sails for that purpose, when the enemy's vessels again came in sight, closing fast. The Raleigh immediately opened a heavy fire from the stern guns, and every human effort was made to force the ship towards the land. The enemy, however, easily closed again, and opened a heavy fire, which was returned by the Raleigh until she grounded, when the Experiment immediately hauled off to avoid a similar result.

Gaining a safe distance, both the enemy's vessels continued their fire from positions they had taken on the Raleigh's quarter. Capt. Barry, find-

ing that the island, which is called Wooden Ball, and lies about twenty miles from the mouth of the Penobscot, was rocky and might be defended, determined to land and burn the ship, the enemy having ceased firing and anchored at the distance of a mile. The greater portion of the men had got on shore, and a boat's crew went to take ashore the remainder, together with the midshipman who was left in the ship to set fire to the combustibles.

After waiting in vain till daylight, it was discovered that the midshipman had treacherously extinguished the lights, and surrended the ship to the enemy. The Unicorn was much cut up after the affair, and had ten men killed, besides many wounded Capt Barry saved eighty of his men, and had twenty-five killed and wounded. He gained great credit for his courage and perseverance on this occasion. Gen. Washington, in his account of the affair to Congress, writes that Capt. Barry made a "long and very gallant resistance." His conduct, however, was submitted to a court-martial, and his reputation only gained brighter lustre by the investigation. The command of another ship was given to him at the first opportunity.

For some time after his courageous defence of the Raleigh, Capt. Barry was actively engaged in the public service in several voyages to the West Indies. He received the title of commodore, being the first American officer upon whom it was conferred. In 1781, the frigate Alliance, a great favorite in the service, was placed under his command. In February of that year he sailed from Boston for France, having on board Col. Laurens, a brave and distinguished young officer, who was charged by Congress with an important embassy to the French Court. Com. Barry was so careful of his reputation that he felt great regret and hesitation about going to sea with so inferior a crew as then manned the Alliance. It is probable, however, they soon became efficient seamen under his strict and excellent discipline.

Having captured on the outward passage a small privateer called the Alert, the Alliance landed Col. Laurens at L'Oriente, and on the 30th of March sailed on a cruise, in company with the Marquis de la Fayette, forty, then bound for America with provisions. On the 2d of April they fell in with and captured, with little resistance, two Guernsey privateers, the Mars, a heavy vessel of twenty-six guns and one hundred and twelve men, and the Minerva, with an armament of ten guns and fifty-five men.

Having parted company with the Marquis de la Fayette, the Alliance continued her cruise until the 28th of May, when she descried two sails making directly for her. The strange vessels came up after dark, and hauled up on the same course with the Alliance, with the manifest view of postponing the engagement to the following day. A dead calm prevailed at the succeeding daylight, and when the mist disappeared the two vessels were seen not far off, with British colors flying. They proved to be the sloop-of-war Atalanta, Capt. Edwards, rating sixteen guns and carrying a crew of one hundred and thirty men, and her consort, the brig Trepassy, Capt. Smith, rating fourteen guns and carrying a crew of eighty men.

The sea was perfectly calm, which left the Alliance floating in the water like a log, without steerage way, while the enemy were enabled by means of sweeps to command their movements and select their own positions. The hostile ships could not get within hailing distance before noon, when Com. Barry ordered them to haul down the English colors. This was of course refused, and the battle commenced. For more than an hour the Alliance fought at great disadvantage, the enemy being on her quarters, where only a few of the aftermost guns could bear on them. This advantage, increased by the calm, at one time seemed to promise a certain vic-

tory to the enemy, for they had the fight principally to themselves. In this unfavorable position of things, Com. Barry received a grapeshot through the left shoulder, and after remaining on deck for some time, was obliged by loss of blood to be carried below. This misfortune greatly increased the disheartening position of the Americans, who were suffering under the close fire of two spirited and persevering antagonists.

At this crisis the ensign of the Alliance was shot away, in the interval of loading the guns, and at the same time her fire slackened, when the enemy, supposing she had struck her colors, and reckoning the day already theirs, permitted their crews to leave their guns and give three cheers for victory. At this gloomy juncture, one of his lieutenants went to Com. Barry to represent the great injury the ship had sustained and the difficulties with which she had to contend, and asked whether they should surrender. "No," replied the Commodore, "if the ship can't be fought without me, I will be carried on deck." This thrilling answer was at once reported to the crew, and inspired them with renewed ardor and perseverance. Concurrently with this, a light breeze struck the sails of the Alliance, and she came fairly under steerage way. A single broadside poured into the enemy changed the whole state of the combat, and the royalists had to return to their guns, discovering that the victory yet remained to be won. After a brave and noble resistance, which had lasted nearly all day, and before the dressing of the Commodore's wounds would permit him to reach the deck, the British vessels struck their flags. They were both badly injured, and sustained a joint loss of eleven men killed and thirty wounded. The Alliance also was much damaged in her rigging and hull, owing principally to the fire of the enemy across her quarter and stern; her loss was eleven killed and twenty-two wounded. Com. Barry made a cartel of the Trepassy, and sent her into an English port with the prisoners, but the Atalanta was retaken while about to enter Boston Harbor, by a squadron of the enemy cruising off that place.

In the ensuing fall, Com. Barry, in compliance with orders received, refitted the Alliance for the purpose of carrying the Marquis de la Fayette and Count Noailles to France on important public business. Having performed that duty, the Commodore sailed for Havana, and continued for some time cruising and rendering important service to the American cause on the West India station. The Alliance was kept constantly in active service, being a great favorite on account of her superior sailing qualities.

Amongst other services performed, the Alliance was sent to Havana for specie. In March, 1782, she sailed from the port of Havana, in company with the Luzerne, Capt. Green, loaded with a large amount of specie, and with supplies. Shortly after leaving port, the Alliance and Luzerne encountered a British squadron, which gave occasion for a brilliant trial of the Commodore's navil skill and prowess. The largest of the enemy's vessels was equal to the Luzerne in swiftness, whilst the English sloop surpassed her. The conquest promised to prove an easy one for the enemy. In order to facilitale their escape, the Luzerne was lightened by throwing her guns overboard, and the specie was transferred to the Alliance.

In the chase, according to a tradition in the service, the Alliance ran fifteen knots by the log, with the wind ahead. While thus endeavoring to save his precious freight from falling into the enemy's hands, Com. Barry discovered a sail on the Alliance's weather bow, which turned out to be a French two-decker of fifty guns. Exchanging signals with the French vessel, and supposing he would be supported by her, Com. Barry bore round and took his station on the weather quarter of the Luzerne. As the British sloop, the Sibyl, rating

twenty and mounting thirty guns, endeavored to close her, he bore down and engaged the Sibyl, before the other ship of the enemy could come to her relief. The French vessel, however, did not enter the engagement, but kept her wind, and the Alliance had to sustain the whole action.

The enemy's guns had been actively engaged from the commencement, but the guns of the Alliance were rendered more effectual, by having been reserved until she was within a very short distance of her adversary. The action lasted about three quarters of an hour, when the Sibyl retired and made signals of distress to her consort. The Alliance now stood for the French vessel, and having spoken her, it was determined to give chase to the enemy and endeavor to bring the two British vessels to action again. It was soon perceived, however, that the French ship was too heavy a sailer to attempt to overtake the enemy, and the pursuit was abandoned. The coolness and intrepidity, no less than the skill and fertility in expedient, which Com. Barry displayed on this occasion, are described in naval annals as truly wonderful. Every quality of the great naval commander was brought out with extraordinary brilliancy.

The loss of the Alliance was three killed and eleven wounded, while that of the Sibyl is said to have been thirty-seven killed and fifty wounded. When hailed by the British squadron and asked the usual questions as to the ship, the captain, etc., the hero gave this spirited and characteristic reply: "The United States ship Alliance, saucy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee: who are you?"

It is related in the "Annals of Philadelphia," by Watson, that "the widow of Com. Barry, remembering with what esteem her husband regarded this ship, had a tea-caddy made out of her wood, as a memento."

The difficulities which embarrassed the formation of a navy, during the Revolutionary War, were very great. It would occupy too much space in this brief sketch to detail them. The very nature of the war, which was almost entirely confined to land, in consequence of the invasion of the country by the British land forces, was unfavorable to naval preparation. The paramount necessity and duty, on the part of Congress, to provide the means of resistance to the British armies, left little time or means for maritime defence. Besides, the enemy were in possession of the rivers and ports, especially of the most important of all the American ports for naval operations, that of New York. So that only six of the thirteen vessels laid down in the arrangement of October, 1775, could ever get to sea. The remainder either fell into the hands of the enemy's land forces, or were destroyed by the Americans to prevent that result.

The absence of system and discipline, dissensions about rank, the dangerous and injudicious but perhaps necessary expedient of raising sailors from landsmen, and even from the prisoners taken in the war, were great drawbacks upon this branch of the public service. The Alliance was the only frigate-built vessel that went to sea, after the first or second year of the war, with a full crew. These irregularities would have sacrificed that favorite ship of the Revolution and her precious freight in the West Indies, but for the intrepidity and skill of Com. Barry. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the infant navy gained renown in a contest with the greatest maritime power in the world, and several naval heroes won immortality. The famous historian of the navy mentions Jones, Barry, Barny, Biddle, Manly, Nicholson, Wickes, Rathburne, Conyngham, and Hecker as "the naval names that have descended to us from this war with the greatest reputation."

After the termination of the Revolution, Com. Barry still remained in the service and at its head, and took an active part in all measures relating

to the navy. During the misunderstanding with the French government, which occasioned a partial naval war, he rendered eminent services in protecting the American flag and commerce from the depredations of the French privateers which infested the seas.

His experience and skill as a commander rendered his assistance and counsel of invaluable advantage to the country in laying the foundations of the present permanent navy. He succeeded in getting the government to adopt a superior model for ships, and it is considered that the new arrangements then introduced into the service have often since supplied the want of numerical strength. Under the administration of the elder Adams he superintended at Philadelphia the building of the fine frigate United States, forty-four, of which he retained the command until she was laid up in ordinary, under Jefferson's administration.

The law of March 27, 1794, provided for six frigates, and Com. Barry's name was placed at the head of the list of commanders. The United States was launched at Philadelphia on the tenth day of July, 1794, and was the first vessel that got afloat under the organization of 1794. Early in July the next year the ship was ready for sea, and Com. Barry proceeded to cruise in her to the eastward. He was remarkably fond of aiding young officers in their profession, a trait of character strongly indicative of true greatness of soul. He carried out with him, in his first cruise in the United States, many young gentlemen, who afterwards did honor to themselves, their preceptor, and their country. Among these we may mention such names as Ross, Murray, James Barron, and Charles Stewart, who were the lieutenants of the United States, and Decatur, Somers, Caldwell, Jones, and Crane, who were her midshipmen. His "boys," as they were called, were made of noble stuff, and their names are amongst the brightest ornaments on the pages of our naval history.

The government now resolved to send a stronger force to the West Indies. Com. Barry hoisted a broad pennant on board the United States, proceeded to the neighborhood of Cape Cod, and then sailed directly to the West Indies. In addition to the flag-ship, the squadron consisted of the Delaware, Capt. Decatur, and the Herald, Capt. Sever. In this cruise they captured the privateers Sans Pareil, sixteen, and Jaloux, fourteen, and sent them in in the fall of the year.

In the latter part of the year 1798, the West India force was divided into four squadrons, the principal of which was confided to Com. Barry. In addition to the United States, which was the flag-ship, the squadron consisted of the Constitution, Capt. Nicholson; George Washington, Capt. Fletcher; Merrimack, Capt. Brown; Portsmouth, Capt. McNeill; Herald, Master Com. Russell; Pickering, Lieut. Com. Preble; Eagle, Lieut. Com. Campbell; Scammel, Lieut. Com. Adams; and Diligence, Lieut Com. Brown. These vessels were kept constantly and actively cruising during the year 1799, passing from point to point, and making a general rendezvous at Prince Rupert's Bay.

Among numerous other captures made by the squadron, Com. Barry, with the United States, captured the French privateers L'Amour de la Patrie and Le Tartuffe. Towards the close of the year 1799, the French government had become persuaded, by the active and determined measures of the United States government, to consent to enter into negotiations, and assurances were given that new ministers would now be received with more respect than those previously sent, who had encountered only insult and neglect. On the 3d of November, Com. Barry sailed from Newport, R. I., with the United States, having on board the American envoys to the French government, whom he con-

veyed to their destination. He then returned to the West India station, where he cruised during the year 1800.

Com. Barry continued at the head of the navy till the day of his death. He was always ready for any duty, and rendered important services to the country, no less by his exertions when afloat — notwithstanding an asthmatic affection with which he was suffering for many years — than by his counsel when ashore, in shaping the naval policy of the government. No man could be more devoted to his adopted country than Com. Barry, as a long life of public services will testify; yet he never ceased to love the beautiful but oppressed isle of his birth, which he visited after the Peace of Paris. It is related that the people of his native parish of Tecumshane remembered his visit for years after with unabated gratitude. After a useful and brilliant career of glory, this good and brave man was carried off by his old complaint, the asthma. He died at Philadelphia on the 13th of September, 1803, and was buried in the cemetery of old St. Mary's Church.

Throughout his whole life Com. Barry was a good, sincere, practical Catholic. As he died without children, he left the Catholic orphan asylum of Philadelphia his chief legatee.

Many noble and generous qualities combined to render his heroic character one of singular symmetry and beauty. By all he was loved and honored; and to-day his memory is held in veneration from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Barry was above the ordinary stature. His person was graceful and commanding; and his whole deportment was marked by dignity, untinged with ostentation. He had a strongly marked conntenance, which expressed the qualities of his mind and the virtues of his heart.

His private life was as amiable as his public career was brilliant. In his domestic relations he was frank, open, and affectionate; and his kind courtesy to all made him a host of friends. Deeply impressed with religion, he exacted an observance of his holy duties and ceremonies on board of his ship, as well as in the retirement of private life. His lofty feelings of honor secured the confidence of the most illustrious men of the nation, and gave the famous commander an extensive influence in the various spheres in which his active life required him to move. He possessed in an eminent degree the regard and admiration of Washington. His public services were far from being limited to any customary rule of professional duty; and without regard to labor, danger, or expense, his devotion to his country kept him constantly engaged in disinterested acts of public utility.

"There are gallant hearts whose glory
Columbia loves to name,
Whose deeds shall live in story
And everlasting fame.
But never yet one braver,
Our starry banner bore,
Than saucy old Jack Barry,
The Irish Commodore."

AN AWFUL VISITATION OF ALMIGHTY GOD.

The Paris Univers quotes from La Colonne an awful instance of the sudden vindication of the outraged majesty of Almighty God upon ten unfortunate wretches. The journal in question states that on Good Friday thirteen Freethinkers of Boulogne assembled at a Masonic lodge for the atrocious purpose of enacting a parody of the Last Supper. Nine of these unfortunate men having, within a few days, been carried off by death, a tenth participator, who had enacted the part of our Divine Saviour, was, within a fortnight of the perpetration of the horrible sacrilege, seized with a frightful malady, and swept to his dark account in the course of twenty-four hours. The first victim was he who had enacted the part of Judas. On Holy Saturday (the following day) he was attacked by a disease producing almost instantaneous decomposition, and on Easter Sunday he was a mass of dead putrefaction.

MY LAST CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Christmas eve, 1879. The hour was late, being past nine o'clock, and I had just arrived home, laden with the inevitable, time-honored Christmas luxuries. A bright fire was flickering in the cosey grate, — and well it was, for a dense fog prevailed outside; and having wended a mile through the weary streets on my way home, I felt peevish, spite of the hallowed associations of the time.

I was always voracious in regard to books and newspapers, and on this occasion I had brought from Mr. Layton's Catholic Repository some choice *morceau*, including the Catholic Fireside, which I meant to devour *seriatim*. The Vigil of Christmas once again! For us Catholics it meant a fast, a prelude to a spiritual feast. It meant preparing for the company of the angels of the "gloria." And then we were to have midnight mass, two hours hence, at the new Church of St. Augustine's. I made up my mind to go. — Two miles off: Pshaw! said I, what if it were ten? Thus I ruminated.

A loud knocking broke my soliloquy. An agitated man presented himself at the door. His mother, an elderly Frenchwoman, was dying a few streets off, and he (not being much known among the Catholics) besought me to procure one of the good-hearted sisters to watch with her during the night.

Here was a dilemma. I endeavored instinctively to efface myself. I represented that the Convent of the Maternal Heart was two miles off, across a bleak and darksome forest; that the night being so densely foggy, I should be sure to miss my way; that I was unknown at the Convent of the Maternal Heart; that it was the festival time of Christmas, and the good sisters, like every one else, needed rest and a little enjoyment.

Nature made me eloquent and him persistent. It was no use, he would not be gainsaid. So I sallied out, first to verify his statement about the lady, and then to proceed for aid. I found all as he had said. The poor woman, in the silent house, a small lamp burning beside her, seemed to be dying. There were sounds of mirth and revelry from the adjacent houses as I sped from the forsaken little home, and the cemetery clock striking ten warned me to be nimble.

Oh, that weird, dreary journey! Often I lost my way in pervading mist, and stumbled on patches of ice, placed as if by some malignant demon to obstruct me

Eventually I found that I had quite strayed from the beaten wood, and was lost on the moor, or forest as it is so called, of Ison Green. It may possibly cause merriment to behold a supposed intelligent man out of humanity's reach, within a few yards of the ordinary safe thoroughfares, yet to me it was anything but amusing, and moreover, I was nearly perishing with the intense cold. I believe I made an attempt to pray, that ancient remedy for human ills. Visions of the old romance days floated before me; of the old Catholic days when there were no roads in England, and our pious ancestors trudged cheerily to the midnight mass, or on their errands of unstinted benevolence. I thought of the pilgrimage of the Holy Two on that first Christmas eve. Forgive me, reader, if poor human vanity made me compare and ally my adventure with their heaven-directed journey.

A Christmas hymn struck on the murky atmosphere. Ah! who can be the singers? I recognized the chant. It was the ever-bright and ever-sweet *Adeste Fidelis*. Surely, surely it breathed of the convent I was seeking. I would advance in the direction of the sound. I forgot to inform the reader that I had no idea from the first of the situation of the convent (at least to half a mile), and now I

knew not my own latitude or longitude.

By degrees I could distinctly hear the harmonium accompaniment, and in a few minutes a light from the convent windows struck on my view. Surely they were "singing to welcome the pilgrim of night." In suspense I rang the convent bell. To the nun who answered I explained my errand. She responded that, as a rule, the Mother Superior did not like the sisters to be from the convent at Christmas; and certainly, unless it was an extreme case, the night itself deprecated the idea. Being a stranger, I felt I could offer no proof but my word. Fortunately one of the novices, passing down the cloister, recognized me as one of the brothers of St. Vincent. The leave of the Superioress was gained, and the nun promised to follow in a few minutes.

. . . . . .

It is again the dimly lighted room, and the apparently dying woman. Sister Agatha, accompanied by a novice, has arrived. The wasted invalid gathers strength from gratitude. I had accomplished my task, and bidding them a Christian Christmas, I hastened home. Gradually and surely the aged Frenchwoman recovered. After many sorrows, and full of years, she still lives; and quite recently I met her on the Queen's highway, cheerful and full of vivacity. Would she have survived if the good sisters had not ministered to her? I know not; but I shall ever feel that but for that special ray of Providence she must have succumbed.

FAT AND LEAN PEOPLE.

It is a striking fact that most people want to weigh more than they do, and measure their health by their weight, as if a man were a pig, valuable in proportion to his heaviness. The racer is not fat; the plough horse has but a moderate amount of flesh. Heavy men are not those whom experienced contractors employ to build railroads and dig ditches. Thin men, the world over, are the men for work, for endurance: they are wiry and hardy. Thin people live the longest. The truth is, fat is disease, and as a proof, fat people are never well a day at a time, and are not suited for hard work. Still, there is a medium between being as fat as a butter-ball and as thin and juiceless as a rail. For mere looks, a moderate rotundity is most desirable; to have enough flesh to cover all angularities. To accomplish this in the shortest time, a man should work but little, sleep a great part of the time, allow nothing to worry him, keep always in a joyous, laughing mood, and live chiefly on alluminates, such as boiled cracked wheat and rye and oats and corn and barley, with sweet milk and buttermilk, and sweetmeats. Sugar is the best fattener known.

THE CUPIDITY OF MICE.

An old gentleman in Vienna, who was afraid of leaving his money in a bank, two years ago concealed his savings, in the shape of twenty 1000-florin notes, in a cupboard in his cellar. It occurred to him to go and see how his treasure was going on; but on doing this he discovered, to his horror, that the mice had been making free with it, and that only a small heap of fluffy dust remained of all his wealth. The grief caused by this discovery was so great that the poor old man threw himself out of his bedroom window, and broke his neck. Another story is told of a lady who hid her property, consisting of a number of United States greenbacks, in a satchel in her cupboard. She also, after a time, found that a mouse had devoured part of the notes, and had used the rest to line its nest; but in this case the meal had evidently disagreed with the enterprising mouse, for it was lying dead in its nest, the fact being that the arsenic which had been used to give the green color to the notes had caused its death.

THE SPIRIT OF POVERTY.

Cardinal Manning.

Those who labor for their bread are said to be the penitents of Adam, and earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Adam earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and labored all the days of his life for his subsistence; so the poor of this world labor and rebuke the world in the penance of Adam. The penance of Adam brings great graces, and produces in the heart of the poor the very humility, lowliness and tenderness of heart that is prized by God. It is the entire estrangement from the things of the world that produces in the poor that poverty of spirit which our Lord has said will have great benediction. The spirit of poverty is the spirit of penance, and the spirit of penance is to know what we are, not in the sight of the world, but in the sight of God. What are we in his sight? We are nothing; we are simply what he has made us. He alone can say, "I am who I am." He alone has a being of his own; we have no being of our own. We are only in this life and on this earth a little while, then we die and are buried in the grave. Yet we were made for a purpose. God made us to know, to love, and to serve him, as he made the stars to shine, and gave life also to the trees with their fruits. In baptism we were cleansed by the waters of the river of life, and the fruits of that baptism are charity, joy, peace, meekness, holiness, and humility. What are the fruits that are in the souls that are not born again? They are anger, vanity, pride, impurity, envy, sloth, contention, and drunkenness. All these are fruits in the sight of God; and as we are in one, so we are in another: for as trees are not of the same kind their fruits are not of the same kind. It would be with them as it was with the barren fig-tree: when no fruit came it was ordered to be cut down; so, when the Lord comes to us and finds no humility or charity, how justly the sentence may be pronounced, "Behold, for three years I have come seeking fruit to this tree and have found none: cut it down." Even with those that are best, how much self-esteem, how much belief in their own goodness, how much comparison with others is there? With others how grudgingly is a little given to poverty, how much desire there is to be rich; how much preference for the easy, happy, and bright lot, rather than for the humble lot which God has chosen for us! Our Lord himself, who could have been rich, chose to come down amongst men to be blasphemed, despised, and cast out for our sins; and how poor is the return we make for it! Therefore, the spirit of poverty is a spirit of penance, and if we know ourselves and humble ourselves, not only before God — for that is very easy — but before men — which is not so easy — but outwardly in proportion to our consciousness of what we are ourselves, we have the spirit of poverty. The spirit of poverty is also the spirit of perfection, because it is the most like to Jesus Christ, and they who follow it — whatever they may possess giving of it — are doing the service of the Divine Master. There are three fruits which come from this spirit of poverty, and three signs by which we may know them. What are these fruits? The first fruit is self-content, so that if anybody praises us it gives us pain; secondly, the spirit of poverty should not attach us to the things of this world. The things of this world attach themselves so closely and with such tenacity to the human heart that it is very difficult not to be attached to them; but they who love poverty are not attached to them. The man who loves poverty knows the world will pass away, but that heaven and the love of God will

never pass away. The pleasures of the world twine around the soul and draw the soul from God; therefore pleasures are dangerous to the man who loves God, and who has the spirit of poverty in his heart. The third proof of poverty of spirit is to be content with your lot in whatever position you are placed. The lot which you may have may be filled with trouble and disappointments and mortifications; but it has been given you as a penance, and you are to bear it for your sanctification. How are you to know that the spirit of poverty is in you? Great simplicity of manners, simplicity of dress, and your whole life will show it, and it will be easily seen where you have that poverty of spirit which will bring you a benediction and an eternal reward in heaven.

THOUGHTS ON OLD BACHELORS.

Some people pity old bachelors. *I* don't. If they do live alone and wretched, with nobody to darn their stockings or sew on their shirt-buttons, I should like to know who they 've got to blame but themselves. It 's no use telling me they can't get married. There 's chances enough if they 'll only look about them. How else would there be so many old maids? No lady ever voluntarily consigned herself to a life of single blessedness, — that 's my belief.

If an old bachelor should bewail his condition to me, I'd give him a piece of advice. I'd tell him to dress himself as well as he knew how, put on the shirt that had lost the fewest buttons, and make a visit to the first single lady that he happened to think of. If he did n't succeed there, why, go to another, and so on. He could n't fail to get somebody. Too bashful to pop the question? Well, there 's an old proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady"; nor homely one either, so far as that goes. Good gracious! to go round complaining about the wretched condition of single blessedness, when you don't make an effort to change it!

IRISH MEMBERS AND THE HOLY FATHER.

Indignant at the outrage to the remains of the late Pontiff, the following address has been drawn up and signed by the Catholic members of Parliament representing Ireland: —

"Most Holy Father, — We, the undersigned Irish Catholic members of Parliament, desire to give expression to the feelings of grief and indignation with which we have heard of the outrage and insult offered to the remains of your illustrious predecessor, Pope Pius IX., in the streets of Rome. This cowardly crime revolts the conscience of Christendom. It exposes to the world the worthlessness of the so-called 'guarantees,' and enables us, your children, to realize the perils that environ you as visible head of the Church.

"Most Holy Father, as representatives of an ancient Catholic nation, whose proudest boast is its historic fidelity to the Apostolic See, we tender to you our heartfelt homage and devotion, and give to you the pledge that in any measures for the protection of the personal safety and legitimate rights of your Holiness, which may be deemed necessary, faithful Catholic Ireland desires to be associated."

The address was sent to his Eminence Cardinal Manning, for presentation, accompanied by the following letter from the secretaries, Mr. A. M. Sullivan and Mr. A. H. Bellingham: —

"My Lord Cardinal, — We have the honor to forward to you, for presentation to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., an address from the Catholic representatives of Ireland, called forth by the recent outrages in Rome. Many of our colleagues are, as is usual at this time of the year, absent just now from London, and much time would be lost in endeavoring to reach them. We feel so keenly the desire to speak out at once in the name of Ireland on this subject, that we have decided to forward the address forthwith signed by those of our body who are in attendance in Parliament, asking your Eminence to confer on us the favor of forwarding it to Rome. We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity of renewing for ourselves and for our country the expression of that profound reverence and affectionate regard which it has so often been to us a pleasure and a duty to testify towards your Eminence, whose words of wise counsel and tender sympathy are always greatly esteemed by the Irish people."

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XXII.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

Born in 1794. — Scenery on the banks of the Suir. — His education. — Resolves to study law. — Love of literature. — His debate in the College Historical Society. — His appearance and manner. — His plays. — First marriage. — Death of Mrs. Shiel. — Contributes to the New Monthly Magazine. — Success on Circuits. — Appointed King's Counsel. — Second marriage. — Becomes M. P. — His political changes. — Death in 1852. — A *bon-mot*. — His power as an orator. — His Alien Speech first delivered in the Catholic Association in 1826. — Effect of Shiel's oratory upon me in 1844.

THIS very eminent Irishman was born near Waterford, in 1791. His father had amassed a considerable fortune as a merchant in Spain, and purchased a property in Ireland on the banks of the Suir. Of the scenery around his paternal home, along the river Suir, Shiel thus writes: "How ofter have I stood upon its banks when the bells of Waterford City, the smoke of which was turned into a cloud of gold by a Claude-Lorraine sunset, tolled the death of the departing day! How often have I fixed my gaze upon the glittering expanse of the full and overflowing waters, crowded with ships, whose white sails were filled with just wind enough to carry them on to the sea, by the slowness of their equable and majestic movements giving leave to the eye to contemplate at its leisure their tall and stately beauty, and to watch them long in their progress amidst the calm through which they made their gentle and forbearing way. The murmurs of the city were heard upon the right, and the lofty spire of the church rose up straight and arrowy into the sky. The sullen and dull roar of the ocean used to come over the opposite hills from the bay of Tramone. Immediately before me were the fine woods of Faithlegg, on the left Snowhill, and in the distance, where the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, meet in a deep and splendid confluence, the ruins of the old Abbey of Dunbrody threw the solemnity of religion and antiquity over the whole prospect." *

*"Schoolboy Recollections." New Monthly Magazine, August, 1829.

Richard Shiel's first preceptor was a Frenchman, the Abbé de Gremeau, and from the Abbé he acquired the rudiments of Latin and French. He then went to the *Pères de la foi*, who taught a school at Kensington, and thence to the Jesuits' College, at Stonyhurst. It is probably from these places of education that, in "Ireland and its Rulers since 1829," its usually accurate author states Shiel "was intended for the Church." Mr. Madden supposes "His British education had considerable influence on his life, and though an Irishman, in his oratorical style he is full of the social prejudices habitual to Englishmen."

Having left Stonyhurst, Shiel entered Trinity College, Dublin, and resolved to study law. He was much addicted to literature, and at an early age displayed marked preference for the drama. His knowledge of classics enabled him when in Trinity College to gain several prizes, and he was a distinguished member of the College Historical Society. His manner of speaking was little changed throughout his life, for the account given by an eye-witness to his *début* in the Historical Society would have suited any of his parliamentary addresses. John Wilson Croker said: "He jumped into the middle of the floor, knit his brows fiercely, clinched his hand, and stamping violently, squealed forth the most inflated rhetoric that had ever been heard, in the most discordant voice that could possibly be imagined." Several contemporaries have described Shiel's personal appearance, and it was so singular it was easy to do so. M. Duvergier d'Hauranne, in his "Letters sur les Election Anglaises, et sur la situation de l'Irlande," p. 157, thus portrays him: "Were I commissioned to take down the *signalement* of Mr. Shiel, this would be very nearly the result: height five feet four inches, eyes quick and piercing, complexion pale, chin pointed, hair dark, and in adding a mouth middle sized, I flatter myself I should have given a description not to be excelled in exactness at

the *Bureau des Passportes*. But this is the portrait of the *gentleman;* that of the orator is widely diverse. When you behold that little Gascon figure in repose, it is impossible to suspect to what changes passion is capable of converting it. There is in Shiel something of Juvenal, of Pindar, and of Mirabeau. His satire is shrewd and bitter, his poetry dazzling; his enthusiasm carries you away. When he flings forth his sarcasm a bitter smile contracts his lips; when he threatens, his eyes dart forth lightning; when he is under the influence of powerful inspiration they take an expression altogether sublime. His voice is meagre, harsh, and shrill, but a powerful emotion seems to regulate its vibrations. His gesture is quick, abrupt, and rather disorderly; but it is always in perfect accord with such sentiments as he has to express. Shiel possesses in an eminent degree the surprising faculty of exciting himself to the verge of delirium, without once losing his complete self-possession." It is amusing to compare this account of Shiel's *surprising faculty* thus given by the Frenchman with Madden's account of him in the House of Commons: —

"Hah! up he springs, like an Irish volunteer rushing to the breach. What a voice! what vehemence of gesticulation! what furious passion! "*Passion?* He never was in a better temper during all his life, for he is exultantly made up, and he is sure of producing an effect, most brilliant, though very transient in its nature. The artistic asperity of a rhetorical gladiator must not be confounded with the rancor of antipathy. He has now to act the part of a raging patriot: how inimitably he storms, harshly bawling out his facts with furious vehemence, and shrieking his philippic against the government with as impassioned spirit as if the fate of the world depended on his oration." *

This prearrangement may be true of his parliamentary and platform speeches, but it is impossible he could be thus prepared on Circuit, and when addressing juries in Dublin. He wrote a number of plays, which had considerable success, chiefly owing to the excellent acting of the celebrated Irish actress, Miss O'Neill. This lady was almost as famous as Mrs. Siddons, and when in the zenith of her histrionic fame retired from the stage to adorn a private station. This she did with as much grace and dignity as she displayed on the stage. She married Sir Henry Weston Beecher, Bart. By his plays, "Adelaide, or the Emigrants," "The Apostate," "Florinda," "Bellamina, or the Fall of Tunis," "Evadne," "Monton, or the Phantom," and "The Huguenot," Shiel made considerable sums of money. In 1816 he married Miss O'Halloran, niece of Sir William McMahon, then Master of the Rolls in Ireland. This lady had 2000*l.* fortune. Shiel soon became a distinguished member of the Catholic Association, and was reckoned the most influential speaker at its meetings — next to O'Connell. Sir William soon gave the young barrister intimation that no smiles of Rolls-Court favor would be extended to any agitator. The Master of the Rolls declared "a sense of public duty rendered it impossible for him to identify himself with a person holding such violent opinions."

Shiel's buoyant nature was not depressed by this declaration of his wife's uncle. He even made a joke about it. "The only thing which provokes me," he said, "is, that people imagine I never got anything from him. Now this is quite untrue. I once got an *invitation to breakfast*."

In 1822 Mrs. Shiel gave birth to a son, but at the cost of her life. In order to occupy his mind and assuage his grief for his departed wife, Shiel, in conjunction with a friend, the late Mr. Commissioner Curran, contributed "Sketches of the Irish Bar" to the New Monthly Magazine. He also had very good practice in his profession, especially on the Leinster

* "Ireland and its Rulers," Vol. III. p. 239.

Circuit. Writing from Clonmel to Mr. Curran, during the Assizes, he says: "You will be glad to learn that I have been employed in almost every case, either to state or to speak to evidence; and by two speeches, in very remarkable actions, I have, I think (though I may be deceived), greatly added to my reputation. King's Counsel were left out in some instances in order that I might have precedence. The people and his Majesty have, of late, begun to differ in the selection of their advocates."

But his Majesty soon selected him as one of his counsel. By the passing of the Emancipation Act of 1829, Catholics were eligible to put on the silk gown, and Shiel was called to the Irish Bar. We are told he was blamed for consenting to be a King's Counsel, while O'Connell was excluded, and the great Irishman's sarcastic, "Make way there for the King's Counsel," sounded very disagreeably in the ears of the rhetorical phenomenon.* In 1830 he married again. His second wife was Mrs. Anastasia Power, widow of Edward Power, Esq., of Gurtew, County Waterford. He was elected member of Parliament, and, according to the work already quoted, not a very reliable politician. He was a Whig in 1831, and a Radical in 1833. He was a Unionist in the summer of 1832, and a Repealer in the autumn of the same year. In 1834 he spoke and voted for the dissolution of the Union, and in 1843 he kept aloof from the party whose principles he formerly espoused.†

The fact is, Shiel was ambitious, and London is the field for ambition. Having abandoned his profession for a political career, he sought the best market for his splendid oratorical powers, and in return for the support he gave the Whigs, received from that party a number of places. He was at one time a Commissioner of Greenwich, at another Master of the Mint, and, finally, British Minister at Florence, where he died on May 25, 1852. His remains were brought to Ireland, and interred at Long Orchard, in the County of Tipperary. Shiel, though a very epigrammatic speaker, was not remarkable for witty sayings. One of the best I have heard was in reference to a gentleman connected with trade. During O'Connell's agitation several of the distilleries and breweries in Ireland vied with each other for popular favor, and either the proprietors themselves or persons in their employment attended public meetings, and made eloquent speeches in support of the people's rights. It was often, as the late General Barry observed, "*froth* at top and *beer* at the bottom." While a gentleman in the great distillery establishment of Sir John Power, of Dublin, was haranguing a Catholic meeting some one asked Shiel, "Who is this?" "Oh," replied Shiel, "he is a *patriot to a distillery*."

As a specimen of his epigrammatic style is this: "Such attention as I may receive I will reward with brevity." Assuredly, one of his most successful parliamentary speeches was that upon Irish Municipal Reform, when he referred to Lord Lyndhurst's unhappy description of the Irish, as "aliens in country, in language, in race, and religion." Shiel's personal appeal to Sir Henry Hardinge, "that gallant soldier who carries a brave heart in an intrepid breast," was admirable.

Now, it is worthy to note that the scope and tenor of this very effective speech of 1842 was delivered by Shiel above sixteen years before, when working with O'Connell for Emancipation.

On the 16th of January, 1826, a meeting of the Catholic Association was held at Burgh Quay, Dublin. The speeches delivered at these meetings were filled alternately with the most astonishing facts and the most heart-stirring eloquence. On the sec-

* "Ireland and its Rulers," Vol. II. p. 226.
† Ibid, Vol. II. p. 236.

ond day Shiel alluded to the Orangemen: "The men who, with exasperating exclusions, with vilifying disqualifications, with offensive songs, and with new insults, repay the victories that have been achieved by the feats of Irish valor and the waste of Irish blood. Oh! shame, shame, shame! (Loud cheers.) Again I say, shame upon the abominable system that will take the heart's blood of Ireland and requite it thus. What will a French soldier say? What will be said by the men who survived the field of Waterloo when they shall peruse (and they will peruse) what I am now speaking to you, and learn that those who forced their battalions to flight and broke the spell of Napoleon's invincibility are deemed unworthy of the rights of nations, are deemed unworthy of the rights of citizens? What will they say when they shall have been told that the arms which drove the bayonets through their ranks are laden with shackles; and that while laurels are heaped upon the brow of the captain of that great host, the soldiers who achieved the unparalleled victory are bound in chains? They will say, that it is better to be unfortunate than ungrateful, and that the field of Waterloo was as disgraceful to England as it was disastrous to France."

Any one comparing this passage from the life of O'Connell, written by Mr. O'Keeffe, will perceive at once that the famous peroration of Shiel's speech in the House of Commons is only an amplification of this speech on Burgh Quay in 1826. Of course, it was fairly allowable for Shiel to use the same topics, and the presence of Lord Lyndhurst, who, fortunately for Shiel, entered the House of Commons and took his seat in the Peers' Gallery while Shiel was speaking, gave additional force to his wonderful eloquence Lord Lyndhurst was himself sensible of this, but it was too late to retreat, so he had to remain to the end.

The brilliant peroration was received with such loud and continuous cheering, that fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before the applause ceased. I never can forget the effect Shiel's marvellous powers of oratory had upon myself. I was engaged in reporting the State Trials of 1844, and when Shiel spoke in defence of John O'Connell it was with extreme difficulty I could do anything with my pen; I longed so to listen. That I could observe anything discordant in the voice that spoke, anything outrageous in the gestures that added point to the words, was impossible. Voice, action, look, gesture, were all in harmony, and as the stream of eloquence poured forth, I felt, here, indeed, was the most brilliant speaker it ever was my good fortune to hear. Such was my estimate of Richard Lalor Shiel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROBERT HOLMES.

Position of Mr. Holmes in 1838. — Born in 1762. — Entered Trinity College in 1782. — Studies for the medical profession. — An Irish Abernethy. — From medicine to law. — How he studied law. — Called to the bar in 1795. — The leaders of the bar. — Mr. Holmes married Miss Emmet — General orders regarding the Lawyer Corps of Volunteers. — Mr. Holmes leaves the ranks. — Circuit Bar resolution. — Challenge to Mr. Joy. — Mr. Holmes arrested. — Pleads guilty, and sentenced. — Suspected of being engaged in the insurrection of Robert Emmet. — Plunket's speech on Emmet. — Government offers office. — Mr. Holmes quotes from a Law Report. — Great practice. — Why Mr. Holmes was tried. — Celebrated speeches. — Defence of John Mitchel. — Extracts — Effects of the speech on the auditory. — Remarks of Chief Justice Blackburne. — Mr. Holmes's pamphlets. — Reply to the address from the Northeast bar. — Resided in London to his death in 1852. — His descendants.

THE most distinguished member of the Irish bar, when I was called in 1838, was Robert Holmes. Though long past the threescore years and ten, he had all the vivacity of youth and the matured wisdom of age quite unimpaired. He had immense practice, and his legal ability was of the highest order. It was strange to hear this Nestor of the bar addressing the judges from the outer benches, and wearing the stuff gown of the outer bar, while so many, younger in years, and inferior both in capacity and in practice, were King's counsel; but a

glance at the story of his life will account for this.

Mr. Holmes was a native of the province of Ulster, born in Belfast in 1762. He was a hard-working student, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, when the Irish nation was bursting the shackles that cramped her energies and dwarfed her growth. Then, by the might and patriotism of the men of '82, she reached, at a bound, a vigorous maturity, and rose at once in the scale of European kingdoms.

It was doubtless the recollection of the stirring events of these bright and glorious but short-lived and evanescent gleams of freedom which rooted in the heart of Robert Holmes that sturdy spirit of patriotism and independence which was his characteristic throughout life. He had able competitors during his student days. The classic taste of the time brought forth the elegance of Bushe and the masterly genius of Plunket. Holmes was more in the style of the latter than the former. He preferred mathematics to poetry, and Aristotle to Plato. It appears he first devoted his studies to medicine, and, like the late Chief Baron Pigot, passed some years in attending surgical lectures and hospitals. It was well said, had he persevered he would have been an Irish Abernethy, for the same caustic humor, joined to unquestioned ability, which marked the clear head and rude manner of the celebrated Scotch doctor were to be found in Robert Holmes.

He changed, however, from medicine to law, and prepared for the bar. He was no idle apprentice. What he wanted to do he did; not in an indolent, listless careless manner, but with all his heart, and mind, and strength. He was not satisfied with skimming the surface of his subject, reading a few text-books, so as to acquire a hasty and hazy notion of the great field of English jurisprudence, but he went below the surface, and, like Aladdin in the subterranean garden, discovered the lamp of knowledge. This he rubbed until the genii came, and, as he was master of the spell, all he required was yielded. Well trained by study, provided by nature with that rare and best gift, common-sense (it ought rather to be called *uncommon*), he soon displayed untiring energy and unflagging industry. His thorough knowledge of his profession made him fully equal to encounter any of his contemporaries. He was not called to the bar until the year 1795, and a galaxy of talent was then upholding the high fame of the bar of Ireland. Some of these are already sketched, others follow: Plunket, Bushe, Saurin, Goold, Richard and Edward Pennefather, were about the same standing as Holmes, while of those who won fame, and were among the seniors, stood Curran, George Ponsonby, Ball, O'Grady, Joy, and Peter Burrowes.

Mr. Holmes married Miss Emmet, daughter of Dr. Emmet, an eminent physician of Dublin, and the young barrister was a member of the Lawyer Corps of Volunteers, of which Mr. Saurin was colonel. It appears that a general order had been issued that this corps was to be subject to military discipline, and divested of its civil character. Mr. Holmes had been a spectator, accidentally, of a soldier being flogged, and was disgusted at the brutality of this punishment. Aware that his corps might be ordered to be present at a similar scene, he resigned his arms and left the ranks. This roused the indignation of some members of his circuit (the Northeast Circuit), and Mr. (afterwards Chief Baron) Joy caused a resolution to be passed "that only those who were members of the Lawyer Corps were worthy of being members of the Northeast Bar." Mr. Holmes attended the next meeting of the bar, and the above resolution was read, Mr. Joy adding, "If any gentleman considered the resolution applied to him he ought to retire."

Mr. Holmes at once admitted it applied to him, but he denied that the

members of a circuit could take upon themselves such jurisdiction as to take cognizance of political feelings. He then retired, and sent a hostile message to Mr. Joy.

An interval of a day elapsed, and Mr. Joy, or his friends, considered it safer to have Mr. Holmes arrested for provoking Mr. Joy to fight a duel than to accept the challenge. Accordingly he was arrested.

A criminal information was applied for, and conditional order granted, against which J. P. Curran and Plunket showed cause; but the rule was made absolute, and, to save further trouble and trial, Mr. Holmes pleaded guilty. He was brought up for sentence in the King's Bench, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Kilwarden, presiding, who sentenced Mr. Holmes to six months' imprisonment, in the jail of Kilmainham. This period was subsequently reduced to three months.

Mr. Holmes was quite unaware of the treasonable designs of his brother-in-law, Robert Emmet. It appears Mr. Holmes was in London, and only returned to Dublin on the very day this attempt at rebellion burst forth. He was, however, suspected and committed to prison, and his house and papers searched, but, nothing treasonable having been discovered, he was released.

We know what followed, — how Robert Emmet was tried before Lord Norbury, and, though the prisoner called no witnesses, Plunket made a powerful speech for the prosecution. The Crown could do so as of right, but a right more honored in the breach than the observance.

The Attorney-General, O'Grady, stated he requested Plunket to make this speech, which, in my mind, wholly exonerates Plunket from any imputation of unduly pressing against the unhappy prisoner on trial. It would seem as if Mr. Holmes considered his brother-in-law was ill-treated by Plunket, for one of the reasons given to me why Mr. Holmes had not exchanged the stuff for the silk gown was that he would never receive a compliment through Plunket, and as chancellor he should never call Mr. Holmes within the bar.

The government of Ireland repeatedly tried to gain the support of Mr. Holmes, and offered him place and position in vain. While the Right Hon. Mr. Saurin was attorney-general, a crown prosecutorship was offered and declined; again, when the Marquis of Anglesea was viceroy, Mr. Holmes was pressed to become a king's counsel, with a promise of the office of solicitor-general on the next vacancy, but this also was respectfully refused. When Earl Grey was prime minister, overtures were once more made, and Mr. Holmes said: "Though no statesman had stronger claims upon his respect than Lord Grey, he had made up his mind not to take favors from any administration. He preferred his stuff gown to all the silk in Macclesfield."

Did he lose business by this course of conduct? Assuredly not! He had the largest practice of any member of the common-law bar for years, and no member of the Irish bar was listened to with more respect by the judges. He was not always very civil to them. He rarely failed to say what he thought, and sometimes went beyond the limits of that respect due to the bench.

I was told that, having in vain pressed a point in favor of his client upon the barons of the exchequer, who one and all were quite against him, he said he would be content if they allowed him to refer to a very recent judgment of the Court of Appeal in England, which he thought in point.

"No use at all, Mr. Holmes," said the Chief Baron O'Grady, who probably suspected what was coming.

"Only two lines, my lord," persisted Holmes.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, as you say it is in point let us hear it," remarked Baron Pennefather.

Holmes opened a recent number of House of Lords' cases, and read from

the judgment of an appeal case, reversing the decision of the Barons:

"The Court of Common Pleas in Ireland is seldom right — the Court of Exchequer never."

While bench and bar were quite taken aback by this instance of Holmes's sarcasm, Chief Baron O'Grady drawled out:

"Now, brother Pennefather, see what you've got for your politeness!"

Mr. Holmes's great ability was conspicuous in his law arguments, which form a mine of sterling ore for perusal in the Irish law reports. He also was in great repute on cases submitted for his opinion, and I have been assured his reputation was so high that many were sent from England to obtain his advice. He was a powerful and impressive advocate, and several of his speeches are noble specimens of forensic eloquence.

I wish I had a collection of his *bon-mots*. There was a dry, caustic humor about him very provocative of mirth, and some of his cross-examinations, especially of northern witnesses, were extremely comic. He made us laugh very much one day in the Queen's Bench. I was waiting for some case in which I was counsel, when the crier called "Pluck and Diggers," and in came James Scott, Q. C., very red and heated, and, throwing his bag on the table within the bar, he said:

"My lords, I beg to assure your lordships I feel so exhausted that I am quite unable to argue this case. I have been speaking for three hours in the Court of Exchequer, and I am quite tired; pray excuse me, my lords. I must get some refreshment."

The Chief Justice bowed and said, "Certainly, Mr. Scott," so that gentleman left the Court.

"Mr. Holmes, you are in this case," said the Chief Justice; "we'll be happy to hear from you."

"Really, my lord, I am very tired too," said Mr. Holmes.

"Surely," said the Chief Justice, "you have not been speaking for three hours in the Court of Exchequer! What has tired you?"

"Listening to Mr. Scott," was Holmes's sarcastic reply.

His speeches in Watson *v.* Dill, in the defence of the Nation, and his masterly oration on behalf of John Mitchel, were worthy of his renown. This last, as it affords a fine specimen of his fervid eloquence, deserves to be extracted.

John Mitchel, a solicitor from the North of Ireland, was a man of great political fame. He had early been distinguished as an ardent Nationalist, and when my dear and respected friend, Thomas Davis, died in 1845, John Mitchel took his place as a contributor to the Nation. This newspaper had been founded a few years previously. Mr. Mitchel subsequently published another journal, and the violence of its articles drew upon him a government prosecution. He was tried in 1848, before Chief Justice Blackburne and Judge Moore, in the court-house of Green Street, and the prosecution was conducted by a very numerous array of Crown counsel. For the defence appeared the veteren Robert Holmes. The prosecuting counsel having closed their case, Mr. Holmes made a speech, the effect of which may be judged from the following extracts: —

"A free state and its members are one; the rulers and the ruled have no contrasted interests; the public and the private energies are intimately connected. A sense of national glory, of high national character, a love of the common weal, the fruitful source of generous sentiments and noble deeds inspire and animate and dignify the individual, exalt the social above the selfish affections, develop the powers of the understanding, give birth and vigor to lofty thoughts, and if they sometimes arouse the ambitious and destructive, they more uniformly call forth and exercise the benevolent and useful passions of the human heart. But when this common invigorating principle is wanting,

when a people is subservient to the will, worked by the guile, ruled by the caprice, the prejudice, the passion and the interests of another state, the character and the conduct of that people will inevitably betray the vileness of its condition. National independence does not necessarily lead to national virtue and happiness; but reason and experience demonstrate that public spirit and general happiness are looked for in vain under the withering influence of a provincial subjection. In Ireland we have labor — hard labor — incessant labor; but we have not in Ireland industry; we have industrial resources, but we have not industry itself. Can you wonder? The industry of man arises not from the mere impulse of instinct; the industry of man arises from the impulse of his instinct and his reason, from his wants and his aspirations, from a sense of duty and a love of fame; the industry of man embraces the material and the intellectual world — is impelled by the sordid and animated by the generous affections — is connected with everything mean and everything noble in the human breast; with the miser and the slave it grovels on the earth — with philosopy and liberty it mounts to heaven. The gross portion of its nature may exist in any clime where the animal can breathe, but every celestial particle will perish where the mind is not conscious of freedom, where the heart is not confident in the protection and enjoyment of independent legislation, and equal rights and equal laws. The soil of Athens is still visited by the same sun which warmed the genius of Pericles and shone upon the works of Phidias; but then his beams no longer illumine a land of liberty, whose alchemic power purifies and transmutes whatever it touches into gold. The Republic of Athens is no more; but the genius and the spirit and the virtue which once covered that scanty and rugged soil with glory now only live in the records of her fame.

"In the history of provincial servitude no instance can be found so striking, so afflicting, and so humiliating as Ireland of the influence of moral causes in counteracting the physical aptitudes of nature, and producing weakness and want, and ignorance and wretchedness, where all the outlines of creation seemed formed for power and happiness. For many a long century a deep and blighting gloom had covered this fair and fertile land on which the benignant gifts of heaven seemed to have been poured forth in vain. A light once shone across that gloom. Bright and glorious was that light, but short and transient, serving but to show the darkness which had gone before, and the deeper darkness that followed after. Yes, a light overshone across that gloom; that light was extinguished by the foulest means that ever fraud or injustice practised; and now it seems that every attempt to rekindle that light is to be crushed as sedition, and the sentence of dependence and degradation pronounced against Ireland is to be confirmed and made perpetual. Against this sentence my client has raised his voice, and I, not on his behalf alone, but on behalf of the injured and insulted people, raise my voice; and I call upon you, gentlemen of the jury, by your verdict of acquittal to-day, to aid in averting that sentence. If the spirit of freedom dwells within you, if it warms your breasts and illumines your intellects, I call upon you, by your verdict of acquittal this day, to avert that sentence. I ask for your verdict of acquittal, not as a boon of mercy, not as the safety-vale of doubt, but as the clear, unequivocal, decisive expression of your regard for the rights of nature and the welfare and honor of your native land. By every generous sentiment which can actuate the noble, by every principle of right which can animate the just, I call upon you, by your verdict, to avert that sentence. I ask for your verdict of acquittal in the cause of country,—

that cause in which 'Wallace fought and Hampden bled' and our own Boroihme conquered; that cause ever dear to the bravest, the wisest, and the best, unfelt and abandoned only by the recreant and the vile. Did I now address the recreant and the vile, I should indeed despair; but, addressing, as I do, the high-minded and the just, I feel the buoyancy of hope and the confidence of right. I have done. I have appealed to your unprejudiced understandings; I have appealed to the honest, to the manly feelings of your hearts, and, unless the strength of the cause was lost in the weakness of the advocate, I have not appealed in vain."

I can hardly give a correct idea of the effect produced by this speech, which Mr. Holmes delivered with an earnestness and energy startling in their intensity. It was impossible to look upon this Nestor of Ireland without recalling many of the important events in Irish history which that "old man eloquent" had seen or shared. The light to which he so feelingly alluded was the noonday of Ireland's greatness in 1782; the darkness which followed after was the rebellion to which his brothers-in-law, the Emmets, fell victims, either by exile or death. The fraud and injustice to which he referred meant the means by which the Legislative Union was accomplished. Mr. Holmes, having taken his seat, felt quite exhausted by his efforts. But he was soon revived, for there arose a shout of applause such as bursts forth only on very rare occasions, and it was renewed again and again. Fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before anything like order was restored, and then the sonorous voice of Lord Chief Justice Blackburne spoke. Turning to the jury, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, we have a most important duty to discharge; and certainly the most important part of the solemn obligation you are under to assist in the administration of justice is to dismiss from your minds, as far as possible, the impression that must have been made on them by the signal and eloquent address from the traverser's counsel — an address that has never been surpassed in a court of justice."

This magnificent oration had not the desired effect. Jonathan Henn replied on the part of the Crown, and though, as we have seen in my sketch of this able lawyer, the jury were at first averse to hearing him — for the eloquence of Mr. Holmes made them almost agree to a verdict of acquittal — Mr. Henn's reasoning caused them to find Mitchel guilty, and he was exiled. He subsequently returned to Ireland, and was elected member for Tipperary. His death prevented the question being decided whether he could have taken his seat in the House of Commons, not having undergone his full sentence. Mr. Holmes had used his pen, as well as his voice, in behalf of his country.

In 1779 he wrote a satirical pamphlet on the subject of the projected union entitled "A Demonstration of the Necessity of a Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland." Another pamphlet, written by Mr. Holmes, was "An Address to the Yeomanry of Ireland, demonstrating the Necessity of their declaring their Opinions upon Political Subjects." And his third work, "The Case of Ireland Stated," has gone through six editions. The last issued from the press in 1847. When his great age prevented his continuing on circuit, the members of the northeast bar presented him with a most complimentary address, and signified their intention of having his bust placed in the bar mess room. To this address Mr. Holmes thus replied: —

"*Gentlemen*, — I have received your address, occasioned by my retiring from the circuit. Be assured that I appreciate most highly the value of this very kind expression of your esteem. I leave circuit at the warning of a faithful monitor, Time, but I leave it with the regret of parting with scenes of social inter-

course, which frequent repetition could not deprive me of — of still renewed interest and pleasure. Yes, my friends, on circuit we have passed together many happy hours of social intercourse, unalloyed by any bitterness of personal jealousy, or petty or sectarian division; an intercourse quite compatible with generous emulation, ardent competition, unshackled freedom of thought, and decided difference of opinion. To these hours of cheerfulness and concord, while memory can add to the present good by the recollection of past enjoyment, I must ever look back with satisfaction and pride. And to you, my friends, I warmly wish all the happiness which actual possession, the revivals of memory, and the anticipations of hope can supply. With respect to the distinction which you propose to confer upon me, by setting my bust in the place you mention, I am conscious that I merit such a distinction only by the anxious desire with which I have been influenced to uphold the true interest and honor of our common profession. But under this consciousness I may, perhaps, without presumption, say that I feel much gratified by this further testimony of your approbation and regard.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"ROBERT HOLMES."

Having thus gracefully retired from his circuit, Mr. Holmes shortly after left the bar, and went to reside in London, where his only child, a daughter, lived. She married George Lenox Conyngham, Esq., and her daughter became Viscountess Doneraile, and she has since resided in her husband's beautiful seat, Doneraile Court, county Cork.

Full of years — nearly ninety — and with his faculties wonderfully vigorous, Mr. Holmes died about the year 1852. He is said to have amassed by his practice over £100,000. He was remarkably handsome, his face full of expression; a clear gray eye, long, well-shaped nose, small mouth, with round ed chin, and an expression of cheerful good-humor lighting up his features. When I knew him his locks were like the snow; but I was told that in his youth they were black as a raven's. I have great pleasure in giving this sketch of the finest specimen of the old Irish bar with whom it was my pride and pleasure to have been associated while I was a practising barrister.

To be continued.

THE SISTER.

No household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to the family. A sister's love, a sister's influence — what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care — can anything be more tender? A sister's kindness — does the world show us anything purer? Who would live without a sister? A sister is a sort of guardian angel in the home circle. Her presence condemns vice; she is the quickener of good resolutions, the sunshine in the pathway of home. To every brother she is light and life. Her heart is the treasure-house of confidence. In her he finds a safe adviser, a charitable, forgiving, tender, though often severe, friend. In her he finds a ready companion. Her sympathy is as open as day and sweet as the fragrance of flowers. We pity the brother who has no sister, no sister's love. We feel sorry for the home which is not enlivened by a sister's presence. A sister's office is a noble and gentle one. It is hers to persuade to virtue, to win to wisdom's ways; gently to lead where duty calls; to guard the citadel of home with the sleepless vigilance of virtue; to gather graces and strew flowers around the home altar. To be a sister is to hold a sweet place in the heart of home. It is to minister in a holy office.

PRAISE no man too liberally before his face, nor censure him too lavishly behind his back; the one savors of flattery, the other of malice. Both are reprehensible.

A CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE MUSING.

Father Ryan.

. . . . . .

I 'm sitting alone in my silent room
This long December night,
Watching the fire-flame till the gloom
With many a picture bright.
Ah! how the fire can paint!
His magic skill how strange!
How every spark
On the canvas dark
Draws figures and forms so quaint!
And how the pictures change!
One moment how they smile!
And in less than a little while,
In the twinkling of an eye,
Like the gleam of a summer sky,
The beaming smiles all die.

From gay to grave, from grave to gay,
The faces change in the shadows gray;
And, just as I wonder who are they,
Over them all,
Like a funeral pall,
The folds of the shadows drop and fall,
And the charm is gone,
And every one
Of the pictures fade away.

Ah! the fire within my grate
Hath more than Raphael's power,
Is more than Raphael's peer, —
More than he in a year;
And the pictures hanging round me here
This holy Christmas eve
No artist's pencil create,
No painter's art conceive.
Ah! those cheerful faces
Wearing youthful graces
I gaze on them until I seem
Half awake and half in a dream.
There are brows without a mark,
Features without a shade;
There are eyes without a tear,
There are lips unused to sigh.
Ah, never mind! you soon shall die.
All those faces soon shall fade, —
Fade into the dreary dark,
Like their pictures hanging here.
Lo! those tearful faces,
Bearing Age's traces!
I gaze on them, and they on me,
Until I feel a sorrow steal
Through my heart so drearily;
There are faces furrowed deep;
There are eyes that used to weep;
There are brows beneath a cloud;
There are hearts that want to sleep.
Never mind! the shadows creep
From the death-land; and a shroud,
Tenderly as a mother's arm,
Soon shall shield the old from harm;
Soon shall wrap its robe of rest
Round each sorrow-haunted breast.
Ah! that face of Mother's,
Sister's too, and brother's,
And so many others,
Dear in every name;
And, wherever they are to-night, I know
They look the very same
As in their picture hanging here
This night, to memory dear,
And painted by the flames,
With tomb-stones in the background,
And shadow for their frames.

And thus, with my pictures only,
And the fancies they unweave,
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas eve.

. . . . . .

I 'm sitting alone in my fire-lit room;
But no, the fire is dying,
And the weary voice winds in the outer gloom
Are sad, and I hear them sighing.
The wind has a voice to pine
Plaintive, and pensive, and low.
Hath it a heart, like mine or thine?
Knoweth it weal or woe?
How it wails in a ghost-like strain,
Just against that window pane!
As if it were tired of its long, cold flight,
And wanted to rest with me to-night.
Cease, night winds, cease,
Why should you be sad?
This is a night of joy and peace,
And Heaven and Earth are glad!
But still the wind's voice grieves,
Perchance, o'er the fallen leaves
Which, in their summer bloom,
Danced to the music of bird and breeze,
But, torn from the arms of the parent trees,
Lie now in their wintry tomb, —
Mute types of man's own doom.
And thus with the night winds only.
And the fancies they unweave,
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas eve.

An Alleged Vacation. — "Hello! is that you?" — "Yes." — "Been away?" — "Yes." — "Been off on a vacation?" — "Yes." — "Feel better?" — "No." — "Gain any flesh?" — "No." — "Tent out?" — "No." — "Go fishing?" — "No." — "Did you sail or row?" — "No." — "Nice at the hotel?" — "No." — "Go in swimming?" — "No." — "What did you do?" — "Nothing." — "What did you go for?" — "I dunno."

"Friend Mallabay," said a Quaker to a clergyman of his town, "I am pleased that thee hast got a fine organ in thy church." "But," replied the clergyman, "I thought you were strongly opposed to using an organ in worship." "So I am," said friend Obadiah; "but if thee will worship by machinery, I like thee to have a first-rate instrument."

"MOYLAN'S DRAGOONS."

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG IN HONOR OF MOYLAN'S DRAGOONS, AFTER THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS, AT YORKTOWN, IN 1781.

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.

FURL up the banner of the brave,
And bear it gently home,
Through stormy scenes no more to wave,
For now the calm has come.
Through showering grape and drifting death,
It floated ever true;
And by the signs upon our path,
Men knew what troop went through.

Our flag first flew o'er Boston free,
When Graves's fleet groped out;
On Stony Point reconquered, we
Unfurled it with a shout;
At Trenton, Monmouth, Germantown,
Our sabres were not slack;
Like lightning next to Charlestown
We scourged the British back.

And here at Yorktown now they yield,
And our career is o'er;
No more thou 'lt flutter o'er the field,
Flag of the brave! — no more.
The Redcoats yield up to "the Line,"
Both sides have changed their tunes.
To peace the Congress doth incline,
And so do we Dragoons.

Furl up the banner of the brave,
And bear it gently home;
No more o'er Moylan's march to wave,
Lodge it in Moylan's home.
There Butler, Hand, and Wayne, perchance,
May tell of battles brave,
And the old flag on its splintered lance
Above their heads shall wave.

Hurrah, then, for the Schuylkill side,
Its pleasant, woody dells!
Old Ulster* well may warm with pride
When each his story tells.
Comrades, farewell; may Heaven bestow
On you its richest boons!
So let us drink, before we go,
To Moylan's brave Dragoons!

Stephen Moylan was born in Cork, and was brother of the Catholic Bishop of Cork. There were five brothers. One was dedicated to God and Ireland, the other four to America and freedom. It will be observed that many Irish families furnished five or six officers to our Revolutionary Army and freedom. He was the first and last president of the Philadelphia Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, of whose members a majority were Protestants. He was among the first to hasten to the camp of Washington at Cambridge. He was Washington's aid and commissary-general. Moylan's dragoons were a never-failing reliance of Washington. Washington had Morgan and Hand to lead his rifles, Knox at the head of his artillery, and Moylan commanding the cavalry, — all Irishmen. The dullest donkey who brays over American history, when he reads that Washington recommended or appointed Montgomery to the chief command of the Northern Army, John Dunlap to his life-guard, Edward Hand to be his adjutant-general, Andrew Lewis to be a major-general, Stephen Moylan to be his aid and commissary-general, John Fitzgerald to be his favorite aid, Ephraim Blaine to be his quartermaster, John Barry to the head of the navy, and William Irvine, Richard Butler, Daniel Morgan, Walter Stewart, and William Thompson generals, — all native-born Irishmen, and many of them Catholics, — cannot help considering at what time Washington issued his order to "put none but Americans on guard to-night," unless, indeed, it be conceded, what is strictly true, that the best Americans in Washington's army were natives of Ireland. In that light it would read, "Put none but Irishmen on guard to-night," and that we don't claim; but he never made such an order. — *W. E. Robinson.*

* Ulster County, Pa.

SAY "I am weak in comparison with you," and not "to you."

SAY "it rains very fast," and not "very hard."

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

N. O. Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

"GLORY be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!"

This sublime truth, enunciated by the lips of angels, and verified by the hearts of men, is again proclaimed to us at this Christmas season by our Infallible Mother, the Holy Catholic Church.

And here let us direct the reader's attention to the difference of meaning between these words as interpreted by the Teacher of Truth, and those recorded by Protestants or the world at large.

The one proclaims "peace to men of good-will"; the other asserts "peace and good-will to all men." Now, since there was but one message sent to earth, it is only proper we should discover which is the true one.

When the angels sang on that first Christmas night, their tidings of great joy, did they think peace would be given to Herod, whose heart was to be distracted with hatred and ill-will toward a helpless child?

Did they announce their heavenly peace as due to Pilate, whose coward soul would one day deliver up the Just One to his enemies?

In our time, as on that blessed night, peace belongs only to the humble and the pure; to those whose hearts are full of charity toward their fellow-men, of love and gratitude toward their Heavenly Father.

If peace were the inheritance of all men, there would be no virtue here on earth; for conscience, "which doth make cowards of us all," would cease to prevent our evil deeds, or reproach us for our past misconduct.

The rich might then indeed despise the poor; for the divine injunction, "The poor ye have always with you," would leave no sting within their selfish hearts.

The murderer might then enjoy a calm repose, for "peace" would lull his fears and soothe his anxious soul.

Peace to all men! No, indeed. The world does not grant this boon to her most devoted clients: how dares she then proclaim it as the universal gift to human kind?

It is not given to the miser, although the gold he counts exceed his wildest expectations. It is not given to the ambitious man, although the victor's wreath be placed upon his brow. It is not given to the votary of pleasure, although he quaff the goblet's last rich drop.

No: peace belongs alone to virtuous souls; to hearts of good-will; to those who, in all their wanderings, cling to God and strive to do his will.

The world, which cannot give this precious boon even to those who toil most diligently in her service, may continue to proclaim that it belongs to *all* who have heard the message of the angels; but the heart which learns this false interpretation will soon accuse it of deliberate falsehood, for a short experience proves the incorrectness of the assertion: while the Catholic, who has heard at his mother's knee the conditions on which peace depends, will realize the truth in every action of his life.

Glory to God in the highest! This is the epitome of all the gospels, the rule of conduct for every soul on earth.

If, in all we think or say or do, God's glory were our only object, how soon perfection would be reached! and it is the application of this sublime principle to his daily life which makes a man a saint.

How the angelic greeting startles us with its significance to the wonderful mystery it announced! The Saviour's birth, in all its humility and weakness, gave infinite "glory to God" and conferred unending "peace on earth."

And since that blessed Christmas night, how many souls have been led,

like the shepherds of old, to a knowledge of the truth, and in spite of opposition, persecution, and sorrow, have found that promised "*peace* which surpasseth all understanding"!

Now, this is our Christmas greeting to all our friends and patrons: God's peace to every heart that seeks to do his will; God's peace to every soul that struggles from darkness into light; God's peace to all who acknowledge, in the Babe of Bethlehem, the Saviour of the world.

Peace to the poor, the sorrowing, the afflicted; peace to the oppressed, the destitute, the abandoned; peace to hearts estranged, and peace to lives that are sorrow-shaded!

Peace to the land we love; peace to the cause we cherish; peace to the faith we prize!

Peace to our Holy Father, and peace to all our people: may it attend their footsteps, sit beside their hearth, and stand beside their door, foreshadowing that eternal peace proclaimed by angel voices as they sang their midnight hymn eighteen centuries ago!

A TERRIFIC DOG.

"You must stay away from my house," said Susie's papa to John Henry Augustus, whose attentions to Susie displeased him. "I am going to borrow a bull-dog," he continued, "and put him in my yard. I'll bet you'll stay from here then!" John Henry Augustus meandered slowly away in a homeward direction. Arrived there, he penned a letter to Susie, telling her what had occurred, and despatched it to her by the house boy. That individual soon replied, "Will you let such a trifle separate two loving hearts? Just come round by the back way." John Henry Augustus pranced wildly round the room, exclaiming, "What do I care for his bull-dog — for fifty — ay, for a thousand bull-dogs? I'll see her this night if I have to wade through bull-dogs, climb over bull-dogs, — yea, if I have to ride on a bull-dog to get there!" But when John Henry Augustus went round that night, mounted the back fence, peered through the gloom, and saw the cow standing under the porch, he slid hastily back to *terra firma* on the street side of the fence, and walked away, exclaiming, "Gee whilikins, what a bull-dog! Why, he's as big as our cow!" And Susie sits and wonders why her lover comes not.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

London Universe.

The Czar is trying hard to come to a settlement with the Holy See in regard to the Catholics of Poland, and that for reasons best known to himself; for the Catholics are the most loyal and least murderous of his subjects, or, to speak more correctly, the large guild of assassins is not recruited among the Catholics of Russia. Yet it is remarkable how very differently they are treated from members of other churches. Thus, one of our German Catholic contemporaries states that "Catholic priests from Prussia are not allowed to cross the frontier without having a passport *visé* by the Russian ambassador at Berlin, and when they have crossed they are dogged about at every step by policemen. Protestant clergymen, on the contrary, need nothing but a certificate from a local magistrate to officiate in Poland as much as ever they like, to teach and preach, and to christen and bury people to their hearts content." So far as that goes, the Catholics of Poland would have no objection to any law, however severe, so long as such laws are observed; but the worst of it is that the moment the Russians bear any grudge to any of the Catholic clergy, they will pack them off to Siberia without the merest semblance of a trial. The very first demand of the Holy See will certainly be that there shall be an end to such absolute lawlessness."

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Where desperation leads all thoughts are vain,
Reason would lose what rashness might obtain.
Edward Moore.

A FEW days later Edward, who, according to his custom, had gone out early in the morning in quest of news of the expected French reinforcements, came riding back in haste to the hall.

"All is lost, Agnes!" he exclaimed as the latter came to meet him on the steps. "Intelligence has just been brought me that the ship commanded by the brave Wolfe Tone, which was following us with supplies, was set upon outside Kildare Bay by seven English frigates, and, after a most desperate and bloody engagement, her crew was forced to surrender as prisoners of war. Tone, who was recognized amongst the French officers, and discovered by his former friend, Sir George Hill, has been seized as a rebel — he never formally renounced his allegiance to the British crown — and is now being conveyed to Dublin in chains. On hearing of this disastrous calamity Humbert, who, with his nine hundred men, had forced his way into the very heart of the country, surrendered his small band to Lord Cornwallis's army of 30,000. Of the 1000 French, who landed, my division alone remains in the field. The enemy are doubtless at this moment surrounding us. If I be taken prisoner, and identified, I shall probably share the fate of Tone. But come the worst, I can at least boast that I have struck a blow in my country's cause, and seen her enemies flying before my victorious troops. The safety of Gen. Harcourt is at this moment my chief concern. After all his brilliant exploits, his zeal and chivalrous devotedness in the cause, if I could I would at any cost save him from a felon's doom. There is one hope for us yet. Napper Tandy, it is said, is still with his ship outside Galway Harbor; could we but cut our way to the coast, we might then be able to embark. Once more in France, my old calling awaits me, Agnes. It may be long, Agnes, before I see you or Ireland again."

"Reach but France in safety, Edward," said Sir Charles Northcoate, who had come to the door while MacMahon was speaking, "and I promise your betrothed will soon follow you. Midst many dangers and difficulties you have sought her in Ireland; she will show that she too can brave a little, and find a means of reaching you in France."

Agnes blushed and smiled, but at the same time she trembled and turned pale. The thoughts of the terrible odds against the French ever regaining the shores of France, and the consequent dangers that threatened Edward in particular, were such as well might banish all others at the time. At this moment Robert Harcourt came up. "You have doubtless heard what has occurred, general," said MacMahon. "We must at once to horse, and be prepared to face for the sea in half an hour."

"In less if possible, colonel," answered Harcourt. "The enemy is fast encircling us. In a very short time they will have closed us in."

"Then let us at once mount and advance; we can break through before their columns become too dense."

"You and your company can, I am sure; do so, colonel, but as for me and mine, it is as well we remain here."

"What!" exclaimed MacMahon in surprise, "you will surely accompany us on board our ship to France."

"No," answered Harcourt firmly, "I quit not Irish soil. I am not base enough to abandon the brave men, who, through good and evil fortune, have followed me so far. If I am to meet a rebel's death I am prepared for it; it is only what the Sheares, Byrne, McCann, and many others more worthy than I have already suffered. Let me be remembered with these by posterity as an humbler marytr in the cause of liberty."

"You *must* be saved, come what will, my brave fellow-conntryman," cried MacMahon with energy. "What do your followers number?"

"At present hardly a hundred," answered Harcourt.

"There will be room for them all on board; get them mounted, and we shall all together take the field. I guarantee a hearty welcome for you and your men at the camp at Paris," answered MacMahon.

Harcourt's face brightened. "In that case I am with you," he said. "Give me five minutes to take leave of my friend whom I may never see more. I have brought news he will be glad to hear: George Fitzgerald has escaped to France."

Edward accompanied Harcourt to the baronet's room, to whom he, with many expressions of gratitude and friendship, bade adieu; he then returned to the hall, and took a brief but affectionate farewell of Sir Charles and Agnes. "Remember, love," he whispered to the latter, "when we meet it will be under different circumstances. Be of good courage; put your trust in God." He pressed the hand of Mr. De Vere, whom he met at the door, leaped into his saddle, and in an instant was gone.

Harcourt lingered awhile with Damer alone.

"Robert," said the latter, "remember my last parting word. I may never see George Fitzgerald again; when you meet him, tell him that one of the dearest wishes of my life will be realized when you are married to his sister. I know the worth of both of you. Your color changes; it is as I have long guessed. God will bless you. May you ever be happy!"

"But," said Harcourt, with hesitation, "does not Cecilia Fitzgerald love *you?*"

"No, no! she could not! she could not! God forbid that in such a blighted breast as mine she should look for a return of her young and warm love. Before you go, Robert, one word more. There is one terrible thought that ever harasses and torments me. The wound which prostrated me I received whilst fighting against liberty. I shall never wear that which is the highest decoration of a soldier, — a scar that tells of an honorable war."

"Banish all such unjust self-reproaches from your mind, my dear Sir Henry. You have nothing to accuse yourself of; you were entrapped by the bloodhounds of the castle. Farewell! farewell! God bless you. I must now ride for life."

In a very short time MacMahon and Harcourt were at the head of their respective companies, and ready for the route. Directing their course toward Galway, they had not proceeded far when they beheld several regiments of the British troops approaching them.

"Here come some of the Castlebar runaways," said Harcourt. "We'll beat them with ease — twenty to one."

"Let us charge at once!" cried MacMahon, and in another instant French and Irish were dashing full speed toward the enemy. The latter, however, as soon as they perceived their foes advancing, at once took to flight, leaving the bloodless field strewn with spoils, which the victors had not the leisure to stay and collect. Later in the day, as MacMahon and Harcourt were passing through a wood, they observed something heavy dangling from a tree in front of them, and as they drew near to it they discovered it was the body of a man. At first they thought it was some victim to martial law, but, on closer inspection they recognized the uniform of a captain of militia. On the breast of the corpse was a paper on which was inscribed in large characters, "Taken in the act of hanging a priest, and hung with his own rope. Let all like him beware; vengeance may come upon them when they least expect it."

They felt the body; it was cold, and had long been beyond the reach of human aid. As Harcourt gazed upon the face, with a thrill of horror

he shrank back, for, despite its swollen and frightfully distorted features, its fixed glaring eyeballs, and its far-protruding tongue, he was able to recognize in it the features of Winn, the college yeoman, the man who had for so long sought his own life, and whom he had rescued from death. "Poor fellow," he said, as he contemplated his dead foe, "did it rest with me I would gladly cut you down, but it may be right that you continue as you are; you may serve as a wholesome warning to others. May they profit by your fate. Farewell!"

After a few days' rapid journeying, in the course of which they often came in sight of, but never in contact with, their Saxon foes, the two leaders, with their respective bands, reached the Galway coast, where they easily procured hookers to convey them out to sea. Harcourt stood upon the beach, and in silence watched his men as they embarked. When the last had left the shore, ere he himself followed, and while he yet stood on Irish soil, taking one last farewell look around, and then unsheathing his sword he said, "Be it known to all, that I henceforth renounce all allegiance to England's king, and to her bloody laws. I now depart from my native land, and on this sword I vow, unless I return as a conqueror, never to set foot on her sod again."

He sprang into one of the boats. The sails of all were quickly raised, and in a short time the little fleet was cleaving the breakers of the bay. After a short cruise, they came upon the schooner of Napper Tandy, which, after receiving them on board, steered her course for France, and without encountering a single war-ship of the enemy, reached the port of Havre in safety.

So terminated the French invason of Ireland; a force of one thousand and sixty men had effected a landing, encountered and routed an enemy that numbered at least six thousand, and captured all their artillery and material of war, and, having penetrated into the very centre of the country, finally — all succor and supplies being cut off — surrendered to an army of over 20,000. When so much was achieved by a body so inconsiderable, can any one doubt that, had 10,000 French troops been despatched to Ireland at the time the Directory were promising Lord Edward Fitzgerald 150,000, and when the people were all in their strength, and prepared to flock in hundreds of thousands to the national standards, ere one month had passed British rule in the country would have been at an end?

After the failure of the French expedition, all the horrors that had attended the suppression of the first rebellion were again renewed; massacres, hangings, and burning were for a time revived by the victors. At last Lord Cornwallis proclaimed a general armistice, on conditions to which the people, dispirited, crushed, and powerless, gladly submitted. To the great storm that had swept over the land, there now succeeded a profound calm. The country, bereft alike of strength, energy, and hope, sank into a state of lethargic insensibility and indifference, out of which, in many years after, she was awakened again to life and action by the great genius of O'Connell.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Time and tide had thus their sway,
Yielding, like an April day,
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow. *Scott.*

Some five weeks after Edward's departure, Agnes received a letter from him informing her of his and Harcourt's safe arrival at Paris, and that the latter and all his followers were already enrolled as soldiers of France. In continuation, Edward told her that he had himself resolved on abandoning for a while military service, and on retiring with Autrechamp into Brittany, from which retreat he could observe the course of events, and be prepared when the cause of his country demanded again to resume arms. He concluded by expressing his earnest

desire that she should join him there as soon as possible, and promised her in the new country a home at least of security and peace.

Sir Charles Northcoate smiled as he read the letter. "I am afraid, Agnes," he said, "that Edward's wish cannot be so soon realized. You are aware how necessary it is that I should at once assert my title to the Northcoate estates. In a very short time the statute of limitations would come to operate, and then my right would be barred forever. For myself, that would not affect me very much, but your interests, my child, and your future husband's, I am bound to maintain. That which is your rightful inheritance must be restored to you. Did I now proceed with you to France, our enemies, who have friends amongst those in power, would probably seek to have me attainted as a traitor, and then cause a confiscation of the property."

"But I," said Damer, who had overheard the conversation, "am prepared, Sir Charles, to take your place. In the absence of her father, to whom is Agnes to look for protection, if not to her brother. My sister, will you not intrust yourself to my care? I will continue your guardian until one with a better right to the title can take my place."

The eyes of Agnes filled with tears. She well knew what a heart pang his last words cost Henry. Overpowered by such a proof of unselfish affection, she approached him, and, placing her hands upon his shoulder, bent her face upon them as she whispered, "Yes, my dearest brother, I consign myself to your charge. Let us together start for France."

At this moment Mr. De Vere came in. "And I, too, will accompany you," he said, when he learned what had been arranged. "I long for some such trip to escape the recollection of recent events."

Sir Charles Northcoate in vain endeavored to dissuade both gentlemen from undertaking a journey in every respect so perilous at the time. They over-ruled all his objections, and Sir Henry explained to him at length the route through the neutral states of Holland and Hamburg, by which he proposed to reach France, and assured him of its perfect safety. "I require change of climate after my long illness," he said in conclusion. "Agnes will still be my nurse. I fear no dangers from enemies at home or abroad, and I promise you will see me back again before the new Parliament opens."

Sir Charles offered no further opposition.

CHAPTER XL.

Some few weeks later the stillness, which usually reigned over the retired village of —— in Brittany, was disturbed by a scene of festivity and gladness. From early morning the peasants, attired in their Sunday garments, were to be seen hurrying towards the little church, which, from the green hillside where it stood almost surrounded by a wood, was sending from its chime of bells merry peals, whilst children dressed in white were strewing its aisle and porch with garlands of fresh-gathered flowers. At the appointed hour a bridal procession arrived. First in its ranks came a young girl with blue eyes, and long, fair hair, leaning on the arm of one who might, perhaps, be her brother, whose cheek was pale, but whose step was firm and graceful. After her was another girl, also dressed as a bride, of a different style of beauty, but almost her equal in loveliness, with raven hair and dark-brown eyes, leaning on a man of martial bearing; then followed the usual attendants on such occasions. Having reached the altar, the bridegrooms were found at their places, the marriage ceremony was quickly performed, and in a few moments the nuptial blessing had been invoked on the bridal of Edward and Agnes, and of Louis and Madeleine. Amongst those who looked on, there was one who thought

with a sigh of his own young wife, from whom he was now far away, and another who called to mind the words which had been addressed to him on the morning of his leaving Damer Hall. The first was George Fitzgerald, the second Robert Harcourt.

On the wedding feast being over, Mr. De Vere and Damer rose to set out at once on their homeward journey. Agnes, as she took leave of the latter, pressed her lips to his cold cheek, and whispered, —

"Dear Henry, you have nobly earned a sister's undying gratitude and love. Remember her wherever your future life may cast you, as she will remember you in her prayers till the hour of her death."

"Receive an old man's blessing and good wishes, my children," said Mr. De Vere. "May every joy in this world be yours, and may you find eternal happiness in the next!"

Our story draws to a close, and we shall briefly notice the subsequent fortunes of some of those who prominently figured in its pages ere we bid them adieu forever.

Sir Henry Damer returned with his friend, the clergyman, to Ireland, and, throughout 1799 and 1800, years most memorable in the annals of Irish eloquence, took part in the parliamentary war, which, under the leadership of Grattan, the immortal band of Irish patriots, waged heroically, but unsuccessfully, against ministerial treachery and corruption, in defence of the last liberties of their country. After the Union, in the English House of Commons, he unflinchingly stood by Grattan in his long, weary, and seemingly hopeless struggle for Catholic Emancipation, and after the death of the latter, together with the sons of that illustrious man, Plunket, and others, continued the fight, and was one of those who mainly contributed towards removing the obstacles in the way of the mighty victory which O'Connell ultimately achieved. Thus, after years of hard and unceasing exertions, he had the happiness of seeing accomplished by means peaceful, constitutional, and bloodless, what the young and fiery enthusiasm of Harcourt and Fitzgerald failed to effect by the sword. He frequently visited Edward and Agnes, at their Breton Château; was a constant correspondent of the latter, and used often to say that he derived a purer and holier pleasure from the sisterly affection which she ever entertained for him, than he could from the most exalted and devoted love of any other that he had known on earth. It is needless to say he never married. After a long, brilliant, and useful public career, he retired from the world into a French monastery, the same in which Fr. O'Connor and Mr. De Vere had some years before closed their lives.

Sir Chares Northcoate, without very great trouble, gained possession of the family estate. On the young lady who had for so long usurped his rights he made a settlement, moderate, but sufficiently liberal to maintain her in comfort and respectability. On her first hearing of a claimant having turned up to the Northcoate property, she was seized by a fainting fit, which returned at irregular intervals during the progress of the litigation; in the course of time, however, she became reconciled to her altered fortunes. She married an enterprising engineer, with whom she emigrated to Australia, and was never heard of after. As Sir Charles was, on account of his religion, long debarred from parliamentary life, he lived for the most part in retirement. Part of the year he spent amongst his tenants, the remainder with his daughter and her husband. After the Emancipation Act he, for a short time, represented his native county, but early retired from public duties. The last years of his life he spent in France.

Edward MacMahon, who, with Autrechamp had retired from the army, on his return from the second Irish expedition, shortly after his marriage, settled down upon the broad domains, which the ample dower of his bride

enabled him to purchase, and on these, with Agnes, he passed a life of tranquillity, happiness, and peace. Adjoining theirs was the château of Autrechamp and the countess, with whom resided his father, sister, and Gen. Du Brurier. Marguerite, who had been the betrothed of Larochejacquelein, never married. As might be expected, the three ladies remained through life warm and attached friends, and by their many acts of piety and benevolence endeared themselves to the surrounding people. On Napoleon's return from Egypt he earnestly besought Edward to rejoin his standard, promising him if he did so the highest honors he could confer. All his offers, however, the latter respectfully declined.

"In the present wars, the Consul wages," he said to Gen. Du Brurier, "there is nothing that could enlist my sympathies; but let him organize a new army for Ireland, and my sword will not be wanting in its ranks."

As it is known to all, though on two subsequent occasions threatened, another invasion of Ireland by France was never attempted. After the general peace of 1815, Edward and Agnes returned to Ireland, visited in turns Sir Charles Northcoate and Henry Damer, went together over the ruined walls and neglected gardens of Hawthorn Hill, and pondered over the spots where the sunniest hours of their childhood had been passed. In the following year they sailed for France, and never saw their native land more.

George Fitzgerald was, as soon as circumstances allowed, joined at Paris by Lady Alice and Cecilia. He remained in France until 1811, when the Prince Regent, by one of the few acts worth remembering in his worthless life, signed the bill for the repeal of the forfeiture of the property of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. A pardon was extended to George in common with all his family, who had taken part in the Rebellion of '98. He then returned to Ireland, and passed the remainder of his life in comparative obscurity on his estates. He had ever declined a commission in the French service. Like MacMahon, the cause of his country was the only one in which he had any ambition to fight.

Robert Harcourt early distinguished himself in the French army, and, ere the overthrow of the empire, was made a general. Cecilia Fitzgerald had brought him to France the money for which she had sold his Irish estate, but that he refused to accept unless with the hand of the lady. Hand and heart were given to the gallant young suitor without reluctance; early girlhood dreams were banished, and soon forgotten forever. The intervals of rest from war Robert usually spent amongst his friends. Often they assembled all together at the château of MacMahon, where, either seated round the fireplace in the old Gothic hall, in the winter nights, or under the spreading elms of the lawn, in the summer evenings, they would go over again some of the stormy scenes of their early youth, and each narrate the events which he had witnessed, or in which he had taken part. With abandonment of the projected Irish invasions of 1803, and the death of his dear friend, Robert Emmett, expired Harcourt's last hope of seeing the liberty of his country achieved by arms. His resolution expressed on leaving her he adhered to; he never more set foot upon her shores. When advanced in life he spent a summer on the coast of Normandy with the then world-renowned Thomas Moore; and, in addition to the sterner scenes of the times, they reviewed in detail many of the merry pranks of their early college days.

Mr. Denis O'Brien died at a good old age. His coffin was followed to the grave by Sir Charles Northcoate and Sir Henry Damer as chief mourners. He was buried in a little graveyard on the Northcoate estates, and his grave was long revered by the country people as being that of the "greatest mashter that ever taught in Leinster."

Mr. Michael Dowell never returned

to college for his degree, but was contented to remain a plain T. C. D. for the remainder of his life. In course of time he married a lady, who, if she was not equal, in point of personal attractions, to the object of his early attentions, at least brought him a substantial fortune, and was in temperament as he himself described her, "steady, sober and industrious, and not given to horse-ridin', though she was at times a 'little near' with the money, and was not able to play the piano." The high admiration which, from the time we first knew him, he had entertained for Harcourt he retained to the last. Often in after life, and sometimes at no small expense to his domestic peace, he used to tell the neighbors, as they sat at night round the kitchen fire, of the lovely young lady misther Robert Harcourt would have got him married to in Dublin, only that a blackguard came in his way, and wanted to make him fight him. When he heard that the subject of his eulogiums had himself wed the fair Cecilia, he said it was news he was proud of, that when he had not married Miss Fitzgerald himself he was glad Mr. Robert did n't let her go to the chap who had come between her and her first choice. As to how Harcourt had treated the Orangemen who had insulted him at the King William statue, it was believed he told the whole story of it at least once a day during his life.

One scene more before the curtain falls forever. On the evening of the marriage-day, Damer and Mr. De Vere departed from the little village inn, on their homeward journey. The road by which they travelled passed within a short distance of the church in which the ceremony of the morning had taken place. As their carriage drew close to the spot, a sudden idea struck Henry. "Mr. De Vere," he said, "wait for me here a moment; I will go across and take a last look at the place." He soon reached the chapel, and crept close to a window which had been left open to admit the fragrance of the soft and beautiful autumn day. Within, all seemed silent and solitary as the tomb. He looked towards the altar of Our Lady, on which a small silver lamp burned. Before it two figures were kneeling. He started as he recognized them: he had not expected to see them there at that time. The picture they afforded he lingered a few moments to contemplate. Edward's head bent upon his clasped hands, so that his features were partially concealed. The face of Agnes — almost as marble-like as that on which its eyes were fixed — was upraised toward the statues in contemplative and silent prayer. Her golden hair flowed loose over her shoulders, just the same as on the evening when he first beheld her upon the road near Hawthorn Hill. The sun-rays, coming through the colored glass of the altar window, fell over in floods of amber, and lighted up her face with a brightness and exression so purely spiritual that Henry almost doubted if it was not an angel that was really there.

"I wonder," he thought as he observed her, "can her prayers be now of me." Without seeking to make his presence known, he in a few moments turned away from the scene. "Surely," he uttered as he hastened to regain his carriage, "here is realized on earth the Heavenly Marriage of Dante."

THE END.

Russia leather is made in Connecticut, Bordeaux wine is manufactured in California, French lace is woven in New York, Italian marble is dug in Kentucky, Marseilles linen is produced in Massachusetts, English cassimere is made in New Hampshire, Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast, and Havana cigars are rolled out by the million in Chicago.

Say "for you and me," and not "for you and I."

Say "whether I be present or not," and not "present or no."

SALUTING THE ENGLISH FLAG.

A CABLEGRAM from London says: "The Yorktown celebration is much talked of, and alluded to in a very friendly way. Nothing in many years has so much gratified the English as President Arthur's speech and the salute to the British flag. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the feeling on the subject."

Well might England be satisfied and America humiliated. It was true that some American journals spoke out on the sickly sentimentalism that wanted to salute the British flag at Yorktown, and Mr. Stone, of the Chicago *Daily News*, has done so in the following terms: —

"The proposal to salute the British flag at the Yorktown celebration borders on the refined of sentimentality. Hatred to that flag led to the victory that the celebration is to memorize. In that contest our ancestors had to fight subsidized and drunken Indians and hired Hessians. Yorktown was the triumph of manly, heroic, and patriotic valor over tyranny and brutality. As well salute the prison-ships off the coast of Long Island as the flag they bore. Let those who meet at Yorktown search history to find one single manly deed done by Great Britain during the war, and then salute the cross of St. George. But forsooth, because the queen of Great Britain sent kindly messages to Mrs. Garfield during the illness of the President, we forget that in her own realm — at her own door almost — is oppression and tyranny more deplorable, more brutal, and more inhuman that exists anywhere else on the civilized globe. Simple justice would soon transform suffering Ireland from the embodiment of human woe to ideal pean. We believe in the common brotherhood of man; but when did England do us a favor, or treat the United States fairly, except at the bayonet's point? Salute her flag, and remember the barbarities that drove us into the war of 1812. Salute her flag, and remember her vandalism when her troops, in wantonness, burned the capital at Washington; salute her flag, and think of her conduct through the last war; salute her flag, and do not forget that from her ports, and sailing under the flag you salute, came the pirates who inflicted a blow on our commerce from which we have not yet recovered; salute her flag, but bear in mind that republicanism has no more bitter foe in Europe than Great Britain."

How America could salute the flag of a country that has committed such barbarities as detailed below, is beyond our comprehension. In Connecticut was celebrated lately the most painful episodes in the war of Independence — the attacks of the British on Forts Trumbull and Griswold, the former in New London, and the latter in Groton. These attacks were made by the traitor, Benedict Arnold — who was born within ten miles of the spot — and by Col. Eyre, who led 800 men against a handful of patriots.

Fort Griswold was defended by Col. Ledyard, — a name that deserves an immortality as great as that of Washington, — whose whole force consisted of 150 men opposed to the English 800.

Ledyard capitulated, but not until 250 of the enemy, including two officers, fell before the gallantly defended fort. Only a dozen Patriots were killed!

Major Bloomfield, an English officer, was the first to enter after the capitulation.

"Who commands here?" he cried out.

"I did," said the gallant-hearted Ledyard, "you do now"; saying which he surrendered his sword.

Bloomfield received it, and instantly thrust it through the body of Ledyard, shouting to his men as he did so, "Give no quarter to the American traitors!"

Then followed a massacre. Seventy-three men were ruthlessly murdered, thirty wounded, and forty taken prisoners.

Observe the sequel. The bodies of the murdered Americans were arranged

in order as if on duty and *subjected to an explosion of powder to make it appear that they had fallen in fair battle.*

Behold the massacre by the English on her colonists, and behold the ingenuity to cover their crime!

Compare the surrender of Cornwallis's sword to Washington, and its acceptance, with the surrender of Ledyard's sword to Bloomfield, and its acceptance.

Who will paint for us two national pictures embracing these events?

Oh, for the hand of a Doré to immortlize two such scenes as these!

But we forget; 't is one hundred years since these things happened, and some men of to-day would prefer to see a royal salute given to the English flag at Yorktown.

How the spirit of Arnold must rejoice at the degeneracy that could forget the death of the lion-hearted Ledyard!

We are indebted to the Catholic Herald for the above account of the Connecticut celebration. The Pilot, speaking of Mr. Winthrop's oration at Yorktown, says: —

"A little over twenty years ago, Col. Corcoran, of New York's Sixty-ninth Regiment, was cashiered for refusing to honor the royal scion of England, at whose feet all America was prostrating itself. In less than a year thereafter "dear mother England" was fitting out pirates to rob and burn American ships on the ocean; the House of Commons was ringing with cheers for the builder of the Alabama; and Col. Corcoran, graciously forgiven by his adopted country, was leading the men who would not honor the Prince of Wales to the gory fields of Virginia, on which he met a patriot's death."

THE OYSTER'S ENEMIES.

Most people would imagine that the oyster-shell must be a substantial protection to the bivalve ensconced within; but in an interesting article in a contemporary, by the late Mr. Frank Buckland, he says: "Being of a very delicate, tender nature, the oyster has a great many difficulties to encounter. One of his worst enemies is the 'five-finger,' commonly called the star-fish. The five-finger entwines the oyster in his deadly grasp, and by protruding his elastic stomach eats up the oyster, leaving the empty shells, known as 'clocks.' One would hardly imagine that the five-finger had any sense, but still they must have some kind of intelligence; or as a dredgerman aptly put it to me, 'When these five-fingers find a fleet of vessels on the top of them with the dredges, they double themselves up, and are off.' They are not going to stop to be dredged up. The next worst enemy is the 'whelk tingle,' or 'dog whelk'; these rascals, although they look so innocent, have the power of boring into the oyster-shell with their rasp-like tongue. The hole this creature makes is cut very clean, as if bored by a jeweller's diamond, and they often destroy hundreds of pounds' worth of property. He who would invent a trap to catch these dog-whelks would indeed be a benefactor to the oyster-fishery proprietors."

FOR I AM DESOLATE.

Gerald Griffin.

The Christmas light is burning bright
In many a village pane,
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain.
Young boys and girls run laughing by,
Their hearts and eyes elate,
I can but think on mine, and sigh,
For I am desolate.

There 's none to watch in our old cot
Beside the holy light,
No tongue to bless the silent spot
Against the parting night.
I 've closed the door and hither come
To mourn my lonely fate;
I cannot bear my own old home,
It is so desolate!

I saw my father's eyes grow dim
And clasped my mother's knee;
I saw my mother follow him,—
My husband wept with me.
My husband did not long remain,
His child was left me yet;
But now my heart's last love is slain,
And I am desolate!

Say "game is plentiful," and not "is plenty."

YORKTOWN CELEBRATION.

THE religious services at the centenary celebration, commenced on Sunday, Oct. 16, 1881.

PRAYER.

The following prayer, composed by Archbishop Carroll, the patriot priest and friend of Washington, was read by Bishop Keane, of Richmond: —

We pray thee, O Almighty and Eternal God! who, through Jesus Christ, has revealed thy glory to all nations, to preserve the works of thy mercy, that thy church, being spread through the whole world, may continue with unchanging faith, in the confession of thy name.

We pray thee, who alone art good and holy, to endow with heavenly knowledge, sincere zeal, and sanctity of life, our chief Bishop N. N., the vicar of our Lord Jesus in the government of his church; our own Bishop, N. N. (or *if he is not consecrated* our bishop elect); all our bishops, prelates and pastors of the church; and especially those who are appointed to exercise amongst us the functions of the holy ministry, and conduct the people unto the way of salvation.

We pray thee, O God of might, wisdom, and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted, and judgment decreed, assist with thy holy spirit of counsel and fortitude, the President of these United States: that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to thy people over whom he presides; by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion; by a faithful execution of the laws in justice and mercy; and by restraining vice and immorality. Let the light of thy divine wisdom direct the deliberation of Congress, and shine forth in all the proceedings and laws framed for our rule and government, so that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety, and useful knowledge, and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.

We pray for his excellency, the governor of this State, for the members of assembly, for all judges, magistrates, and other offices who are appointed to guard our political welfare: that they may be enabled by powerful protection, to discharge the duties of their respective stations with honesty and ability.

We recommend also to thy unbounded mercy all our brethren and fellow-citizens throughout the United States; that they may be blessed in the knowledge, and sanctified in the observance, of thy most holy laws; that they may be preserved in union, and in the peace which the world cannot give, and, after enjoying the blessings of this life, be admitted to those which are eternal.

Finally, we pray thee, O Lord of mercy! to remember the souls of thy servants departed, who are gone before us with the light of faith, and repose in the sleep of peace, — the souls of our parents, relations, and friends; of those who when living were members of this congregation, and particularly of such as are lately deceased; of our benefactors, who, by their donations or legacies to this church, witnessed their zeal and the decency of divine worship, and proved their claim to our grateful and charitable remembrance. To these, O Lord, and to all that rest in Christ, grant, we beseech thee, a place of refreshment, light and everlasting peace, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

The mass was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Magnien, of Baltimore, a Frenchman.

THE SERMON.[1]

"Praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him, all ye peoples. For his mercy is confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever." — *Psalm cxvi.*

How naturally these words of the Psalmist come to our minds and rise to our lips on an occasion like this! We are here to give thanks to Almighty God for the great victory won on this spot a hundred years ago, which virtually ended our country's struggle for freedom, and put the seal of the Lord of Hosts on her independence. Standing on this battle-field, and viewing in loving memory that noble band of patriots, who, after so many discouragements, and from amid the gloom of so many difficulties, here beheld the glorious sunburst of hope — nay, of assured success — gleam forth upon their country's cause, we feel anew the thrill of their relief, their exultation, and their gratitude;

[1] The discourse of the Right Rev. John J. Keane, D. D., Bishop of Richmond, Va., at the Mass of Thanksgiving at Yorktown, Sunday, Oct. 16, 1881.

and we would fain sing forth our rejoicing to the Lord, our deliverer.

From that event, as from their fountain-head, we see pouring forth the blessings of a century of national life, and our hearts rise up in dutiful thanksgiving to the Giver of all good.

We behold the influence of these blessings shed abroad, through the myriad channels of human intercourse, till their power is felt in every corner of the world; and we would fain have all the nations and peoples of the earth join in our canticle of praise.

From the past and the present we glance to the future; and strong in our faith that the Almighty's providence has not bestowed such wondrous bounty for evanescent purposes, but for great ends which he will surely carry to their full accomplishment, we recognize in his past mercies the best guaranty of his future beneficence, and with gladsome trust we exclaim, "His mercy is confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever."

And with our gratitude to the Almighty is inseparably bound up our gratitude to that noble nation which he was pleased to use as the agent of his providence in our country's behalf, — to chivalrous and generous France, to whom, under God, we are so largely indebted for all that we today give thanks for. To her, above all the nations of the earth, do our hearts on this day go forth, and on her we invoke heaven's richest rewards.

Men have various sets of weights and measures for estimating the meaning and value of human events; but we never see them in their true light, nor put upon them their right value, till we view them in the light of God's overruling providence, and discover the place which he has assigned them in the development of his plan, and the efficacy which he has given them in promoting and securing his purposes of wisdom and love. Viewed in its own proportions and amid its own surroundings only, the victory which we commemorate is dwarfed by many another of far greater brilliancy in the annals of mankind. But regarded as an element in God's providence over the nations of the earth, it ranks among the foremost of the great events that have shaped the destinies of the world. Faintly and imperfectly at best could the patriots of 1781 have imagined the growth that was to spring from the seed which they so laboriously and wearily planted. But now that the battle-clouds which then overshadowed it have long since passed away, and the tree of liberty spreads its branches far and wide, we can estimate their work aright, and trace the stream of providential guidance which leads up to it and flows from it.

From the beginning God destined man to live in society, to have social relations each with his fellow-men. His social relations as well as his individual life were meant for his welfare and happiness, both here and hereafter. To this end, every form of human authority and government called for by the social state was to contribute and to be subordinated. The Creator foresaw all the forms of imperfection and of evil that were to follow from the blundering and the perversity of men; but his wisdom, which "reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly," knew how to provide, and assuredly did provide, that the net outcome of it all should tend to the realizing of his plan and to the greater welfare of mankind. Whithersoever they migrated over the face of the earth, and whatsoever were, in successive ages, their ups and downs of fortune and of civilization, that heavenly guidance was ever with them, moulding their forms of society and of government into conformity with their capacities and their needs. Kings and emperors, chiefs and princes, statesmen and legislatures and politicians, seemed ofttimes to shape the nations to their wills, and sway and use them according to their ambitions, their interests, or their caprice; while

ever and anon mighty popular upheavals would burst all restraints and overthrow the growth of generations in a day, and then, through fiery processes, settle into new social forms. But the eye and the hand of the Almighty were ever above them all, guiding the final results to the furtherance of his own all-wise ends; and these ends are summed up in this: that men should be made nobler and wiser and happier by the suppression of all that disturbs or degrades them, and by the promotion of all that elevates character and makes life peaceful and commodious. This is the providential purpose of all social systems; and the functions of every just government are comprised in these two things: to hinder every cause within its reach that tends to popular unhappiness and evil, and to promote every cause within its reach that contributes to popular happiness and welfare. But these two ends of government, although equally necessary, are not equally noble and pleasing. The encouragement of good is an occupation equally pleasing to God and to noble minds; whereas the suppression of evil is a sad necessity imposed by human folly and wickedness. The greater and more numerous the moral evils that afflict or degrade a people, the more stern and severe must its government naturally become; and if the hands that hold the reins are also perverse, then despotism and tyranny rule and grow apace. The more this unhappy condition develops, the greater, too, becomes the alienation, and even the hostility, between the governing and the governed. Here we have the key to the appalling picture presented by nearly all governments and peoples before the Christian era. Human nature had almost universally perverted itself in the ways of concupiscence; hence their greatness, as a rule, had fear for its treacherous prop, and their brilliancy was but an embroidered cloak for the corruption which finally wrought their ruin.

Then Christianity came to shed its sacred light throughout the world, and to mould the hearts of men to its blessed morality. Little by little the good leaven penetrated the mass, and the result was seen in legislation and government, as well as in domestic relations and private morals. The *Divus Imperator*, who claimed divine honors and absolute sway, gave place to the Christian ruler, who bent his knee to the same God and Father as the lowliest of his subjects; who knew well, even though ambition might sometimes blind him to the truth, that he was only the responsible agent of a beneficent Providence; that the welfare of his people was the only reason and right for his holding sway; that the rights of the governed were as sacred as those of their ruler; that if he trampled on theirs, he forfeited his own; and that he would best secure his own interests and happiness, here and hereafter, by identifying them with the interests and happiness of his people. Thus, on the one hand, a higher right and a more sacred sanction were given to authority; and on the other, subjection to it was no longer a galling yoke, but a reasonable and voluntary submission to the essential conditions of peace, order, and prosperity. Authority was seen to be divine in its origin and its rights; but equally divine the rights of the people which it was commissioned to guard and foster. Thus the governing and the governed, no longer two alienated or antagonistic classes, were drawn nearer and nearer together, and more and more blended and identified through common interests and reciprocal duties. And so the providence of God led steadily forward towards that perfect balancing of mutual rights, and that complete union and almost identification of the governing with the governed, which was to be known as self-government.

At different times and with various fortunes Christian states had essayed the republican form of government,

so consonent with the spirit of Christianity; but our own favored land was destined to be the field in which the social system should assume this lofty shape in its grandest proportions. 'T was for this that God cut her loose from swaddling-clothes and leading-strings, and set her strong and firm on her own feet, and gave her that individual responsibility which is the necessary condition for noble aspirations and lofty ends. 'T was for this that the men of '76, taking their stand on the inalienable rights of man, proclaimed to the world their country's independence, and consecrated to the holy cause their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. 'T was for this that the fire of patriotism was spread abroad throughout the land, nerving the people with a heroism which neither dangers nor hardships nor disasters could overcome. 'T was for this that when the need was greatest, he gave her the sympathy of the noble French nation to cheer her on, and its strong right arm to aid her to victory. 'T was for this that on this battle-field of Yorktown, he gave forth the *fiat* which sealed her freedom as an accomplished fact. 'T was for this he guarded her amid the doubts and anxieties which at first beset her pathway, when scoffers said she had only to be let alone, and they would soon see her end. 'T was for this he gave wisdom more than human to our patriot fathers to store up safely the harvest which had been sown amid their tears, and watered with their blood, and reaped with their brave swords, to launch a new world on its destined course; and, shunning both the revolutionary rashness which spurns the wisdom of the past, and the conservative timidity which shrinks from the responsibilities of the future, to gather up all the experience of preceding ages, and mould it into the new and better shape which was to mark an era in history and lift mankind to a higher level.

'T was thus that Washington viewed it when, at the close of the constitutional deliberations, to whose success he so largely contributed, he declared that it was through ways little short of miraculous that they had accomplished the framing of a Constitution which embodied all the progress that mankind had made in the science of government, and surrounded liberty with more safeguards than any other government hitherto instituted among mortals. In this spirit, too, he exclaimed, "We may, with a kind of a pious and grateful exultation, trace the finger of Providence through those dark and mysterious events which have, step by step, led to the Constitution, thereby, in all human probability, laying a lasting foundation for tranquillity and happiness when there was but too much reason to fear confusion and misery."

We speak not boastfully, but gratefully. We do not forget that, as our great Washington said, we must not expect anything perfect in this world; and we doubt not that the treasures of God's providence contain still richer and higher blessings for future stages in the march of mankind. Nor do we forget that it would be a foolish and an evil thing to boast as if these blessings were our own making, or the making of our fathers, and not the gift of the Most High. No; we recognize and proclaim his bounty; and therefore are we here this day to pour forth to him our loving thanksgiving. We thank him for the destiny which he has vouchsafed our country, and for all the blessings which have thus far marked her pathway towards its realization. We thank him for our patriot fathers, for their deeds of heroism, for the fortitude which upheld them amid untold trials, for the glorious success which crowned their efforts, and for the noble example which they have bequeathed to us and all subsequent generations, than which there is none grander in the annals of history. We thank him for the wisdom which guided their counsels, and which used their timid and

inexperienced hands for tracing and founding the majestic social fabric which himself had planned. We thank him for having laid the foundations so deep and strong that the mighty convulsions of civil war have left the edifice as majestic and, we trust, as firm and solid as ever. We thank him for having knit the ties of union and brotherhood so close that they who, so short a time ago met in the awful shock of battle, meet here to-day with no strife or rivalry save that of enthusiastic devotedness to their common country, and are gathered here, around this old fountain-head of liberty, that all may drink deep of the patriotism of our fathers, — a patriotism high and universal, knowing no limits of sect or section, no bounds save God and humanity. And while this mourning drapery entwined with the emblems of our exultation reminds us how so lately our country bent in tearful sorrow over the prostrate form of her Chief Magistrate, cut off in the midst of his noble career by the iniquitous act of an assassin, yet we see no blanch of terror on her cheek, no tremor of anxiety in her hand. She inscribes his name on the list of her illustrious sons, and then points calmly onward and upward, strong in the faith that he who has so marvellously blessed her with unparalleled prosperity during this century of her life will not abandon his work, and has not exhausted his treasures. To him be all the glory, from whom all the good has come.

Nor is there any narrow exclusiveness in our exultation and our thanksgiving. Our hearts must elate with world-wide sympathies to-day, because the blessings we rejoice in were meant to be world-wide in their influence. Our country was meant by Divine Providence to be the home of liberty for all mankind, the refuge of the down-trodden in every land, the sanctuary of freedon in which the noble-souled of every clime might find the object of their loftiest yearnings. Thus our country was meant to be the grandest exemplification of the universal brotherhood of men, and in the name of all we give thanks to the Father of all.

Nay, more, the Almighty not only meant her to be a mother-land, with wide-extended arms offering shelter and plenty to all; she was meant to be a teacher, through whose lips and in whose life He was to solve all the social problems of the Old World. The European nations had grown, by slow stages, from the chaos of the fifth century to the civilization of the eighteenth. In their social systems, as in general culture, the movement had been ever onward; but much of the husk and shell of transition periods was still tightly clinging to the ripe or fast ripening fruit. Hence arose anomalies and social problems involving contradictory views, and clashing interests, and opposing forces, and great dangers. Then the God of nations set our country apart from all the rest, and took from her all props and bandages that were no longer needed, and moulded her form and life in such wise as to solve all those problems and to show both the rulers and the peoples of the Old World how to lay aside tutelage without falling into unruliness; how to avoid both tyranny and anarchy; how to reconcile the fullest majesty of authority and law with the highest popular intelligence and the completest popular liberty. Oh! how beautiful is that spectacle to every one who loves liberty and who loves order. Blessed be the God of order and liberty, who has realized this grand ideal among the sons of men! May his providence long preserve in our country this union of these two blessings — the centripetal and the centrifugal forces of society — which so many, erring through timidity or rashness, think to be incompatible, but which reason and our country's experience prove to be not only reconcilable, but to be the complement and the perfection of each other, and to constitute the true ideal of the Christian state.

I say the *Christian state*, because Christianity alone has ever given the ideal, and Christianty alone ever has produced or ever can produce the character and circumstances of individuals and of society which make the realization of such an ideal possible. It was Christianity that supplied the fundamental principles of our independence and of our social system by teaching and maintaining against all the traditions of paganism the God-given and inalienable rights of man. It was Christianity that vindicated, at the cost of the blood of her millions of martyrs, the superiority of the rights and conscience of the individual man over the majesty of Cæsars and the might of empires. It was Christianity that taught the great truth that all systems and appliances and forms of authority, whether religious or secular, have for their providential reason of existence the welfare, temporal and eternal, of individual human beings, and the glory of God resulting from the happiness of his creatures; and thus she gave the world the principle that the reason of government is the welfare of the governed. Hence we see how natural is the affinity of Christianity with a governmental system in which the authority which preserves order in all the general movement and in all its details is made to agree with and to foster the individual rights and uses and prosperity of every member of the body corporate. And as all man's natural powers develop best in the air of freedom, tempered by law and order, so is it also with his spiritual being and with the work of Christianity; for grace loves noble natures, and Christianity loves children whose characters are fitting reflexes of the beauty and nobleness and freedom of God.

Here, again, we are not so boastful as to assert or imagine that this grand ideal has been realized among us in its perfection. No one, surely, could hesitate to acknowledge, with Washington that we must not expect perfection in this world; but, with him, we would gratefully declare our belief that God's providence had better fitted our system and its principles for an approach to that perfection than any that had ever preceded it. We, like all the rest of mankind, have abundance of human perversity to lament, and it is evidently not best that there should exist the diversities and contradictions and antagonisms, in religious and in secular matters, which are found among us. But all these imperfections and evils existed before our country was formed. They are pre-existing defects and difficulties which her principles have to contend with. But what we unhesitatingly assert is that, since these defects were already in existence, our country's principles were the best on which they could be dealt with. We falter not in our confidence that what is right and true will ever prevail in a fair field. We doubt not that, from amid pre-existing and unavoidable imperfections, the God of nations will lead our country to the highest development yet reached by man's intellectual, moral, social, and spiritual nature, and that Christianity which has laid the foundations, and begun the work, will carry it on to its completion. We cannot admit the fear that the minds and hearts of our people will ever lose their hold on Christianity, or withdraw themselves from its blessed influence, for there is and can be no antagonism between Christianity and their noblest aspirations. On the contrary, it is her finger that points them to the loftiest heights and exclaims, "Excelsior!" She has given the world the only true civilization the world has ever known; and she will be carrying out an integral part of her divine mission by not only accompanying man, but leading him to the furthest advances that civilization is capable of. For true civilization means our advancing in God's ways to God's destiny. He is the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, in himself and for us. His ways are the ways of the true, the beautiful, and the

good; and progress in them is the object both of civilization and of Christianity.

Progress in truth, whether revealed or philosophical or scientific, is his gift, and is pleasing to him, and is meant to be a way that leads to him. Progress in the beautiful, in every form of art, in all that smooths and beautifies the path of life, — this, too, is his gift, and is meant to tell of him and lead to him. Progress in all that lifts up to well-doing and happy living, in all that is good and useful, — all this is from him and is meant to help us towards him. It is these three forms of progress that constitute civilization, and they are equally elements and aims of Christianity. And the reason of this is plain. Both Christianity and civilization are from God, and there can be no contradiction in him or his work. He made both heaven and earth; and earth was meant to lead to heaven, and there is no incompatibility. If only we bear him in mind who is in all things our first beginning and last end, and remember always that it is his ways we are going in and his ends we are aiming at, then the grandest efforts of genius and of energy will be blessed by him and will be perfectly in accord with the spirit of Christianity. Our longest reaches cannot reach beyond what he is and what he means for us; and he "puts all thing under our feet," that all may help on to him. In the words of the apostle, "All things are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ's is God's." Let our aspirations, then, be ever so exalted and our progress ever so advanced, neither the aspirations nor the progress need ever entail any sacrifice of the truth, the principles, or the spirit of Christianity. That may be dreaded wherever Christianity has to deal, in any degree, with a tendency to tyranny on the one hand or to unruliness or anarchy on the other. But wherever, as in our favored land, the principles of the social system are in accord with the principles of Christianity, then there can be no reasonable fear that the development of the one will lead to antagonism with the other.

All that we have to fear is that passions and selfish interests may lead our people astray from the great principles alike both of Christianity and our country. We cannot forget Washington's solemn words that we "can never be in danger of degenerating into any despotic or oppressive form *so long as there shall remain any virtue in the body of the people*"; nor the oft-repeated warning that there can be no true liberty without morality, and no morality without religion. Nor can we close our eyes to the evil influences that are at work, and to the dangers which threaten both religion and liberty. We know but too well the tendency to substitute expediency for principle, selfishness for patriotism, and darkness for light. But our faith is in God and in our country's providence, and we would rather seem to err by being too sanguine than sin against him by want of trust. Only we would implore our people to remember that now, as in the days of old, "perpetual vigilance is the price of freedom"; we would beg of them to appreciate the pricelessness of our country's liberties, and to recognize that Christianity is their only safeguard.

Perhaps some one may be tempted to wonder that I have thus far said nothing distinctively as a misister of the Catholic Church. Not so, friends and brethren: every sentiment that I have uttered I have uttered not only as an American citizen and as a Christian, in the vague sense sometimes given to the name, but in my charactar as a Roman Catholic. Here before God and my country I profess my soul's innermost conviction that every word that I have said is in harmony with God's truth, with the principles which Jesus Christ gave the world, with the spirit and teaching of the Catholic Church, with all that is symbolized by the vestments just now worn at this altar, and with the robes in which I am clad as a Roman Cath-

olic bishop. As such we have offered up the sacrifice of the Eucharist — the highest *Thanksgiving*, as the name signifies — to thank the Almighty, not only for the victory of Yorktown, but also for all the moulding of our country's form and all the shaping of her life which have followed as the consequences of that victory. And we have offered it in supplication, too, that he would render her social principles everlasting; that he would guard and shield them against any hand which, from any quarter soever, or for any motive soever, might seek to attack them, or change them, or misuse them; and that through them he would lead our country to the destiny for which he made her, that she may show to the world the highest manhood ennobled by religion, the highest intellect illumined by faith, the highest social progress beautified by the order of the kingdom of God and by the "liberty of the children of God," and the highest physical and scientific progress, giving means to spread that light and beauty and power into every nook and corner where darkness lurks, or misery crouches, or tyranny clutches its victims, or delusive unwisdom would cheat noble aspiration into Utopian morasses or plunge it into the abyss of anarchy and despair. Thus, we implore, may our country be, in the natural order, "the salt of the earth and the light of the world," because walking faithfully in the ways of him who alone gives light and peace and true welfare!

O friends and brethren! let us on this day, and on this field, sacred to liberty, rally more lovingly than ever around the "landmarks of our fathers" and vow that we will ever make them the standard of our judgments, the guide of our deliberations, the measure of our social acts, the light of our onward pathway; for they are the work and the gift, not of men, but of God.

Let our final word be of France. Well may she hold a large share in our thoughts to-day since one of the chief objects of this centennial celebration is to commemorate our alliance with her and the invaluable aid received at her hands. Blessings on that noble land which, alone of all the nations of the world, stood by our country in her hour of direst need and became the champion of her struggling liberties! Blessings on her for the cheering sympathy poured into our country's drooping heart! Blessings on her for the noble generosity which spared nothing and counted no cost of men or money! Blessings on her for the chivalrous leaders who rivalled Washington himself in their devotedness to the cause, and for the thousands of brave men who bore unmurmuringly the untold hardships of a dreary campaign in a strange land; who panted for the fray as eagerly as our own patriot-soldiers; who, on this battle-field, outnumbered the colonial forces, and laid down their lives more numerously to secure the glorious result! Never can our country forget Washington's declaration that, were it not for the aid given on this spot by France, not only would the victory of Yorktown never have been gained, but the disheartened colonial forces would probably have disbanded and given up altogether the struggle for liberty. Think, therefore, of what France has assured to us, and then think whether there ought to be, or even can be, end or limits to our gratitude. May all that is honorable and noble die out of the hearts of men ere the remembrance of this die out of our country's heart! May this soil, sacred to our country's liberties, more sacred than even old Independence Hall, because while there she made the grand but almost desperate venture, — here the wreath of victory was twined around her brow, — may it be ever doubly sacred because of *the mingled blood* that has hallowed it; and may that mingled blood be the covenant of a friendship that can never die, — a friendship more lasting than the monumental shaft which here is to tell all future generations

of the alliance between France and America!

And now let our concluding anthem of thanksgiving and supplication be one in which all can join; and let every heart and voice give praise to God in the strains of the *Te Deum*.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

After the French of Henri Rochefort.

THOU alone free from the primal stain!
Thou bearer of Light from out the shade:
By heart, than crown, far more a Queen,
Mother of innocence and loving maid!

On earth I love the, in heaven I thee implore;
Where thou art seated on thy golden throne,
Baptized on Calvary in thy dear Son's gore,
Joy thou hast bought by sigh and moan.

Close art thou now to the God of Light;
The world invokes thee, owns thy might.
Thy radiant sceptre and thy flowery crown!

At thy name all bow. Starlight of the morn!
Mary to thee all cry! yet who of women born
Would brave thy dolors, e'en for thy glorious crown?

H. W. I. G.

The original sonnet was composed by the celebrated Parisian journalist Henri Rochefort, of *La Lanterne*, in 1854, on occasion of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady. Rochefort's life was once saved by the *miraculous* interposition of the Mother of God, in this manner: A fellow journalist had challenged him to a duel, and his bullet struck Rochefort over the heart, but did not penetrate; it was afterwards discovered that a lady friend had sewed a medal of the Immaculate Conception in the lining of his vest, and upon this very spot the bullet struck and glanced off.

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.

A FRENCH physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantage of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent better afterwards. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children, when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

THE PRIMACY AND TITLE OF THE CHURCH.

To establish the primacy of St. Peter and of the Roman Church, it is sufficient to call to mind what the illustrious St. Cyprian says when he styles her "The place of Peter, the principal Church, the root and matrix of the Catholic Church"; and St. Irenæus when writing, "For with this Church, on account of her more powerful principality it is necessary that every church — that is, the faithful, who are on all sides — should agree." The plea against the necessity of visible unity with Rome is by no means a new one; it was started 1,500 years ago by the Arians after their condemnation at the Council of Nice. The Council of Constantinople added to the Nicene symbol the word *One*, to provide against this heretical view. We hold, then, that the word "Roman" is not absolutely necessary in connection with the word "Catholic" to designate the fact of Catholicity; that when used with a view to establishing the branch theory it is objectionable, but that true Catholics only regard the addition as emphasizing the unity of their faith.

THE CURSE OF GERMANY.

Western Watchman.

THERE is no disguising the fact that the Germans are fast becoming a nation of sots. Bismarck has asked the government to devise some means to check the growing vice. A late writer says well, that the Germans are never drunk, yet seldom sober. In this country they are becoming notorious for their intemperance. They now occupy the position once given the Irish by their American traducers. The Germans have many noble qualities, and we should be very sorry to see them become a nation of sots; but they have reason to fear such an eventuation. A correspondent of the Springfield Republican, Mass., writing from Munich, of the people of the little Protestant Kingdom of Wurtemberg, says:—

"The little kingdom of Wurtemberg has 1,900,000 inhabitants, and is not so large as the State of Massachusetts by 300 square miles, yet I find that the published records show that there were 7,398 breweries, large and small, in active operation within the kingdom during the past year, and in the twelve months 135,179,900 pounds of malt were brewed. One of the great and important industries of Germany is the manufacture of beet sugar; and two years ago, the government returns showed that there were 329 manufactories engaged in this enterprise. If there were 7,398 breweries in Wurtemberg, what must be the number in the whole empire, and what must be the vast amount of capital and labor employed in the manufacture of beer as compared with the manufacture of sugar! In Wurtemberg there are 19,280 beer shops, or places where beer is sold by the glass. This would make, on an average, a beer shop for about every 100 of the inhabitants, man, woman and child, including babies of the tenderest age. Different towns and cities show a variety of figures in making up this average, some going as high as 120 and 130, and others falling short of 100. In Canstall, for instance, a suburb of Stuttgart of 25,000 inhabitants, there is a beer shop for every 84 people. Wurtemberg is not noted for the good quality of its beer, which is considered of an inferior class, and it may reasonably be presumed that a very small percentage of it is sold outside the borders of the kingdom. On the contrary, the Barvarian beers — the beer made at Munich, Pilsener, and in some parts of Prussia, which have a high reputation — are in great demand, and are imported into Wurtemberg in immense quantities, where they are drank almost exclusively at nearly all the better class beer shops. When we consider the fact that all, or nearly all, of the beer made in Wurtemberg is consumed by the Wurtembergers, together with the vast importations from outside of the kingdom, we begin to realize the fact that the Germans, judging by the example of the Wurtembergers, love beer and drink a great deal of it. By the statistics I see that last year one brewery in Stuttgart manufactured 880,380 gallons of beer, which would make 29,366 barrels of 30 gallons each. And yet I am told by the Germans, that if I wish to see real beer-drinking I must go Bavaria; that the Bavarians are noted for their love of beer, and for the quantities that they can and do consume; that the Wurtembergers are but mere children as yet in the practice!"

SAY "not that I know," and not "that I know of."

SAY "return it to me," and not "return it back to me."

SAY "I seldom see him," and not "I seldom or never see him."

GLADSTONE. — PARNELL.

THE Premier, in his speech at Leeds, made use of the following allusions to Mr. Parnell, having repeated in different words the Home Secretary's old jokes (?) about dynamite and the Fenian journals of America, for all of which he pretended to hold the Irish leader responsible, the Prime Minister proceeded: —

"The very thing that is most necessary for the Land Leaguers to do is to intercept the progress of the Land Act. And how do they set about it? Mr. Parnell, with his myrmidons around him in his Land League meetings in Ireland, has instructed the people of Ireland that they are not to go into the court which the Parliament of the country has established in order to do justice. If Mr. Parnell, under the name of test cases, carries before the court moderate and fair rents, of which there are many in Ireland, the court will reject the application; and when the court has rejected the application, Mr. Parnell and his train will tell the Irish nation that they have been betrayed, that the court is worthless, and that the Land Act ought to meet with their unequivocal repudiation. And so he will play his game and gain his oject if the people of Ireland should listen to his fatal doctrines. Because, gentlemen, you know as well as I do, that the Parliament of this country is not going to overturn the principles of public right and public order; and I think you also know, what I fully believe, that the people of this country, in any such question relating to the government of a portion of the Queen's territory, weak as they may be if their case is unjust, in a just case are invincible." After further attacks on Mr. Parnell and his followers, and no end of praises on Buckshot, "the philantrophist," as the Prime Minister called him, the right honorable gentleman concluded: "These opinions, gentlemen, are called forth by the grave state of facts. I do not give them to you as anything more than opinions, but they are opinions sustained by references to words and to actions. They all have regard to this great impending crisis, in which we depend on the good sense of people, and in which we are determined that no force and no fear of force and no fear of ruin through force shall, so far as we are concerned — and it is in our power to decide the question — prevent the Irish people from having the full and free benefit of the Land Act."

MR. PARNELL'S REPLY.

The speech made by Charles Stewart Parnell at Wexford, on Sunday, Oct. 9, in answer to the attack made on him by Mr. Gladstone, at Leeds, a day or two before, is thought to have been the immediate cause of his arrest and the policy lately adopted by the British government. Because of its importance, a verbatim report is printed below. Mr. Parnell was listened to by 10,000 people. On rising he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheering, after which he proceeded as follows: —

"People of the city and county of Wexford, I am proud to see that your country has not forgotten her traditions, but that you are prepared to-day, as you always were, to return a fitting answer to threats and intimidation, even if it should become necessary to use those means which were used in 1798 by an unscrupulous government, — means which failed then, and which, please God, will fail again if they are tried again. You in this country have arrived at the commencement of the second year of existence of this great Land League movement. You have gained something by your exertions during the last twelve months, but I am here to-day to tell you that you have gained but a fraction of that to which you are justly entitled. And the Irishman who thinks that he can now throw away his arms, just as Grattan disbanded the volunteers in 1782, will find to his sorrow and destruction, when too late, that he has placed himself in the power of a perfidious, cruel, unrelenting English enemy. You have had an opportunity recently, many of you, no doubt, of studying the utterances of a very great man, a very great orator, a person who recently desired to impress the world with a great opinion of his philanthropy and hatred of oppression, but who stands to-day the greatest coercionist, the greatest and most unrivalled slanderer of the Irish nation that ever undertook that task. I refer to William Ewart Gladstone and his unscrupulous and dishonest speech the day before yesterday. Not content with maligning you, he maligns John Dillon. He endeavors to misrepresent the young Ireland party of 1848. No misrepresentation is too patent, too low, or too mean for him to stoop to, and it is a good sign that

this masquerading knight-errant, this pretended champion of liberties of every other nation except those of the Irish nation, should be obliged to throw off the mask to-day and to stand revealed as the man who, by his own utterances, is prepared to carry fire and sword into your homesteads unless you humble and abase yourselves before him and before the landlords of this country. But I have forgotten I had said that he had maligned everybody. Oh, no; he has a good word for one or two people. He says that the late Mr. Isaac Butt was a most amiable man and a true patriot. When we in Ireland were following Isaac Butt into the lobbies endeavoring to pass the very act which William Ewart Gladstone passed, by having stolen the idea from Isaac Butt, William Ewart Gladstone and his ex-government officials were following Sir Stafford Northcote and Benjamin Disraeli into the other lobby. No man was good in Ireland until he was dead and unable to do anything more for his country. In the opinion of an English statesman, no man is good in Ireland until he was buried and unable to strike a blow for Ireland, and perhaps the day may come when I may get a good word from English statesmen as being a moderate man when I am dead and buried.

"'Mr. Butt,' says Mr. Gladstone in 1866, speaking of a measure which would give security of tenure to the Irish tenants, 'such a measure will obliterate the traces of ascendancy of conquest,' and so forth. Perhaps Mr. Butt was a little too sanguine, like most authors of land bills, as to what his land bill would effect; but I do not wish or propose to inquire too closely into that speech. I merely desire to point out to you, with reference to this portion of Mr. Gladstone's speech, that it marks the true distinction between the land reformers of the present day and land reformers of Mr. Butt's period in 1866. In those days it was thought, before the passing of the land act in 1870, that it was a great thing for the tenants to obtain what they called security of tenure; but since then the Irish National Land League has given the Irish tenantry security of tenure, etc., and a little more besides. It has given them some abatement in their rents — not large, but some — but a fraction of the abatement to which you are entitled by the labors of yourself and your predecessors in title; and to-day it is not so much a question of security of tenure as of an abatement of rent, and just as Mr. Gladstone interprets his act of 1881 as a measure for giving security of tenure, perhaps in certain cases some abatement of rent, so he points out to you the imperfection of his measure and the way in which it most failed to secure the just rights of the Irish people. What Ireland demands today is not so much security of tenure as that these rack rents may be cut down wholesale, so as to enable the tenant farmers to perform their duties to the laborers, artisans, shopkeepers, merchants, and society in general. I had also forgotten that there was another man of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke in favorable terms, and while doing so also maligned and misrepresented. I refer to my honorable friend, J. Dillon.

"I do not wish to anticipate the speech that John Dillon will make in reply to Mr. Gladstone on Tuesday next in the office of the Land League in Dublin, but I merely wish to point out in passing, that while Mr. William Ewart Gladstone calls Mr. Dillon to-day one of the most single-minded of men, devotedly attached to his country, and to be of perfect unswerving integrity, but twelve months ago he put up his mouthpiece in the House of Commons to declare that John Dillon was a man weak and cowardly; and when Mr. Gladstone a little lower down accuses us of preaching the doctrine of public plunder, and of proclaiming a new gospel of plunder, and, further down, of the promulgation of a gospel of sheer plunder — (A voice, "That is his own doctrine.") I would be obliged to my friend in the crowd if he would leave me to make the speech, and not be anticipating me. When people talk of public plunder they should first ask themselves and recall to mind who were the first public plunderers in Ireland. The land of Ireland has been confiscated three times over by the men whose descendants Mr. Gladstone is supporting in the fruits of their plunder by his bayonets and his buckshot. When we speak about plunder we are entitled to ask who were the first of the plunderers. Oh, yes; but we can say a little more than that too; we can say, or at all events if we don't say it others will say it, that the doctrine of public plunder is only a question of degree. Who was it that first sanctioned this doctrine of public plunder will be asked by some persons. I am proceeding in the demand that the improvements of the tenants — and their predecessors in title — shall be his, no matter how long ago they may have have been made. I am proceeding upon the lines of an amendment in the land act of 1881, which was introduced by Mr. Healy, framed by Mr. Gladstone's attorney-general for Ireland and sanctioned by Mr Gladstone, his whole cabinet, the House of Commons, and the House of Lords. If your rents are reduced at all under this land act, it will be because this land act requires that for twenty years back the improvements of the tenant or his

predecessors in title shall not be valued by the landlord for rent, and I say that it is a question of degree if you extend that limit of twenty years, within which period the improvements of the tenants have been protected by the legislature, to that period, no matter how long, within which those improvments have been made.

"Why should the landlord be entitled to compensation for improvements that may have been made one hundred years ago, any more than he should be entitled to improvements made twenty years ago? And I say that it is this doctrine of public plunder. It is a question of degree, and William Ewart Gladstone, who has shown himself more capable of eating his own words, and better able to recede from principles and declarations which he has laid down with just as much fervor as he made the speech the other evening, will, before long, if he lives long enough, introduce a bill into the House of Commons to extend this very principle of public plunder which he has sanctioned by his act of 1881, and to thoroughly protect the interests of tenants and their predecessors in title for improvements they have made, so that if we are to go into this question the utmost that Mr. Gladsone and the liberal party will be able to make out of it will be to find that there are some persons very much better entitled to call him a little robber than he is entitled to call me a big one. But I was forgetting a very important point. He has a good word for another Irishman, too. He has a good word for Mr. Shaw. He has discovered that there are only four or five honest Irishmen in the country, and one of those is Mr. Shaw. He blames me for not having disapproved of what he called the dynamite policy. Well, I am not aware that Mr. Shaw has repudiated the dynamite policy either, but I'll tell you what Mr. Shaw said, and you must bear in mind that in addition to speaking well of him as an honest Irishman, Mr. Gladstone also offered him a situation as one of the land commissioners. Mr. Shaw did not repudiate the dynamite policy any more than I did; but I will tell you what he did eighteen months ago in the county of Cork. He said that his blood boiled whenever he saw a process-server, and that he never saw one without feeling inclined to take the linch-pin out of his car. But now, gentlemen, if I said that to you to-day, Mr. Gladstone would have me in Kilmainham before three weeks were out. Nay, more, if I had even spoken anything like that, Mr. Gladstone would have had me in Kilmainham long ago.

"That speech of Mr. Shaw's was a clearer incitement to an act of violence than anything that has ever been said by any of the men now in the jails of the country. It is not even an honest or straightforward way of working. No, according to Mr. Shaw, you are to take the linch-pin out of the process-server's cart, so that when he has driven a mile or so on his road, the wheel will come off, and he may roll into the ditch and break his neck. He had not the courage to meet the process-server, as many of the men and women of Ireland had done. Oh, no, he would go about it in this underhand way, and take the linch-pin out of his cart. I challenge any one to find in any of my speeches upon the land question any single incitement to any act of violence of any kind whatever, much less an incitement to such a mean, underhand, and ignominious act as that to which Mr. Gladstone, practically speaking, alluded when he holds up Mr. Shaw for the admiration of the English and Irish people. Then, again, Mr. Gladstone says, 'I am afraid now the land act has been passed, lest the people of England, by their long sustained efforts, should win the hearts of the whole Irish nation.' Long-sustained efforts in what? Was it in evicting the 2,000 tenants who have been evicted since the 1st of January last? Was it in putting the two hundred honorable and brave men in Kilmainham and the other jails of the country? Was it in issuing a police circular of a more infamous character than any which has ever been devised by any foreign despot? Was it in the sending of hundreds of thousands of rounds of ball cartridge to his Bashi-Bazouks throughout the country? Was it in sharpening the bayonets of the latest issue to the Royal Irish Constabulary? And if it was not all these sustained efforts which Mr. Gladstone has taken up nobly and well from his predecessors in the title of misgoverning Ireland, I should like to know what were the efforts of which William Ewart Gladstone talks when he speaks of those sustained efforts which he is making for the people of Ireland. He charges us with having refused to vote for the second reading of his land act; he charges us with having used every effort to disparage, to discredit, and, if we could, to destroy his land bill; he points to our refusal to compromise our position by voting on the second reading as his proof, and then he goes on to say that on every subsequent occasion, on the two subsequent occasions when that bill was really in danger, I and the Irish party rescued Gladstone and his cabinet by our thirty-six votes from destruction and defeat. And then in the close of his speech he admits our whole position and conten-

tion. In one last despairing wail he says that when the government is expected to preserve the peace it has no moral force behind it. The government has no moral force behind it in Ireland. The whole Irish people are against them. They have to depend for their support on the self-interest of a very small minority of the people of this country, and therefore they have no moral force behind them. Mr. Gladstone, in those few short words, admits that the English government has failed in Ireland; he admits the contention that Grattan and the volunteers of '82 fought for; he admits the contention that the men of '98 lost their lives for; he admits the contention that O'Connell argued for; he admits the contention that the men of '48 staked their all for; he admits the contention that the men of '65, after a long period of depression and of apparent death of all national life, in Ireland, cheerfully faced the dungeon and the horrors of penal servitude for, and admits the contention that to-day you in your overpowering multitudes have re-established and, please God, will bring to a successful and final issue, namely, that England's mission in Ireland has been a failure, and that Irishmen have established their right to govern Ireland by laws made by themselves for themselves on Irish soil — and he winds up with a threat. This man who has no moral force behind him, he winds up with a threat: 'No fear of force and no fear of ruin through force shall, so far as we are concerned, and it is in our power to decide the question, prevent the Irish people from having the full and free benefit of the land act.' I say it is not in his power to trample on the aspirations and the rights of the Irish people with no moral force behind him. These are very brave words that he uses, but it strikes me that they have a ring about them like the whistle of the schoolboy on his way through a churchyard at night to keep up his courage. He would have you to believe that he is not afraid of you because he has disarmed you, because he has attempted to disorganize you, because he knows that the Irish nation is to-day disarmed, so far as physical weapons go. But he does not hold this kind of language with the Boers. What did he do at the commencement of the session? He said something of this kind. He said he was going to put them down; but as soon as he had discovered that they were able to shoot straighter than his own soldiers, he allowed these few men to put himself and his government down, and though he has attempted to regain some of his lost position in the Transvaal by the subsequent chicanery of diplomatic negotiations, yet that sturdy and small people in the distant Transvaal has seen through Mr. William Ewart Gladstone, and they have told him again for a second time that they will not have their liberties filched from them; and, as the result, I believe we shall see that Mr. Gladstone will again yield to the people of the Transvaal. And I trust we shall see, as the result of this great movement, that just as Mr. Gladstone, by the act of 1881, has eaten all his bold words, has departed from all his former declared principles, so we shall see that these brave words of this English prime minister will be scattered as chaff before the united and advancing determination of the Irish people to regain for themselves their lost land and their lost legislative independence."

A PROTESTANT BISHOP ON THE MONKS OF OLD.

THERE has been a great gathering of supporters of the Established Church at Peterborough in honor of the memory of the founders of the cathedral. Some thoughtful observations were made by Bishop Magee in the course of his sermon on the spirit which hadanimated the monks of old:

"They thanked God [he said] for those pious founders who had given them such a gift as that. The duty and responsibility it threw upon them was to care for these endowments and bequests as trustees and guardians for the future, and to catch and cherish the spirit in which their forefathers raised such places: the spirit of the old monks, whom those who spoke in shallow and wretched ignorance of the great monastic institutions of Europe and the West sometimes described as Monkish and Papist and the like, and talked of their profligacy and indolence. These men did not know that the monks of early days were the pioneers of Christianity, civilization, and culture; . . . brave and self-denying men, who went forth in the name of the Master, waging war with barbarism and heathenism, examples of learning and thoughtful devotion to higher and better things. It was in that spirit that men first built the minster at Peterborough."

Later on, speaking of the action of Henry VIII., the bishop said that "the hand of the spoiler was laid, alas! upon the building, when a cruel and voluptuous tyrant laid waste the homes of learning and of religion throughout the country."

O'CONNOR.

T. P. O'Connor, member of Parliament for Galway, arrived in New York on the 16th of October. He had a splendid reception. From New York he came to Boston, where he had the grandest reception witnessed in this city since the Centennary of O'Connell. He will visit the principal cities of New England, and afterwards New York and other States. In an interview, published in the Pilot, he makes the following statement in reference to his visit to America: —

"I am more gratified than I can say at the splendid spirit which the arrest of Parnell has evoked among the Irish in America. They meet the latest and foulest outrage upon their country with a solid, splendid, and united front; and if any difference exists among various shades of thought, it is solely due to the noble emulation of ardent patriotism. My own position with regard to my countrymen in America is clear. I recognize no party or sectional differences, and nothing will induce me to depart from the attitude of a national representative, impartial between all honest, honorable, and patriotic Irishmen. To render this position more distinct and in accordance with instructions from Mr. Parnell, I shall appoint a treasurer to form a fund from the proceeds of my lectures, separate and distinct from all others; and to this gentleman shall be transmitted all the money resulting from my mission. Engagements made for me before my arrival in this country I shall fulfil; but all future engagements shall be made by myself solely. I shall consider applications from all quarters, and through whomsoever sent, with perfect impartiality, and solely with a view of covering as much ground as I can within the term of my mission. It is impossible that one man should meet all the applications, and I find that I cannot in the future undertake more than five lectures in each week. I shall accordingly request my friend, Dr. Dillon Egan, who was associated with me by the executive of the Land League, to take up a certain number of meetings; and my gifted and eloquent friend, fresh from a visit to Ireland, will be able to give a graphic picture of events and fortunes on the battle-ground in the old land. I will announce in a few days the name of the gentleman who will act as treasurer, and who will receive all communications intended for me."

PERSONNEL OF MR. O'CONNOR.

A New York correspondent of the Boston Daily Globe thus describes Mr. O'Connor's appearance: —

"Tall and commanding in figure, he stood and bowed his acknowledgments, while the surging mass of patriotic men and women paid tribute to the genius of Parnell's most trusted lieutenant. When he began to speak the silence was oppressive, and his rich, mellow voice thrilled his hearers as sentence after sentence of grand and eloquent language, decorated with the richest garlands of rhetoric, flowed from his lips. Mr. O'Connor is an orator by nature and instinct. He is as different from Parnell in his style and manner as Daniel Dougherty is from Charles Francis Adams. I think the parallel might go further even than the matter of style Parnell is a cold, calculating man, who weighs every word well; O'Connor is a warm-hearted, impulsive, dashing young Celt, with a good voice, a fervid imagination, and great command of language. His speech was not written, and, in fact, was not carefully prepared or studied. But I venture to say it was the most brilliant and, at the same time, one of the most candid and intelligent addresses that has ever been heard in New York on the land question and the other great issues between Gladstone and the Irish people. The speaker first addressed himself to the recent arrest, which he condemned on the score of public policy, of humanity and justice. There was no justification for this last *coup d'etat* of the government, he said; and only petty spite, brutality, and a fiendish purpose to stir up revolt in Ireland could be urged by the ministry. 'But,' said the young tribune, 'I will not disgrace a noble cause by descending to low personalities in this country. I will reserve my criticisms until I stand face to face with these men on the floor of the British House of Commons.' As he uttered this closing sentence, a terrific cheer rang through the building, and the dashing patriot's eyes shot forth the fire that the soul felt. It was a dramatic picture. There stood a man who, if he had remained in Ireland much longer, would have been now lodged in Kilmainham Jail. Addressing an audience in perfect sympathy with his views, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of liberty, and enjoying its sacred blessing, he felt, for the first time in his public career, that he was

on a soil where the term 'freedom of speech' is a fact and not a sham. He seemed to draw inspiration from the surrounding circumstances; and as he proceeded, it became almost impossible to restrain the audience. 'We are called village tyrants,' he continued, 'and disturbers of the peace; but the government which British ministers try to impose upon us is the only tyranny in Ireland. Government derives its power and its strength from the affections and confidence and the consent of the governed. The only strength the government in Ireland has is in the force, in its 50 000 troops, its flying columns, and its constabulary. It depends altogether on force. We have no buckshot, no flying columns, no ships of war; but we have what is better,—the affection, the confidence, and the support of 20,000,000 Irish men and women scattered all over the face of the earth. That is why the Land League has been said to be the only government in Ireland with any moral support to sustain it.'"

HOPE FOR ENGLAND.

In a recent address, Cardinal Manning said he had great hopes of England. England had never rejected the faith. In England, which was called the great Protestant country of the world, if the people could speak themselves, what answer would they give? Did they reject the faith? No; for they were not in existence when the faith was rejected. Was it rejected by their forefathers? No; but a wicked king, corrupt courtiers, base men, faithless bishops, and unworthy priests,—they robbed the people of England of that which was their most precious inheritance. Yet the people of England of to-day loved the word of God, shrank from empty ceremonies and unmeaning ritual, were weary of religious division, and were seeking for unity of faith, and he doubted if there was one who, if he woke up the next morning and found such unity, would not rejoice in his heart. Earnestly, in conclusion, the preacher put it to his hearers, could they conceive that God would not in his own good time bring about the accomplishment of this wish in England?

NO STOCKING!

The Christmas bells are ringing loud,
The Christmas sun is high,
And through the streets a merry crowd
Is shouting joyously;
The Christmas sun is shining bright
On Willie's little head,
He hears the tin horns in the street
And all the cries that Christmas greet;
But in the house there is no sound,
No voice on stair or hall,
He scrambles up and looks around,—
No stocking on the wall!
"Oh, mother, mother, where are you?"
He cries and cries again,
And what can little Willie do,
For all his cry is vain?
Why don't they hear his plaintive call,
And there 's no stocking on the wall!
"I have been good," you hear him say,
"I 'beyed the nurse's words,
I have n't cried since yesterday
Or thrown stones at the birds
That hop and chirp, it is n't fair!
O, mother, come!" he cries,
"I did n't pull the baby's hair,
Or punch its little eyes;
I have been good! O, come to me!
And I will say my A B C!"
Then Willie says his morning prayer
That mother dear may come,
And bring a stocking rich and rare
With toys and squares of gum,
And chocolate and lemon-drops,
And jumping-jacks and apples red,
And all the treasure of the shops!—
See! mother glides up to the bed
With gifts;—ah, this is joy and bliss;
But best is mother's Christmas kiss!

A careless printer made a dancing master's card read: "I offer my respectful shanks to all who have honored me with their patronage."

A lady, who has long been recognized as an uncompromising opponent of the use of tobacco in any form, did actually account for early rising the other morning by saying she was "up to snuff" the early breeze.

A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," replied Crispin, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

"I do believe, Mr. Heffelspin," said his wife, "that you mean to kill me with your everlasting conundrums. Why is a feline sitting up straight like Niagara? You know I could n't guess it." "Well I will tell you," rejoined Heffelspin, "because it is a cat erect."

TWO CONTRAST PICTURES.

Dublin Irishman.

All England is showing signs of mourning for the dead President of the American Republic.

We remember a time when all England did not mourn but exult; when she did not weep but laugh; when she did not lament but made merry with great and exceeding joy: *it was the time when the American Republic itself seemed to be in the very agony of death.*

Hypocrites may put on a crape band to-day as well as honest men. They may close a shutter, or preach a lugubrious sermon; they may fill their papers (in the absence of Parliamentary news) with every detail connected with Garfield's sickness, untimely end, and funeral ceremonies. All those things can be readily, easily, and cheaply done; indeed they can be turned to profit, and an increased circulation or enlarged congregation, due to a sensation word on the sensation of the day, will secure the reward of such virtue.

But when the Republic was in danger, where were these sympathetic mourners? They were fitting out blockade-runners to make gain of America's evil, and armor-plating fast pirate-ships to make prey of her commerce!

Weeping! there was no weeping in those days. All the organs of England, with scarce an exception, raised loud the shout of triumph, a veritable hurricane of hurrahs, exulting that at last "the bubble has burst, and that the backbone of the great Republic of the Rebel Washington had been smashed in twain! That was their cry, a thousand times repeated. That also was their aim; for never was the saying more true or more applicable, that here the wish is father to the thought.

They hoped they had done with the American Republic forever. They were anxious to promote, and they longed to see two warring sections in place of one united whole, sketching out a future filled with frays between multiplying sections, in which the very name of the United States would have gone down to eternal ruin, — the ruin they so ardently desired.

The Queen, who gives them words of sympathy now, gave them none then. From the Archbishop of Canterbury, all the official and semi-official class of Britain exhibit their trappings of woe. Then there were bridal garments and white flowers, for the Republic was about to die!

Then there was a despatch of troops to Canada to menace the northern frontier, and keep alive the hope of the southern combatant. Then also there was a French affair. Then finally England pressed so hard and so wickedly on America that many Americans of high standing declared that they could never forgive her for her frightful conduct to their country.

Then, on the other hand, the Irish people assembled in public meeting in Dublin to express their most cordial sympathy with the American side of the question.

There, as elsewhere, they refused to recognize England's hostile policy against the Republic; the Irish were as devoted friends to the American Republic as twin brothers. There was something in that, which is wanting in every one of the English manifestations — there was honest and ardent sympathy for a friend in need and in danger.

When America was in need and in danger, Ireland gave her sympathy and support. England gave her a most deliberate and determined hostility.

Manifestly, England may boast of one thing, — of her crocodile tears. If the brood of those animals should run out, a tear of England let fall upon the banks of a river would suffice to raise a new brood of doubly dyed crocodiles.

IRELAND.

"You cannot imprison a nation."—PARNELL.

MOMENTOUS events have occurred in Ireland since our last issue. Parnell, Dillon, and numerous others have been arrested and lodged in jail. The country has been proclaimed, the Land League broken up, and other outrages committed on the people. In fact, a reign of terror prevails throughout the country. What the final result will be God only knows.

MANIFESTO.

The following manifesto was issued by the League on the 18th of October:

Fellow-countrymen: The hour has come to test whether the great organization, built up during years of patient labor and sacrifice, and consecrated by the allegiance of the whole Irish race the world over, is to disappear at the summons of brutal tyranny. The crisis with which we are face to face is not of our making. It has been deliberately forced upon the country, while the Land Act is yet untested, in order to strike down the only power which might have extorted any solid benefits for the tenant farmers of Ireland from the act, and to leave them once more helplessly at the mercy of the law invented to save landlordism and administered by the landlords' minions. The executive of the Irish National Land League, acting in the spirit of the resolutions of the national convention, the most freely elected representative body ever assembled in Ireland, was advancing steadily in the work of testing the Land Act. At the same time it took measures to secure, in the event of the Land Act proving to be a mere paltry mitigation of the horrors of landlordism in order to fasten it more securely upon the necks of the people, that the tenant farmers should not be delivered blindfolded into the hands of the hostile law courts, but should be able to fall back upon the magnificent organization which was crushing landlordism out of existence, when Mr. Gladstone stepped in to its rescue. Blow after blow has been struck at the Land League, in mere wantonness of brute force.

In the face of provocation which has turned men's blood to flame, the executive adhered calmly, steadily, to the course traced out for it by the national convention. Test cases of a varied and searching character were, with great labor, put in train for adjudication in the land courts. Even the arrest of Mr. Parnell, and the excited state of feeling which it evoked, did not induce the executive to swerve in the slightest from that course; but the events which have since occurred, the seizure of almost all the members of the executive and chief officials of the League upon preposterous pretences, and the violent suppression of free speech, put it beyond any possibility of doubt that the English government, unable to declare the Land League an illegal association, defeated in its attempt to break its unity, and afraid to abide the result of the test cases, has deliberately resolved to destroy the whole machinery of the central League, with a view to rendering the experimental trial of the act impossible, and forcing it upon the Irish tenant farmer on the government's own terms. Only one constitutional weapon now remains in the hands of the League. It is the strongest, swiftest, and most irresistible of all. We hesitate to advise our fellow-countrymen to employ it until the savage lawlessness of the English government has provoked a crisis in which we must either consent to see the Irish tenant farmers disarmed of their organization and laid once more prostrate at the feet of the landlords, and every Irish public opinion suppressed with an armed hand, or appeal to our countrymen to at once resort to the only means now left in their hands of bringing this false and brutal government to its senses.

Fellow-countrymen, the hour to try your souls and to redeem your pledges has arrived. The executive of the National Land League, forced to abandon its policy of testing the Land Act, feels bound to advise the tenant farmers of Ireland from this day forth to pay no rents under any circumstances to their landlords until the government relinquishes the existing system of terrorism and restores the constitutional rights of the people. Do not be daunted by the removal of your leaders. Do not let yourselves be intimidated by threats of military violence. It is as lawful to refuse to pay rents as it is to receive them. Against the passive resistance of the entire population military power has no weapon. Funds will be poured out unstintedly for the support of all who may endure eviction in the course of the struggle. Our exiled brothers in America may be relied upon to contribute, if

necessary, as many millions of money as they have contributed thousands to starve out landlordism and bring English tyranny to its knees. You have only to show that you are not unworthy of their boundless sacrifices. One more crowning struggle for your land, your homes, your lives, — a struggle in which you have all the memories of your race, all the hopes of your kindred, and all the sacrifices of your imprisoned brothers.

(Signed) PARNELL.
KETTLE.
DAVITT.
BRENNAN.
DILLON.
SEXTON.
EGAN.

The signatures to the Land League manifesto were not actully written by the prisoners, but were virtually appended by their authority.

The following explains itself: —

IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE OF U. S.,
CENTRAL OFFICE, 198 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON, Oct. 19, 1881.

Members of the League and friends of the cause: For Ireland the supreme moment has come! The action of the government and the action of the League revolutionize the situation.

The Irish executive, Messrs. Parnell, Kettle, Davitt, Brennan, Dillon, Sexton, and Egan, have just issued the following appeal: —

Fellow-countrymen: The hour to try your souls and to redeem your pledges has arrived. The executive of the national Land League, forced to abandon its policy of testing the Land Act, feels bound to advise the tenant farmers of Ireland from this day forth to pay no rents under any circumstances to their landlords, until government relinquishes the existing system of terorrism and restores the constitutional rights of the people. Do not be daunted by the removal of your leaders. Do not let yourselves be intimidated by threats of military violence. It is as lawful to refuse to pay rents, as it is to receive them. Against the passive resistance of the entire population, military power has no weapon. Funds will be poured out unstintedly, for the support of all who may endure eviction in the course of the strnggle. Our exiled brothers in America may be relied upon, to contribute, if necessary, as many millions of money as they have contributed thousands to starve out landlorism and bring English tyranny to its knees. You have only to show that you are not unworthy of their boundless sacrifices. One more crowning struggle for your land, your homes, your lives, — a struggle in which you have all the memories of your race, all the hopes of your kindred, and all the sacrifices of your imprisoned brothers.

This trumpet-call to duty and to sacrifice will be obeyed in Ireland.

The government and the nation, landlordism and the people, stand face to face, prepared for a death grapple.

Never was braver or bolder stand advised, since men began to struggle against wrong on the earth. The powers that have trampled and starved the people for ages are to be trampled and starved in their turn.

While the Irish people nerve themselves for the supreme effort, let us show them how well their hope in us is founded.

By every act of head and heart and pocket, let us respond to their appeal.

Hold meetings everywhere, and cable to the Freeman's Journal, Dublin, your response for publication.

Knit closer together, forgetting small things, and only remembering that Ireland united looks to you for generous and united support, in this her day of trial.

PATRICK A. COLLINS,
President.

THE LAND LEAGUE MANIFESTO.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the Freeman's Journal: —

THURLES, Oct. 19.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have just read, with the utmost pain, and indeed with absolute dismay, the manifesto issued yesterday by the leading incarcerated patriots of Kilmainham Jail, and publicly proclaimed to the country at large, on their behalf, from the Land League rooms, in Sackville Street.

Against the committal of the people of this country, even under still more excit-

ing and critical circumstances than the present, to the doctrine of the non-payment of rent, though but for a certain specified time, I must and hereby do enter my solemn protest.

At no time an enrolled member of the Irish National Land League, I have been, nevertheless, a steadfast and uncompromising supporter of its public policy, as a whole, believing the same to be thoroughly legal and constitutional, and calculated to lead to great national results. I am of precisely the same mind still. But I have invariably, both in my published utterances and in private discourse, in Ireland and out of it, before lay folk and ecclesiastical men, whether of high or low degree, here at home on Tipperary soil as well as in lands beyond the seas, unequivocally stated that I stood out for fair rents and for nothing more; for the safe foothold of our agricultural classes upon Irish soil, there to be wholesomely fed, fairly clothed, and suitably lodged; and that the absolute repudiation of rent, should it ever find public expression in Ireland, would meet with no sympathy whatever from me. Such are substantially my views, frequently expressed, and not unknown to more than one of the signatures to yesterday's manifesto. I shall say no more just now. I need not do so. I regret, indeed, to have been obliged to say so much. I hold to the original platform of the Irish National Land League. There is no more reason for abandoning it now than there was when Davitt took possession of a cell in Portland, or when Dillon, with his two hundred compatriots, was committed to Kilmainham Jail. It was a sound policy, the original policy of the League. It was a statesmanlike policy. It was a sufficiently elastic policy. It was a righteous policy. Tested by experience and results, it was a successful policy, as well. It welded bishops, priests, and laymen into one loving brotherhood of national work.

It pains me, then, sorely, to think that any attempt should now be made to displace the old lines, especially by the very men by whom they were so judiciously laid down. Anyhow, I thoroughly believe in the policy of the past in all its substantial branches, and I quite as firmly believe that the policy now so impetuously recommended to the country instead, besides being condemned on the grounds of principle and expediency, can lead to nothing but disintegration and defeat.

I am, my dear sir,
Your very faithful servant,
✝ T. W. CROKE,
Archbishop of Cashel.

The Freeman's Journal, commenting on the manifesto of the League, says: —

"We forsee dire confusion and ruin t individuals, and possible strife and bloodshed. However opinions may differ as to the propriety and legality of the advice tendered to the people by the imprisoned leaders of the League, there can be no difference as to the eloquence and ability in which the case of the League is stated. We do not believe that tenants will follow the counsel not to pay rents. We believe that a better and wiser spirit is springing up. There is shown in many districts an extreme desire to terminate the fruitless controversy. We have no proof yet that the Land Act will not be carried out otherwise than in the most honest way."

The Dublin Freeman's Journal published a reply by Mr. Egan, the treasurer of the Land League, to the letter of Archbishop Croke protesting against the manifesto of the Land League. He declares the archbishop falls into two grave errors. The original programme of the League, he says, was not "fair rents," but the abolition of landlorism. There is no comparison between the present situation, and that when Mr. Davitt and the first of the "suspects" were arrested. The government has now thrown away all pretences, appealed to brute force, and suppressed all forms of constitutional expression. He asks whether Archbishop Croke advises the people to surrender at discretion, pay rent to their real jailers, and resuscitate the corpse of landlordism. The executive of the Land League has long and carefully considered the advisability of a strike against rent, and believes it the only wise and courageous course. It is confident that it must secure a sure and speedy triumph.

It is stated that the Papal Nuncio in Paris has informed the French archbishops and bishops that the Pope has relieved of their monastic vows the members of the Capuchin, Dominican, and Oratorian Orders, recently suppressed, and that they may therefore be now employed as ordinary priests in the various dioceses.

It is rumored that Princess Beatrice will be married to some near relative of the young king of Spain, and that the conferring of the Garter on King Alphonso was a preliminary step to negotiations for the alliance.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MARIANNA; OR, THE FAIRY CHILD.

Once upon a time, a long while ago, there was a little child called Marianna.

Now Marianna lived with an old gypsy woman who was said to be her grandmother, and their dwelling was a small hut on the border of a great forest.

There was no other house near, nor habitation of any kind. The nearest village was miles and miles away; only just beneath the brow of the hill, which hid the far-off landscape from view, was a rude little cell were dwelt the holy hermit Dominicus.

Marianna was a very fair child with long golden hair, and blue eyes which always seemed full of pure, bright, happy thoughts. It had been said she was a stolen child, so fair and unlike a gypsy was she; but it was never known who she was nor where she had come from.

But very lovely was she in her short brown skirt and tight blue bodice, with her golden hair floating away in the wind. Yet there was no one to tell her she was pretty, and Marianna never knew what it was to be vain.

She was a good child too, but she did not know it, nor yet about Him who had made this world of beauty. So she sported with the flowers, and sang her little songs, and lived in sweet obedience to the strange old woman who called her grandchild. And so Marianna grew till she was seven years old.

One day little Marianna ran out to play as usual on the borders of the forest. It was the sweet spring-tide, and she gathered violets and bluebells, and made a wreath for her hair. When she looked up she saw an old man slowly drawing near; his eyes were bent upon his book, but his calm, noble face riveted the child's attention.

When he saw Marianna looking up at him with childlike simplicity and reverence, he stood still.

"What is thy name, little maid?" said he.

"My name is Marianna," she replied in a soft, timid voice, and with wonder-speaking eyes.

"The prayers of little children are very pleasing to the great and good God. Pray for me, Marianna."

And the stranger passed on his way.

Marianna did not move. The words, and the voice, and the sweet holy smile had penetrated her young heart. She knew not the meaning of those words, but her soul seemed to follow the retreating form of the stranger, and when she could see him no longer she burst into tears.

"O great and good God!" exclaimed she, "teach me to pray, that I may pray for him!"

And when the prayer had passed her lips, though she knew not that it was a prayer, her tears dried up, and an untold joy filled the soul of the little maiden.

And the child's life was changed. The flowers and the sunshine no longer attracted her eyes. Her soul had awakened, and it yearned for something beyond. For in her heart had welled up the fountains of a child's holy love.

But she had no one to speak to, and so she spoke to the flowers, and said, —

"Dear little flowers, who *is* the great God, that I may go to him, and what must I do that I may pray to him?"

And the flowers looked up to the sky, and opened their petals wide; but their language she did not understand.

Then she called to the birds, and said, —

"Dear birds, where is the great God, that I may find him, and what is it I must do that I may pray to him?"

And the birds fluttered from bough to bough, and flapped their wings joyously, and they carolled forth a glad song amidst the shady foliage of the woods. But the meaning of their language Marianna did not understand.

Then she turned to the sunshine, and asked it the same question.

And the sunshine came out from behind a dark cloud and decked it with gold, and it flooded all the landscape with heavenly glory.

But Marianna could not understand; and her little heart fluttered plaintively, while a sigh escaped her lips.

"O stranger dear, come back! Come back and teach me where I shall find God, that I may go to him and learn how to pray!"

And the light in her eyes grew brighter, and her step grew quicker, and day by day she sat on her bed of moss looking far into the valley, waiting until the old man should come again. Every day she gathered a knot of sweet violets, that she might give them to him as an offering of her childish love.

So the days went by, and at last he came. She sat there with her violets in her hand, but her head had fallen on its mossy pillow, and she was asleep.

The holy hermit Dominicus had come out for his evening meditation, when he saw the child as she lay sleeping in the moss.

He stopped, and looked tenderly upon her. "Beautiful childhood!" he whispered softly, "more beautiful still the unstained soul within! Sweet little one, how God must love thee!"

Then he knelt down, and prayed that his own heart might be found at last as innocent and guileless as the child's. But the violets he took from her little hand, and placed them in his bosom.

And when Marianna awoke from her sleep the moon had arisen, and her flowers were gone.

"O that I could find him!" said the child, and wept.

For the days had come and gone, and the summer sun now shone; but Marianna had never yet had her question answered.

Then a sudden thought broke in upon her. She dried her tears as she rose, looked round timidly, and set forth to seek the stranger. "I will go," said she, "and find *him* first, and he will tell me what I must do."

So she wandered on and on till her feet were weary, but she heeded not. The sun poured his hot rays upon her from his seat high in the heavens, but she feared them not. On, on she went, towards the brow of the hill, seeking the only one who could teach her how the wants of her young heart were to be satisfied.

But the little feet at last refused to carry her any farther, and Marianna now felt that she had lost her way. She sat down and, clasping her hands across her breast, she murmured again, "O great and good God, teach me to pray!"

As she spoke she raised her eyes, and saw the holy old man whom she had searched for approaching. He smiled, as she had seen him do before, and stood before her.

"What ails thee, Marianna?" said he, "and what has brought thee so far from home?"

"Oh, tell me!" she cried, lifting up her hands to him, the tears streaming down her face, — "tell me where I may find Him!"

"Whom seekest thou, my child?"

"The great and good God, that I may pray to him."

The holy man paused in silent wonder; then, laying his hands upon her head, he said slowly and softly,—

"Child, he is everywhere; but he loves best to dwell in hearts that love him. Look for him *there* and you will find him!"

So Marianna returned to her cottage home, and was happy, for the stranger had spoken sweet words, albeit she understood them not.

She played amongst the birds and the flowers, and a new beauty seemed over all.

"O sweet little flowers," cried she, "the great and good God loves you, for he is with you everywhere. It is he that makes you beautiful and sweet. Oh, that I were a flower, that I might be as happy as you!"

And the little flowers moved more gayly, and shed their perfume more abundantly; and thus they spoke all day long to the child of him who dwelt amongst them, unseen by mortal eye.

"O, little birds," she said, "the great and good God loves you! It is he who fills your hearts with joy and your throats with song. Oh, that I too were a bird, that I might sing to him!"

And the birds carolled louder, and flew from branch to branch in the shady forest, making it echo with their song. And so they spoke all day long to the child of him who dwelt amongst them, unseen by mortal eye.

"O blessed light," cried she, holding out her hands as the glorious sun set in the west, "the great and good God loves you! It is he who kindled your burning fires, and stretches out your white beams till all creation sparkles with your brightness. Oh, that I were a sunbeam, that I too might shine so near him, and might praise him!"

And a bright glory flooded the golden west. It reached out to the fair child, encircling her with its arms of beauty, as her hair fell round her face like a crown of gold in the light which played upon her.

Thus from morning till eve the flowers, and the birds, and the rays of the sun spoke to Marianna of Him who lives amongst them unseen by eye of man.

When Marianna arose in the morning she lifted up her hands and said:

"O great and good God, who art everywhere, but chiefly in the hearts of those that love thee, take me to the heart that loves thee best, that I may see thee and learn to pray."

Then she dressed herself, and arranged in order her grandmother's cabin; and once again she wandered forth towards the valley where dwelt the holy hermit.

"For," said she, "if I am near him I shall be near God; for *he* loves the great and good God, and God dwells in his heart. Oh that I could be a fairy child, that I might live with his book, in his dress, and so be near his heart! Then should I be near God, and learn to pray."

The day was sultry, and her little feet ached; but still the child went on till she came to the mossy bank where she had slept before.

So she sat down to rest; and as she sat there stood before her a beautiful lady, more dazzling than the sun and more lovely than the moon, all dressed in snowy white, with a crown of pure pearls upon her brow.

And the Vision was so bright and tender that the child closed her eyes for very sweetness, and a sense of perfect rest. But the Vision lifted her hands graciously over the little golden head, and blessed her and vanished.

When Marianna awoke she found herself no longer a sprightly little girl, able to trip over the ground from morning till night, but the smallest, tiniest little maiden that ever was seen.

Close by her side sat the holy hermit; his eyes were bent upon his book, and his lips whispered words which, although she understood them not, sounded strangely sweet to her ears.

She no longer feared him as before; but, climbing on to his dress, she waited patiently till the prayers were ended and the book was closed.

Then the hermit looked upon her with a smile; he held out his hand, and she climbed into it. Her voice was soft and clear, and she said, —

"Let me go with you."

"Sweet little one," he answered, "how like you are unto Marianna. Since you so resemble her, I will take you; but there is nothing for little children in my cell, nor do I know where you can live."

But Marianna pleaded, "Let me be with your book, and I shall be near to God!"

"You shall come," said he, "and you shall sometimes be with the book, for it is a holy book, and if you could read it it would teach you about God."

Then the holy man arose, and placing his breviary within the folds of his cloak and Marianna beside it, he returned straightway to his dwelling in the valley.

Thus Marianna's first wish was granted.

She nestled down close to the precious book, and listened to the soft beating of the heart against which it lay; and she knew she was very near to God.

And again she cried, "O great and good God, whom I cannot see, but who art so very near me, teach me to love Thee, that I too may hold Thee in my heart!"

Then it seemed to the child as though a veil was withdrawn from before her eyes, and that she could see a picture unfolding itself before her. At first it was in a mist, but it grew clearer and brighter the longer she gazed.

It was as though she saw a chamber, the walls of which were hung with golden tapestry, woven into pictures, which she could not understand. But in the midst of them was a cross of pure light, and on it hung the figure of the most beautiful man that could be conceived. Rays of light from the figure filled the little chamber, and by this light she saw everything as it were in the brightness of day.

"O God," whispered the child, "teach me to love thee!"

Marianna gazed and gazed until her heart overflowed: her eye never tired of gazing, nor her heart of longing.

"O God," she cried again, "who art thou? Teach me to love thee, that I may be ever near thee."

The hermit was kneeling in his cell.

And Marianna saw the golden cross grow brighter and brighter, and the light flashed from it with such brilliance that all the other pictures became dim and vanished.

Then the child stretched out her hands to grasp the cross, but a voice whispered softly, "Not yet."

The hermit arose from his prayer, and, taking his breviary, he bethought him of her whom he took for a fairy child. He gathered a little moss from the brookside, and forming over the bed he had made for her a little shelter of twigs and leaves, he laid her gently upon it, for she had fallen asleep.

And as he did so the vision passed from her sight.

Now the old man built her a little cell, and planted lilies and violets round about it, but when he went abroad he placed her in the fold of his cloak, according to her wish.

So each day she saw, unknown to him, the figure of the Crucified, who lived within his heart, and those rays of light fell upon her soul, drawing her to the pierced side, and filling her with untold joy.

She longed to enter the chamber, and sought about for some vacant spot within it, but there was none. Every corner was filled with images so bright and glorious, and with pictures so love-inspiring, that she felt that her wish was a hopeless one.

There was no place in that human heart even for her, the humble little Marianna.

Shall I *never* clasp that golden cross, or kiss the feet of Him who hangs upon it? O God, O wondrous God, how beautiful thou art! O bid me come near thee, that I may love thee as they do who have thee in their hearts!" And the child wept

tears of joy and grief, for though she saw yet she possessed not.

One day the holy man returned to his cell in deep meditation. The child still gazed on the vision which she saw within his heart, and gradually it melted away and was replaced by another. He had prostrated himself before the crucifix in his cell, forgetting to remove his cloak, in the folds of which the child knelt, looking and longing.

For the chamber into which she gazed became dim, and through the transparent mist which floated in the light of the Crucified a picture unfolded itself before her.

It was a garden. Lovely flowers and blossoming trees were there — trees, too, that bore golden fruit — and birds, and running brooks; but amidst it all was a light so dazzling, so penetrating, that it seemed to burn all without consuming anything, and in the very midst of the light were a glorious man and woman. It was not the light of the Crucified — for it was in this light that she saw the other — but another. It grew into a circle, into which other circles wove themselves, and together they all formed into a triangle, which seemed at once the frame and the centre of the picture.

This picture flashed, and grew more and more distinct as she looked upon it, when suddenly it was replaced by a darkness and a horror, and she saw a serpent stealing round the picture frame, with its glittering false eye fixed on the woman. And it passed, but the garden was no more, but a waste, dreary and dark; and a weeping woman knelt at the feet of the Crucified.

Then the form of the woman passed away, and she saw the waves of a great sea raging in the midst of a storm, and a little boat tossing upon it. But the light from the cross guided it until the tempest was passed, and then the picture passed too, and nothing remained but the golden cross and the Crucified.

But a glorious woman stood beneath it, the same whom once before Marianna had seen, and who had smiled upon her and blessed her. She stood there in her radiant beauty, and her foot was on the serpent's head.

Thus hours had passed, and still Marianna, with eye untired and soul unsatiated, gazed on the form of Him who drew her to his heart in silent suffering love.

"Oh that I could know Thee, thou wonderful God! Oh that I might love thee and possess thee, as they do who love thee most."

But of all this the hermit knew nothing, for Marianna spoke not aloud: it was her heart that cried silently to God.

"Little one," said the holy man one day, "are you not weary?"

"How can I be weary when I am so near to God?" she replied.

"But you cannot know God," he said. "If you were the real Marianna I could teach you, and you should be baptized."

"Teach me," said the plaintive little voice, "teach me as if I were the real Marianna. Oh teach me what it is to be baptized!"

"It is to be made the very child of the great and good God."

"And then may I touch the golden cross? Oh, let me be baptized!"

"What do you mean by the golden cross, little one?"

Then the child told him all that she had seen.

The holy man praised God exceedingly, for he thought that she had seen a vision, not that she had looked into his own soul.

"I will teach you, little one," said he, "and you shall be God's child if he wills it, but I know not if it be so."

Then the child raised her hands as she was wont to do, and exclaimed, —

"O great and good God, shining down from the golden cross, who art everywhere, but chiefly in the hearts of those that love thee, let me be taught to know thee, that even I, the little one, may be thy child, and may

have a heart which loves thee, in which thou mayest dwell and never leave me!"

Thereupon the holy hermit praised God and said, —

"Be it so, my child. The holy drops shall be poured upon thee, and thou shalt be his child forever."

And the hermit taught her to call him father.

"Father," she said to him one day, "when the holy drops shall have fallen on my head, will the great and good God let me be with him always?"

"Whilst thou lovest him above all things, he will be in thy heart, and will never leave it."

"And shall I see him as he is?"

"Not yet."

Then Marianna went into her cell, and she said, "O great and good God, shining from the golden cross, give me a heart to love thee above all things; and when the holy drops fall upon me, let me see thee as thou art and never leave thee."

The child prayed thus because the image of the Crucified lived in her memory; and she spoke to it all day long of her love and of her longing.

Meanwhile the holy man taught her by little and little, and so she learned the holy faith. The love of God, too, grew in her heart stronger and stronger, and she waited for the blessed time when she should be united to God. But she was silent, for she knew not in what words to speak of her love.

And the child found a voice at length, and she began to speak to all the things which she saw around her.

"O all ye lovely things of God," she cried, "love him and praise him with me, for he is my father, and I am to be his own forever!

"O ye little birds, come and sing to God, and praise him with me; for he is my father, and I am to be his own child forever!

"O ye beautiful flowers, open your leaves and breathe forth sweet odors, and praise God with me; for he is my father, and I am to be his child forever!

"O thou glorious light, shining down from heaven upon all that God has made, come and praise him with me; for he is my father, and he will show the light of his countenance upon me forever!

"O ye shady trees of the forest, wave your branches, and whisper God's praises with me; for he is my father, and I am to be his child forever!

"O thou little brook of running waters, murmuring softly over thy bed of stones, come and praise the great and good God with me; for he is my father, and I am to be his child forever!"

And all day long, as the maiden sat in her mossy cell or walked forth in the wood, she spoke of her joy to the only companions she had; and thus the summer passed quickly away.

Day by day, when evening came, Marianna went forth with the holy hermit, and lived in the wondrous thoughts which filled his heart during long hours of meditation and prayer. The pictures which she saw in his heart changed as his thoughts changed; but the calm brightness was always the same, and the cross shone ever more and more, now making the objects around it clear, now absorbing them into itself, but ever reigning supreme in the midst, surrounded by a calm glory which made the child's heart glow like fire. As his instructions sank into her mind, so did these images have a meaning for her, and become the food of her soul; and all the day she longed for evening to come that she might gaze upon them again.

And thus passed the autumn and the winter, and the sweet spring-time came, when one day the holy man said to her, —

"Little one, I am going on a long journey."

The child replied, "I will go with you."

"Be it so," answered the hermit, "for the time is come."

So the child went to her cell, and bade farewell to the home she loved and to the companions of her solitude, saying, —

"The great and good God hath called, and I must go. My Father hath spoken, and I can stay no longer.

"O ye beautiful creatures, amongst whom he dwelleth, unseen by mortal eye, farewell! O lovely works of his hands, I shall see you no more!

"But I shall go to him, and he will come to me; I shall love him forever and forever, for he loveth me, and I shall never cease to be his child.

"O ye birds and flowers and trees, sunshine and clouds, ye little brooks and mossy banks, continue to praise him exceedingly with me; for he hath called me, and I am going to live in his heart, and to be with him forever!"

Thus did the child sing in the gladness of her soul, and when the early morning broke the holy solitary placed her within the fold of his cloak and departed.

But the vision had changed which she saw in his heart, and the child gazed with wonder and awe into the bright chamber.

For in the midst of it was a throne of living fire, and in the midst of the throne a crystal brighter than ten thousand diamonds, and in the midst of the crystal a living light, brighter than all created light, more beautiful than all created gems. And the glory flashed all through the sanctuary, and she could feel the deep throbbing of a heart on fire with the love of God.

The child had now no words; her soul was rapt in worship, in one ceaseless act of love. How long the vision lasted she knew not: the weary feet of the solitary might have told, but they kept it secret even from himself, and late in the evening he knelt before the altar, in a little chapel far away, dedicated to the sacred heart of Jesus.

And now, within the very midst of the crystal light which seemed to pierce through her heart of hearts, the golden cross appeared, and He who hung upon it seemed to hold out his hands towards her, and to point to his wounded side, showing her the heart most dear to God himself.

The child had no words to speak: her worship was one thrilling act of burning love.

She saw — but it was outside her. She saw — but as yet she possessed not.

. . . . . .

And now the aged solitary has placed her on the edge of the marble baptismal font. The priest and the acolytes stand by.

The holy drops have fallen on her head, and the child Marianna stands by her guardian in her natural form and grace. But she heeds not, she scarcely knows the outward change.

The inner change! she knows it! Her arms are stretched towards the altar, and with longing, eager eyes she exclaims, —

"O great God, O Father of all, come into my heart, for I love thee! Be in me as thou art in those who love thee best: O let me come to thee, and never more leave thee!"

They led her to the steps of the altar; she kneels, and with one sob of ecstatic joy her stainless soul springs from its prison-house. It has fled to the wounded side of Him whose heart alone could be her resting-place, and has found its home in the abyss of the perfect love of God.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"MADAM," said a medium, "your husband's spirit wishes to communicate with you." "No matter," said the widow; "if he's got no more spirit in the other world than he had in this, it's not worth bothering about."

A WRITER on style says, "It is the fashion in France for ladies to take their tea in bonnets and gloves." One objection to this is that some of the new bonnets do not hold much more than a lump of sugar.

Useful Knowledge.

EVERY closet and room in a house should be thoroughly inspected once a week.

NEWLY-GROUND flour, which has never been packed, is very superior to barrel flour.

IN roasting meat, do not salt before putting in the oven, as salt extracts the juice.

IN warm weather put your eggs in cold water some time before you are ready to use them.

LEMONS may be kept fresh a long time in a jar of water, changing the water every morning.

SALT COD should be kept in a dry place, where the odor of it will not penetrate to other parts of the house. The best kind is that which is called dun, from its peculiar color.

EGGS VS. MEAT. — Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones, no tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains sixty-six per cent water, the yolk fifty-two per cent. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely, and many of these men are eighty and ninety years old, and have been remarkably healthy. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste that is offensive to some, but does not harden the white or yolk so as to make them hard to digest. An egg if cooked very hard is difficult of digestion except by those of stout stomachs; such eggs should be eaten with bread, and masticated very finely. An egg spread on toast is food fit for a king, if kings deserve any better food than any body else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much.

HAMS wrapped in thick, brown paper and packed in a barrel of wood ashes in the cellar, will keep all summer.

ALWAYS prepare Sunday's dinner on Saturday, if possible, that domestics may enjoy the next day's privileges as well as you.

THE small, white sago called pearl is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. It should always be kept in a covered jar or box.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY. — The means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, as, "Keep your head cool, and your feet warm," "Work much, and eat little," etc.; just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian, in his one hundred and sixteenth year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable: —

> When hungry, of the best I eat,
> And dry and warm I keep my feet;
> I screen my head from sun and rain,
> And let few cares perplex my brain.

The following is about the best theory of the matter. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which stock cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow, — may live extensively or intensively, — may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a concentrated one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives extensively — who drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality — will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensively — who beverages himself on liquors and wines; exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, or causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength; visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly seasoned food — is always debilitated by his pleasures.

The Humorist.

YOUNG fellow, if you could raise a mustache as quick as you can raise an objection, you would soon look more like a man.

SOME people can invent awful mean slurs. When the Jenkins girl was whaling away at the piano, and pestered the next-door neighbor, the next-door neighbor came out on the steps, listened to the noise a minute, looked up to the Jenkins girl's mother, who was at the window, and said, "Got plumbers at work in your house, have n't you?" No wonder those families don't speak now.

"YES, JUDGE."—"Is Officer Alexander, of the Thirteenth precinct, anywhere near me?" asked Justice Smith, in the Essex Market Police Court.

"Yes, Judge, I am standing right here before you," answered a mountainous man with bushy hair and beard, a very red and ample face, and wearing the well-known uniform of the Metropolitan police. In his hand, which rested on the railing fronting the Justice's seat, he held upright that formidable weapon, called the club.

"You arrested these three boys?"

"Yes, Judge."

"Marx Williams, John Gedney, and John Smith, aged respectively four, six, and eight years?"

"Yes, Judge"

"Do you know it is against the law to arrest anybody under the age of reason,—seven years?"

"Yes, Judge."

"Have you got any reason?"

"Yes, Judge."

"Did you swear to this affidavit?"

"Yes, Judge."

"You 're a fool!"

"Yes, Judge. That is I mean—"

"Have you read this affidavit?"

"No, Judge."

"I will read it to you. Now listen to what you have sworn to: 'The aforesaid and above-named boys were using threatening, abusive, and insulting behavior, with intent to provoke a breach of the peace, and thereby a breach of the peace may be occasioned, and one of them broke a street lamp.'"

"Yes, Judge" repeated the imperturbable Alexander.

"I 'll commit these babies for one year to the custody of their parents, and in the mean time I 'll make up my mind what I shall do with you."

"Yes, Judge."

BALTIMORE consumes more tea than any other city in the Union, and they don't plant it. Hence the word Bawl-tea-more."

A TRADESMAN in Wakefield was reading a short time ago to his wife from an old newspaper, when he accidentally stumbled on the word economy. "Economy!" said the lady, "I have heard the word often. What does it mean, Joy?" "Mean, my lass!" said the husband, scratching his whiskers and looking as though he was suddenly puzzled. "why, let me see. Suppose I was to make thee have water porridge and treacle to thy breakfast in a morning, instead of buttered toast and coffee, why, that would be economy." "Well, then," replied the wife, "if that be economy, I want to hear no more about it."

COL. CHARLES S. SPENCER, counsellor-at-law, some years ago had to defend one Marshall, charged with larency, and against whom there was very strong evidence. Before the trial, Spencer went to his client and told him that his only chance of escape was in a plea of insanity, and he advised him to play the lunatic, and to answer all questions put to him with the word "spoons." The day of the trial came on, and Marshall took his place in the dock, pale, haggard, and wild looking. "Guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk. "Spoons!" drawled the prisoner, with a blank stare. "Come, plead guilty or not guilty," repeated the clerk. "Spoons!" was the only reply. "Prisoner, will you answer the questions put to you, or do you want to be punished for contempt?" asked the judge. "Spoons!" bawled the prisoner, still unmoved. At this point the counsel for the prisoner interferred, and told the Court that his client was not in a condition to be put on trial, as he was evidently not responsible for his actions, and it was an outrage on free citizens, etc. "Do you understand what is said?" asked the judge, addressing the prisoner. "Spoons," was his reply, in accents wild. It was evident the man was crazy, and the judge ordered him discharged. He was taken charge of by his friends, who were present and left the Court with him. Counsellor Spencer followed them, and, congratulating him on his escape, suggested that it might be a good idea to pay him his fee. His client stared at him in blank amazement, and moved away with the simple remark, "Spoons!"

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 1, 1881.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

In the present excited condition of the Irish mind, there is need of that calm, judicial action which is scarcely attainable amid the outcry of nations. The arrest of Mr. Parnell was a blunder which no subsequent explanation on the part of Mr. Gladstone can excuse. The League manifesto of "No Rent" was another blunder which it will be exceedingly difficult to explain away. But did ever a revolution take place without just such mistakes? In this, as in every other conjuncture of human affairs, history is at once our informant and teacher. The French Revolution might be described as a series of mistakes in its beginnings almost up to its consummation. The American Revolution was several times on the verge of dissolution, which nothing but the common-sense of the nation at large averted. At one point the patriots wished that all the Tories should be hanged, or at least imprisoned. In the French Revolution decrees of death were enacted against all persons suspected of unfriendliness to the Republic. When ancient Rome banished its kings it wished at the same time to annihilate every person and object in any way connected with the royal household. When England became a commonwealth under Cromwell the cavaliers were unmercifully persecuted, their lands confiscated, and their innocent children branded with infamy. Since Italy has become a united kingdom, the Pope is represented to be a hater and enemy of his own country. This is the extreme spirit of revolution. Men rush to the furthest consequences. They invite the destruction which they believe they are averting. At length there comes a reaction, and men's minds recover their equilibrium. The Land League, emboldened by its undoubted ascendancy in Ireland, seems to have assumed a tone of absolute dictation, not only to the imperial government, but to all Ireland. We see here the natural evolution of power. It invariably rises into tyranny, unless held in check by the people. It was the people that made the Land League, and the people can dissolve it at a breath. A very large number of its members strongly urged the trial of the Gladstone Land Act. "Give it a fair chance," said they, "and do not condemn it before experiment." But this course of action did not commend itself to a few of the more prominent leaguers, and, relying upon what experience shows to be a rotten branch, their "popularity," they denounced as traitors the Irishmen who were disposed to accept the Land Act. To increase their popularity they began exhorting the people to pay no rent at all. Of course advice of this kind would prove exceedingly popular among the thriftless and the dishonest; but such persons are of no advantage to any cause. The man who *cannot* pay his rent is excusable, on the general principle that no one is bound to the impossible; but to make "no rent" a rallying cry and shibboleth of the League is to give it a death-blow, for the commonest instincts of justice recoil from it, and the Irish are a just people. Then along comes Mr. Gladstone, and denounces the League on the strength of a few speeches and an occasional boycotting. He works himself into a fury for no adequate cause, and shows himself, like all Englishmen, incapable of fully understanding the Irish

people. He is apprehensive that they will be led off into all sorts of communism, because his experience of them, sharp as he is, has not penetrated the solid depth of honesty and goodness in them. Knowing their impulsiveness, he thinks that they will all rush into the excesses which mark some of the revolutions of modern times. He mistakes the genius of the nation which would scorn to rob, murder, or destroy property through a mere spirit of mischief. Irishmen will pay a fair rent. They do not wish to owe any man a shilling. They believe in law, order, and safety of life and property, and what the League should do with those who counsel communism is simply to drop them. Better a million times the British government in Ireland for a century than the commune for a day.

THE Rev. A. D. Mayo delivered a lecture on the "South at School," before the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, on Oct. 16. From a report in the Post, it appears that the reverend gentleman went through the South on what might be termed a voyage for the discovery of ignorance. To judge from the rusults of the expedition, we must overhaul our estimates of the comparative ignorance of different nations, and assign the first place to our own poor Southern States. Hitherto we supposed that the Cannibal Islands, or Central Africa, or say, Dahomey, might be regarded as the most benighted portions of the globe, but a respectable Protestant parson says, no; the Southern States surpass them all in ignorance. In making his voyage through this land of gloomy illiteracy, our reverend traveller assures us that he had exceptional advantages. The Gulf Region is the very centre of this cimmerian darkness. Three fourths of the people cannot read; and as for the colored folks, their mental condition is a strong proof for the truth of the Darwinian theory. Continuing his investigations, he is attracted, like a true minister, to the young ladies' condition of mind. These fair young creatures he examines very long and carefuly, and on the whole, feels justified in pronouncing them not entirely unintelligent. His investigations were necessarily prolonged in order to thoroughly satisfy himself upon the possibility of improving the young female mind; but he is happy to state that the young women show some disposition to improve. Probably he will be obliged to pass a further period in their company in order to verify this statement. As he devoted nearly all his time to the investigation of the educational aptitudes of the young ladies, he is not prepared to tell us much about the men, who, we suppose, were absent during his visits to the females; but his general conclusion is that the South is a "mass of ignorance."

Whilst on his expedition, he received accounts of a strange and dangerous species of men whom he calls "Romish priests." These beings are "watchful and vigilant to prevent any improvement, either in the minds or circumstances of the people, and the earth has enough traitors who assist them to prevent any improvement unless strong and vigorous efforts are made." These ferocious individuals are adduced as the cause of the mass of ignorance; but as their number is very small compared with the whole population, we cannot clearly see how the whole blame can be lodged on them. Bishop Herbert Vaughan, of Salford, has sent to the South a band of Catholic missionaries and they are doing excellently; and the Council of Baltimore strongly advised the education and religious training of the freedmen. However, Rev. Mayo can plead that he studied nothing but the women; or, perhaps, one of the Romish priests frightened him off.

There is only one defect about the tales of this traveller, and that is, he gives us no statistics of education, nor any comprehensive view of the situation of the South. It is hardly possible that there exist no official records of Southern education, for it strikes us that we have seen somewhere a very creditable educational showing for this half of our Union. The present writer has met a great many Southern people, and failed to discover in them that fearful ignorance and lack of intelligence which our parson-explorer has discovered.

THE birthday of Father Mathew was celebrated in one of our large cities by a parade of cadets, boys alone. The sight was a most pleasing and touching one, and seemed to foreshadow a bright future when the curse of drunkenness would be taken off our land. The contrast between the bright, rosy, young faces and the sodden, imbecile look of the longing drunkard was, of itself, enough to strengthen every good man's resolution against indulgence in strong drink. The boys are the future hope and joy of church and state; and, if their bodies are kept free from the alcoholic taint, there is no danger ahead. It is a mournful fact that prevention is the only absolute guard against alcoholism; and, though many brave and noble men meet and conquer their unfortunate appetite, the majority cannot be trusted in the presence of the enemy.

The physiological effects of alcohol cannot be ranged under any general law; that is, it can be watched only in its operation upon the individual. The drink that will cheer and make merry one man will madden another. Its use is simply and solely medicinal, and this is the last word of science upon the subject. Its consumption in the vast quantities which statistics indicate is contrary to every law of health; besides, in our country, the very air of which is stimulating, and where food is abundant and generally cheap, alcohol works its very worst effects by stimulating already highly toned systems; like fire, it is a good servant but a bad master.

We believe that a little scientific knowledge of the nature of strong drink would frighten people from its excessive use. What a pitiable evidence of the ignorance of the laws of health is the sight of eight or ten men treating one another in turn, and to whiskey at that, within a few minutes! The wonder is that nature does not yield at once. Or the unlimited quantities of beer that are swallowed in an evening by a small party. Not to speak of the sin of gluttony or drunkenness at all, how irrational such drinking bouts are, and how sure is the penalty!

In certain conditions of the system stimulants can be administered in large doses without intoxicating effect; but they really injure thorough health. When we weigh and compare all the theories of physicians who are experts in the study of alcoholism, we are forced to the conclusion that the use of wine, beer, and particularly distilled liquors, is, to say the very least, unnecessary to the human economy.

It is true that the spirit of society is indisposed to take this view; but general society is neither very thoughtful nor learned in such matters It seems unsocial to decline the proffered glass, but it is scientific.

Whatever be the cause, temperamental or merely from complacency, our Irish people are in danger of being led away by this temptation. Not that they drink at all in comparison with other nations, but their social habits and willingness to promote cheer insensibly lead them into this temptation. How many proud fathers and mothers there were watching their boys in the temperance parade! To give the old mother's heart a little joy should alone move a young man to join the T. A. B. It is the women — the mothers, daughters, wives, and sisters — that suffer most from the inebriate son, husband, or father. Moreover, total abstinence, practised in honor of the Sacred Thirst of our Lord, is enriched with many indulgences, — a plenery one on taking the pledge on certain feasts and at the hour of death. How much better a death that is, than the generally sad one of the drunkard!

OUR Christmas number we hope will please all our readers. It affords us pleasure to inform them that we have made arrangements to add to the general excellence and value of the MAGAZINE for the ensuing year. Words of encouragement and approval reach us daily, and our magazine is a welcome visitor in thousands of households. We trust that this number will add to the Christmas cheer and brighten the holidays. To all our readers, from the venerable and learned prelate or pastor who finds in our pages an

hour of pleasant reading and a temporary relief from heavy cares, down to the little ones who wait only for the children's corner, to all friends in America, and to those dear ones beyond the sea, we wish, from our heart, a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

There are nearly five hundred thousand Irish-born Catholics in England and Wales.

There are about two millions of Catholics in Great Britian.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY. — We shall commence a story by this Irish novelist in our January number.

THE Catholic Times of Rochester, N. Y., has been wedded to the Buffalo Union. Success to the marriage! In union there is strength.

A RECENT religious census taken in Prussia shows that that country contains 17,645,462 Protestants, 9,205,136 Catholics, 363,790 Jews, 42,518 Dissenters, and 22,006 persons professing no religion.

ACCORDING to present arrangements, the Empress of Austria will hunt next spring in the County Meath, Ireland. Summerhill is being prepared for her Majesty's reception, the stud being located at present at Brownstown, on the Curragh.

THE last party of Chinese students in the United States, numbering twenty-seven, have left Hartford for China. Their educational home, a fine house, built by the Chinese government, is shut up, and will be sold.

On dit that Mr. Herbert Gladstone, young politician as he is, goes to Ireland for a more definite purpose than that of merely visiting the Chief Secretary, viz., to study the system of Irish government, with a view to taking a share in it himself at no very distant date.

THE Prussian Minister of the Interior is occupied in the framing of a law to "regulate," that is to say, to check, the enormous volume of emigration from the country. During the first six months of this year 150,000 persons left for America, and the proportion increased in July and August. Many villages in Eastern Prussia are now depopulated, and Western Prussia has begun to swell the stream.

THE JUBILEE. — People have failed to make the Jubilee under the impression that it is but an extension of the last Jubilee. They are mistaken. The present is an extraordinary Jubilee, proclaimed March 19th and is to continue till Dec. 31, 1881.

THE Morning Star, New Orleans, has lately donned a new dress, and has also dispensed with the ponderous heading. The Star is a luminary of no ordinary light in the South. May it continue to shine for all time!

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE. — We conclude in this issue of our MAGAZINE this very interesting story. We are sure it has afforded our readers both pleasure and profit. We notice that the Pilot is running it through their paper, thus acknowledging its great merit.

THE Protestant king of Holland has just decorated with the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands a Catholic priest named Kroes, whose efforts during forty years in a little country village have converted the district from a nest of brigands into one of the most peaceable spots in the kingdom.

MEXICO is going to import the surplus population of Italy, having offered a liberal bonus to emigration agents. The Mexican government will furnish land, houses, implements, employment, a cow and a mare to each family, and an allowance of twenty-five cents per diem to each person for one year, which they are to repay in a year.

THERE is every promise that the grand O'Connell monument, which is to grace Sackville Street, Dublin, will be unveiled on New-Year's day. In any event the new Lord Mayor, Mr. Dawson, M. P., will have the honor, early in his year of office, of drawing away the curtain from one of the stateliest memorials of the kind in existence.

PROF. HUTCHINSON has, in one of his lectures, mentioned a very interesting fact ascertained in Berlin. Among Catholics, who prohibit marriages between persons who are near blood relatives, the proportion of deaf-mutes is 1 to 3,000; among Protestants, who view such marriages as permissible, the proportion is 1 to 2,000; while among Jews, who encourage intermarriage with blood relations, the deaf-mutes are as 1 in 400.

In an early issue of our MAGAZINE, we published a brief biography of Com. Barry, the father of the American Navy. We publish this month a more extended biographical sketch with a portrait. In this busy age, facts and incidents are forgotten, so that a repetition jogs the memory. Our race at home and abroad should never forget the achievements of her sons on sea or land.

SIGNS OF MOURNING. — Throughout Ireland, in the towns and villages, the shutters were put up in the business places, on receipt of the news of Parnell's arrest. The same sign of mourning was given on the arrest of O'Connell, in '44, and also at his death, — but never since. It shows how deeply the Irish heart has been moved by this affair. The English scribes may affect to make light of it; but the resolve of fifteen millions of people is not to be despised.

As evidence of the decline of bigotry in high places, it may be mentioned that the School Management Department of the London School Board has recently appointed three Catholic head mistresses. Although some years ago a Catholic filled with considerable success the post of head master in one of the Board Schools, no member of the church occupies such a post now. It may be mentioned, however, that eight Catholics are employed by the Board as assistant masters.

COUNT MOLTKE, the great Prussian commander, is a Lutheran of the old school and was ever foremost in opposing the Catholic Church. But what has been going on of late seemed to have changed Count Moltke's views. When he travelled in Galicia a short time ago, he visited a school directed by nuns, and was told that these very sisters had been turned out of Prussia. Then expressing his admiration for what he had seen, he added, "I hope I shall live to see the day when these sisters will be allowed to return to Prussia!"

PRESIDENTS OF IRISH BLOOD. — The New York Commercial credits two Presidents, Jackson and Arthur, to the Irish emigrant, the father of each having been born in Ireland. The Utica Observer adds, James Buchanan, whose father, it says, emigrated from Donegal eight years before the President was born. A fourth is put on the list by the Buffalo Courier, in the person of James K. Polk, who, the Courier says, "was of Scotch-Irish descent." The Irish emigrant has certainly done his share in America.

NEW YORK IMMIGRATION STATISTICS. — Supt. Jackson, of Castle Garden, New York, reports that, since January last, 368,054 immigrants have been landed there, as against 270,356 during the corresponding months of 1880. This shows an increase of 97,689 over last year. Of those landed since last January, 83,809 came from Great Britain and Ireland, 130,802 from Germany, 28,677 from Sweden, 11,888 from Norway, 41,016 from Hungary, 3,352 from Austria, 7,165 from Denmark, 6,676 from the Netherlands, 1,318 from Belgium, 8,751 from Switzerland, 1,865 from France, 8,001 from Italy, 5,328 from Russia, 7,375 from Bohemia, and smaller numbers from several other countries. Mexico, Egypt, Japan, Cuba, and Prince Edward Island each contributed a single immigrant toward our increasing population.

IMMIGRATION STATISTICS. — Chief Nemmo, of the Bureau of Statistics, reports that during the month of September there arrived in the customs districts of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Huron, Minnesota, New Orleans, New York, Passamaquoddy, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, 69,924 passengers, of whom 58,482 were immigrants; 8,380 citizens of the United States returned from abroad, and 3,092 aliens not intending to remain in the United States. Of the total number of immigrants there arrived from England and Wales, 8,997; Ireland, 5,633; Scotland, 1,971; Austria, 1,043; Belgium, 241; Denmark, 460; France, 613; Germany, 19,608; Hungary, 490; Italy, 1,162; Netherlands, 548; Norway, 1,953; Poland, 195; Russia, 795; Sweden, 3,703; Switzerland, 866; Dominion of Canada, 8,710; China, 976; from all other countries, 488.

MESSAGE FROM PARNELL. — Mr. Parnell at the moment of arrest was about attending a Land League convention at Kildare. He was hurried off to Kilmainham, Immediately after entering Kilmainham. Mr. Parnell sent the following telegram to Mr. Leamy, M. P., who in his absence presided at the Kildare Convention: "I cannot be with you, but I rely on you as true, sterling men to act as if I were with you. Act manly, steadily, prudently, without disturbance and without fear, completely maintaining your organization under those you can trust, relying on the justice of our cause and the certainty of our ultimate triumph." These words are brave and true. They will be held sacred as the parting counsel of Parnell. In America this message of Parnell will be repeated best by increased energy and enthusiasm in the Land League cause.

WE give our readers this month sixteen additional pages.

AN INVITATION TO WENDELL PHILLIPS TO REPRESENT AMERICA IN IRELAND.

THE following despatch was received from Mr. Egan, in Paris, addressed to Wendell Phillips: —

To WENDELL PHILLIPS, Boston:

Will Wendell Phillips come to Ireland to advocate no rent during the suspension of constitutional liberties? The League will pay all expenses. Reply.

(Signed) PATRICK EGAN.

To this invitation from Mr. Egan, Mr. Wendell Phillips sent the following reply: —

BOSTON Nov. 2, 1881.

SIR: I receive with humility the summons you send me, well knowing that in any circumstances I could not do a tenth part of what your partiality makes you think I could. But in this case humanity, civil liberty, constitutional government, and civilization itself claim his best service of every man. Ireland to-day leads the van in the struggle for right, justice, and freedom. England has forfeited her right to rule, if she ever had any, by a three-hundred-years' exhibition of her unfitness and inability to do so. The failure is confessed by all her statesmen of both parties, for the last hundred years. Discontent, poverty, famine, and death are her accusers. Her rulers cannot plead ignorance. Their own shameless confessions, repeated over and over again, admit that England's rule has been unjust, selfish and cruel. She has planned that Ireland should starve, hoping she would then be too weak to resist. To-day, while her government tramples under foot every principle in English history that makes men honor it, the world waits in sure and glad expectation of her defeat, confident that her overthrow will be a triumph of right, justice, and civilization. The 3,000 miles of ocean that separate us from her shores enable us to judge her cause dispassionately, as posterity will judge it a hundred years hence, and we see the blunders of her government as posterity will see them. Let Ireland only persevere in her sublime patience, keeping ever within the limits of peaceful agitation, and her victory is certain. With unbroken front let her assault despotism in its central point, rent. Honest rent is the surplus left after the tenant has lived in comfort, — material, intellectual, personal, and social comfort. Ireland owes none to-day, certainly not to a class whose government is prison and bayonet. How cheerfully would I do my part! How gladly would I share in the honors of such a struggle! But the state of my health obliges me to give up public speaking. I can only bid you God-speed and pray for your speedy and complete success.

Yours very respectfully,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. PATRICK EGAN,
Treasurer of the Land League.

Mr. Phillips's letter to friends in New York is as follows: —

NOVEMBER 2, 1881.

GENTLEMEN: I thank you most heartily for the great honor you do me by your invitation. I have not the ability to aid Ireland's struggle as much as your kindness makes you think I have. But it is an honor to any man to be offered such a mission.

It is of the gravest importance that England should be at once defeated in her attempt to enslave Ireland. Her success would be an eclipse of civilization, "shedding disastrous twilight on half the nations"

We have a right to infer, from her insolence and brutality, in word and act, that she seeks to provoke Ireland to violence, and thus get an excuse for military occupation of the island.

It is infinitely important that Ireland should be awake to this plot, and by serene forbearance defeat it.

At the same time it is equally important, for the sake of civil liberty, that Ireland, with united front and "courage never to submit or yield," should defend the citadel of personal freedom and civilization.

Success is sure. To doubt it were to doubt the world's progress and the rule of a just God.

As we look back to the sad and disgraceful close of the last century, to Loughborough, Eldon, and North, we see how history repeats itself; we see Gladstone falling into the pit where rots the memory of those blundering enemies of liberty; momentarily successful, but doomed, of course, to final defeat.

The unseemly cheers in the House of Commons when Davitt was imprisoned, the heartless and coarse shouts with which the news of Parnell's arrest was heard at Guildhall, remind one of the sneers and ridicule Lord Camden met when he defended Bunker Hill in the House of Lords.

But even Englishmen come, worshipping pilgrims, to Bunker Hill to-day; while North and Loughborough — with shame we remember now that they came of the British race.

But, gentlemen, the state of my health has obliged me to refuse all invitations to address audiences this winter, and this makes it impossible for me to accept your invitation. I can only help privately and by bidding you a most hearty God-speed.

Yours, cordially,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. C. J. FURLONG, of Cork, has been in St. Paul for some time, and is now at Winnipeg. He has purchased 13,120 acres of the St. Paul and Manitoba Railway Company, intending to cultivate some of the land himself, and also to bring over Irish settlers. His lands are in what is called the Red River country of Minnesota.

THERE was a great indignation meeting in Hyde Park, London, on the 23d of October, regardless of the stormy weather, and not far from 50,000 persons were present. No interference was made by the police. Speeches of the usual violent character were made be several home-rulers member of Parliament. The meeting was to protest against the arrest of Parnell and the other "suspects."

GREAT CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.

READY-MADE clothing seems to be the want of the present age. A few years ago the trade in Boston was confined to Ann Street (now North), and was made up almost exclusively for seafaring men and the laboring classes. But now, the trade has moved "up town" into palatial stores, the leading one of which is in the Marlboro building, on Washington Street (opposite the head of Franklin Street), formerly the hotel of that name, which has been fitted up in grand style, and presents the finest ground-floor in the United States. The various departments are filled with the best goods for all starting in life, from the little four-year-old to the old veteran of eighty. This grand house is under the management of B. W. CURRIER, Esq., a gentleman well acquainted from long experience with the management of so vast an establishment. The clerks, too, are polite and agreeable. The humblest, as well as the millionnaire, receives the same polite attention.

We cordially recommend this house to the public, and refer to the advertisement on the fourth page of our cover for further particulars about the goods that can be obtained there.

"THE moment Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common-sense, and act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots." — *Sidney Smith.*

THE Church of St. Joseph, Philadelphia, where Marquis de Lafayette and General Washington heard mass of thanksgiving after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, presented the same service, after the lapse of a century, on the 16th of October, 1881.

THE new Catholic colony of Arkansas has been christened St. Patrick's. Letters of inquiry will be cheerfully answered by Rt. Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock, Ark.

WE give sixteen pages of additional matter this month, making 112 instead of 96 pages. The reader will perceive we give a good deal of small type, thereby enabling us to give a greater amount of matter.

THE French papers tell of a remarkable clock which has been set up in the library of Rouen. It was made in 1782; goes for fourteen months and some days without rewinding, and shows the day of the month. It was bought by the municipality for 1,000 francs.

BISHOP KANE'S SPLENDID SERMON. — We give in this issue of our magazine the grand sermon of the Bishop of Richmond at Yorktown. It occupies *eleven* pages in the Catholic Review, from which we copy it. The sermon makes in our magazine a little more than *seven* pages. Thus it will be seen that we give a *third* more reading matter to the page than our contemporary.

THE New York meeting to welcome T. P. O'Connor, sent the following message to Ireland: "From Cromwell to Gladstone, England's policy in Ireland has been famine, fire, and sword. The world's opinion restrains her now. England seeks a pretext to turn public opinion against you by provoking violence. Be patient; give no opportunity for slaughter. You have endured for centuries: you can wait a year. Stand unflinchingly by Parnell's policy, and we are with you to the end."

PERSONAL.

ARCHBISHOP KENDRICK, of St. Louis, Mo., is seventy-five years old.

MR. E. DWYER GRAY, M. P., has left for the Continent, where he intends residing for some time, in consequence of ill-health.

REV. J. B. DOUGHERTY, formerly of Naugatuck, Conn., has been appointed pastor of Mystic and Stonington, Conn.

THE Notre Dame Scholastic says: Rev. Fr. Cooney, C. S. C., has been named assistant provincial and visitor of the province of Indiana.

WE learn that, with one exception, the French delegation to the Yorktown celebration are Catholics. This is good for the "elder daughter" of the Church. They attended mass at the Immaculate Conception Church, Boston, All Souls' Day.

THE clerk of the peace for Wicklow County has received the Lord Chancellor's writ of supercedeas, striking Mr. Parnell's name off the roll of magistrates of the county.

THE Marquis and Marquise of Rochambeau, with others of the French visitors, paid their respects to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore on their way to the celebration at Yorktown.

THE venerable Bishop of Brooklyn N.Y., lately celebrated the forty-first anniversary of his ordination as a priest, and on Oct. 30 he celebrated the twenty-eighth anniversary of his episcopal consecration.

THE venerable Archbishop Purcell celebrated his 48th anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate on the 15th of October. Upwards of a quarter of a century ago he delivered a splendid sermon on old Bunker Hill.

RIGHT REV. WINAND MICHAEL WIGGER, D. D., was consecrated in St. Patrick's cathedral, Newark, N. J., on the 18th of October. The distinguished prelate is a native of New York, having been born in that city on the 12th of December, 1841.

REV. HAROLD RYLETT, the defeated candidate for Tyrone, in his youth worked at the case as a compositor, and for several of the early years of his manhood was engaged on the Sheffield Independent as a proof-reader. He joined the Unitarian body — of which he is a minister — while so employed, and still, we are told, contributes to the press.

WE are glad to observe Father Burke once more in the pulpit. The eloquent Dominican preached recently in St. Dominic's, Dublin, on behalf of St. Saviour's Orphanage, and we need not say that a crowded congregation assembled to hear the reverend gentleman.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, it has been settled, was to assume the direction of the Irish national movement in the event of the contingency which has happened. Mr. McCarthy happens at the present moment to be in Athens, where he intended to stay until Parliament opened.

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN has returned from Ireland, apparently thoroughly restored to health by his brief sojourn in his native air. His farewell address to the electors of Meath, whose trust he so brilliantly justified during the too brief time he represented them, has been published.

MR. T. D. SULLIVAN, M. P., received on Tuesday a telegram from the Convent of St. Froud Belgium, announcing the expected death of one of his daughters at school there, and requesting his immediate presence; but he telegraphed in reply that his departure from Dublin just now would lead to misconstruction, and he cannot leave.

VICAR-GENERAL FARRELLY, of Belleville, Canada, has been created a prelate by his Holiness the Pope, with the title of Monsignor attached. This honor is only what is due to the Vicar-General, who is known throughout Canada as one of the most learned as well as the most energetic dignitaries of the church. May his Lordship live long to wear his new honors and work zealously in the vineyard of his Master!

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, who has probably saved incarceration by his trip to America, is author of a Life of Lord Beaconsfield of a popular character, and conceived altogether from the radical point of view. He has besides contributed largely to the magazines and the metropolitan press. Mr. Healy is in the same profession. The only local leader of the Land League spared by the Dublin swoop was Mr. T. D. Sullivan, and we need hardly remind our readers that he is not only a veteran editor, but the author of a History of England and two volumes of verse, and may be charactized as the popular poet-laureate of Ireland.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever, they sleep well."

BISHOPS AND CLERGYMEN.

Rev. J. Duhamel, of Ottawa, Canada, is dead.

Rev. Patrick J. McCabe, of Brunswick, Ga., died on Wednesday, Sept. 21.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Steins, S. J., Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, died on Wednesday, Sept. 7, at Sydney, Australia. R. I. P.

We regret to announce that the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, who has occupied the Catholic bishopric for over a quarter of a century, died at his residence at Shrewsbury, England, Oct. 21.

At the St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 2, Rev. P. J. Kaiser, of San Francisco. He was en route for Europe, when he was taken suddenly ill and sent to the hospital.

Rev. L. A. Morgan, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., died on the 5th of October, at Barnesville, Montgomery County, Md. Father Morgan was born on the eastern shore of Maryland in 1837, of Protestant parents, and became a convert to Catholicism at the age of twenty years.

A venerable Dominican father died a few days ago at the Convent of San Esteban, Salamanca. He was ninety-three years of age, and in the seventy-fifth of his religious profession. He was the oldest Dominican in Spain, and probably in the Order. Latterly he was so infirm that it commonly took him half an hour to get from his cell to the sacristy.

Death of Rev. John Magee, P. P., Stradbally. — We deeply and sincerely regret to have to announce the death of that distinguished and patriotic Irishman, as well as revered and truly beloved clergyman, the Rev. Dr. John Magee, parish priest of Stradbally, whose death took place on last Saturday evening, Oct. 15. Ireland can ill afford the loss of such a patriotic and gifted son.

Rev. Stephen P. Sheffrey, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, New Haven, Conn., died shortly before one o'clock, Saturday, Oct. 1. He had been ailing since last December, and for some little time had been very feeble, consequently his death was not unexpected. The deceased was the first pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, being appointed about seven years ago Father Sheffrey was a native of New Haven, and received his education at St. Charles College, Baltimore. He was ordained a priest at Troy, N. Y., in 1871, and was sent to Providence, serving as curate. From there he went to Norwich, then to St. John's Church, New Haven, where he served in a like capacity. His first parish was at Lakeville, Conn., and from there he came to the Church of the Sacred Heart, where he remained up to the time of his death.

October 18, at the pastoral residence, 28 Attorney Street, New York, died Rev. Edward J. O'Reilly, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Grand Street. He was fifty-seven years old, being born in Savannah, Ga., on Sept. 1, 1824. After graduating at Mount St. Mary's, Maryland, and, after he pursued his theological studies, at St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, N. Y., he was ordained priest by Bishop Hughes, in St. Patrick's cathedral.

Rev. Father M. J. Galligan, pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Ansonia, Conn., died Thursday afternoon, Oct. 6, of congestion of the brain, after an illness of two weeks. Father Galligan was born in County Cavan, Ireland, graduated from St. Charles College, and, later, from St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1875. He was located at Norwich for a time, and then at St. Patrick's Church, Hartford, and about three years ago was stationed at Ansonia.

The cable announces the death of Dr. Heinrich Forster, Prince Bishop of Breslau, one of the principal magnates of the Catholic Church in Germany. He was born at Grossglogan, Silesia, Nov. 24, 1800. Ordained a priest at the usual age, he attracted no special attention until his appointment in 1837 as canon of the Cathedral at Breslau. He thenceforth became prominent as a champion of the rights and privileges of the Holy See as against the alleged encroachments of the Prussian government. From 1844 to 1848 his name was very well known in that connection, and he reaped his reward in his appointment by the Pope to fill the vacancy in the great diocese of Breslau, May 19, 1853. In March, 1875, he again attracted general notice by his attitude in connection with

the Falk ecclesiastical laws. He boldly published the Papal Encyclical, declaring these laws null and void, and steps were at once taken by the Prussian government for his deposition. He was prosecuted, imprisoned, and finally deposed from his see; but as part of his diocese was in Austrian territory he moved the episcopal seat to Johannisberg and administered his charge there. He was the author of several religious works.

DIED in Rome, Archbishop Roncetti, recently Nuncio at Munich and previously in South America, but best known to our readers as the Ablegate who brought the Cardinal's beretta to Cardinal Archbishop McCloskey of New York. He was an eminent canonist, and in the famous case of O'Keeffe against Cullen, in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, he appeared as an "expert," his testimony, given through Father Tom Burke, O. P., as an interpreter, completely upsetting the case of Father O'Keeffe, and proving the perfect legality of Cardinal Cullen's action. May he rest in peace!

DIED in Gallipoli, Italy, Aug. 23, Father Eugene Vetromilé, for over forty years a resident of this country, and celebrated as a linguist and a missionary. Father Vetromilé was sixty-two years of age at the time of his death He was born in Gallipoli, Italy, and came to America when about twenty-one years old. He travelled extensively among the Indians, and familiarized himself with their idioms so much that he translated the Bible into fourteen of them. He was particularly interested in the Abnaki Indians, and published a book in their tongue for their benefit, entitled "Indian Good Book." He was for a long time pastor of St. Mary's Church, Machias, Maine. He left in charge of the Interior Department before his death a great deal of manuscript in regard to the various idioms of the North American Indians, which are said to be worth more than $25,000. He is said to be the only man who has translated all the Indian languages. In his will he leaves a certain amount of money for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indians. He also gives large amounts to charitable institutions and a dowry to Italian orphan girls, every year, from the interest of $5,000. He expressed the desire to have his body interred at Passamaquoddy, Maine. In 1871 the Messrs. Sadlier, of New York, published an octavo volume of 316 pages, giving an account of his travels in Europe, Egypt, Arabia, Petræa, Palestine, and Syria, in two volumes. The same house issued in 1880, by the same author, "A Tour in both Hemispheres; or, Travels around the World." Father Vetromilé was much esteemed in this country among literary men. He was corresponding member of the Maine Historical Society; member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society; of the Numismatic Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia; of the New York Institute; member of the Congress International des Americanistes, etc.

SISTERS.

IN Baltimore, Oct. 9, Sister Cecilia, of St. Joseph's Industrial School.

IN Chicago, Sept. 23, Mother Felicita Bonte, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

AT the Convent of the Good Shepherd, West Philadelphia, Oct. 8, Mother Mary, of the Visitation, aged 47 years.

AT the Ursuline Convent, Morrisania, New York, on Sunday, Oct. 2, Mother M. Camilla Dunne, aged 38 years, in the twelfth year of her religious profession.

AT the House of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Germantown (Philadelphia), Oct. 2, Mother Theodore Mary, aged about sixty years. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant in one of the principal commercial centres in the West of France, where she was born.

DIED, at the St. Joseph's Home, East Brookline Street, Boston, Mass., Sister Frances O'Callaghan, aged 23, who has been one of the Sisters of the Home for nearly five years. In her demise the Home has lost one of its hardest workers in the cause of the poor and friendless. To her respected parents, who reside in Worcester, her father being an employé connected with the Catholic College for a period of thirty years, — also her brother, Dr. O'Callaghan, and sister, — the heartfelt sympathy of those who have labored with her is earnestly tendered. Her funeral took place on Wednesday, the 12th of October, from the Cathedral, High Mass being celebrated by Fr. Daly of Boston, Frs. Griffin and Conaty, of Worcester, deacon and sub-deacon, and Fr. Krimmen, of Southbridge, master of ceremonies. *Requiescat in pace!*

LAY PEOPLE.

MARGARET SUMMERS, widow of James A. Pelletier, died at Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 2, aged ninety years and seven months. She was born in the county of Wexford, Ireland, March 3, 1791. Her father, Wm. Summers, was a rebel of '98, and came with his family to America in the early part of this century, the voyage taking

three months from Waterford, touching at Sydney, Halifax, and finally Boston. Received her first communion from Dr. Matignon in 1804, confirmed by Bishop Carroll, and married by Bishop Cheverus. Enjoying all her faculties up to her death, comforted and attended by her children, fortified by the sacraments of Holy Mother Church, she passed away, free from pain, the oldest member of the Holy Cross Congregation of Boston. Pray for her soul!

DEATH OF CAPTAIN BLAKE-FORSTER, J. P. — The lamented gentleman, who was head of one of the most ancient of Galway and Clare families, had only just returned to his native city from the last services over his young daughter's grave. His death was sudden, resulting from disease of the heart. Capt. Blake-Forster was a magistrate of Galway for over thirty years. He had filled the office of high sheriff. His age was sixty-four.

"THANK God," exclaims Wendell Phillips, "that Gladstone arrested Parnell! He lifted him from being the head of the Land League to being the head of the great moral and human movement of the age."

THE cable has informed us that the Czar and the Emperor William kissed each other, when they met at Dantzig, a few days ago; but it forgot to add that, after the osculation, the Czar gave a significant sniff, and remarked in an aside, "Great Cæsar! Bill, you've been eating Limburger."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. — Almost one fifth of a century ago (after persistent toil and unwavering patience), Dr. Virgil W. Blanchard, one of the most scientific men of the age, demonstrated to the people of this continent that, by a process only known to himself, promulgated his justly celebrated, semi-digested, concentrated Life Foods. They are different from any other of the Life Foods in the market as light is to darkness, and not a particle of drugs enters into their composition. Having stood the test of time the business has grown to immense proportions, and to-day tens of thousands, from Maine to California, can bear testimony to the life-giving elements therein contained, which infuse strength and vitality into the human body.

For sale by all respectable druggists, and of the New England general agent, Mr. J. Jay Watson, 28 School Street and 8 Tremont Street, Boston. For particulars read advertisement in this edition.

MEAGHER'S FAMOUS IRISH BRIGADE AND THE TROUBLES IN IRELAND.

AT a large and enthusiastic meeting of Meagher's Irish Brigade Officers' Association, held at their headquarters, Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, New York, on Thursday evening, stirring and eloquent speeches were made by Major P. K. Horgan, Col. P. W. Phelan, Dr. William O'Meagher and others advocating the immediate formation of an Irish military organization to be ready to take part in any emergency that may arise.

A committee consisting of Capt. Michael O'Keefe, Dr. William O'Meagher and Lieut. P. J. Healey were appointed to draft resolutions for immediate publication.

The committee retired, and after due deliberation reported the following, which was unanimously adopted: —

HEADQUARTERS MEAGHER'S IRISH BRIGADE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION,

NEW YORK, October, 1881.

Whereas, A despotic government that attempted to crush the liberties of this Republic a hundred years ago is now trying to obliterate the last vestiges of human rights in Ireland, by the incarceration of her chosen representatives; and,

Whereas, It is the duty of Irishmen everywhere to rally to the defence and support of their suffering countrymen at home, therefore

Resolved, That a convention of delegates from Irish military organizations of the United States and Canada should be called at as early a day as practicable, to take into consideration the present condition of Ireland and adopt such measures, moral and material, as may be necessary in the now impending cricis.

With this object in view, we respectfully request communication from Irish military organizations throughout the Union and Canada, with such suggestions as to time, place, etc., as may seem proper.

Capt. MICHAEL O'KEEFE,
Dr. WILLIAM O'MEAGHER,
Lieut. P. J. HEALEY,
Committee.

Communications may be addressed to Lieut. P. J. Healey, Secretary I. B. O. Association, Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, New York.

Notices of Recent Publications.

John B. Piet, Baltimore.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW, October, 1881.

The contents are: The Eighteenth Century; The Christian Emperors and the Pagan Temples; Literature for the Young; Minor Poets of Modern France; Archbishop Lafranc and his Modern Critics; The Religion of George Eliot; Prospects in Belgium; The Days of Creation; Constitution of Leo XIII. on Bishops and Regulars; Encyclical on Political Power; Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals; Notices of Books, Books of Devotion and Spiritual Reading.

P. J. Kennedy, New York.

GOOD READING FOR YOUNG GIRLS. GOOD READING FOR SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS. By Sister M. F. Clare (Nun of Kenmare).

Like all books issuing from the pen of the Nun of Kenmare, this one is full of practical lessons for people in every class of society. The subjects treated of are: The importance of good reading; the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity; the Sundays from Pentecost to Advent; the Feast of Corpus Christi and the Sacred Heart; the fifth Sunday after Pentecost; the self-righteous Pharisee and the humble Publican; the Sundays in Advent; the festival of Christmas; the Feast of the Circumcision; the Feast of the Epiphany; Ash-Wednesday; the fourth Sunday in Lent; Passion Sunday; Holy Week; Easter; Ascension Day; Whitsuntide. It can be obtained of any of our Catholic publishers. Price, $1.00. That our readers may judge of the merits of this book, we will give a chapter from it in our next issue.

Miscellaneous.

OFFICE OF SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY AND ALMANAC.

NEW YORK, September, 1881.

The Almanac for 1882 is in hand, and will appear in due season.

Returns are respectfully solicited at the earliest possible moment

Orders from clergymen and the trade should be addressed to Sadlier's Catholic Directory, 31 Barclay St., New York City.

We are also supplying our customers with Catholic books the same as usual, and we trust our friends and others will increase their orders, as we have a large stock on hand at low rates.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO., *Agents.*

MR. JOHN B. PIET, Baltimore, Md., has reduced the price of his books thirty-three per cent. This is a move in the right direction.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "Softly the Night Breeze is sighing," mixed quartette, by C. A. White. "The Mermaid's Song," words and music by C. A. White, and Chas. D. Blake. "You Know what Sort of Fellow I Mean," motto song, by Sam Lucas. "Lullaby Baby upon the Tree Top," duet for children, by C. A. White. "A Mighty Nation Weeps," words by Geo. Russell Jackson, music by E. H. Bailey. "Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest," quartette, by C. C. Stearns (President Garfield's favorite hymn).

Instrumental: "Come along Sinners" schottische, by Chas. D. Blake. "Perpetual Motion," finale from grand sonata, in G, by Von Weber, arranged by Carlyle Petersilea. "My Dream Waltzes," by Waldteufel, simplified by C. D. Blake. "Always or Never Waltzes," by same. "President Arthur's Grand March," by Chas. D. Blake. "Solitary Bird," idyl for piano for right hand alone, by Gustave Satter. "Smith's Grand March Brilliant," by Chas. D. Blake. "Patience," grand potpourri de concert, by Chas. D Blake.

F. W. Helnick, Cincinnati, O.

"Never go Back on a Travelling Man,' commercial ballad; words by Robert Lovell, music by Charlie Baker.

Spear & Delanhoff, 717 Broadway N.Y.

Vocal: "Send my Father Home," words and music by P. J. Downey. "Does your Heart beat True to Me?" words and music by Thos. Maxwell.

Instrumental: No. 4, Operatic Bouquet, "Lucia di Lammermoor"; No. 25, "Il Trovatore," both arranged for piano by Jas. J. Freeman. "Iroquois Galop," by Ferdinand Wagner. "The Variety Series," for pianoforte, consisting of the following twelve numbers: "Tidal Wave Galop"; "Over Hill and Dale," march; "Young Ladies' Lancers"; "The Placid Waltz"; "Pearls and Tears," romance; "Reaper's Return March"; "Beaming Eyes Mazurka"; "Mollie's Delight," polka mazurka; "Heart's Repose," nocturne; "Full of Life," schottische; "May Queen Polka"; and "Over the Rapids," melody: all composed by Adolf Hoffman, and an admirable series of pieces, embracing every variety, melodious, and only of moderate difficulty, being at the same time very neatly issued by the publishers.

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